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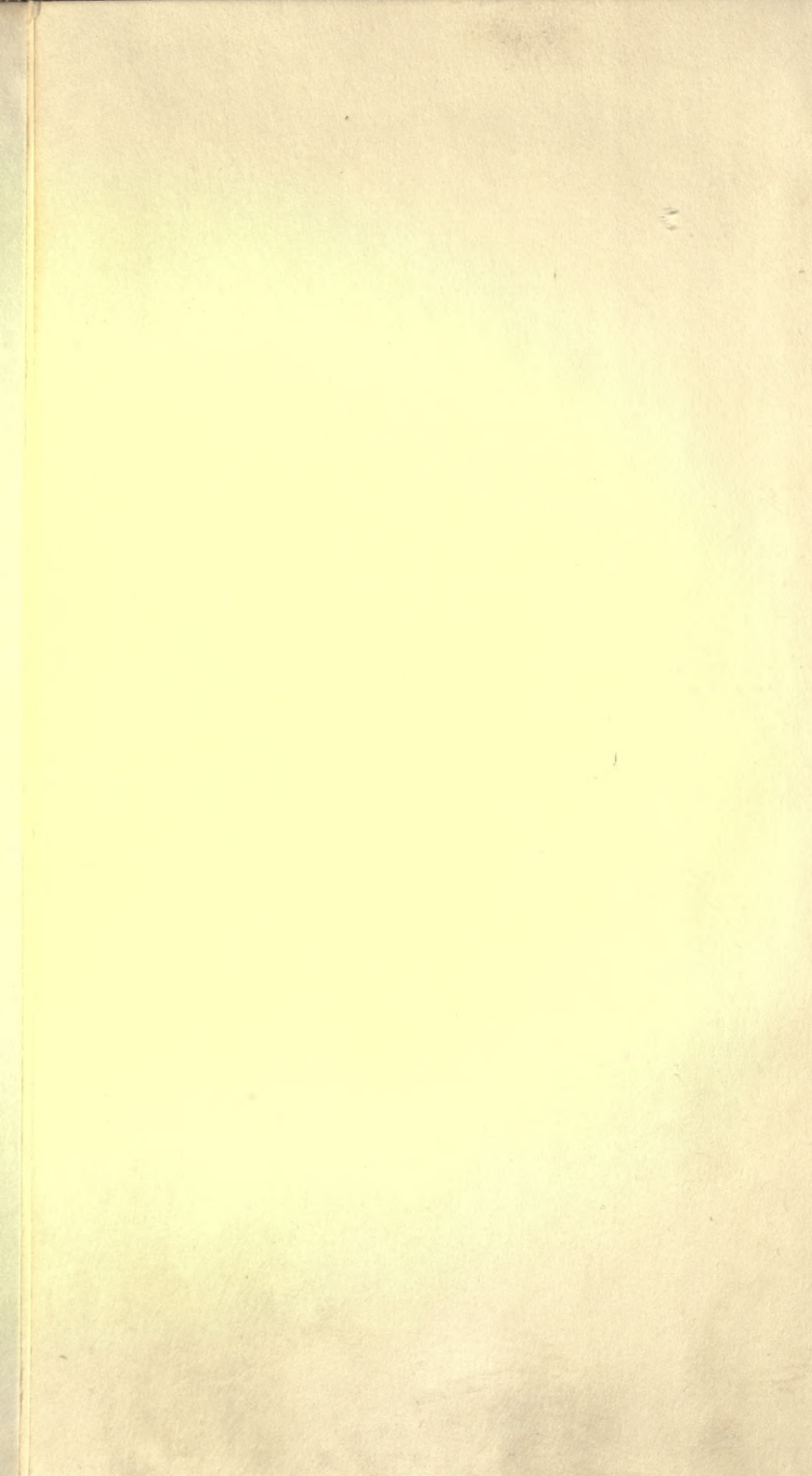
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VOL. XXVII.



JANUARY—JUNE, 1830.



WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, EDINBURGH;

AND

T. CADELL, STRAND, LONDON.

1830.

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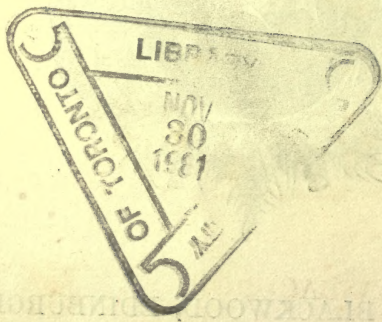
Edinburgh

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VOL. XXVII.

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WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, EDINBURGH

T. CAUTION, STRAND, LONDON

1831

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

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JANUARY, 1830.

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EDINBURGH :

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, NO. 17, PRINCE'S STREET, EDINBURGH ;

AND T. CADELL, STRAND, LONDON.

To whom Communications (post paid) may be addressed.

SOLD ALSO BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.

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IN our number for July last, there was an article, headed, "Modern Reformation in Ireland," in which the author opposes the formation of the "Reformation Society," and at the conclusion expresses his regret that his opinions and views "are at variance with those of the great and good men, the prelates and the other eminent individuals of the Church of England, who patronise the 'Reformation Society.' It is impossible to hear the names of the Archbishops of York and Dublin, and the Bishop of Salisbury, without feelings of the deepest respect and admiration. In us they have been so strong, as all but to overpower the conviction under which we labour, and which we have endeavoured to express, that the confederacy to which they are pledged, is not well calculated for effecting the moral regeneration of Ireland."

We have lately learned, from unquestionable authority, that so far from his Grace the Archbishop of York having approved and lent his countenance to the "Reformation Society," he has always entertained, and still entertains, the strongest and most conscientious doubts as to its utility; and that while he feels the most earnest anxiety for the promotion and spread of the Protestant faith, he neither considered it proper or expedient to encourage the establishment of a branch of that Society in his own diocese; and, consequently, discountenanced any attempt to introduce it within the limits of his jurisdiction. The way in which his Grace's name has been employed in this matter, by our excellent correspondent, may have arisen from the circumstance, that his son, Captain Frederick Vernon, R.N., had attended several meetings of the "Reformation Society" in Ireland; and thus the error may probably have sprung up, that those meetings had the sanction of his father the Archbishop.

A correspondent of ours, in an article entitled, "British Settlements in Western Africa," (in No. CLVI. for September last,) made use of expressions towards Captain Fraser of the Royal African Corps, which we find were quite unwarranted. In justice to Captain Fraser, we have great pleasure in stating, that we have just seen very flattering testimonials in his favour, from several gentlemen of high rank in the army, under whom he has served, who all speak of him in the highest terms, as an able, zealous, and active officer.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

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IN SCOTLAND.

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PRINTED FOR WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, EDINBURGH; AND T. CADELL, LONDON

Erratum in last No., p. 809, l. 14, *dele* " Mr Mappleson's successor ;" this being a mistake, as that gentleman still practises in Edinburgh.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. CLXI.

JANUARY, 1830.

VOL. XXVII.

EDUCATION OF THE PEOPLE.

THE violent political partisans of education might be offended even with the word objection; as if to offer an objection were to set yourself against education, and to shew yourself to be an enemy of knowledge. If they were philosophers, they would see that such sensitiveness shews a misunderstanding of the magnitude of the subject, and of the constitution of the world. For education is a great, a boundless power; and no such power can be set in motion among men, whose faculties are disordered, and whose will is mixed, without producing, greatly and conspicuously, both good and evil.

The objections to education, urged by many enlightened men, are, that it tends to produce danger to religion, and danger to the state. Observe, that the education spoken of by them is essentially and pre-eminently—intellectual. True, that the education of Scotland has been something more—religious—not a gift of the state, however that might assist, but emanating from, and dependant on, its Church, laid on it by deep persecutions. But without peculiar circumstances which may give it this character, or considering it without this character, which is the proper way of learning its own nature, Education is intellectual. It is a cultivation of man's intellectual faculties, of his understanding, and his powers of reasoning. It has, therefore, a tendency to raise in him a very high opinion of those faculties, and to induce

him to form an undue estimate of their power and province.

What is the effect of this? Generally—self-confidence, a feeling either good or evil—purified, it is good, and a necessary part of good—unpurified, it is immoral. But secondly and specifically, the effect is confidence in those particular powers,—an effect not necessarily ill either,—but more easily ill, and more difficult to guard. For moral self-confidence is purified by morality, which is in the power of every one, but intellectual self-confidence is purified only by the very highest instruction, which is necessarily reserved for very few.

Intellectual self-confidence thus produced by intellectual cultivation, is, in the first place, confidence in the powers of the human mind generally; then, in those of the human being himself. It has been seen in the last age of the history of the human mind, what confidence in the sufficiency of the human faculties generally may be in result. We have seen that the evil caused thereby has been tremendous. To extend the same confidence to orders hitherto uninstructed, is, unless guarded against, to extend to them the possibility, perhaps the probability, of the same result,—to make them partakers in the proud error of self-misled philosophy,—to carry down into their privacy of life, their humble security and their obscure peace, the dazzling illusions and ambitious falsehoods, which hu-

man wit, at its height of power, armed against itself with its brightest weapons, taught in mysteries, and amplest in resources, has been able to muster to its own destruction.

The intellectual self-confidence of the individual mind tends to similar effects. Necessarily so; because the human mind at large is only the assemblage, or collection of single minds; and speaking of it, we mean only to speak comprehensively of some common manifestation of the majority of minds, which manifestation, when the mind we speak of is that of an age, is always the more determined and vehement through the power of sympathy. Therefore, a disposition due to the circumstances of the times,—a disorder, if it be such,—breaks out with more force than is due to the action of these circumstances on the single mind,—like one in the physical world, which, while “it is hung in the sick air,” is also infectious from touch to touch, and from breath to breath.

Whatever, therefore, is manifested conspicuously, comprehensively, and with great power, in the mind of an age, as the effect of any cause acting on the mind of the age—say confidence in the powers of the human mind—that will, in degree, be manifested as the effect of the same cause, acting on the single mind, within the single mind. If that effect be to the one irreligion, immorality, and political license, to the other it will be irreligion, immorality, and political license.

Now, the effect of individual intellectual self-confidence appears to be morally good or ill, just as it is determined. Thus, it is easy to conceive such confidence, even when undue, and undirected, remaining within moral limits. That a man, through it, should be harsh and arrogant, rash, overbearing, untractable, refractory to direction and control, and most wilful in all his habits, is, in truth, what must be called an immoral effect, since it is a state of mind contrary to that which a perfect moral discipline tends to produce. Nevertheless, it is conceivable that it should still remain, so to speak, within the limits of morality. Because such a man may still bow down before the Moral Law, revering its sanctions, conforming to its greater

obligations, only not perceiving that there are innumerable lesser obligations with which he does not comply. But let there, for such a man's calamity, prevail in the society any kind of immoral opinion, sprung, as has been averred, from the confidence of the human mind in itself, and then such a man will be found more than all others, unless some very strong individual peculiarity, or bias, hold him back from it, predisposed to embrace that pernicious opinion. We are looking here to the lower orders. In the highest instruction, individual intellectual self-confidence is frequently the parent or finder out of dangerous opinions. In its lower degrees, it usually waits, but is not unwilling to be misled.

But why should the opinion produced by the self-confidence of the human intellect, be irreligious, immoral, adverse to political establishment? For two reasons, which are such as to make the consequences nearly universal. First, many of the reasons and doctrines of religion, many of the reasons of morality, many of the reasons of political obedience, are unfathomable to the human intellect, at least such as it is at present with the great majority of the cultivated orders of the most enlightened nations. There are difficulties in the philosophy of the world, to the height of which it has not yet attained. Now, the human mind, confident in its own sufficiency, will not, cannot, believe what it cannot understand. It receives not, because it cannot pierce, penetrate, explore, and expound the dogmatic mysteries of religion; it has no faith in any secrets behind the veil which it cannot lift. It denies morality, because its law, too, is laid in depths of its own mysterious nature, which its own research has not yet laid bare, and possibly never will. It is unwilling even to hearken often to the still small voice of conscience, for it is like the voice of the unknown God. It refuses political obedience, because it has conceived but one reason for obedience, namely, the interest of the individual in the welfare of the whole; and yet it finds institutions challenging obedience, some of which have sprung up in imagination, some in passion, some out of the subsiding conflict of the blindest forces; but it does not discern what hand led

out of the tumult and wrath of fighting interests, and disposed out of many contending elements, institutions, laws, and a political order which the very condition it requires, namely, individual good in the common welfare. This good is under abatement, through the moral evil and corruption resting upon mankind; the unconquerable necessity of which abatement, except by the diminution of the moral evil and corruption in which it lies, it least of all distinguishes and admits.

Secondly, religion, morality, polity, are all bonds upon human will—at least, since that will is corrupt they are so—to fallen man they are so—a stern, awful, often rigid subjugation. Can he like this? He hates it. There boils up in him, therefore, a will against these authorities, exciting and impelling his understanding to find invalidating flaws in their constitution. That the understanding should thus obey the impulse of the will,—that it should seem to lead, where it is only propelled,—that belief should be moulded by inclination, is nothing new. It happens to all every day—it has happened from the beginning of the aberration of our spirit. The highly cultivated, they whose wit is more subtle in self-deception, may not propose to themselves to find out reasons, but there is no doubt that any inclination pressing upon the thoughts continually will influence them, unknown to the consciousness of the mind through which they pass; whereas grosser minds, grosser in feeling, grosser in thought, although intellectually cultivated, will say openly and with their lips—"let us break asunder their bands, and cast their cords from us."

We think the consequences now shortly described of cultivation of the intellectual faculties, is real, and may go to any extent. Its consequences were, and are, in France. They are now here, in certain divisions of the educated, and the present partial literary corruption of the half-educated. This, then, is an argument against education; and if there were nothing to set against it, a decisive argument. But that it is not decisive would appear probable from this, that the same argument is one against the cultivation of all orders, of those who have leisure for study and give themselves

up to it. For it is among them, in the first place, that this hardened and defying philosophical pride shews itself, and that it begins to make its discoveries. But *we* instinctively resist the conclusion, that we are not to cultivate our faculties. We seem forfeiting our birth-right, our nature, if we give it up. Thus, then, we are led, if there be that tendency in cultivation which has been said, to enquire what may counteract it. We are led to this by a hopeful feeling, that there is such a counteraction, and that it will and does predominate. Now the basis of this hope seems to be of two kinds; in the nature of the human mind, and in the nature of the world. Of the mind, which is not mere intellect, but a mixed being, in which sensibility of affection, imagination, and conscience, have place with intellect. This mind is so constituted, then, that it rests not in intellect; if any power is given to the growth and development of its other powers, these may and will counteract any injurious tendency lodged in the intellect. For instance, a great part of a man's happiness is in his domestic affections; but it is easily and quickly evident to him that the first condition of the enjoyment, well-nigh of the existence of these affections, is morality. Conjugal love is gone without the law of its own virtue. What is the happiness of a father in a profligate son? Let him be what he will in judging of himself, he becomes moral in judging of his child. Where is domestic peace, without domestic moral order? Here, then, is compulsion from the affections to reverence the moral law. Again, grant that there is in our minds, some principle not easily treated of, that draws us to religion. Is it not counteracted by others not strictly religious? Does not conscience, the moral sense, if this be really deep and tender, call us towards Him, incline us to seek and believe in Him, who, if he be, is, in the unfathomable necessity of his being, the eternal infinite law of Holy Right? Will not a moral spirit, oppressed with the immoralities of the only intelligent being it knows,—itself,—rejoice to think that there is one Being in whom this miserable depravation of good does not mingle with the capacity of good, which is pure and unsullied? It

might easily be shewn that the imagination and the natural affections all lead us to religion.

Thus, then, if that were true wholly, which is only true in part, that Intellect leads men to Immorality and to Irreligion, there are other parts of our nature leading opposite ways; or rather let us say, if there be one inclination of Intellect to dissolve morality and religion, there are principles of our nature which will reign over Intellect to incline it to them. If religion prevail with us, so too will it incline to Political Obedience, considering governments as appointed, and reverencing the moral order which they actually maintain. Thus there is ground of expectation, of belief, that in the absolute, or general cultivation of our nature, including Intellect, the result will be good.

But, secondly, the nature of the world tends to the same result. For what is the subject of the Exercises of Intellect? The World, Natural, Moral, Visible, Invisible. Let Intellect, then, survey the Natural World. It is possible, certainly, to read causes and effects wondrously connected, and yet to see them, and nothing more. But it is also possible to see more. It is possible for our understanding, pursuing, and examining stupendous order in worlds on worlds—stupendous care in the formation of an elephant or an insect—to believe in the design, a designer. The study of the works of wisdom, power, goodness, does not seem unfitted, surely, to draw our mind to the contemplation, the acknowledgment of wisdom, power, goodness! Such men as Newton and Linnæus, are incidental, but august, teachers of religion. Lord Bacon says, as every body knows, that a little philosophy makes men atheists, leading them to rest in second causes, but much philosophy brings them back to religion. It seems the first untaught mind steps direct from the effect to God; to the half-taught mind, philosophy has raised up an interposition of second causes, which it cannot get over; the taught mind—taught by divine philosophy—steps in its might through and over the second causes, to the same end or origin. Thus, if there be a tendency in the affection which accompanies Intellect, of pride, and self-elation, to close up the mind to the

most important truths, there is a tendency in the subject on which it is employed to open it up to those very truths. Again, from the material, turn to the moral world. In its structure are many things that perplex us. But, search it as we will, the more we search it, the more we find this clear and great law established in it,—that good follows to the doer of good, evil to the doer of evil; an observation giving infinite weight and awe to the moral law in our own minds, and leading our thoughts to a Moral Ruler. The logical inference from the world is morality.

There is, then, an argument on each side.—Are they balanced? It appears to us difficult, on the arguments themselves, to say that the one or the other preponderates. Both are in themselves tendencies unlimited. But which seems, in the history of the world, to have prevailed? In ancient times, among the Greeks, the prevalence of their philosophy was to virtue. In modern times, the tendency of civilisation has been to virtue. What may be said, generally, of the historical argument, is this, that if the nation has been moral—and as it has been moral—Intellect has been moral also. It has obeyed, has taken the colour of morality. In Greece it seems to have been moral far beyond the practical morality, and to have taken a moral lead. Let us see then if there be any thing else to guide us in deciding on which side the conclusion lies. Look, then, what the progress of nations has been, in any time. It has been a progress in intellectual attainment and development. One great cause of this has been man's contest with his condition. He has laboured to conquer physical nature—to make himself as much as he might master of his lot—to overcome disorder and mischief, and attain repose in his social condition—to subdue the greatest obstacle to his welfare, evil in his own heart. Now, by these efforts, have arts and sciences been evolved, knowledge of the existences and laws of nature, and hence command of her powers. Another cause, or the cause of another mode of man's cultivation,—in some countries more than in others, in all in some degree,—has been the native impulse of his feelings produ-

cing the arts which adorn and exalt life externally, by so shaping its materials, circumstances, and forms, that Imagination may rest upon it, may dwell in customary life; namely, in stateliness and magnificence of its decorations, such as sumptuous architecture; exalting it internally, by those arts which embody and bring into agnition to the senses its highest emotions. Necessity has not prompted, nor required such arts, but the native vigour of the soul has given them birth.

Such are two of the great origins of intellectual cultivation,—first, the ameliorating of man's condition, where he comes to be almost under the necessity of ameliorating it, by deliverance from physical and from moral evil; secondly, the yearning of the soul after its own exaltation, in the midst of its terrestrial existence.

Which of these two causes would we, which are we able to put away? Neither.

For the first constraint upon man to know, is, we have seen, independent of his pure desire of knowledge. But on the knowledge thus compelled, the desire feeds and kindles. Its materials are thus spread out before it; its acquisition has begun; it has tasted; and then its own native nobility breaks forth.

If this be the true history of what has happened, shall we not be led to say, that the question never comes to be proposed to our mind, whether it should cultivate its faculties or not? That this cultivation is involved with conditions of its existence—is inevitable—a destiny laid upon it? We cannot conceive it proposed to the deliberation of those with whom the decision remains. For it may indeed be made matter of argument, not unreasonably, among philosophical enquirers, whether the operation of such and such causes upon human nature and society be friendly or unfriendly to human welfare. But how, pray, can it be a question to mankind? To those to whom the powers belong, with whom it rests to cultivate their powers or not? They are under the influence of causes, impelling them to proceed, which they will not attempt to resist. These are they with whom the great conflict of society with natural evils rests—they to whom manufactures,

agriculture, commerce, navigation, war, wealth, the administration of the laws, the government of nations, the economy of public wealth, education, religion, remain matters of paramount, and indisputable public concern—the means of their own several support and advancement. Therefore, as the question might prove one difficult to argue on its proper merits, what has now been said of the history of the human mind, and of the manner in which its condition and constitution, while it simply obeys them, carries it forward into boundless fields, acquisitions, conquests, and triumphs of intellect, must certainly be received in place of an argument of the question on its merits,—as an indication from Nature herself,—that is, as an indication from the wisdom in which nature is framed, and therefore as a law to human reason,—that the high cultivation of the intellectual faculties should be persevered in,—and that if it has, as in some measure it has, injurious consequences, it should be confided that the good consequences are greater far, and that the moral welfare of man is to exist in the midst of his intellectual light.

The next question that arises, is, How far man should go in Intellect? Here, a very little reflection shews us, immediately, that this point also is decided. If man is indeed destined to such an intellectual life,—if his hope and his strength be undoubtedly in these pure and high endowments of his rational soul—in these works achieved—in these kingdoms won—then there remains no reason to doubt, that he is to push these conquests to the utmost,—to repel as far back as he can the boundary of ignorance and of darkness.

Supposing, then, that this too is admitted. Hitherto we have been reasoning concerning the highest enquiries. Hitherto we have not asked, what is to be the lot, the avocation, the instruction of the inferior orders of a people, of those who build in themselves the deep wide base of society, but of those who form its stateliness, its embellished, and its crowning heights,—of those, whom their birth bids aspire, not in ambition of outward life only, but in ambition of thought and of the soul,—of those to whom their wealth gives Leisure and

Power,—LEISURE, the happy, if well-used privilege, of appropriating, at the choice of their own discretion, according to the best, highest, purest, wisest suggestion of their heart and understanding, the measures of the swift span of mortal existence,—of stamping on hour, day, month, and year, as it fleets by, acts of self-chosen virtuous endeavour, bright labours of useful and yet noble thought,—meditation, clothed in Fancy's hues, and yet instinct with feelings the deepest and most solemn: POWER,—not that only which is command over the actions, the obedience, the service, the will, the happiness, the welfare and virtue of others, but power also for themselves inwardly,—power which is the command over all the means of knowledge, of living instruction as it is best given,—access to all the treasure-houses, use of the accumulated wealth of learning, science and art, which seas divide not, which shores remove not from the sufficient object of its sufficient desire—to which not only all volumes of all languages, but the Book of Nature and Life is equally with them outspread,—the cities and manners of men open to be seen and known,—and the sages of the earth, wherever they breathe to meditate wisdom, can be sought as companions and friends—of those we speak, who to whatever rank, to whatever fortune they may have been born, to the highest, to the lowest, to the amplest and most flowing, or to the narrowest and most constraining, are yet all called by the gifts indulged to their spirit, to intellectual riches and rank—of those who thus estated, and taking their easier or more difficult way to the possession of their heritage,—become the teachers and lights of the world,—become its separated, it may be said, consecrated order, and priesthood of knowledge.

Now, we maintain, that in speaking of such minds we have, in fact, treated the only question, or, we should rather say, the only portion of a very extended question, on which there is room for doubt. For, it may be doubted, on the whole of his constitution and condition possibly, what is the proper way for man to attain well-being and well-doing. But this being once determined,—then, whether the proper way for one portion of

mankind to seek well-being and well-doing, is, or is not, the proper way for another portion of the same species to seek the same results, can, we apprehend, be none. They are the same nature, the same soul, on the same earth,—under the same God, the same author, disposer, ruler, guide. They are from one origin—for one end. Let it be granted, then, that this solemn Being of Intellect and Will, capable of Happiness and Misery,—of Knowledge and Ignorance,—of Good and Evil,—that is, of moral good and evil; and who, capable in all parts of his constitution alike of either of these alternatives, is yet called to one and not to another, is called to Happiness and Moral Good, called therewith, and thereby, and therefore to Knowledge also, and as little to Ignorance as he is to Misery or Guilt—that these Three are in connexion and harmony, and reciprocal dependence, and those Three—then we hold that these are words without meaning, or they are truths of the whole race, of that nature which is identical in one and in another throughout the habitations of the globe. It is a question not partial but universal; not superficial but profound; not of a division of the surface but central; emanating in every direction alike, and radiating to the whole circumference. What proposal of a doubt, pray, would it be to say, does natural love, as of the mother to her child, produce, in some orders, a moral purity and elevation of thoughts and wishes, in others vitiate and depress them? Does it produce in some hearts effusion of tenderness and sympathy, softening and opening them? Does it harden others and steep them in gall? Is one soul created under one law, one system of laws—another under another? Does the beating of the heart propel the blood in one living frame, and does that blood convey with it heat and life? And does the same mighty pulse in another shut up the healthful circulation, or send in its place a stream of ice and death? Does this atom of matter fall by gravity? And have we to seek some other law to account for the fall of this next?—These are truly the questions we ask, when we enquire, whether in one human being, or class of human beings,

intellect is given as a power friendly to morality, a power made rightly to influence the will, which must therefore receive its food, knowledge, that it may perform its ministry: Whether in another it exists as a power dangerous and hurtful to morality, acting injuriously upon the will, from which therefore its celestial food is to be withheld?

Let it be thought what kind of contradiction any other conclusion would be in practice—what sort of prospect a nation would present, that should divide itself into the struggle, that should attempt in this manner to pull asunder its higher and its lower portions, and thus intellectually to dismember itself; of which the higher orders should seek with the utmost passion and avidity, and the utmost ambition of all their powers, light to themselves, and at the same time endeavour to maintain the darkness of the lower? How could they attempt it? How could they wall in the overflowing waters? If there were initiations in science, in temples guarded with fearful ceremonies and vows, there might be some hope to keep the secret of knowledge. But our temples are open. Our books are not written in a sacred Brahminical language, unknown to the vulgar, the patrimony of the holy caste. They are not written in hieroglyphic characters, of which the secret and sacred key is covered beneath the mantle of the priests. They are in a language which all speak, in letters which are no longer a mystery. The world of knowledge is thrown open; and the question is not with those who have it, whether they will impart, but with those who have it not, whether they will receive?

If it were possible to confine it, where should the line be drawn? Are our orders so distinguished that we can define, this shall be the right of one; this of another; we will carry down this part of knowledge thus low, and this thus low, and no lower? Far from it. It is the beauty of our social state, that all its various ranks, although essentially distinct, yet all seem to blend into each other, constituting, in their union, an harmonious whole. We give to wealth its due tribute of respect, when gained by honourable means, and employed

for useful ends. We do not withhold from the inheritors of a noble name, any of those feelings with which imagination delights reverently to invest the history of an illustrious house, and if he be not unworthy of his lofty lineage, each successive representative of an ancient family. We have reason to respect the nobility and the gentry of our native land; for they of old have been distinguished by a proud and fearless patriotism. But we venerate virtue—we admire genius—we respect intellect, from whatever nook “its fulgent head starbright appears”—and as it is, after all, by mind alone that the high-born can maintain their right unquestioned to those feelings with which we are willing to regard them and their high estate; so by mind alone can the peasant lift himself up to the level of the peer, and gain to himself a name that shall rank in the roll with the proudest names that grace the ancestral glories of even a regal race. It is plain, that there is but one line we can draw, that which encompasses all. Thus, then, if it might be a question, whether the walks of knowledge should be abandoned altogether, and ploughed up, it can be none, who shall go into them. What practical question, therefore, can we ask? Not, whether we shall withhold, but whether we shall seek to impart. Not what we shall keep back, but what we shall be most diligent to extend. If we shall seek to impart? In the first place, Yes,—because we believe that knowledge is good for the human soul; and we desire, we who may be somewhat or far higher in society, we who may have some or great influence, power, deliberation for others, to diffuse Good. We wish it, in charity to those less favoured than we are. We wish it, in patriotism, that the solid welfare of our country may be built as wide as its shores. We wish it, in self-interest, that we may not feel the reaction upon ourselves of forlorn vice, the untamed and fierce ignorance of those among whom our lot is cast. If we shall seek to impart? Yes. That we may bind all together in one bond; that we may be one brotherhood. To impart? Yes. That we may receive. That chill penury may no longer repress or freeze—that in open day

all the plants may rejoice in the sun, and give back their beauty to his light—that Genius may spring up where it has been sown—that our Miltons may not rest mute and inglorious—that as we have much to do in science,—that, as although much has been done by thoughtful and erudite men, far more remains to be done—that, as all sciences are imperfect, some even yet in their infancy—that as the human mind, which at one moment of discovery seems to have accomplished every thing that lay before it, and absolutely to have finished its work, at the next looks back on all it has attained, and seems to have done nothing—seeing in all its hitherto labours only the preparation and rudiments, the unformed beginnings of that last work to which it is created, and which still lies before it, almost as it were unattempted; so that one sage says, “I have learnt a little,” and another says, “I know that I know nothing”—that, in this condition of human science, and looking upon knowledge as our dearest birth-right, our pride and our power, we may have all aid in acquiring it, and may be robbed of no powerful hand that can help to conquer.

But will not this raise up a power of knowledge and thought in the commonalty, in large portions of them at least, which in the higher there is now nothing to counterbalance? Let it be so—for it is good. The higher must advance themselves—perhaps they need compulsion, incitement to do so. Perhaps they are negligent and indolent. But then they have every advantage—leisure, means, ambition, duty. The others will not advance too far. They have a heavy burden to carry with their knowledge. Let not men—the men of this great and free country—fear the ultimate effects of knowledge. It is a great power poured in, and will produce some commotion; but will settle and find its way to its proper places. The immediate effects are not the ultimate. At first a degree of emotion is excited; which belongs not to the matter, but to the times—the novelty, the suddenness, the generality, namely, the act of diffusion. But the lasting impressions are those which belong to the matter. Nothing is without risk—

nothing great at least. But neither is it without risk to do nothing—to leave every thing alone. Certain it is, that the old world has greatly and suddenly changed. One thing is true, that injurious and corrupt abuse will not stand before an enlightened people—nor ought it. The instruction of the people will give a tenfold, but not a turbulent weight to public opinion. The danger is, not from knowledge or reason, but from the concurrence of particular changes of opinion with particular causes of political ferment, which may or may not happen. The ground of security, when the people are instructed, will be the same, as when we are. It has been confessed, that Intellect has causes of disturbance; but that they are tempered and subdued by morality. Let there be sufficient causes of the morality of the people, and intellect will not hurt them; let there not be, and intellect will not be wanted to make mischief.

That more danger is to be feared from an imperfectly educated population than from one brutally ignorant, we have never been able to bring ourselves to believe; but even if there were, that would be no argument against general Education. For it can become good only by degrees; and during the period of transition from darkness to light, during the *gloaming*, let the power that is in wisdom maintain the state.

It is, however, most material, in any question of Education, to know of what kind of Education we speak—whether of the very highest, or of that which is merely secular. The kind of instruction which writers on the Education of the People generally mean, is merely secular, that is, of the second order; and yet they often reason, as if it were to produce the effects proper to the very highest—unlimited effects on human happiness and virtue. This introduces great confusion into the whole argument—is most unphilosophical—and, moreover, justly offensive to those who believe that such effects can be produced only by religion.

We confess, that this is a subject on which it is difficult to speak; but that difficulty shall not hinder us from expressing our opinion before a Public, so capable of judging whether it be right or wrong, whether

founded on knowledge or ignorance of human nature and its most momentous concerns.

That Education we then hold to be comparatively of little worth, which is entirely an Education of Intellect, and not at all of Will. What is all the evil of life but a disordered will? What other ignorance so mischievous—so fatal, as the ignorance of the will disturbed and darkened? From that disturbance and darkness, what dreadful passions rise up, not only to destroy all peace and all virtue in the individual whom they perpetually torment, but in league and union with kindred powers in many other hearts to agitate the whole frame of society, and lay its fairest scenes desolate! Knowledge may and does work directly towards the restoration of the will. But from that to reason generally about the importance of knowledge, is to deceive ourselves, and to expect effects from an inadequate cause. The kind of knowledge that can effectually and permanently clear and enlighten the will is soon circumscribed and defined—moral and religious. You may say, that the will cannot give religion, because religion is doctrine, and facts and truths, out of the acquisition of the faculties, and which must be declared. True—God has done his part, and given us revelation. These truths are couched in few words, and soon conveyed. Where lies the great difficulty of this knowledge but in the will, which is unrecipient—not always by direct purposed opposition, but by earth and desires of earth clinging to it, and in a way it cannot understand; palsyng, as it were, the very spirit, when most eager to aspire to heaven? Is there any instance of a soul perfectly spiritual, and withal perfectly meek, that ever found insuperable difficulty in embracing the highest and greatest doctrines? So it is said—“they that will to do the will of my Father shall know of the doctrine;” that is, by the very act of willing, steadily maintained, shall acquire the knowledge.

Undoubtedly the best effects of secular instruction are also of a moral kind, but indirectly, and not in the very highest degree. Many of the habits and tempers of such instruction are excellently good. It induces domesticity—it is tranquil,

sedate, thoughtful, orderly—it mixes with a father's love to his children in divers ways—partly in teaching them, as he will be by his secular instruction better able to be a religious or moral teacher to them. He who studies astronomy or natural history may find in them just grounds of adoration and gratitude. But not necessarily so—for according to the will is the feeding of the soul on its knowledge; it is poison or immortal fruits. The will hallows the knowledge, or makes it wicked. Observe, too, and we ask you to do so from no wish to undervalue Science, that the adoration drawn from speculative knowledge is much weaker than that proceeding from the personal incidents of common life. A poor man, receiving his daily meal, as he believes, from the hand that feeds the young ravens when they cry, has a stronger and more efficient sort of gratitude, than he who derives it from contemplation. Yet it is requisite, too, that the spirit which does put forth the eagle-wings of thought, should, in Intellect and Imagination, still find religion, that its great powers may be good to it, and not its bane. But we are not to begin to seek God above the stars. “He is not far from every one of us.”

Thus, then, there is an effect of secular instruction which works back into the higher order of effects—but not necessarily—although, when it does, most momentous. For, supposing a truly moral people, well taught for the next world, it may easily be conceived that a general diffusion of knowledge, making them an intellectually, as well as morally instructed people, would raise their whole character, as well as their whole power greatly, and be really of prodigious importance. The error, and it is one into which many philanthropists have fallen, is to think of founding on intellect, to build thereon will; the right course being to found in will, and to build thereon intellect—the right course, if there be truth in the words of the Most High.

It is not possible, therefore, for any person, holding the opinion which we have now expressed, to speak in perfect consent with the present zeal for Education. We must suppose it, in this mistaken, that it too often

overlooks, disregards, or misunderstands moral effects. Neither intellect, nor its tuition, are necessarily moral. This many of the most zealous educationists seem not to know. They seem to think that intellect is virtue and happiness. What is the truth? If you try to conceive a human being in his perfection, you, no doubt, conceive him walking in the light of intellect. But there are two kinds of knowledge, objective and subjective. Knowledge objective is knowledge of objects in and among themselves. Knowledge subjective is knowledge of objects in their relation to, and as they affect the mind knowing—the mind or person being called, somewhat perplexingly, perhaps, by logicians, the subject. Now he who is strong in either kind commands reverence, and seems to be achieving the duty of his being; but we would say, that he who knows objectively seems rather to walk in power—he who knows subjectively to walk in light. Galileo and Newton appear to us triumphing spirits. The sovereign and sole power of intellect swallowing up their life, appears to have something consecrating, in our estimation. We do not ask about the will of such men—perhaps we fear to do so, lest we should find a flaw, some evil lurking there that might bring down the starry Galileo from his throne in the skies, and shew him, like ourselves, a child of dust. Here, however, the intellect was purely contemplative, and the subject solemnizes the faculties. Take, then, Lycurgus, Solon, or Numa, who were practical men, and busied themselves with the concerns of this world and this life. Observe, that in them we always suppose great subjective, as well as great objective knowledge,—or rather that they have treated subjective knowledge objectively, and that they well knew themselves, and regulated their own minds by noble laws. Besides, they legislated for the public good, and thereby they proved their virtue, and we believe them to have been virtuous. Take, then, knowledge, practical, objective, and limited in its objects, such as that of the illustrious Watt. We know that he was a man of virtue; but we have little or no reason for believing that, from his merely having improved on the steam engine. He might

have been the most scientific man of his age, and yet not a man of great virtue—nor would our minds have been greatly surprised or shocked, had such knowledge and such talents been found disunited from great virtue. They command reverence, by the power, both producing and produced; but surely a moderated and inferior reverence, not one to take place of a moral estimate. Finally, take knowledge, practical, and detached from or opposed to will, as in many great conquerors, and we then feel that knowledge is something altogether different from virtue. Any mental power, at its height, dazzles us, absorbs our contemplating faculty, but may give little light on its general moral effect. The moral effect of knowledge merely objective, which is that of education on common men, seems to be this—that it amends and raises them by drawing force of will from common passions into a spiritual power. Besides, it raises, and in some degree amends, as it guides them in their actions relative to things external and objective. The injury is, or may be, that it destroys simplicity of faith. The character of the understanding of children and of the common people, is, that feeling their own knowledge to be extremely limited, they readily suppose, and are ever prone to believe, existences and powers out of their own knowledge, and that to any extent. This is a true state of mind, for it is a disposition representing their real power. Instructed men have this not, but the reverse,—a persuasion that their present knowledge contains reality, possibility, every thing, which is a state in the utmost degree false. This is the reason of all incredulity—a prevalent temper of the last half century, coming with knowledge, and not yet extinguished. Undoubtedly, by the diffusion of instruction, as it is contemplated, we shall in some produce this temper, perhaps in great numbers. The highest philosophy returns to the pristine humility of ignorance—only an enlightened, instead of a dark humility. It has measured finiteness in the presence of infinitude. No man, if you ask him, “Do you know every thing?” will answer “Yes, I do;” but, nevertheless, that is his virtual belief. For his understanding is shut

against, and denies every thing he does not know.

Now, what is the remedy for this among the people? To have it remedied first among philosophers—also by the predominance of moral over intellectual tuition. This false persuasion does not necessarily come with knowledge, but is induced by the undue excitation of self-esteem in the progress of knowledge, the annexation of the idea of self to the knowledge attained, till all knowledge lying beyond, wholly out of that attained, and especially knowledge contradicting that attained, and that which lies wholly out of it will often seem to contradict it, comes like a contradiction of self, and “is with spattering noise rejected.” There is, indeed, a “Beyond,” to which the knowledge attained visibly leads, but that is very different; and a glimpse of it, instead of repelling, tempts the mind onwards by the lure of light. This disposition often appears as conceit in the young, but it was a terrific vanity in an age. It is the error of the mind new to knowledge, and beginning attainment. The delusion of an age, suddenly inflated, and inflamed with an idea of immense superiority over those that have preceded. It will be the error of minds always, individual, national, secular, which in all their acquisitions, feel themselves more than their subjects. If it has arisen throughout an age—that is, in many nations at once, and has lasted a season—it does not necessarily last. It produces acknowledgment, perhaps humiliation, perhaps regret, perhaps remorse—a contrary revulsion of the understanding—a clearer discernment of the truth which has been abandoned or violated—a consciousness of following mischiefs to be blotted out, balanced, or expiated. Let us not speak, then, only of the common people, but of the highest instructed—the leading orders of nations—of this nation, and what is our dependence for their morality? Not precisely and singly the augmentation of knowledge, but, independently of what is given them not human, that which was formerly stated—the constitution of the human soul full of what demands morality, and the constitution of the world teaching morality—teaching it in the experience of

every hour. This is our moral dependence—far more than institutions which have been transmitted to us, more than opinions, than the antique authority at least of opinions, which have been inculcated upon us, and which we are zealous to inculcate, handing down their authority. Institutions and opinions may dissolve; but these are two living sources of good ever springing, which cannot fail. These must be our dependence for the lower classes as for the higher—not ignorance, not, if that be in any countries, the jealous, hereditary guardianship of Ignorance.

The character of the Will of a people is, that the Ideas to which it is attached are few, but embraced with strong feeling, either with passionate affections, or with habits of life revolving round and on them. Some of those ideas are presented by what is every day before them, some by national recollections, some by instruction, some, most and best, by Religion. In earlier states of society, every day presents objects to which passionate feeling cleaves with imagination, (as in clans, or in simple feudality, their Chief,) or where every man is a warrior for his country, as among the Sabines, the Spartans, the Athenians of old—or nature gives great objects blended with warlike patriotism, as in Switzerland. In common countries where this primitive state has passed, the recollection long remains; as in the ballads and traditional poetry of a people which turn back generally to those times, and lighten up and tenderly draw the imagination, and perhaps clothe the fields and hills. But a time comes when even this lingering dream of the old existence is swept away, and men remain with the earth, and what it can yield them, and the realities that are not of this earth. For that time it is that we have now to provide. What is there now for their warm elevated will? Certainly, first of all, Religion. Nothing else can be imagined to them very elevating. To us these can—imagination with all her works—human ambition—science. But to the poor man, it is Religion or nothing. Attend next to his domestic affections, which, without this, are strong, clear, yearning instincts—with it, are hopeful, awful, and high. It is the same with his just, wise sympathy with his fel-

low-men, and proper love to his country. The great difficulty, then, is to find knowledge that will take hold on the will of the poor man. In the higher classes, we do not regard this. Better with them, no doubt, when the instruction falls in with the character of the mind, of the intellect, of the nature, and that it embraces its knowledge passionately; for such knowledge is more effective; but it is not absolutely necessary. Instructed they must be, for their knowledge gives them their rank—makes them feel it, and for the most part, that is reckoned enough. It gives them something to talk about; a participation in the work of society, and in its discourse; and farther, a reputable occupation of a deal of superfluous time. But with the poor, or inferior man, you wish to see something more solid in his knowledge—that it should bear upon and touch himself, his character, and his trade. You wish to see in him a stronger and more appropriating feeling of his knowledge, which converts it into aliment of his strength, and of his very bodily power.

It will be asked, then, what knowledge should be communicated to the lower orders? If the question regards the subject of knowledge, we answer first and generally,—the same as to the higher. If within the subject, it regards the manner of teaching it, there is this essential difference,—that as their opportunity is limited, there must be selected for them, in each subject, what is of primary importance to them as men whose lot it is to live by the sweat of their brow. Also, it is for many reasons very important, that discrimination be made in each, between what is most certainly established, and what is conjectural and doubtful, presenting to them as much as possible the first and not the second. There is this further ground of distinction, that to the lower orders, knowledge is not their business,—that is, not to the great lower order, those who render the daily labour of their hands to the use of others. Their business is to render a prescribed and taught, and, for the most part, a very simple, and a uniformly recurring labour. Their calling, then, is in a great measure independent of knowledge, except what is communicated to them in it.

Knowledge to them,—except of the great truths of religion and morality, which are also a business and the same to all men,—the moment it goes beyond the humble circle in which their life moves, must be considered, chiefly, as in part recreative and restorative, and in greater part as a moral re-agent. It is otherwise with the higher orders—with whom knowledge is a business in a double sense. In the first place, there are those who devote themselves to speculative knowledge—to any branch or branches of it—and with whom and in their hands, is the extension, one might almost sometimes say the conduct, of human knowledge. In the second place, the sphere of their action is high and wide, and often demands, is always much the better of, general knowledge. What knowledge is useless to the theologian, the lawyer, or the statesman, of a highly civilized country? Besides their labour, whatever their calling, is intellectual, and therefore asks that intellectual discipline, that formation or preparation of the powers of the mind, which is to be found only in contest with various high and abstruse studies. The higher classes, too, feel themselves concerned in parts of knowledge which they do not particularly study, looking upon knowledge as a great war which they are all carrying on together,—where everything gained tells. To animate, cherish, point this feeling, their knowledge should be more various and extended. They should in some measure know, that they may know how to care for subjects which they will not particularly pursue.

Generally speaking, then, but with the differences now pointed out, the subjects must be the same to both; because the same worlds, the same fields, the same matter are before both—the same faculties are in both—the desires instigating those faculties into action, are naturally the same, though in these considerable difference will be made by condition. History will interest both,—and poetry,—and nature. No doubt more abstract studies will to a degree also. The same feelings which turn our minds with interest on the consideration of the curious organ of the expression of thought and feeling—Language—will interest theirs also; and

no doubt they will have pleasure in justly acquiring, and in properly understanding and using, language. But here there is a difference,—for the educated to higher labour, should learn the most perfect and artfully constructed languages which men have spoken, were it only for the subtle cultivation of intellectual power that is obtained in the mere acquisition of them. To one of the people it may be quite enough to know his own.

Observe that there is a difference, in the two cases, in the moral effects of knowledge. The highly educated finds in his ardent and powerful pursuit of knowledge a sympathy with all those who are also pursuing it. He feels that he marches in the van of the conquests of human intellect. This feeling, in many ways great, but especially moral, by the manner in which it binds him, first to a certain division of mankind, and then to all the species, is peculiar to him who has leisure to sweep the whole range of his science—and it always has been a very powerful agent of civilization. To the humbler instructed this feeling cannot be; at least it is in a far inferior degree.

But the effects of knowledge on the higher and on the lower orders of society, supposing them both to be well educated, are essentially the same. To know causes, and the laws by which they act, is, if the causes are within human reach, and the particular case within ours, to command the operation and the effects. This takes place in the field of physical nature. The science of the last and present century has shewn this in new and extraordinary splendour. It takes place in the field of moral nature. This has been verified from the beginning of the world in all those, who, publicly or privately, have, by their knowledge of humanity, governed men, personally, or by powerfully-conceived institutions. But moral has never been placed in the same clear evidence with physical science. Its principles have not been certainly found and stated, and doubt removed from them. If stated, they are not communicated as certainly and easily as those of physical truth, because the mind that receives must, notwithstanding, also supply the data from itself, in a manner to which there is

nothing exactly answering in physical science. Nevertheless, the issue is the same, though no such striking and widely-diffused result of science is to be shewn, namely, that the knowledge of the causes and their laws is to man the command of the effects.

Secondly, the reaction of knowledge, and of the pursuit of it, on the faculties which seek it, is most important to all men—the invigorating of intellect, the principles of reasoning acquired, the habit of its exertion, acuteness, subtlety, discrimination, comprehensiveness—these results of study remain; even if the knowledge, in attaining which they were acquired, were afterwards abandoned as useless, or could be obliterated; they remain, and are transferred to every new pursuit.

Thirdly, the affections that accompany knowledge are the same. For instance, the moral emotion with which the recital of great and good deeds is heard or read—the wide, profound, and variously enriched sympathy with which the great history of our species is contemplated—the most solemn feelings, not unmixed, indeed, with those of delight, which accompany the study of the Works and of the Word of God. To the poorest man, if he have a heart and a soul, what a treasure the religious feelings which accompany the study of nature! The moral sensibilities which are set aflo w by the contemplation of heroic virtues!—the pathetic transports with which a peasant's heart may beat in recollecting the actions of great heroes of old, the high deliverers of their country, "The Patriot Tell—the Bruce of Ban-nockburn!"

Finally, there is the feeling of self-respect which is excited by intellectual attainment, and the hopeful, joyful feeling which runs on with the labour and progress of the acquisition; and effects rather than feelings, the health of mind which waits upon vigorous, well-supported, but not excessive exertion, as the body receives health from its own activity; and, lastly, the blamelessness and perfect innocence of employment.

The greater part of these effects are alike to one Order and to another, except, perhaps, the first; to wit, the power which knowledge gives. However, that also—for though the sphere

of action should be very limited, yet the difference between knowledge and no knowledge, within that sphere, may be very great.

The question of Education in this country has become more interesting from the great change that has long been taking place, and the end of which it is not easy to foresee, in the condition, and consequently in the character, of our population. There has been a great extension of the power of commerce, not only in itself, including, of course, manufactures, but in the commercializing of agriculture. Hence innumerable old relations are broken up, local attachments extirpated; the close, daily, familiar, loving bond between the higher and lower dissolved: therefore the power of opinion and manners as hereditary, as of one class binding another, as of immutable vicinage, is undermined and reft. Further, the commercial condition, principle, or element in the social structure is this, that each man traffics in himself; that is, without disparagement, that in respect of the first great necessity—maintenance,—out of which nature has forged one of the most felt, seen, and infrangible bonds of society, he freely and absolutely chooses,—one may say he is loose to choose,—his Relations. Formerly, he was in these respects strongly bound, though still free, by personal and local relations. He would not leave his village—his service. His was a state intermediate between villanage and commercial independence, which are the two extremes. Then, relations in which was strong, always good feeling, helped greatly to determine, where, and of whom, he should receive maintenance. Now he estimates it in money—his labour is worth so much—he has it to sell—he takes it to market. This is the solution of old ties, of old structure, by the infusion of the commercial element. Of old the unrooting of a peasant was like the unrooting of a tree. Moreover, the farming labourer lived in the farmer's house—now in his own, and, in many districts in England, lodges in public houses. Here is the institution of the estimate of value for the estimate of relations; or of value receivable in money, for value received, there is no denying it, by the heart, measu-

red in feelings and in sentiments. This state of things exposes the agricultural population more to the influence of vice and of ignorance. They need more than they did knowledge and instruction, and more than ever such knowledge and instruction as is of a genial, generous, and moral kind, supporting their best affections within their own nearest and closest relations of sons, brothers, fathers, and keeping alive, if possible, that kindness and respect for the higher orders, which of old the bold peasantry of England, their country's pride, rejoiced to shew after their own homely and independent fashion.

How far, were this subject pursued into all its bearings, we should have to regret this change, we shall not now take upon us to say; but to be regretted or rejoiced in, the change demands attention from all who wish well to the character of the people. Advancing wealth, and arts multiplying and augmenting their power, split the ancient frame of society. In earlier times, men are all bound together, high and low, rich and poor. They sleep under one roof; they eat at one board. As they go on, two things happen:—The society comes to consist of a much greater variety of orders or classes of societies within the society; and, secondly, what was done for love is done for money. Both are principles of division. A patriarch might have some of his people who were artists at need; afterwards there are confraternities of artificers. Those who are thus separated become more and more self-dependent. So that in the early time, the contexture and strength of society by personal dependencies was much greater; afterwards it depends upon other principles, upon a rational estimate of the right and necessity of union, upon the sense of common interest, upon moral views and sympathies, on an idea of the obligation of patriotism, and of civic allegiance. Thus there is a continual dissolving of the old bonds, and a substitute of new principles of union. If it may happen that the bonds are dissolved faster than the new principles spring up,—for that period there will be relaxation and impairing of the union of society. The end of all this is, that the spirit which accompanied the closer union, is in a great measure

gone,—the spirit of control of opinion of the higher classes over the lower, of more intimately shewn and moralizing example, of befriending and salutary advice, and further, that cordial and endearing spirit that gladdened the face of every day's life, and was sunshine upon merry England.

Then, there is a great part of England, nearly a third of it all, where the country labourers are all, without any individual or national distress, but as a calm, regular, and immutable procedure, paid half their wages out of the poor rates. This is so wholly uncalled for, and so flagrant an absurdity, and is so visibly of no use to the labourer, but simply a device by which the landlord helps to pay the farmer's man, for which in all probability he is repaid in the shape of higher rent, that there can be no difficulty in its being swept away, at a week's notice, by an act of Parliament. And the system itself must be so blighting upon the character of the people,—though it is real repayment of labour,—by the mode of it, being repayment with the aspect of alms, and other degrading circumstances connected with it, that the first indispensable step to raising the character of the people where it exists, must be to remove it.

Then, with regard to the proper servants of commerce in manufactures in great towns and districts, they generally have great leisure from high wages, in prosperous, which we believe are their natural times, though we have seen deep distress, and they have often a command of money. Of them, particularly, it may be said, that the modern extension of commerce has made an era, since it has suddenly made them a most large proportion of the population; and on account of them there is occasion for interfering now, to give instruction, if for no other moral utility, for the innocent employment of time. It is probable that, between self-respect, and the habit of better, among other things of more domestic, employment of his leisure, the workman who from the times, or at all times from the nature of his more skilful work, got wages beyond present maintenance, would lay the excess by; and instead of spending even a portion, sometimes a large one, of the time due to labour, in presently consuming its produce, would attend

steadily to his duty, thus serving his employer and the community at the same moment, besides making himself, by his property and his respectability, a valuable member of society. Besides, what cannot be overlooked, by his better manner of spending, exciting, as a consumer of a higher order, the higher industry of the country. We are at a time when the question, what the character of our commercial population is, is of mighty moment, and is likely to become every day of mightier still. The first part of instruction we are bound to provide is Religion; and that is provided by our Establishments, if those who accept of the offices fulfil them. It is not less than the duty of the minister, when this is, from the numbers, humanly possible, to know that every parishioner, every soul within his cure, is instructed. The Country offers much to the senses, if they are open; much variety of occupation; taking hold, through elementary feelings blended with the senses, on the will. Hence, in such occupations, a natural virtue. In towns and manufactories, occupation has often much mischief in it. Minds are separated from natural attachments, from the sky, from the earth, from localities. The man is more left to what is internal, and is more immixed with society. Therefore in himself, and in his social relations, more is to be demanded, and more to be produced, that is good. Give him, therefore, knowledge; make it an occupation; quell his inferior by his higher nature. We do not enquire so anxiously how he will apply, how he will appropriate it. The peasant hardly needs instruction for an occupation; he needs it for the influence of the ideas it has imparted upon his mind, whilst that mind bears them often silently unperceived in itself. In the town, we want it for the occupation, the possession of the man by it, from moment to moment, from hour to hour.

There is no need of entering at present into any argument on the comparative character of our agricultural and manufacturing population. But this is certain, and it is obvious to all eyes, that with great intelligence, and many estimable qualities, there is among the latter much moral evil, which never can be cured by a merely

secular education. Let us not deceive ourselves by believing that the people of any great commercial country will ever be able to guide themselves safely by cultivated intellect. Christianity alone is the strength of the State. If the Bible be neglected—we must not say despised—but if it be laid aside merely for Sabbath hours, and those perhaps unfrequent, interrupted, and inspired by no very devout spirit,—and all other kinds of knowledge elevated to a higher place in men's opinions than “saving knowledge,”—panegyrised by the most eloquent in the land, as the foundation on which the pillars of a nation's prosperity rest; so that a man belonging to the working classes comes to value himself chiefly on account of the acquisitions he has made, perhaps, in some branch of physical science or art,—if, by insensible degrees, religion comes to be considered by the poor man as a thing of secondary importance,—and it is not easy to see how that can be otherwise, if his whole mind, during its leisure hours, is to be applied, with all its faculties and feelings, to knowledge lying out of the sphere of religion,—then Education, so far from being a blessing, will be a bane, and that which men call light will be darkness. Symptoms of some approaching evil like this are visible in the aspect of the times. Those who think that human nature is sufficient in itself for its own earthly destiny, and would rather wish to keep religion, that is, Christianity, in the back-ground, will give a different interpretation of these signs. Many persons there are, who, wishing well to their species, and electing them-

selves members of the Philosophical Order, declare that the Religion of the State ought to be respected; but what their eyes chiefly regard, is the march of intellect. Others again fear philosophy—fear the diffusion of knowledge—would keep the bulk of mankind, if not in darkness, certainly “now in glimmer and now in gloom,” and in almost a blind subjection to a creed. To neither class would we wish to belong; but this we will say, that no man who desires to promote the interests of his fellow-creatures, will scruple to declare his faith, and to uphold it, from the fear, in this liberal and enlightened age, as we are proud to call it, of being thought a bigot, and no philosopher. It is the blessed nature of our religion, that it teaches to the unintellectual that which lies beyond the faculties of the wisest of the sons of men. The meek and humble cottager, who has seen only that small segment of the visible creation that is bounded by the hills encircling his native valley, and who has read few books but One, knows more in his simple heart of perfect morality, than the highest mind that ever trusted entirely to the illumination of its own reason.

On these grounds, therefore, have we all along been zealous for the diffusion of knowledge among all orders of the people. Into some of the schemes proposed for the spread of Education, we purpose ere long to enquire; and also into the state of Education, as it is carried on in our highest Universities, and in our humblest Parish-schools.

ON THE RECENT ARCHITECTURAL IMPROVEMENTS OF LONDON.

It is commonly supposed that an inseparable connexion exists between literature and the fine arts ; but upon examination it would seem this is an erroneous opinion. They are both, in their highest efforts, the results of certain occasional states of the public mind affecting the peculiar endowments of individuals.

In so far as the productions of literature suggest topics for the chisel or the pencil, it may be said an alliance exists between the sculptor, the painter, and the writer, and inasmuch as the creations of sculpture and painting furnish matter for the descriptive pen, the connexion and reciprocity are indisputable ; but still there is a want of precision in ascribing that connexion and reciprocity to any natural or necessary mutual dependence.

In their highest, as well as in their lowest faculties, a distinctive principle peculiar to each is so clear and defined, that it may almost be described as an organic difference. Indeed, this distinction is so prominent, that it requires some degree of consideration to discover any mutuality amongst them ; the alleged connexion being an after thought, formed subsequent to, and in consequence of, the occasional aids they reciprocally give to each other. A horse as developed from the marble by a sculptor, and the horse of Homer or of Job, have no obvious moral similarity. The sculptor may exhibit both, but the one which is the product of his own conception, and those which come from the suggestions of others, will be very different.

It is a curious fact, long determined by experience, that there is an imitative faculty possessed by many professors of the fine arts, altogether different from the peculiar creative faculty which constitutes the genius of a genuine artist. The fine copies of the great works of the old masters, as they are called, are the productions of this imitative faculty. It would even seem that there is a third class of artists, consisting of those who have the power of embodying the suggestions of others, but which power deserts them to a

great degree when they attempt to give form and pressure to their own conceptions.

The noblest progeny of the arts, however, spring not from literature, but are of the artists' own minds. They come perfect from their imaginations, as Minerva from the head of Jupiter. Such are the works of Claude. From what book, or poem, or description, did that elegant and sensitive student of nature derive the subjects of his unrivalled pencil ?

The Apollo is equally the conception of the artist ; and scarcely one of all the great pictures of Raphael can be said to owe their subjects to any literary description. The merest hints are all that literature has supplied to him.

No doubt the intelligence diffused by literature assists in exalting and refining the spirit of artists ; but it is not essential to them, as the fact of many excellent artists being ignorant even of the commonest generalities of literature sufficiently proves. In the time of Julius II. and Leo X., when the arts had attained a brighter ascendancy than they have since done, literature was not so generally diffused as it is in our time, when art is as much cultivated as it was in those epochs.

Claiming, then, an independence for art from literature, acknowledging at the same time the reciprocity which exists between them, we assume, that a taste for the one may be cherished without engendering any predilections for the other. Indeed, connoisseurs and dealers in works of art, are in general distinguished for their literary ignorance ; nor does it appear to be at all necessary that the taste to discern the professional merits of a painting, or of a piece of sculpture, should be dependent on a knowledge of the history or legend of the subject, or on any knowledge of literature at all.

We have been led into these reflections by having lately, in a cursory manner, inspected the state and progress of the new ornaments of the metropolis, and by occasional conversation with some of the most esteemed artists of the day.

It appears that, with reference to the former, a degree of effect is studied, which may be questionable in point of taste; and which could never have happened had the minds of the architects been imbued with a right knowledge of philosophical principles. Individuality is sacrificed to general effect—superb colonnaded rows of private houses, suggest the magnificence of palaces, as if the edifices had been originally intended for the mansions of kings; and although the grandeur of this is indisputable, it yet may be doubted whether there is not a hypocrisy in it abhorrent to just feeling.

When it is considered that all these regal frontages are but the screens of ordinary dwellings, it must be allowed that the effect is disproportioned to their purpose—begetting, upon reflection, meaner ideas, both of the artist's genius, and the taste of the age by which such things are admired, than would have been the case had the structures been raised in a style and character more commensurate with their use. Doubtless we should not be able, but for combinations of many houses, to obtain such a number of splendid terraces as those in the Regent's Park, and now erecting on the gardens of Carlton-House; but are not such ornate structures at variance with propriety, and, after all, but an unbecoming apery of those architectural ornaments, which are only fitly appropriated to public edifices?

Without insisting on the validity of the notion, that there is a propriety in all things, which cannot be neglected without offending taste, we would suggest for consideration, whether a simplicity, becoming the station, fortune, and vocations of the inhabitants, should not be visible in their houses? And, if this be just, whether we are not cherishing a meretricious taste, by not discriminating the exterior splendour of the buildings referred to from the uses to which they are applied? If we ornament private dwellings so highly, by what superiority of features shall we characterise public edifices? It is admitted, that magnificence, in its truest sense, in architecture, is fittest employed on national works; that simplicity best becomes the residence of the common citizens; and

that dignity is requisite to the abodes of opulence and nobility. But how shall these distinctions be preserved—distinctions which good taste imperiously requires—if all varieties of the people inhabit the same sort of structures? Without, therefore, denying the picturesque effect of the beautiful terraces to which we have alluded, or in the remotest degree impugning the elegance of their architecture, we would venture to ask, if simplicity and fitness would not have awakened more agreeable associations, than those feelings of dissatisfaction and criticism which such inappropriate magnificence cannot but call forth? We shall just mention a fact illustrative of our objection to the false taste of giving to rows of private houses the gorgeous outsides of palaces. *THE TERRACES IN THE GARDENS OF CARLTON-HOUSE ARE IN A NOBLER STYLE OF THE CORINTHIAN ORDER THAN EVEN THE NEW PALACE ERECTING IN THEIR VICINITY!* Can such disproportion be consistent with common sense, or in good taste? If the properties of taste may be so dispensed with merely for effect, could the erection of private residences with domes and steeples, like cathedrals and churches, be objected to? Our objection is, not to the effect of the thing, but to the unfitness of that effect—to the illegitimate application of the principle of public buildings to private houses.

In architecture, more than to any other of the fine arts, we still acknowledge the ancients as our masters; and yet there is neither evidence nor reason to believe that they committed such solecisms as those upon which we have ventured to animadvert. The exhumated cities in the vicinity of Mount Vesuvius do not shew one instance of such incongruous structures. In all the ruins of Rome itself there is not an example of rows of private buildings having been erected in the style of public structures. All the remains that attract the admiration of posterity consist of the relics of particular structures, but few of them are of private residences, even of the greatest citizens—a fact which justifies us in saying, that no such taste as that of which we complain existed anciently in the most gor-

geous capital which the world has yet seen.

Moreover, notwithstanding the exquisite beauty of the Athenian temples, Aristotle tells us, that the streets of Athens were mean and narrow—a fact which, were there no other evidence, would serve to shew that the inhabitants had the good taste not to suffer their habitations to cope with the temples of the gods, or the palaces of kings. The Athenian remains are still sufficient to attest the justness of this. Among all the rubbish of ancient days which fill the streets of Athens, nothing has ever been discovered that could warrant us even to fancy that the private citizens then attempted to rival, in the exterior of their dwellings, the sumptuous architecture that belongs only to palaces.

It may be objected to the view herein taken of those ornaments of the Metropolis, that whatever was the usage of the ancients, it cannot be denied that these splendid piles are decidedly elegant, and that the admiration which they uniformly excite justifies the taste in which they have been raised. But is there not something fallacious in this? There is a beauty in proportion altogether independent of fitness or utility; and we ought not to allow the influence of that beauty to delude us from the becoming graces of the other; nor should the drift of our argument be so evaded. For we do not object to rows of houses being erected, even of the most superb character, to suit the improved delicacy of domestic comfort, but only to the palatial character which is given to them. We contend, that good taste requires that each house should be individualized in the row, and that the ornaments of the row should become the character of private houses. It is preposterous that columns of greater dimensions than those of the royal palace should stand between windows on which we see bills announcing apartments to let. It is that columniar mania that we find fault with.

Besides, it is incompatible with the right principles of architecture, to see two rows of windows between the architrave and the base of a colonnade, in any and every case. It is an expedient to reconcile us to

huge columns, but it is intrinsically barbarous. It had its origin, we doubt not, in those times of peril and dismay, when necessity caused the public colonnades in Rome to be converted into private houses, making two stories where the original architect intended one only should be. It is worthy of remark, as to this point, that neither of those two great architects, Inigo Jones and Sir Christopher Wren, in their greatest structures, committed such an error in the grammar of their art, as to make one row of pillars serve two stories. In that grand mansion, the Banqueting-house of Whitehall, the two stories are beautifully and fitly divided. Just turn from the Banqueting-house, and compare its simplicity, majesty, and fitness, as a part of a palace, with the colonnade screen of the public offices on the other side of the street; and yet that screen is not without its merits, for, admitting the two-floor arrangement to be legitimate, it is one of the finest pieces of Corinthian architecture which the metropolis can boast of.

A radical error evidently runs in the minds of all our architects; they aspire at too much; they study the beauty of proportion too devotedly, and neglect the superior beauty of fitness. We have, in consequence, immense piles raised at prodigious cost, with scarcely a single building that any man, with a right feeling of this art, can admire.

Perhaps the least objectionable—we should rather say, the most beautiful of all the new buildings—is the new Post-office. It has, in the wings, the two-floor fault certainly, but the portico is chaste, and very noble; and no one can fall into the mistake of thinking the building is either a row of private houses or a palace. It bears upon it throughout the character of fitness, and of an edifice devoted to public business. In its special purpose, it lacks, however, in one particular—it has not a covered way for receiving the mails; and the grandeur of the well-proportioned Ionic style in which it has been erected would have been enhanced, had the base of the whole building been higher and rusticated. Still, however, it is one of the noblest structures in the whole empire, and reflects credit, not only on the architect,

but on the party by whom he was instructed, whoever that may have been—report says, Sir Francis Free-ling; and the edifice is worthy of the reputation he enjoys for superior intelligence, both in his public and private capacity.

There are some points in the London University which also deserve commendation. The portico is decidedly the finest thing of the kind in all this country, but it is certainly not faultless. Somehow, there is, in all our greatest works, a seeking after petty conveniences, which obtrude meanness into the midst of magnificence. Thus, for some truly “BASE” purpose, the opportunity of exhibiting a superb ascent is sacrificed, and a cramped and crooked stair occupies the place where a spacious flight should have been spread to receive the votaries of wisdom and science. It may also be objected to this grand feature of a building, which promises to possess the simplicity that we so earnestly desire to see cultivated, that the columns are too closely placed together; and so we thought at the first view, but repeated examinations have brought us over to the taste of the architect, even while we are compelled to acknowledge that he has better satisfied our feelings than our reason. It is only, indeed, when we compare the extent of the inter-columniations, with those in which the windows are placed in the body of the building, that we find any thing like a reason to think the portico crowded. The dome, however, is detestable; the form is ugly, the lantern upon it vile, and there is an altogetheriness of the grotesque about it, not only unworthy of the building, but constantly reminding us of the conical cap of an old-fashioned coffee-pot, or a Kil-marnock night-cap inflated—Would we could say with the efficacy of Richard III., “Off with his head!” If there must be a dome, let it be in accordance with the style of the portico.

We were affected with something of the same feeling with which we contemplated the portico of the University—

“The sense of beauty glowing at the heart”—

in coming up the Green Park late-

ly, by the classical simplicity of the front of Wellesley-house, the new mansion of the Duke of Wellington. Always excepting our objection to the bad grammar of two floors between the architrave and the base of columns, this mansion is one of the finest specimens of simple dignity we have ever seen. We really had doubted that there was an architect in England so finely imbued with the feeling of the antique, as the gentleman must be who designed that noble elevation. It has but one fault, and a few pounds would remove it. The front having been raised on an old building, part of the cornice and superstructure of the walls are higher than the roof; by carrying the cornice and superstructure round the east corner, and between the two chimneys, this defect would be concealed, and the beauty of the general effect greatly increased. We have not heard the name of the architect, but if this rifacimento be a first work, he will soon rank among the most accomplished of his brethren.

Earl Dudley has also had an expensive rifacimento, in which some pretension to architectural propriety may be discerned; but though in good taste, the whole building has a common-place air, and is really, for a noble mansion, below criticism. But my Lord Grosvenor’s—oh, Lord! We have heard your Lordship talk of throwing bibles and prayer-books at the heads of bishops, but if we had a Vitruvius sufficiently heavy, we know whose face should be as flat as the man’s in the moon in less time than a chip of a chisel. What do you mean, sir, by carving stones, and putting them up in that style? Why, sir, your offence is a sin as great against taste as idolatry is against religion. In the name of blocks and rubbish, who is Earl Grosvenor’s architect? He ought not to live. Let him be instantly stoned to death. We thought blind windows could not be carried farther than they have been in the Bank of England; but we had formed too small an idea of the extent of human absurdity. We, however, tolerated them there on account of their emblematic fitness. It is not requisite, as every body knows, that the Bank Directors should see or know any thing of what is going on

out of doors; and it is a settled point that the proprietors shall not see what is doing within. But what is the meaning of the stone and lime in Earl Grosvenor's daylight? If the interior arrangements required the windows to be shut up, why were not false ones inserted? or, where the shams are, could not niches and statues have been? But it may be said that it is unjust to judge an unfinished work. Not in this instance, for what his Lordship has done is a completed part, and is as bad as any thing of the sort can be, and yet, but for "the indigent blind" between the pillars, the general effect would be so gorgeous as to draw off the attention from the unfitness of the architecture. It is but justice, however, to notice, with unreserved approbation, the beauty of one of Lord Grosvenor's new squares—Belgrave. It in many points meets our wishes as to the fitness of the ornaments for private houses. It is one of the finest things we have yet had.

In the midst of so many fine things with which it is not difficult to find fault, the whole being of human origin and execution, one building, as far as respects the architecture, is in the most beautiful specimens of the residential style we have ever seen, either at home or abroad—the Marquis of Stafford's mansion, which was intended for the residence of the late Duke of York. We do not know if it has yet received a name; but unchristened as it may be, it is impossible to look at the elegant simplicity which invests the walls without acknowledging its superiority, not only comparatively, if there can be comparison where there is no similitude—for unquestionably London contains nothing like it—but absolutely as a work of art. We esteem the architecture of the mural part as nearly faultless. We have looked and looked again without being able to discover any one thing, in the evident conception of the architect, between the cornice and the ground, which could have been improved. Every thing in the elevation of the four fronts appears to have been suggested by the profoundest consideration, first, of the use and convenience of the building, and second, of the de-

gree of ornament of which a conception so pure was susceptible, without losing its domestic character in something more allied to an edifice for public pleasure. Above all things, we admire it for shewing the gracefulness of giving the columns no more to do than belongs to their proper station in the building. The barbarous double floor is not permitted to shew its vulgar face. With the exception of the Duke of Buckingham's residence at Stowe, we have never seen, either at home or abroad, any building in which the amenity of architecture was at all so beautiful. But it has, as a whole, one enormous fault, the huge visible roof. It reminds us of an elegant woman under one of those cab-like bonnets too much in size and in fashion. It is, however, probable that this is intended to be amended; indeed, we cannot conceive that the artist who planned a structure at once so refined and appropriate, did not contemplate the effect of a few statues upon the different points. We have over and over again viewed it with respect to the effect of such ornaments, and every new time became more and more convinced that it wants but such ornaments to take away all attention from the mountainous roof. At least we devoutly wish the noble proprietor would be at the small expense of temporarily trying the effect of statues on those parts which we conceive were originally designed to receive them. But besides statues on the different wings and porticos, we think it would be improved by a few ornaments on the top of those inner walls which rise in the centre above the roof. It is really to be deplored that so fine a thing should not be made as perfect as practicable.

From this unique edifice we turn to the new palace, but it is too extensive to be discussed at the end of a paper; and as we therefore propose to consider it fully, in all its parts and particulars, we shall devote an entire paper to the subject. First, because it was rashly condemned in design before even the walls were raised, and, now that they are up, it is, we do think, still viewed with an unjust and invidious eye.

POLITICAL ECONOMY.

No. IV.

TO THE HEADS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

GENTLEMEN,

Much of what I have said on buying at the cheapest market, applies in principle to bounties; and, in consequence, a brief notice of the doctrines of the Economists respecting them, will be sufficient.

Nothing could well be more unsatisfactory in both fact and reasoning, than that part of Adam Smith's work which relates to bounties: it gives the most erroneous definition of the nature and objects of bounties; and in truth it is nothing better than a tissue of fallacious data and deductions. Its author says of a bounty on the export of corn, that it cannot benefit the agriculturists, because if it raise the price of corn, it will raise the price of labour, and in consequence, of all commodities equally; *ergo* the real price, or exchangeable value of corn will not be raised, there will be merely a fall in the value of silver, and the rise in corn will be only a nominal one to the producers of it.* This, which as I have shewn, is likewise the doctrine of the Ricardo school, is really too absurd for refutation. If corn be doubled in price, there will be such a rise of wages, as will raise the yard of broad cloth from 30s. to 60s.; the yard of printed cotton from 3s. to 6s.; the dozen of wine from 50s. to 100s.; the pound of tea from 10s. to 20s.; and the general taxes and rates of the country from seventy or eighty to one hundred and fifty millions! If this be true, it can make no difference to the farmer whether the price of the quarter of wheat be 20s. or 100s. Here is a specimen of science perfectly unique.

Taking his stand on this, Smith argues that if a bounty raise the price of corn, it will not increase produc-

tion. Of course, if the bounty should raise wheat from 40s. to 80s., no additional wheat would be grown! These, as I have said, are likewise the doctrines of Ricardo and his followers. They insist that if corn rise, wages and other commodities will rise equally, so that the expenses of cultivation will be so far increased as to absorb the whole of the advance in the price of corn; and then they insist that the high price of the latter is the sole source of rent, and the only thing which can enable inferior land to be cultivated. This is equivalent to maintaining that an advance in the price of corn cannot yield any additional profit to the farmer, and that it yields him great additional profit.

It is not necessary for me to speak particularly of a bounty on the export of corn, because this country exports none. According to the Economists, bounties, I use the words of Adam Smith, are liable, in the first place, to "the general objection of forcing some part of the industry of the country into a channel less advantageous, than that in which it would run of its own accord; and, secondly, to the particular objection of forcing it not only into a channel that is less advantageous, but into one that is actually disadvantageous; the trade which cannot be carried on but by means of a bounty being necessarily a losing trade." They assert that bounties operate as a tax on the community.

It will be seen that the first objection is in reality the assumption that capital and labour can always find beneficial employment; it maintains that if bounty do not employ them in one trade, they will employ themselves more profitably in some other.

* Smith says, "the nature of things has stamped upon corn a real value, which cannot be altered by merely altering its money price. No bounty upon exportation, no monopoly of the home market can raise that value. The freest competition cannot lower it." I wish to speak respectfully of one who was evidently an honest, as well as able writer, but when I find him on cardinal points putting forth outrageous errors like this, I am compelled to say that none of his opinions ought to be received without severe scrutiny.

I said sufficient in my last to refute this. It is opposed to all experience. Every old country finds it constantly a matter of difficulty to provide a sufficiency of employment for its population; and it grants bounties to preserve labour from idleness, but not to tempt it from one trade to another. Its object in regard to capital is, either to protect it from the loss, or to widen its field of employment. I will now state the cases in which bounties are resorted to.

1. A bounty is granted to establish some new trade which could not exist without. For example, one was granted to the British and Irish fisheries: the object was to give employment to those who otherwise would have been in idleness and want; and to obtain a trade, which otherwise would not have existed or would have been monopolized by foreigners. A bounty was granted on the export of silks; the object was to give the manufacturers a foreign trade, which they otherwise could not obtain.

2. A bounty is granted to protect some established trade from destruction or serious injury. One was granted to the whale fisheries; the object was to nurture a trade which was in danger of being abandoned. A bounty was granted on the export of refined sugar; the object was to preserve a valuable foreign trade to the refiners and sugar colonies. If the linen manufacture, or any other, were in danger of having its foreign markets taken from it, by foreign competitors, a bounty was granted for its protection.

The fact that Adam Smith censures bounties for being generally granted on exportation, and not on production, proves that he misunderstood their nature. A bounty on exportation must necessarily be one on production; its object is to cause commodities to be produced which otherwise could not be, and if they are not produced, it is not paid. But when production can thrive without bounties, they are not granted; they only are employed when they are necessary for its existence; they are intended to enable this country to produce goods which, without them, would be produced by foreigners.

With regard, then, to the first case—a foreign nation has a valuable

trade in the export of fish, silks, or any other commodity; and England, by means of a bounty, can gain this trade, without diminishing her exports to the foreign nation. Ought she to do so?

The question in reality is—the trade can be bought—is it worth the requisite purchase money? England can obtain it by paying an annual per centage on its amount; will it, on such terms, yield her more gain on the one hand, than loss on the other?

In opposition to the Economists, it may be taken for granted, that in all such cases she has as much capital and labour idle as the trade calls for. Generally, the trade is already established at home; the bounty merely extends it to foreign parts, and thereby gives employment to an excess of capital and labour which it contains. It only requires a little additional capital at the first, and this little creates the necessary increase afterwards. All trades, in truth, after they are commenced, create the capital requisite for their extension; capital is only increased in this manner. If the silk manufacture had never been established, the capital engaged in it would never have existed; other trades may have thrown capital into it on the one hand, but it has thrown more into them on the other. This holds good touching any trade which exists through bounty; it is begun with redundant capital—with that which, if not so employed, would probably waste itself and much more; this gives birth to as much more as it can employ; and thus, to the trade, the capital which it employs owes its existence. In respect of labour, it increases in every trade even more rapidly than employment for it; the Economists declare that its constant tendency is to increase more rapidly than employment. The bounty, therefore, if it extend the trade, only employs more fully the labour already engaged in it, or calls to it idle labour; and afterwards the trade either rears the additional labour required by its extension, or employs that which is not wanted in other trades. The labour employed by the bounty would not exist, or would be idle without it.

It is abundantly obvious to all men, that if, at the present moment, a bounty could create a trade, which

would employ a vast portion of capital and labour, it would be so far from taking them from more profitable employment, that it would take them from a state of idleness, or something worse, to the great benefit of the whole capital and labour of the country. The case, with variations in degree, is always the same.

The uncouth inconsistency of the Economists in virtually proclaiming, in the same breath, that labour will never want profitable employment, if rulers do not attempt to employ it; and that population continually outstrips the means of subsistence, or, in other words, labour increases more rapidly than employment, ought not to be overlooked.

A bounty creates a trade which otherwise could not exist, and in consequence, it gives to all the divisions of the community a portion of business and employment which they otherwise could not possess. Suppose that one of ten per cent will create an export trade amounting to two millions annually. It will cause the principal part of this sum—I will assume L.1,500,000 of it—to be expended amidst the different divisions more than would be, if the trade did not exist; and it will cause the divisions to raise their expenditure with each other. It will keep many thousand additional acres of land in cultivation, and provide a market for a large additional quantity of cottons, woollens, and other commodities.

The bounty here will be L.200,000 per annum. Putting the Irish population, on account of its circumstances, out of sight, and taking that of Britain at fifteen millions, it will, on the average, impose a tax on each soul of about *threepence farthing per annum*. As the labouring classes pay much less in proportion than the others, it will not perhaps amidst them take more than a penny or twopence from each soul. The bounty must cause three or four hundred thousand pounds to be expended in wages amidst these classes, and the greater part of it will be clear gain to them; in addition, it must cause general wages to be somewhat higher. If the agriculturists, manufacturers, &c. have to contribute in the year sixpence or a shilling each, they must draw from it infinitely more

than this sum in enlarged trade and better prices.

Granting that, if this sum of L.200,000 were not paid in bounty, it would be expended in consumption, still it would only produce a trade of its amount, instead of one of nearly L.2,000,000. By being paid in bounty, it is still expended in raising the trade of this country, with this difference, that it causes foreigners to expend in the same manner six or seven times its amount. By paying it in bounty, each individual will be enabled to consume much more than he could do, should he expend it in consumption.

Taking the population of the united kingdom in round numbers at only twenty millions, if a million per annum be paid in bounties, it will only, on the average, take a shilling per annum from each individual; it will perhaps only take sixpence amidst the working classes. Suppose that two millions are paid yearly in bounties, which average ten per cent, this will create a new mass of trade, amounting to twenty millions, and which will support not much less than a million of souls, including women and children.

Assuming that such a trade should be at this moment created, and that, directly and indirectly, it should employ a million of souls, what would be its effects? These souls would receive much less from the poor-rates, and contribute much more to the taxes, than they now do. Practically, by this, they would contribute a pound per annum each to the bounty; they would pay half of it. It would raise wages generally, and to a great extent; it would raise them one-third or one-fourth. This would add greatly to the revenue.

The labouring classes, demonstrably, would receive infinitely more through the bounty, than it would take from them.

The agriculturists, manufacturers, &c. demonstrably, would have their burdens, in respect of poor-rates, greatly reduced, and their trade and profits greatly enlarged. They, too, would receive much more from the bounty, than it would take from them.

The difference between moderate prosperity and suffering, makes a

difference of at least two millions per annum in the revenue. Such a trade would, at the least, add to the revenue two millions—the whole amount of the bounty—yearly. In reality, the taxes would not be heavier—to the great body of the population they would be far lighter—with the bounty, than they are without it. No additional taxes would be necessary. But granting that it would be requisite to impose new taxes to the whole amount of the bounty, they would only take from each individual *two shillings per annum*. Whether the trade would be worth the purchase-money, is a matter which I need not further determine.

With regard to the second case. Suppose that from war, taxes, the improvements of foreigners, &c. other nations could undersell England in the cotton trade, and that she could not retain her export of cottons without the aid of bounty. The loss of this export trade would not only deprive a great portion of capital and labour of employment, but it would involve the whole cotton manufacture in distress. It would largely diminish the import of cotton, the export of goods to buy it with, the trade of the makers of machinery, &c. &c. Assuming that this trade would amount to ten millions annually, and that it could not be preserved without a bounty of twenty per cent, or two millions, the question is, would it yield a profit to England of *more than two millions annually*? I have said sufficient to answer it; but I will add, that the loss of this trade would, by its effect on general profits and wages, subject the community to a yearly loss of more than either two or ten millions.

Bounties are precisely, in both principle and real operation, what protecting duties are. They impose a direct tax on the community, but do not, except in particular cases, raise to it the commodities they are connected with; protecting duties impose no direct tax, but they raise prices, and this is equivalent to the imposition of one; in effect, they tax the community quite as much as bounties. Every trade, therefore, which is carried on by means of protecting duty, has just as much effect in putting capital and labour into a wrong channel, and is just as much

a losing one, as that which is carried on by means of bounty. Yet while protecting duties of thirty or forty per cent are held to be just and reasonable, bounties of ten or even five per cent are declaimed against as pernicious. Mr V. Fitzgerald, in the last Session, oracularly stated in the House of Commons, that it would be in vain to attempt to lead this House back to bounties:—this was said by the advocate of protecting duties to those who impose them, and it proves that neither he nor his auditors understood what he was speaking of. Even the Economists admit, that, in certain cases, such duties are equitable and beneficial; but they cannot, in any case, tolerate bounties.

Suppose that there are two trades, the one depending on export, and the other on home consumption, and that, from the increase of taxes, foreigners are enabled to undersell them—In this case, according to the prevailing doctrines, the one is to be destroyed, and the other is to be preserved, by a practical tax, although both are equally valuable to the community. Or at any rate, the one is to have protection, and the other is not. The real principle here is—In proportion as you are injured by increase of taxation, you ought to be further injured by the loss of your foreign trade: It ought to be your study, to enable taxation to do you the greatest possible injury.

Bounties thus are to the foreign what protecting duties are to the home trade; and they are not less equitable and beneficial than such duties. They may be employed in many ways with great advantage.

In late years, foreign linens have supplanted British ones, not only in foreign markets, but in those of our own colonies. In a case like this, bounty might regain the lost trade, and in so doing, it would serve, not the manufacturers alone, but the producers and dressers of flax, &c.

At this moment our American Colonies declare, that they are almost wholly driven out of foreign markets, in regard to the sale of their fish. A bounty could regain them these markets; and by this it would not only give them prosperity, but add considerably to the foreign, colonial, and domestic trade of the mother coun-

try. The principal part of the money obtained for their fish would be expended with the latter and the other Colonies.

The sugar Colonies are losing their foreign markets. In a case like this, bounty would enable them to produce more and obtain better prices; and, in consequence, they would employ more shipping, and buy far more manufactured goods of the mother country.

Bounties, in many cases, could be beneficially employed in giving new staples to the Colonies. Every thing which gives prosperity to the latter, adds greatly to the general trade at home. The colonial trade, however, like the home trade, is looked on as worthless. Such a small colony as the Cape of Good Hope buys as much of this country as some foreign nations; and its trade, in respect of profit, is worth more than three times its amount—I might almost say ten times—of foreign trade; but it is treated as below notice. Judicious measures could, in a very short period of time, add some millions annually to the sales of this country to its Colonies.

Bounties are not necessarily to be granted permanently; they must be granted on sufficient cause, and expire with it. When properly regulated, it may be safely taken as a principle that they will put as much money into the Exchequer as they will take out of it, and that they will, beside, increase the prosperity and comfort of the community.

Every man knows that it makes not the least practical difference to him whether the annual taxes be L.100,000 or L.500,000, more or less. Yet, according to the absurd notions of economy which now prevail, a saving of L.50,000, or L.100,000,—one which no man can feel—is to be made by the abolition of bounties, though it distress or destroy a whole trade. To effect worthless savings like this, the community is subjected to a loss of millions.

I have said sufficient to shew the true character of the horror with which the House of Commons regards bounties, and to prove that the horror flows from the gross, disgraceful, guilty ignorance which prevails in this House touching matters of trade.

I now proceed to the general summing up; it is, in the first place, of the highest importance to ascertain what the British empire depends on for wealth and prosperity.

Mr Huskisson and the advocates of Free Trade practically, and even in terms, assert that it depends on foreign commerce. To the latter they make every thing subservient. They insist that buying of, and selling to foreign nations without any regard to commodity, is the grand source of national riches; and that every restraint on buying ought to be removed, as the only means of carrying selling to the maximum. In reality, they make the wealth and prosperity of the empire dependent on unlimited freedom to buy *all kinds* of commodities of foreign countries.

If the population of this empire be wholly or principally engaged in foreign commerce, they unquestionably maintain the truth; if not, they must of necessity be in error.

To such places as Hamburgh and Bremen, Free Trade must be highly beneficial. Why? Their inhabitants are directly and indirectly employed in trading between one foreign nation and another; they produce little, save ships, which cannot be undersold, therefore they have nothing to lose from competition. Having, comparatively, nothing to do with agriculture and manufactures, and dependent chiefly on employment as merchants and carriers to foreign nations, unlimited freedom of buying and selling must enlarge their domestic as well as their foreign trade.

Are the inhabitants of the British empire so employed? No. More than half of them are engaged in agriculture, and the principal part of the remainder are engaged in such manufactures and domestic trade as have little connexion with foreign commerce. Their employment, as a whole, is of a directly opposite character.

Foreign commerce can only be a good in so far as it increases the general business, profits and wages of the mass of the population; in so far as it diminishes them, it must of necessity be a great evil. In places like Hamburgh, which depend mainly upon it, every thing ought to be

made subservient to it; but in great empires like the British one, which depend principally on production, and on production for their own consumption, it ought on the same ground to be made strictly subservient to the general business carried on by the great body of the population of Britain; therefore employing foreign ships, and buying foreign corn, silks, &c., distress the majority of her inhabitants; and such foreign trade must demonstrably do her incalculable injury. Her foreign trade, to benefit her, must benefit her agriculture, manufactures, and home and colonial trade generally; and it must be prohibited by law from receiving the least extension in any part that will injure them. It is dependent upon, and it cannot injure, without suffering with them. It is a thing of secondary importance—a mere auxiliary.

Britain scrupulously acted upon this previously to late years. She made her foreign trade subservient to her general, domestic, and colonial trade, as far as possible. When it could benefit the generality of her inhabitants, without injuring materially any part; or when it could benefit a part, without injuring the remainder, she warmly encouraged it; but beyond this, she placed it under prohibition. As far as it was a good she cherished it, but when it became an evil, she put it under the ban of her laws; she would not suffer a part of her population to use it as the means for distressing the other part, and in consequence the whole. It was through this wise policy that she made it a leading source of riches and prosperity.

Her ministers and legislators in late years have declared that she is like such places as Hamburgh, dependent principally on foreign trade; and in consequence, that it is as beneficial for her to buy foreign corn and manufactures, as to buy cotton and indigo—that such foreign trade as will distress half her population will be not less advantageous to her than such as will yield profit to the whole. They have avowedly made it a system to diminish and injure, in the most grievous manner, the trade of the great majority of her inhabitants, in order to increase the foreign trade of the minority. Never

before was such a portentous error fallen into in a civilized nation.

After ample trial, what are the fruits of this system? It has produced all the intended evil, but none of the good. It has contracted the trade of the majority, and plunged it into misery; but it has not increased the foreign trade of the minority. To the latter, it has destroyed trade in the home market, without extending it in the foreign one. It has driven a vast portion of capital and labour out of employment in some trades, but it has not provided them with it in others; on the contrary, it has either destroyed the capital, or rendered it idle, and thrown the labour on the poor-rates for subsistence.

Common reason may convince any man that the system cannot produce other than such fruits. These matters must be evident to all: 1. That it must grievously injure much more than half the population. 2. That it must greatly reduce the foreign trade, which depends on the latter. And 3. That it cannot, on the whole, give the manufacturers a greater command over foreign markets, by enabling them to cheapen their goods; such goods are, and will be, excluded by most foreign nations by law; and, according to the evidence of all sides, these nations are rapidly improving in manufactures, and will, at any rate, manufacture for their own consumption.

Britain thus depends in only a comparatively small degree on foreign trade for wealth and prosperity: her dependence rests principally on her agriculture and home and colonial trades, and of course it ought to be her constant endeavour to protect and extend these to the utmost: in so far as she may do this, she will really protect and extend her foreign commerce.

Her two great wants at present are—*employment for capital and labour, and adequate profits and wages.* Whatever would supply these wants would give her wealth and prosperity. This will be disputed by none. What would supply them? *The first would be removed by a sufficient enlargement of her great sources of employment for capital and labour.* This cannot be controverted.

It is proved, both by the nature of

things and decisive experiments, that these sources are narrowed, but not enlarged, by the present system, what change then ought to be adopted? The question relates not to comparative degrees of prosperity; it involves the decision between salvation and ruin.

From what I have stated in my former letters, I maintain, speaking generally, that in this country price consists partly of taxes, duties, and rates—partly of the interest of fixed or vested capital, looking at it as a separate kind of profit—partly of wages—partly of capital paid for raw produce, &c.—and partly of profit on circulating capital.

If wages rise, it will not raise the taxes, &c., or the interest of fixed capital, and it will not increase the amount of capital paid for foreign produce, &c.; in consequence, an advance of price much less in proportion than that of wages will be sufficient to keep profits from reduction. Wages and profits can rise and fall together.

Instead of consisting solely of wages and profits, price thus consists of wages and profits on the one part, and of taxes, duties, rates and capital paid to foreign countries on the other. Dividing it into these two parts, a rise or fall in the one is a fall or rise in the other. A rise of wages and profits is a reduction of taxes, duties, rates, and the cost of foreign commodities; and *vice versa*.

A fall of general prices in this country cannot of itself reduce the taxes, &c., therefore it must take effect almost exclusively on wages and profits. If the price of an article consist one-half of the latter and one-half of taxes, &c., and be reduced 25 per cent, wages and profits, in respect of this article, will be reduced 50 per cent. Assuming prices, on the average, to consist in this manner, a general fall in them of 25 per cent will take from wages and profits jointly, 50 per cent, and will take 25 per cent from the exchangeable value of the latter. If such a fall of prices be not accompanied with a corresponding reduction of taxes, &c., it must really make commodities 25 per cent dearer to the great body of consumers. To this body the lowest money prices must be the highest real ones—scarcity and fa-

mine; and the highest money prices must be the lowest real ones—prosperity and abundance.

While wages and profits must thus rise and fall with money prices, the rise and fall, but especially the latter, must take effect principally on wages. The net profit on commodities generally does not amount to more than 10 per cent; if 25 per cent be taken from their prices, the capitalists must still have some net profit; assuming that they sacrifice 5 per cent, and that one-half of prices consists of wages and profits, wages must be reduced 45 per cent.

Money is not produced by labour as commodities are. The general property which it represents is composed of accumulated profits. These profits do not consist, in any degree, of wages; but in so far as they arise from, they are a per centage on, them. The cost of producing them is not therefore necessarily raised by a rise of wages. On the contrary, they may be the highest, or, in other words, the cost of producing them may be the lowest, when wages are the highest; and a rise of wages, when it raises commodities, adds prodigiously to the amount of the accumulated profits of a country, by raising the value of the property they have been converted into.

Money, in the abstract, is an arithmetical, immutable measure of value. If substance be given to it in the shape of coin, the value of the latter is intended to be as far as possible unalterable, and above the influence of variations in the price of labour. Coin, in so far as it falls short of this, is confessedly imperfect money; it is, in its nature, precisely what the bushel, the gallon, and other measures are. It would be as correct, to assert that the size of the bushel ought to be enlarged or diminished in proportion with advances and reduction in the price of corn; as to assert, that the value of coin ought to vary with the prices of general commodities. If it be true, that coin or money must rise with commodities, it must of necessity be equally true, that it must fall with them—that when they sink in price, coin or money must sink equally: yet the Economists in effect commit the inconsistency of maintaining, that it must rise, but cannot fall, with

them. If coin vary in value it cannot be a measure of value; it cannot accurately define variations in the value of commodities.

The whole of history proves, that money, or coin, does not necessarily rise in price with commodities. It is matter of fact that gold is produced and coined in such a manner that the cost can scarcely be affected by variations in the prices of general labour and goods. This country buys it abroad with articles which are principally produced by capital, and governed in price by foreign markets; these articles are but little affected by a rise of corn, labour, and general commodities, therefore such a rise can affect but little the producers of the gold. It is thus evident, that an advance in corn, labour, and general commodities, does not of necessity cause an equal one in gold. It has been fully proved, by experience, that in this country they can be regularly high, without causing an equal advance in money—that high money prices can be generally maintained.

In this country where the consumption of agricultural produce depends in so large a degree on the working classes, the land is all appropriated; and the consumption of manufactures and merchandise depends so greatly on the agriculturists, that the interests of the latter and the labouring orders are the same. If wages be bad, agricultural produce must be ruinously cheap; if such produce be thus cheap, wages must be starvation ones. The destruction of wages must be by the creation of glut in the corn and cattle market, the destruction of the landlord's rent and the farmer's profit; and the destruction of such rent and profit must, by the production of a glut of goods and the annihilation of employment, be the destruction of wages. Cheap labour must be a scourge to the landlord and farmer; and cheap corn must be an equal scourge to the labourer.

The landowners, farmers, and working classes, husbandry, manufacturing and trading, must thus prosper and suffer together; their interests cannot be separated. Upon them the small manufacturers and traders depend almost wholly. The trade of the latter lies chiefly amidst the working classes. In proportion as

wages are high or low, the number of small shoemakers, tailors, grocers, butchers, &c. &c., and also their trade and profits, will be greater or smaller.

Upon all these the more opulent manufacturers and traders mainly depend. The middle classes exist principally through good prices of agricultural produce and good wages. Without such prices there can be no farmers worthy of the name; and of course the gigantic part of the middle classes, which the latter form, must be destroyed: without such prices and wages, an immense portion of manufacturers and traders of all degrees would have no business, and would sink into the hands of the labourers.

Every thing, therefore, which sinks agricultural produce and wages, must injure, in every way, the community generally. Those who may escape, or who may be benefited by it, must be mere individual exceptions unworthy of being called a minority.

The labourer cannot sell more than a certain quantity of labour, no matter how great the demand may be. His wages are in effect his profits; every reduction in them, or rise of commodities, is a proportionate reduction of his profits and means of consumption.

The agriculturist, including in the name both owner and occupier, is circumstanced like the labourer. He has a certain quantity of land, and, no matter how great the demand may be, he cannot extract more from it than a certain quantity of produce. A reduction of his prices, or rise of commodities, falls principally on his profits and means of consumption.

The manufacturer and trader are in circumstances wholly different. Speaking generally, they obtain about the same rate of profit on their goods whether the prices be high or low; they are situated as the labourer and agriculturist would be, should the wages and prices of the latter never permanently vary to any material extent. They can by means of credit, loans, &c., increase their business and profits as demand increases: in this respect, they are circumstanced as the labourer and agriculturist would be, should the one be able to sell as much labour, and the other as much produce, as demand would

take, without any other limit. A rise of wages and agricultural produce must of necessity increase the consumption of manufactures and merchandise, and it cannot do this without increasing their trade, and raising their profits in both rate and amount. It must, of course, raise their means of consumption; the advance in their expenses of living will be more than covered by that in their profits.

The higher wages and the prices of agricultural produce are, the greater will the profits and consumption of the labourers and agriculturists be; and in consequence, the greater will be the profits and consumption of the manufacturers and traders. And the profits and consumption of the latter must fall with those of the labourers and agriculturists. This is demonstrable in the nature of things, and its truth has been established by all experience.

To keep up general profits, it is thus essential to keep up wages; a rise or fall in them must increase or reduce the labourer's consumption much more than its amounts. A portion of them must be expended in rent and the most common necessities; and this portion does not rise and fall in the same degree with them: it admits of but little fluctuation, when wages are at the lowest, the labourer expends very little in animal food, wheaten bread, malt liquor, butter, merchandise and manufactures; when they rise, the increase is nearly all expended in these articles. In consequence the expenditure of the working classes amidst the agriculturists, manufacturers, and traders, is perhaps raised or reduced one-half by a rise or fall of one-fourth in wages.

The rate of wages affects very greatly the quantity of employment. The latter must vary with it, and a rise or fall in the rate must cause a much greater rise or fall in the quantity. A thousand labourers will with 16s. per week, each, employ almost twice the number of other labourers to work for them, which they will do with 12s.

A rise of wages thus operates in this manner. In the first place it raises the consumption of the labour already employed, and thereby gives employment to much other labour—

in the second place it raises the prices and increases the consumption of agricultural produce, and thereby gives employment to much other labour—in the third place, it increases the consumption of merchandise and manufactures, amidst the whole of the agriculturists and working classes, and thereby enlarges prodigiously the trade and profits of the manufacturers and traders, and provides a vast quantity of employment for other labour. Of course a fall operates in a contrary manner. Every rise or fall must cause an infinitely greater rise or fall in proportion, in the extent of general business; profits, and employment for labour.

The profits of the community must be so governed by wages, in rate, as well as aggregate amount. In agriculture the rate as well as the aggregate amount, must, with the same commercial law, fluctuate with wages, and rise to the highest point admitted of by such law, when they do. In trade and manufactures, the rate of profits as well as the aggregate amount fluctuates with the extent and activity of trade; it is the highest when trade is the most extensive and brisk; and trade is so when the profits of the agriculturists and the wages of the working classes are the highest.

To keep wages at the proper height, it is essential to keep the aggregate quantity of employment as great as possible—to prevent excess of population—and to restrict by law all importation of foreign commodities from injuring them. Free trade has the same effect on wages, as excess of population. By importation, it binds them to the famine point, no matter what the demand for labour, or the price of food may be. To keep the quantity of employment as great as possible, and prevent excess of population, it is essential to keep the money prices of agricultural produce sufficiently high. Agriculture employs half the labouring population, and the higher its regular prices are, the more labour it employs, and the higher wages it gives. In it, wages are probably one third less in rate, and employment is one fourth less in quantity, when its prices are low, than when they are reasonably high. Its profits are like wages, principally expended in consumption.

In all probability, it employs a million of souls more when prices are high, than when they are low; and the landlords, farmers, and labourers, comprehending half the population, expend almost fifty per cent more in manufactures and merchandise. High prices of agricultural produce thus by admitting of good wages employing such a great additional number of souls, and causing such a vast additional consumption of goods, produce high wages: and combined with the latter they keep the quantity of employment and wages at the highest point. Wages will rise in a greater proportion after such produce rises, putting out of sight free trade laws, not, as the Economists assert, because food is dearer, but because the demand for labour and the means of paying high wages are greater.

High prices of agricultural produce and general high wages cannot injure the master manufacturers and traders except by adding a little to their expenses of living. The great charge of the Economists against dear corn is, that it produces dear labour, the dearness of corn therefore cannot be injurious, if that of labour be not. No matter what the price of food may be, it is impossible for wages to be higher than the manufacturers can afford; and the latter will never raise them, unless they can raise their prices so as to obtain the same rate of profits. The great body of the manufacturers depend solely on the home market, and putting free trade laws out of sight, they can always raise their prices sufficiently if wages rise. Whatever rise may take place in food and general wages, the exporting manufacturers will never raise their wages if they cannot raise their prices, and they can always obtain a sufficiency of labour on their own terms.

The Economists assert that wages cannot be permanently higher in one calling than in another. This is so notoriously at variance with experience that refutation ought to be needless. Scarcely any two callings pay the same wages, and, in some, wages are always one half or one third less than they are in others. I must, however, shew why it cannot be true.

It practically stands on these assumptions—1. That infant labour can

always select its own calling. 2. That adult labour is equally skilful and has equal means of choice, in all callings. Both are erroneous. Wages are always much lower in agriculture, than in many trades. The husbandry labourer knows only his own calling, and he must therefore follow it; in general he has not the means of putting his children to any other, therefore he is compelled to rear them in it, and when they reach maturity, it is almost the only one they can follow. Thus the labourer is compelled to accept any wages which employers may offer; and however inadequate wages may be abundance of labourers are constantly reared for the calling.

Wages have long been much lower amidst the cotton weavers than in many occupations. The weaver is in a great measure confined to his own trade; he has not the means of putting his children to any other, and he can employ them in it with advantage to himself. Thus, however inadequate wages may be, he is compelled to follow his calling and rear his children in it. In many callings, the workman has the means of putting his children to his own, at a profit to himself as soon as they are able to earn any thing, and he has no means of putting them to any other. In consequence he rears a profusion of successors without any reference to wages. And in divers callings in which wages are high, the workman has the means of putting his own children into them, and excluding those of others.

Thus speaking generally with reference to the more important callings, the child is compelled to follow the calling of the parent, and the adult is compelled to follow that in which he has been reared, whether wages be good or bad. The husbandry servant can become a common labourer in a town and apply himself to a few other occupations, but they are at such a distance from him that no equality of wages is established between them and his own. The cotton weaver can to a certain extent betake himself to the weaving of silks, linens, and woollens, and this tends to produce equality in the wages of weaving; but he has so many disadvantages to encounter that no regular equality is established.

As much labour, in proportion, is therefore regularly reared in those callings in which wages are always the lowest, as in those in which they are the highest. If wages be one half less in the exporting trades, than in others, the masters will be able to procure as much labour as they may require.

Of course, high wages cannot reduce the rate of profit of the manufacturers and traders, because wages cannot rise permanently in any business, if prices do not.

High prices of agricultural produce, and high wages, in this country, do not affect, in any important degree, the raw materials used by the manufacturers. These materials are chiefly produced abroad, and their prices cannot permanently rise, if the manufacturers cannot either raise their prices, or reduce some of their expenses of production, in proportion.

The rate of profit, therefore, of the manufacturers and traders, cannot in the nature of things, be injured by high prices of agricultural produce and labour. It is always the highest when trade is the most extensive and active, therefore it will always be the highest, when such prices are.

To keep wages and agricultural produce at the proper height, it is essential to multiply manufactures and trades as much as possible. The buying of goods of a foreign country, will not alone enable that country to take an equal quantity of goods in payment; on the contrary, it will only enable it to take a comparatively small quantity. Such buying, though it be made at a cheap rate, will employ infinitely less labour, than dear production at home would do. If this country produce dear silks or other goods at home, instead of buying cheap ones abroad for money, it will have all the employment for labour yielded by such production, more than it would have, should it buy of foreign countries.

Every separate trade produces its own capital; if it take a small portion from other trades at its commencement, this is soon returned. Every separate trade is likewise to a certain extent, the constant parent of capital to all other trades. If the silk trade had never existed, the ca-

pital employed in it would never have existed; and the capital of other trades would have been less than it is.

Speaking generally, the relative cheapness or dearness of manufactured goods, affects the expenses of living only, and not the general rate of profit. If home production cause relative dearness, it likewise causes the quantity of employment for labour, and the extent of general trade, to be greater, and in consequence, general wages and profits to be higher than they otherwise could be. It therefore adds more to wages and profits, than to the cost of the articles it sends to market, and is a source of real cheapness.

General high prices and wages cannot have any material effect in disabling the exporting manufacturers for competing abroad with foreigners. These manufacturers could not, save for a moment, raise their prices, if the rise would take from them their foreign markets. The loss of the latter, would cause a glut of their goods, the labour they employ, and the raw produce they use, which would bring down their prices, and enable them to procure labour and produce sufficiently cheap. Wages and produce could not be raised to them by any rise of general prices and wages, if it would materially reduce their export trade.

Thus, exported manufactures cannot be regulated in price by general prices and wages. They form the means with which the community buys foreign goods. As their prices can be but little raised, by any rise of general prices and wages, the higher the latter are, the greater must be the consumption of foreign goods, and the export of such manufactures in payment. The foreign trade, as well as the home one, must be the greatest, when general prices and wages are the highest.

To keep general wages and prices at the proper height, it is essential, not only to multiply manufactures and trades, but to continually extend each and all, as far as possible. Every one on the average, ought to be annually so far enlarged, as to supply employment for its increase of population and capital. If a stop be put to the extension of agriculture and various trades, when others can

only employ their own increase of capital and labour, this must produce a pernicious glut of the latter. If agriculture and some trades be contracted when others are not extended, it must produce such an excess of capital and labour, as will have ruinous effects on wages and prices.

Mr C. Grant and others maintain that a restrictive system may exist in a young country, but that it cannot, and ought not, to exist in an old and populous one. I maintain directly the contrary. In a young thinly-peopled country, capital and labour can find employment in one calling, if they cannot in another—they can find it on the land, if not in manufactures and trade. But in an old and populous one, this is impossible. In this country, the idle capital and population cannot find employment on the land, because it is occupied, and they cannot force themselves into manufactures and trade. In such a state of things, employment for the increase of population can only be provided by a prohibitory system.

What is the nature of Mr Grant's system? It is intended to drive a vast mass of population from agriculture and various trades—to destroy, to a large extent, the profits of far more than half the community—to reduce wages in the most grievous manner—and to transfer a gigantic portion of employment from this country, to foreign ones. It is intended to do this, merely that it may give a little extension to three or four manufactures. This, which strikes at the essentials of employment for population, is put forth as an infallible preventive to excess of population, as the only thing which can give employment to such excess!

When the population of a country becomes redundant, a prohibitory system becomes a matter of necessity: if the redundancy cannot, directly and indirectly, gain employment from the land, it must continually enlarge itself, by diminishing the demand for labour; and nothing but such a system can give it such employment. A prohibitory system will enable a country to combine the greatest proportion of population, with the greatest proportion of wealth and prosperity; while an opposite

one will combine in it the lowest proportion of population with the greatest of poverty and misery. In this country, the former would support an infinitely greater population than the present one, in full employment and happiness; while a system of perfectly free trade would bind a far less population than the present one to constant excess, penury, and wretchedness.

From all this, I insist that the following measures are imperiously called for by the state of the empire.

Prohibit foreign agricultural produce, with the necessary exceptions, up to reasonably high prices. This will give good prices to the agriculturists, and thereby it will in a short space of time, and without causing any trouble or expense to the state, give employment in agriculture to from half a million to a million of idle souls, including women and children.

Remove all impediments, and give all possible encouragement to the culture of inferior and waste land. This will employ a vast number more of idle souls in agriculture.

By protection against foreigners, remission of duty, bounty, and other means, give good profits to the colonial agriculturists; good profits can alone enable them to consume British manufactures to the proper extent.

The effects of all this on the profits and wages of more than half the population of the empire, must of necessity give employment to a prodigious number of idle souls in manufactures and trade.

Prevent, by prohibition or restriction, all importation of foreign goods which can prevent, in manufactures and trade, prices, and of course wages, from duly rising.

Such a vast quantity of additional employment must necessarily cause real wages to be much higher than they now are; it will, notwithstanding the advance of prices, give the working classes generally a greater command over commodities than they have at present.

The exporting manufacturers would be mightily benefited. To a large extent they would be enabled to raise their prices and wages, without any loss of foreign trade. They

ling sacrifice; it would be most cheaply bought, should it cost five or ten millions.

I am advocating no division of the best land, and no injurious one of the inferior. I am no friend to very little farms. But in England the proportion of smaller ones needs enlargement. The working mechanic and artisan can hope to become masters by means of industry and frugality,—but the husbandry labourers cannot. If the latter can save a little money, they can find no parcels of land sufficiently small for them to rent, and, in consequence, they are deprived of the most powerful temptation to saving. What I recommend would supply a remedy to this, without unduly lessening the proportion of good-sized farms. The least of the allotments would be taken by those who could combine with their farming some other calling. Land should be divided no farther than this—it should have no more population on it than it can fully employ; therefore the number of allotments incapable of fully employing their occupiers, should be limited by the means of the latter for procuring a sufficiency of other employment. When it is divided, as it has been in some parts of Ireland, every occupier is converted into a labourer without a master to employ him; his land will only give him work for a trifling part of his time, and the division has destroyed farmers to hire him for the remainder. Society could not be placed in a more calamitous condition.

To the plan for establishing the poor on waste lands by means of societies, I am a warm friend; but I fear it will not be acted on to an extent which will be felt by the community at large. Perhaps it might have due effect given it in this manner. Let the landowners and other respectable inhabitants of each county form themselves into a separate society, to act *in its own county only*; and let *all* be assisted in the most liberal manner by government. By this the plan will be carried into effect, in a sufficiently comprehensive manner in every county at the same time.

Let us suppose that there are 5000 idle souls, including women and children, in each county, who could

be beneficially established on the land, and that one hundred souls could be placed on a thousand acres. Fifty thousand acres would be required, which would form a thousand allotments, of different sizes, but averaging fifty acres each. If each allotment, on the average, should require an outlay of £300, the whole would require £300,000. Much of the money would be provided by the owners of the land. There would be in each county a thousand small houses to build, and as many small parcels of land to enclose, &c.;—a work which, in point of magnitude, would not be equal to one half of the building alone which takes place in London annually.

In so far as it might be necessary, Government might supply the money on loan. The repayment of the greater part would be certain; and if two or three millions were wholly sacrificed, the public gain would still be immense.

This, in the forty English counties, would give permanent employment to 200,000 souls; by so doing, it would give permanent employment to a great number of souls in manufactures and trade—and by greatly enlarging the demand for labour, it would raise general wages, and thereby supply a vast additional number of souls with employment. It would likewise lighten very much the poor rates.

I must now offer a few brief remarks on the currency.

The notes of Country Banks form capital, which, to a great extent, cannot exist, if they do not; and this capital is principally used by those who must have it or none. Practically, it can only exist in so far as it can be employed, and it is dispersed throughout the country always in readiness for those who have the means of employing it advantageously. It is not the competitor, but the auxiliary of other kinds of capital; up to a high point, it takes employment which they cannot, and enlarges their means of employment.

The less capital the individual possesses, the more in proportion he expends of his profits in consumption. If a man have only two or three hundred pounds, he perhaps expends all his profits in the maintenance of his family, and can save nothing; if he

have only five or six hundred pounds, he expends the chief part of his profits in this manner, and can save but little; but if he have twenty or thirty thousand pounds, he saves much more of his profits than he expends. Let the annual rate of profit on capital, after paying all the expenses of business, be thirty per cent, and divide the sum of fifty thousand pounds equally as capital amidst two hundred persons, it will yield no annual savings. Divide it amidst one hundred, and allowing for failures, &c. it will yield a very small amount of savings. But give it all to one man, and probably he will save twelve or thirteen thousand pounds yearly. The smallest capitalist will expend more by the last named sum in consumption, than the large one; with them the capital will not increase, but with him it will double itself in every four years; they would scarcely save so much with a rate of sixty per cent, as he will with this of thirty.

Thus, if the whole capital of the country were divided amidst such as these small capitalists, it would not, with this rate of thirty per cent, increase; but if divided amidst such as the large one, it would double itself in every four years. The small ones would expend five or six times more of the profits in consumption than the large ones. I showed, in a former letter, that the general rate of profit cannot be permanently above what will allow capital to increase in the same degree with the means of employing it; if, therefore, the whole capital were divided amidst the small capitalists, the regular yearly rate of profit might be forty or fifty per cent; but if divided amidst the large ones, this rate could not perhaps be above ten or fifteen per cent. I draw from all this the following conclusion:

The more the capital of any country is monopolized by great capitalists, the lower the general rate of profit must be—the smaller must the expenditure of profits in consumption be—the smaller must general consumption be—the less must the extent of general trade be—the smaller must the quantity of employment for capital and labour be—the lower must wages be—and the more poor and miserable must be the country.

This conclusion is established by

the present state of England; if more proof be necessary, it may be found in the history of young nations, in which the capital is divided in small portions amidst the many. Great houses are necessary to take the trade, which, from the large amount of capital required, the slowness of returns, &c., smaller ones cannot take; but beyond this they are injurious. They are the natural enemies and destroyers of the middling and small ones, and very frequently of each other. By combining the greatest powers of production with the smallest of consumption, they form the great cause of the gluts which are so ruinous.

I will here observe, that a country cannot, except for a comparatively short period, have less general capital than it can beneficially employ. If it have less, the consequent high rate of profit will soon give it abundance. The doctrine, that Ireland is poor from scarcity of capital, is absurd; she has more than she can employ at a sufficient profit, and she is poor from the scarcity of profitable employment for capital. Her farmers and manufacturers cannot make profits which will admit of accumulation; hence her poverty. Much may be charged on the personal character of her population, for various of her legislators and writers have said, that British capital would soon be lost in her, if not under the management of British foresight and frugality. The case is the same with all poor countries. An infallible method for taking from the richest nation its capital, and plunging it into penury, is this—Destroy as far as possible employment for capital and labour, and bind, by foreign competition, the rate of profit, and in consequence the rate of wages to the lowest point practicable. This is now acted on with triumphant success in the British empire.

The small notes of Country Banks constituted capital, which, in a great measure, could only exist in them; the use of this capital was, in effect, chiefly confined to the middling and small manufacturers and traders, who could not procure other in lieu of it, and it could only exist to the amount which could be beneficially employed. The notes thus formed a gigantic source of employment for capi-

tal and labour of the highest character. They were used as capital by those whose expenditure of profits in consumption was the greatest, whose accumulation of capital was the least, and who were restricted from injurious speculation and excessive production. They thus caused the expenditure of general profits to be the greatest, not only in amount, but, in proportion to accumulation, made gluts less frequent, and of shorter duration, enlarged greatly the extent of business and employment, and kept the general rate of profit at a higher point.

The suppression of the notes has destroyed this gigantic source of employment for capital and labour. It has fallen principally on the middling and small manufacturers and traders; while it has annihilated their capital, it has left that of the overgrown houses as excessive as ever. It has destroyed consumption with capital, therefore it has not given the trade to the great houses which it has taken from the smaller ones: of course, it has caused a great loss of business and employment for labour. It forms an important part of that hateful and ruinous policy which this country is acting on, of grinding the middle and lower classes to powder, for the benefit of a comparatively few overgrown houses, which are, in a large degree, a scourge to the population at large.

In this manner, the suppression of the small notes has greatly aided the free trade measures, in reducing prices, and creating distress. There are those, however, who maintain that the evil has been produced, principally, and almost wholly, by the suppression: I dissent from them altogether, and in saying this, I will add, that nothing but public interest could lead me to controvert the opinions of allies.

These individuals take their stand principally on the fall in prices; it is, therefore, incumbent on them to prove, that prices would have fallen if the notes had not been suppressed, or that prices could be materially higher with an unlimited issue of notes. They have not done this, and they cannot.

With an unlimited issue of notes, could wool be higher than it is?—could corn be higher, without a glut of foreign corn?—could live stock

be higher, without causing a great import of salted provisions, &c.?—could butter, cheese, skins, seeds, &c. &c. be higher, without causing excess by importation? No—with such an issue, agricultural produce could not be materially higher than it is.

The case is the same with ships, silks, gloves, lace, and various other things.

Cottons, woollens, and other articles of export, are, as every one knows, governed in their prices principally by foreign markets.

It is thus demonstrable, that prices must have been nearly as low as they are, and of course that the mass of the community must have been almost as much distressed as it is, if the circulation of small notes had not been molested.

With regard to the great fall in the prices of live stock, I will remark, that the consumption of animal food has been prodigiously reduced amidst the lower orders by distress—that by means of steam, importation from Ireland has been for some time greatly on the increase—and that every facility has been given to shipping for using foreign provisions. Here are causes amply sufficient for the fall. In respect of Irish butter, its market has been, to a large extent, taken away amidst the working classes, and ships; therefore it is naturally at ruinous prices.

There are public men of great pretensions, who, strange to say! are the champions of both a paper currency and free trade. These men inveigh against the suppression of small notes on the sole ground that it has raised the value of money, or, in other words, has produced low prices; and in the same breath they vehemently eulogise the free trade laws, which will not suffer prices to be higher than they are! They actually do more than this—they advocate other free trade measures, which confessedly would subject prices to a further great reduction!! There are liberal publications which display this barbarous inconsistency. The "schoolmaster" has not yet been able to penetrate into every quarter.

Were small notes, therefore, again suffered to circulate, it would not, with the present commercial laws, have any material effect in raising

prices; therefore it could not, alone, have any great effect in mitigating public suffering. It might, for a few months, create confidence and speculation, and thereby get up prices; but the latter would soon fall to what they are at present. As the auxiliary of what I have already recommended, it would be highly efficacious. With free trade, prices in this country must, in spite of bank notes, be mainly governed by continental ones, precisely as Scotch and Irish prices must be governed by British ones.

I now close my remarks on political economy, but before I suffer the pen to quit my fingers, I must offer some general ones on the state of my unhappy country.

For four successive years, England has been scourged with continually increasing distress. During this long term, not a single division of her inhabitants has known prosperity for even a moment! the property of her agricultural, manufacturing, and trading classes, has been regularly wasting, and the wages of her labouring orders have been, with little exception, regularly declining. The state of things is now worse than it has ever been since the commencement. After losing many hundreds of millions, the men of business are on the verge of general bankruptcy, and the working classes are without a sufficiency of necessaries.

This is wholly without example in modern history. Former fits of suffering were of short duration, they never seriously injured more than a part of the population at the same moment; and they were followed by an enlarged measure of prosperity. Putting out of sight the effects of civil war, never before, in so short a period, did any great nation sustain such an enormous loss of capital, part with such a gigantic portion of the comforts and food of its inhabitants, and retrograde to such an appalling extent in all that constitutes the well-being of society. The circumstances of the mass of the population are now much worse in this, than in almost any foreign country. There is no prospect of improvement; on the contrary, loss and insolvency increase, wages keep falling, and the future promises only additions to distress already insupportable.

Are the causes unknown? No—when the divisions of the community are looked at separately, the sources of the suffering which overwhelms each and all, are matter of demonstration. The empire has been brought into this horrible state, neither by the visitations of Providence, nor by the measures of foreign nations, but by the acts of its own rulers. It has not been ravaged by plague and famine; its markets abroad have not been destroyed by war or foreign legislation; but the evils which plague, famine, war, and foreign rivalry could have produced, have been showered upon it by its own lawgivers.

And are the remedies involved in mystery? No. They are before the eyes of all; it is matter of general confession, that measures could easily be resorted to, which would give prosperity to the great majority of the community. Not only has it been proved by experience, but the very champions of the present system own, that a change of law could render the agricultural interest and several others prosperous, and that the return to small notes would benefit a vast part of the country. Remedies could be at once adopted which, a few years ago, on the admission of enemies as well as friends, filled the realm with wealth and abundance, which, after pouring an incredible amount of riches into the public treasury, enriched both the individual and the community at large.

The ministers and legislators of this empire avow that the causes are intended to produce the low prices which are inseparable from stagnant markets, insolvency, and pauperism; and they acknowledge that the remedies did, and would again, produce wealth and prosperity. The chief of what they urge against the latter is, that the prosperity would be occasionally interrupted by fits of suffering; and while they urge this they confess that, without them, the fits of suffering will be equally frequent. The country sees that the causes produce the bad prices and glutted markets which are so ruinous, and it feels that, without the remedies, it has to endure, not a temporary fit, but a permanency of loss and distress, infinitely more comprehensive and destructive than the fit of 1825, or of any former time.

Yet the causes are to be not only preserved, but multiplied; and the remedies are not to be, on any account, resorted to.

To what is this incredible and portentous state of things owing? The reply may be given in two words—ignorance and profligacy.

To use a very stale expression of the Liberals—The Ministry and Legislature are half a century behind the body of the country in knowledge. They and their literary partisans are blind to the prodigious mass of information which experience has provided in the last fifty years; and they can see nothing but the exploded dogmas of the Economists. Did experience prove incontestably during the war, that when corn rose, other commodities did not rise equally—that when wages rose, profits, instead of falling, rose likewise—that the culture of the worst land raised greatly, instead of reducing, the general rate of profit—that with such culture the means of subsistence were infinitely more abundant than they had previously been without it, when the amount of population was much smaller—that restrictions, prohibitions, and bounties, added very greatly to trade—that with the paper currency public prosperity was infinitely greater, and was much more free from fits of interruption, than it had ever been without it—did experience prove all this, and far more, did it decisively refute every leading principle of the Smiths and Ricardos, the Horners and Huskissons?—it is a matter below notice! Experience is a vulgar, mechanical thing, which plods at the plough-tail, the desk, and the counter; it deals in low-bred stale realities; it is no Economist or currency philosopher; and it treads the finest opinions of “economical science” in the dirt as unceremoniously as those of the uninformed hind; of course it must be disregarded when it contradicts the writings of the enlightened Economists who were strangers to it, and had no practical knowledge of the subject on which they wrote. Actual experiment may be safely followed in individual matters; you may listen to it in the building of your dwelling, otherwise the latter may chance to bury you under its ruins; you may even obey it in the making of a pud-

ding, for one composed of prussic acid and gravel might be neither palatable nor nutritious; but in public affairs it must never be attended to. In the latter, whenever experience contradicts abstract opinion, it must be despised. If such opinion, in its application, take away the bread of the workman and the capital of the employer—if it involve the empire in ruin, it is still unerring, and must be religiously adhered to, in spite of all that physical demonstration may offer to the contrary.

This is what is practically taught and acted on. In the last half century the country has been dragged through every variety of experiment in political economy; the results completely falsify all the principal doctrines of the Economists, but nevertheless they are treated with derision; and the doctrines are as confidently appealed to, as though their truth could not be impeached.

Its character shews very clearly its guilty parentage. For many years the leaders of the Whigs have been, in general, mere political adventurers; they have been men possessed of no stake in the public weal; traders in politics, who could not afford to look at any interests but their own, and whose interests were eternally at variance with those of the empire. Incapable of acquiring public confidence, and of triumphing as a party by combating for public benefit, these men have regularly contended as a faction, by attacking all established things. Every new doctrine, no matter how absurd, which assailed the policy and institutions of the empire, has been adopted by them, not because of its truth, but by reason of its use as a weapon of opposition. In this manner they have bound themselves to every thing which can distress and destroy the empire.

Every man who has paid attention to the conduct of these Whig leaders, must have seen ample proof that, in their attacks on the laws and institutions of the country, they have been principally actuated by party and factious motives. Their speeches, instead of displaying careful examination and cautious judgment, have been composed of puerile, commonplace declamation touching abstract principles, and have manifested ignorance, not more gross, than evi-

dently intentional. When the Catholic question could serve them as a party, they pressed it, to the injury of every public interest; when it could not do this, they placed it on the shelf. When Reform could benefit them as a faction, they supported it by filling the country with convulsion and treason; when it could no longer do this, they abandoned it. Their conduct has been the same on questions involving the property and food of the population.

Men who so act can only escape utter ruin by looking solely at abstract principles; they are lost if they admit that actual facts and demonstrations,—that real nature and consequences, are entitled to the least regard. These Whig leaders have been well aware of this. Solemnly pledged against the navigation laws, the restrictive system, the paper currency, the corn laws,—in a word, against every thing on which public prosperity rested; and so pledged for the vicious object of their personal aggrandizement, they have never deigned to glance at the fruits of what they have advocated.

They have not wholly escaped punishment. In all its sorrows and sufferings, the country has never suspected that they could relieve it; when it has sighed for a change of Ministry, it has never cast its eyes on them; distressed, hopeless, and detesting the conduct and measures of their opponents, it has still despised them as dolts, and hated them as aliens.

An upright and wise Ministry would have anxiously wished for an Opposition composed of these Whig traders, as one which would be necessarily for ever in the wrong, and covered with national animosity. But the Tory leaders became the reverse of upright and wise, and in consequence they became the instruments of such an Opposition, instead of beating it to the dust at the head of the country.

I say instruments advisedly. No one can look at the conduct of the present Ministers touching the repeal of the Test Acts and the Catholic question, and at their audacious avowal, that principle ought to be made subservient to expediency, that is, to personal profit, without believing that their general rule of action

has been, not conviction, but interest. Men who have acted and spoken as they have done, must be regarded as sordid traffickers in creeds, who are capable of professing and renouncing any and all for the sake of office.

They, too, have had their punishment. Saying nothing of the others Mr Peel's public life has been one continual course of despicable grovelling, mercenary faithlessness to principles and party; and now when the mask is wholly thrown away—when the smirking hypocrite is resolved into the shameless betrayer—his new principles break down with him in every particular. As soon as his apostasy is completed, the world sees that the creed it has given him is composed, throughout, of destructive ignorance and error. To every honest man this must be matter of rejoicing.

Thus, with the Whig leaders, Whiggism has been converted into a creed of national destruction;—free trade has been cried up, and paper currency has been cried down—for purposes of factious opposition: and by the Tory leaders this Whiggism has been embraced as the means of possessing place and emolument. The Whig must attack Protestant rights, and defend Catholic treason; he must clamour for cheap bread, vituperate the aristocracy, rail against British monopolies, eulogise foreign trade, and insist on concessions to foreign nations,—he must do this though public ruin be the consequence, because it forms his only means of gaining party support, and crushing those who oppose him. And the fallen, degraded, liberal Tory must servilely echo all the Whig advances, though public ruin be the consequence, because it forms his only means of gaining that Whig alliance or neutrality, without which he cannot retain office.

The abstract principles are, therefore, with both, matters of guilty party and personal profit: of course their truth and products are not to be thought of. From the manner in which they are spoken of in Parliament, it might be concluded that the truth of such principles could not be affected by their products. Granting that one will, in practice, sever Ireland from England—that another will plunge millions into insolvency and

suffering—and that a third will fill the empire with bankruptcy and hunger,—they must still be rigorously acted on. Granting that they have yielded such fruits, it proves nothing against their beneficial nature. The profligacy is carried so far, that it virtually reverses the nature of things; it makes the weal of the community consist in loss and wretchedness, and renders it the first duty of government to scourge and dismember the empire.

It is because the ignorance is thus intentional, that it is so gross, invulnerable, and omnipotent. Refute the abstract principles in Parliament!—absurd!—you might as well attempt to argue the brute into the body and spirit of man. Pray for enquiry to prove their baleful operation!—ridiculous!—because if you prove all you assert, it will prove nothing against them. You are treated as unworthy of argument, and are silenced by derision. Discussion and information are thus excluded from Parliament. The Holy Whig and Tory Fathers must preserve their political faith from the heresy of truth—they must canonize their saints, sell their relics, worship their images, exact credence to their legends, and consign unbelievers to the moral rack and faggot, because in this is involved their public existence. They are destroyed, if argument and fact be suffered to kindle the blaze of reformation.

The press naturally follows its parties, surpasses them in guilt, and covers every point which they are incapable of defending. What the combined Parliament dare not utter, is solemnly sworn to by the combined press; where shame suspends the labours of the former, the latter steps in and completes the work. The dominion of darkness and barbarism is in every quarter guarded by the doctrines of infallibility, lying legends, pretended miracles, and bulls of excommunication of the ghostly political priesthood of the combined press. This monkish body displays as much unscrupulous zeal in the propagation of error and suppression of truth, as the Papal priesthood ever displayed in the worst of times.

Say that the Holy Fathers—the Wellingtons and Hollands—the Huskissons and Broughams—the Peels

and Burdetts, can err; and this press dooms you to the stake for uttering such an impious impossibility.

The shipowner, on attempting to charter his vessel, is told that he must take a losing freight, or a foreign vessel will be employed;—the silk manufacturer, on offering his goods for sale, is told by the mercers that he must take a bad price, or they will buy of foreigners; in many cases he is told his goods are so inferior to foreign ones, that they must be refused at any price;—the farmer knows that he cannot sell his wool, because foreign is used instead of it, and that if his general prices were a little higher, the market would be glutted with foreign produce. The causes which distress and ruin them are thus matters of obvious, unquestionable fact, which will not admit of mistake. Nevertheless, this press swears by heaven and earth that they are ignorant of their own trades, are strangers to the causes of their injury, and are hugely benefited by their foreign competitors.

Is the shipping interest, or any other, in distress,—this press protests that it is in the highest prosperity. Is the whole community overwhelmed with misery,—this press declares that the evil has been produced solely by itself, and not in the least by any measures of government. Does any part of the nation petition the legislature for relief—pray for enquiry into the source of its sufferings—and offer to point out this source by indisputable proofs,—this press covers it with ridicule and abuse, and insists that its prayers shall be treated with contempt. Are agriculture, manufactures, and trade, overrun with loss and bankruptcy—are the labouring orders starving—is the country a fearful scene of waste of property, pauperism, and wretchedness,—this press maintains that the causes shall not be enquired into, and that nothing shall be attempted in the way of remedy.

At the command of its infallible superiors, this press actually or practically proclaims that cheap corn benefits landlords and farmers—that a losing trade benefits the shipowners, silk manufacturers, &c.—that the labouring classes are benefited by bad wages and loss of employment—that the destruction of capital and trade

must enlarge them—that the country reaps vast profits from the giving away of its trade to foreign ones—and that individual and general loss and hunger produce individual and general gain and abundance.

Of course the monkish priesthood of this press replies not to those who dissent from it, by argument and fact: it cannot bestow these on heretics. It destroys their character, public and private, and insists that they do not possess a vestige of knowledge and understanding. Refute it by decisive facts, and its answer is that you are a monster, a knave, or a lunatic; overthrow its creed and legends by convincing proof, and it proclaims you an outlaw and consigns you to perdition. Its weapons naturally are the anathema and excommunication; that they are not also transportation and the gallows, is clearly owing to the state of the law.

One great cause of this appalling state of things is to be found in the degeneracy of the Aristocracy. Heretofore this body combined much patriotism with its party spirit, but it is now the degraded slave of personal politics. Only a few years ago, county and other public meetings were held to petition for Reform or against the property tax, to vote addresses in favour of the Ministry, or to promote other subjects of still smaller comparative importance. But now when the community is struggling with unexampled suffering, and the empire is threatened with ruin, no such meetings can be mentioned. The country gentleman could risk person and fortune in the cause of party and faction; but he can risk nothing in that of his country: he could exhaust effort in creating convulsion, deranging the finances, and labouring to give office to one knot of public men, or preserve it to another; but he cannot stir a finger in endeavouring to arrest the progress of general insolvency, give bread to the millions of his starving countrymen, and place public affairs under the direction of honesty and right principle. He sees his tenants in ruin, and their labourers without necessaries; he feels that his rents are departing, and his property is undergoing practical confiscation; but he is still mute and motionless. There is no ministry to

please, no party to serve, no faction to benefit, by exertion; the cause is that of patriotism and humanity against them, therefore the spiritless, cringing, grovelling bondsman puts the yoke on his neck, hangs the chains on his limbs, and, even to the sacrifice of his own estate, submits to be made an instrument in protecting and enlarging the fearful evils. I make no distinction between Whig and Tory. While agriculture is distressed as it is, not even a petition to Parliament has been spoken of in any quarter!

Looking in Parliament, what are those who still, though most unworthily, bear the name of country gentlemen? One part are the humble tools of this minister, and another of that; a third must servilely follow their whig connexions; and a fourth, though they profess hostility to both the ministry and the whigs, cannot on any account oppose them. With them, persons are every thing, and principles nothing; the selfsame measures, they will oppose in one ministry or party, and support in another. Looking out of Parliament, it is still person, and person only, which must be regarded. This batch of Peers, for weighty personal reasons, goes with the ministry; that, for similar reasons, sanctions the present system of policy; and the gentlemen of the county cannot be so refractory as to refuse to imitate them. Principles are of course out of the question.

It naturally follows, that the ministry is above the influence of the country gentlemen; it knows their abject servility, and despises them; all it has to do is to buy up the leading Peers. These Peers know that they can drag their abject followers to any thing,—therefore they go to the extreme of corruption.

Another great cause is to be found in the conduct of too many of those who oppose the present system. These worthy people, with trembling humility, protest in every third sentence against imputing motives, condemning conduct, and the use of strong language. Let one minister deceive his friends, betray his cause, and exhibit the darkest specimen of apostasy on record—he is still a most pure and honourable person. Let another minister trample on the

constitution, and outrage popular rights and privileges—he is still a most upright public servant. Let this party, for the sake of private gain, reverse its principles—it still acts from the best intentions. Let that party, in order to obtain possession of power, labour to overthrow all the institutions of the country—its motives are still most praiseworthy. With these people, you must call vice virtue, and crime innocence; if the cabinet traitor confess his guilt, you must insist that he has committed none; if the cabinet despot perpetrate his iniquity before the whole world, you must attest his purity in despite of the evidence of your senses; you must declare it impossible for a minister to feel interested motives, and for a party of public men to be actuated by any thing but patriotism. Should Mr Peel sell his country to a foreign one, or the Duke of Wellington seize on the crown by force of arms, or the Lord Chancellor advise the Sovereign to annul the constitution—should one party of public men offer to surrender public freedom, or another unfurl the banner of rebellion, such people would see in all this nothing beyond a little venial error of judgment.

In conformity with this, if the public mind be excited in their favour, they make it matter of regret; if petitions be prepared, they solemnly disavow all participation in it: they wash their hands of the strong language used in one quarter, and the strong proceedings resorted to in another: each must dissent about as much from his brethren, as from his opponents. They fight the battle in friendship and love, therefore they must employ neither weapons nor blows.

Then, although they dissent from the principles of their opponents, they dissent equally from opposite ones. They do not approve of the new system, but they do not wish to return to the old one—free trade in silks is not to their mind, but they are opposed to prohibition—theirs is some middle course—some moderate system equally distant from both extremes. In reality they have no principles; they surrender just as much as makes what they retain

worthless; they advise that truth and protection shall be compounded with sufficient error and destruction to deprive them of all efficacy. To crown the whole, they admit that their opponents may be right in the abstract, and are unquestionably men who combine the highest talents and acquirements with the first virtues.

What are the fruits of all this? To the prevailing faction of public men, official, and otherwise, all distinctions between right and wrong, purity and guilt, are destroyed. The Minister may range round the whole circle of iniquity—the party may sell both the crown and the people—and the faction may openly plunge to the lowest depths of crime, in perfect certainty that their opponents will spontaneously testify to their unsullied honour and incorruptible patriotism.

The effects would not be so pernicious as they are, if it were imitated by the opposite side; but the latter is sagacious enough to avoid the folly. The Holy Fathers and their press, in return for the meek and honied compliments, load the public and private character of the Duke of Cumberland with the most horrible charges—represent the Eldons and Newcastles to be equally imbecile and corrupt—and assert the Sadlers to be wholly destitute of both ability and integrity. If in Parliament the Broughams and Burdetts cease for a moment to vituperate the bigotry and dishonesty of those who differ from them, it is only to compassionate their lamentable ignorance and want of understanding. The Huskissons, on being lauded by their opponents for their great talents and spotless intentions, charge these opponents with being egregious simpletons, who are actuated by the worst motives. All who dissent from them are in the mass held up to public derision for incapacity, and to public hatred for want of principle.

Thus then in effect the testimony of both sides is, that the Holy Fathers and their followers can do no wrong, and that they monopolize all the talents and virtues; while their opponents can never be right, and are utterly destitute of intellect and honesty. The right side practically joins the other in destroying its own

character and power. The public man cannot be profligate, without obtaining honours and rewards; and he cannot be consistent and upright without covering himself with disgrace and punishment.

To this may be, in some degree, ascribed the infatuation which prevails amidst the less exalted classes. The landowner assents in Parliament to the most absurd doctrines touching agriculture, which his own eyes have again and again proved to him are utterly false. The farmer agrees to doctrines which he knows from ample trial will be ruinous to him. The merchant and manufacturer applaud doctrines which they know from daily experience to be wholly erroneous. And the working classes support doctrines which are confessedly to take away their wages, and which they know from sad experiment must plunge them into want and wretchedness.

I say, in some degree, because the infatuation is too extraordinary to be accounted for on natural causes.

If the charge be cast on me, that I speak from party feelings, I shake it from me with scorn: the public man lives not whom I follow; the party has no existence which can give me opinion. If the accusation be made, that I speak from prejudice and bigotry, I spurn it from me into the teeth of my accusers. As to interest, I scarcely need mention it; those who know any thing must be aware, that he who takes the path which I do must look for his reward solely to his own conscience.

Am I, that I may escape being called a party-man, to follow the profligate and traitor, and assist in destroying the constitution; propagating error and delusion; sacrificing the public weal to party cupidity; and filling the empire with loss and wretchedness? Am I to tell my country to trust in those who have betrayed her; to hope in those who have overwhelmed her with calamity; and to follow those who are leading her to destruction? Am I to be silent when faction is preying on her vitals, and every thing dear to her is in jeopardy?

I am—boast though it be—too much a patriot.

Am I, that I may not be charged with prejudice and bigotry, to re-

verse the definitions of right and wrong—to laud insincerity, treachery, and apostasy—to war against honour and consistency—to assert that black is white, and light is darkness—and to make sordid enmity to public interests, and utter disregard for principle, the first of virtues in the public man? While the swindler is still punished by law, am I to hold the wretch innocent who plunders his country, by obtaining office or party power under false pretences? While the murderer still forfeits his life by his guilt, am I to be the eulogist of the public men and parties who, for personal profit, continually strike at the existence of the empire?

I am too much the friend of honour and morals.

Or, for the same cause, am I to substitute names for things, and to judge from empty appellations, instead of actual nature and consequences? Am I to be the blind worshipper of abstract doctrines, in utter contempt of what their application produces? When I see that Catholic Emancipation has converted that which was merely a question of internal regulation into one of rebellion and civil war—has changed that which made the influential part of the Irish people the firm friends of England, into a matter of deadly contention between the latter and Ireland, as separate nations—has practically severed Ireland from England, and dismembered the empire, am I to be its panegyrist, because the principles from which it emanated are called liberal and enlightened? Am I to applaud that which has sacrificed the foreign interests of my country, and destroyed her influence amidst other nations, merely because it is called liberal and enlightened policy? Am I to support laws which demonstrably have plunged half my countrymen into ruin and misery, because it is said, they are founded on liberal and enlightened principles? Is it, because the doctrines on which the empire is governed, are called liberal and enlightened, that I am to embrace them, when the evidence of my senses shews that they have destroyed its power, stripped it of its supremacy, dissolved the union of its parts, and given it, for prosperity

and happiness, bankruptcy, hunger, and suffering? Am I to be the champion of what are called liberal opinions, because they are so called, when I have demonstration before me that their application, in every instance, both at home and abroad, has yielded only calamity and wretchedness?

I am not sufficiently afflicted with madness.

Or, am I to abjure principles, and vituperate systems, merely because they are called bigoted, antiquated, and obsolete? Am I to abandon the maxims and policy of my fathers, because they are covered with vulgar calumny, when I am surrounded by proofs that they made my country the first of nations—that they gave her as much happiness as grandeur—that, while they filled the coffers of the capitalist, they blessed the labourer with comfort and abundance—that they poured their benefits impartially on all ranks and callings—and that they were not more productive of riches and plenty than of religion, morals, honour, patriotism, and all the virtues?

I—even I—have too much understanding.

Or, am I to forsake proved truth, and embrace self-evident falsehood? Am I to believe that the landlord's rent, and the farmer's profits, will be increased, in proportion as the prices of agricultural produce are reduced—that the manufacturer's gains and trade will be enlarged in proportion as his prices are lowered, his markets are glutted, and his protection against foreign competition is taken away—and that the labourer's command over necessities and comforts will be extended in proportion as his wages are diminished and his employment is destroyed? Am I to believe that the general rate of profit will be the highest, when the distress of the agricultural half of my countrymen is the greatest—that the ruin of the home-trade will benefit the foreign one—that losing prices will yield the best profits—that the trade of this country will be increased by the surrender of it to foreigners—and that the consumption of agricultural produce, manufactures, and merchandise, will be the greatest, when the means of consumers for obtaining them are the

smallest? Am I to believe, that if this country buy abroad, it can give nothing but goods in payment—that if France sell to this country for money, it will cause other nations to buy a proportionately greater quantity of British goods—that if America refuse to take such goods in payment for her commodities, this will compel foreign Europe to take the whole quantity she refuses in addition to its usual purchases—that capital and labour can never want employment—that the destruction of their employment is the best means of preserving them from idleness—and that the more deeply and comprehensively the population is sunk in penury and barbarism, the greater will be the measure of national trade, wealth, and prosperity? And am I to believe ten thousand similar fictions, equally gross and monstrous?

I cannot so far unman myself.

Or, am I to insist that agriculture ought to be sacrificed to manufactures and commerce—that the ship-owners ought to be ruined to increase the profits of the cotton and woollen manufacturers—that protection ought to be given to one trade, and denied to another—and that the great majority ought to be stripped of property and bread, for the benefit of the contemptible minority?

I am too much an Englishman to advocate the atrocious robbery and confiscation, the inhuman tyranny and oppression.

Or, am I to maintain that it is the object of trade to ruin and hunger my fellow-creatures, that it ought to be extended by creating general bankruptcy, and depriving the working classes of food and raiment, intelligence, morals, and virtue—and that every thing which distinguishes man from the beast of the field ought to be sacrificed to it? Am I to teach that the labourer ought to starve that his employer may become rich, and that the vast mass of my countrymen ought to be bound to indigence, want, and misery, for the benefit of the few individual exceptions? Must I lie and slander that public suffering may be concealed and preserved from remedy—swear that the insolvent trade is flourishing, and the destitute workmen are in employment—protest that loss is profit, and want is abundance—and blast the charac-

ter of those who are famishing, that the hand of charity may not reach them? Must I call on the Ministry and Legislature to spurn from them the supplications of suffering millions, and reply to the prayer for relief, by creations of additional ruin and misery? Is it to be mine to labour to make the government of my country the most savage tyranny that ever cursed civilized nation—an unheard-of compound of barbarism and cannibalism, steeled against the common feelings of humanity, delighting only in destroying property and food, competence and comfort, and thinking its crimes incomplete if they spare women and children?

I thank my God! I am too much a Christian.

I oppose the new system, not because it is new, but because it is at variance with all reason and experience—because it is founded on phy-

sical impossibilities—because it is confessedly to destroy property and bread, prosperity and comfort—because it wars against all the best feelings and possessions of human nature—and because in its application it has produced nothing but appalling evils to the state, the population in the body, and the individual. It is not because the old system is old, but because it stands on principles which have been formed by experiment—because it is in harmony with the actual condition of men and things—because it professes to yield benefit only, and benefit impartially to all—and because in its application it blessed my country with an unexampled measure of power, glory, wealth, trade, prosperity, and happiness:—It is from all this that I still remain,

ONE OF THE OLD SCHOOL,
London, Dec. 8, 1829.

DESULTORY REMINISCENCES OF MISS O'NEILL,

BY TIMOTHY CRUSTY, ESQ. M.A. AND F.P.S.

"THE débüt of the greatest promise, since the days of Mrs Siddons!" I exclaimed, laying down the pages of that rich production—the Court Journal. Is Miss O'Neill so soon forgot? Is she quite merged in Mrs Becher? Well, well! I ought to have known, at my years, that—

"To have done is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
In monumental mockery."

I took up the Times and the Morning Herald from the club table, in the club-room of the country town of O—, and looked for the large letters that pointed out so intelligibly Miss Fanny Kemble's débüt. "What, all in the same story!" I cried rather testily, "Let us see what my sapient friend, Mr Jerdan, will tell us in his oracular organ of wisdom—the Literary Gazette, which is sometimes (Heaven help us!) full of not very airy litter!—Well, positively, he is bewitched too! Now I would bet any wager that this girl, this Fanny, or Fan, is no such mighty wonder. Handsome she cannot be—nay, I fear, it is too plain that she is rather plain; for had she possessed but a hundredth part of the personal charms of Miss

O'Neill, (I hate to call her Mrs Becher,) the papers would have raved about her form and face. Now they glide as gingerly over that matter, as a skaiter over suspicious ice,—and it is all her genius—her genius, forsooth. But truly we ought to be content with what we can get; and I do not wonder that even a plain bun should seem bride-cake to the theatrical public, after their long starvation." I must here pause to let the reader a little into my character. I will not mince the matter—I am an old gentleman,—I glory in the title. Many a person at my age, and with my (I must say) rather youthful look, would call himself a middle-aged man—perhaps even a man in the prime of life; but I scorn such half measures. I have passed my grand climacteric, and therefore am an old gentleman. Does not my candour deserve that I should claim all the privileges of one? I have no notion of being virtuous for nothing. The great privilege, then, which I claim in all companies and under all circumstances, is that of speaking my mind. Now, old as I am, and possessing, too, (I must say,) a great deal of observation, I never yet found that

things which were loudly praised from the very first by the many-headed multitude, did ever truly possess intrinsic merit. Timid and hesitating was the first tribute of newspaper applause to my ever-beloved Miss O'Neill;—a Miss O'Neill, as they called her—a promising debutante—a very tolerable performer. All this din of praise about this girl awakes my suspicion. Besides, my dear reader, to confess to thee, and thee alone, a truth, I am aware,—(for I must say that I have a great deal of self-knowledge)—I am aware, I say, that

“One fault I have above the rest—
With contradiction I am blest.”

I do hate to hear a hubbub of praise about any thing—except my matchless picture by Corregio; it always stirs my bile. This partly results from my long experience; for I never yet was told by a friend, “I will introduce you to a charming person whom you are *sure* to like,” but I found this said charming person perfectly detestable. At this point of my meditations, my servant in his orange inexpressibles brightened up the club-room by his glowing presence, and bowing, respectfully (as he is wont to do) presented me with three letters, on a silver salver, brought from my own house, as was proper. “All with the London mark, I see,” thought I. “Now I shall perhaps hear something more near the truth of this Fanny Kemble. — Um — Baker-street,—that must be from Lady Dorothy, my cousin;—I shall not hear much truth from her. The next, I see, is from my city friend, Mrs Dykes of Houndsditch—she will tell the truth—as it appears to her;—and this, though last, not least, is the cheery handwriting of my *fidus Achates*, my *alter idem*, Frank Proser. By him I will abide;—however, I must give the ladies the precedence, I suppose. Indeed, it is better to read their nonsense first, and reserve Frank's letter as a restorative. And first, let me make free with this pretty green seal, on which is engraved a head of Æolus puffing forth a zephyr, with the motto, ‘*Je meurs en squirant*,’—a device of my lady's own invention, as she informed me. If I did not open this letter from the court end of the town—this perfu-

med envelope, which ‘whispers whence it stole its balmy spoils,’ viz. de chez Delcroix—before the city dame's square emblem of her own form, I should expect that the elegant billet would fly with horror out of the window.” So saying, I took from the right-hand pocket of my coat (I love to be particular) a green morocco case containing an almanack and divers useful instruments, and thence I selected a small (yet strong) pair of scissors, wherewith I carefully (as is my custom) cut round the emblematical seal. It would have been a sad pity to have split Master Æolus's head in two. I then read thus.

“MY DEAR COUSIN,

“Sir Thomas being, as usual, indisposed to epistolary exertion, I take my pen to alleviate any anxiety you may feel respecting the health and welfare of our family. [The deuce a bit anxiety have I felt, muttered I.] My sweet Glorvina has caused me many a trembling moment of late, from a slight tendency to pulmonary affection. The dear girl has less appetite—[indeed, thought I, I am glad to hear it]—less appetite than she is wont to exhibit ordinarily; and the roses have been, in some degree, usurped, upon her cheeks, by the hues of their paler sisters of the field. [Very pretty indeed!] With this exception, we are all much the same as when we had the pleasure of holding converse with you in the metropolis. [Alias, of seeing you in London. Will the woman never write her plain mother tongue?] Some slight metamorphosis has indeed taken place with regard to Sir Thomas; but I flatter myself that you will opine it is a change for the better. I have at length prevailed on him to make experiment of Barr's Roman Toupee—an unrivalled invention for the concealment of that defect which caused the illustrious Julius Cæsar to wear a coronal of laurel. [Julius Cæsar and Sir Thomas! Well done!] As Barr not unaptly says, his locks may now defy inspection. But how is it possible that I can think, speak, write of anything but the enchanting Miss Fanny Kemble! [So, here we have it!—a good beginning, by Jupiter!] She is indeed perfection—a miracle of talent—a prodigy of genius! Thrice

have I enjoyed the 'supreme felicity of weeping over her performance of the enamoured and luckless Juliet, in the Duchess of St Albans' private box. My beloved Glorvina was so infinitely affected the first time she witnessed this great triumph of histrionic art, that she implored me to permit her to stay at home on the other two evenings, and her cousin, Henry St Aubyn, kindly requested also to remain in our mansion, to cheer the sweet girl's solitude. On the third evening, my darling Virginia—you know her sensibility—actually fainted in Colonel Quintin's arms, who happened most fortuitously to be seated behind her, so that as she sank gracefully back from the high stool on which she was sitting—I think by the by this sort of *sédia* is but an uneasy place of repose—she could not avoid reclining on the Colonel's shoulder. I would that you could have seen how sweetly the poor thing blushed when she half unclosed her dark eyes upon the Colonel's *moustachios*! She has, however, promised not to be so naughty again. But what do I hear? A bell loudly rung,—it comes from my Glorvina's chamber! Scarcely an hour since, she expressed a wish for some *mulligatawny* soup, and I know she could not eat it, were I not to cheer her with the maternal presence of,

"My dear sir,
 "Your very affectionate friend
 and cousin,
 "DORINDA."

"Alias," said I, "Dorothy, Dolly, or Doll, in the good days of our childhood! Oh, my poor Coz, thou art, indeed, sophisticated! I warrant me now, that thou thinkest thyself a second *Madame de Seigne*! How much pains, I wonder, did the conclusion of thy letter cost thee? No doubt, thou wert vastly elevated at bringing in thy name so cleverly at the end. Ha, ha, I know a little!—But now for the huckaback of Dame Dykes. Coarse as it will be, I shall prefer it to thy flimsy tissue!"

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"THIS comes to enquire, whether you have done that little law-business for me, about which we talked when

you were last in town. I also want to know, whether you can recommend to me a good honest butler, for we have turned away our last; because the man was so silly as to write poetry, forsooth; and, would you believe it, he used to clap his hand to his forehead, when he was waiting at dinner, and run out of the room. Then, when he came back, he used to say, 'Only a thought, ma'am, which I feared might escape me.' But the worst of it was, that the silly gander chose to write verses to my niece Lucy; and, as I was settling the chairs in the best drawing-room, I spied Lucy's sack upon the sofa. Now, you must know *that* is a thing which I never allow; and, as I want to cure Madam Lucy of her trapesy ways, I turned all the things out of the bag; meaning to lock them up in my own drawer, and frighten the girl by thinking she had lost them. But what should I see amongst the things, but a copy of verses by Tripp, my butler—a rebus, I believe, they call it on Madam Lucy's name. I'll copy it for you.

'Lovely thou art, as planets in the sky—
 Unless thou pity me, I soon must die.

Come, beauteous nymph, and bless these
 longing arms;

[Shocking wasn't it?]

Your face and form unite a thousand
 charms.'

"I must say, that, when I shewed it to Lucy, she was as angry as I was; for she, poor soul, knew nothing about the verses being in the bag. It seems the impudent fellow had popt them in a little while before I found it. Of course, after this, I soon made Master Tripp trip off. I haven't yet filled my three pages, which I think it is genteel to do—for I like to give my friends as much as I can for their money—and postage runs very high. I scarcely know what to write about—Oh, I and the girls have been to Covent-Garden theatre, to see the young lady they talk so much about. I couldn't prevail on Mr D—to go, for he hasn't been to a theatre, since he fell asleep the first night that *Madame Catalani* sung in England, and was woke up by her dying scream over her husband's tomb. I may say, that I know

something of these things, for I always loved going to a play—and I remember Mrs Siddons—and my opinion is, that Miss Fanny isn't a bit like her, though the newspapers say she is. I thought her more like Miss Betty Cuckoo, whom you and I remember, [Heavens, I exclaimed, then she must be lovely!] and I thought that she died very well, indeed. I do wonder how persons can fall back so, quite like a stone, on the hard boards, without breaking all their bones. Perhaps the boards on the stage are only mattresses painted to look like boards. Nancy and Susy were very much pleased, and were obliged to ask me very often for my pocket-handkerchief, having—like careless chits as they always are—forgotten to bring their own. My niece Lucy, who is very clever, and reads Italian, says, that Miss Kemble has a very good notion of acting; but not so good as Miss Aithœa Cod at Elysium-house academy, where she was brought up. She doesn't like her voice at all. In a day or two, you will receive a collar of brawn and a Stilton cheese, which our son Samuel brought, on purpose for you, from Trinity College, at Cambridge. He says, they do such things very well there. I am now come to the end of my paper. So with love from all, I remain,

"Your old friend to command,

"MARY DYKES.

"P. S.—I was so squeezed, and so hot at the play, that if I hadn't thought of bringing some apples and oranges with me from our dessert, I think I should have been obliged to come away before the dying scene, which would have been a pity, as that is always so much the best part of a play.

"P. S.—Encore. I forgot to tell you, that I think Miss Kemble screams very well. She made me jump three times, and creeble all over."

I laid down the letter to enjoy a quiet laugh, and then opened Frank Prosser's dispatch. "Dear Crusty—Um—um—3½ per cent—Norfolk tenants very backward with their rents—wet season—Russia has out-maneuvred us with a vengeance—[right, right!]—Our old acquaint-

ance Proddgers is dead—left a wife and thirteen children—badly off—[poor fellow, poor things—must see what I can do for them]—Court Journal a great humbug—[knew that before]—Fanny Kemble—[oh, here it comes at last.] You desire my opinion of Fanny Kemble. My expectations of her were too much raised in the first instance, and therefore I am hardly a fair judge. The drama has, for the last few years, been so far beyond the possibility of getting worse, that I have long hoped it might grow better. Tragic acting, especially, has been so completely buried in its grave, that I have confidently expected a Phoenix to rise from its ashes. There have been many false alarms, many counterfeit births—from all I had heard, I thought we had got the true thing at last. And I do not say that we have not. Miss Kemble is a girl of sense and feeling, possessing an hereditary and instinctive talent for acting. But she has much to learn. It is, indeed, ridiculous to suppose that she should leap out at once, a ready-armed Minerva of the theatre, from her papa's drawing-room—yet, such is the insensible effect, which the opinion of the multitude has upon even such strong heads as ours, my dear Crusty,—[what an excellent observation!]—that I entered Covent-Garden, expecting I knew not what—something beyond nature. Of course I was disappointed, and deserved to be so. If Raphael's pictures disappointed Sir Joshua Reynolds, I must not quarrel with the fair Fanny for disappointing me. The fact is, that the human imagination is such a wonderful power, that its poorest operations transcend the finest realities. [There's a sensible man for you!] Miss Kemble is very young, and it would be hard to expect from her such excellence as practice and experience alone can bestow. Even Garrick, when he first appeared on the London boards, was by no means perfect in his art; as the contemporary critics prove by their not very courteous letters of advice to him. Yet we are so apt to deify things past, that I doubt not it would offend many excellent persons to tell them, that Garrick ever *improved*, from the first hour that he trode the stage. Perhaps I should even shock

the enthusiastic by saying of their present idol, that she will improve—but to *you*, my dear friend, who are not easily carried away by the popular breath, [That's very true!] I may assert, that Miss Kemble will, nay, *must* improve, not only mentally, but physically. At present, her figure is by no means wholly developed, neither has her voice reached its full powers. When she strains the latter beyond its pitch, it becomes unpleasing; and, in a scream, positively disagreeable. [Many men, many minds, Mrs Dykes liked her scream.] Her countenance is intellectual, but not handsome. [I thought so.] To call it plain, would shock the gallantry of so devoted an admirer of the fair sex, as I am. [What would Mrs Prosser say to that, I wonder?] The most promising circumstance of all is, that she evidently throws out her best *coups de theatre* from native genius, and not from teaching. The proof of this is, that when not highly excited and hurried away, as it were, by the passion of the moment, she rarely succeeds. When she is

'Not touch'd but rapt, not waken'd but inspired,'

then it is that her acting may be called great, and even wonderful. In short, the girl will do very well; and can only be injured by such injudicious praise as the papers lavish upon her, when they assert, that her *débüt* is the finest since the days of Mrs Siddons;—or, in still a higher strain, that her Belvidera will be 'the sublimest effort of female genius ever beheld!'" "Admirable Frank Prosser," said I, as I consigned his letter to my green morocco pocket-book, and the two others to the fire, by which I had been toasting my toes in the Club-room—ramming them well down with the poker, at the same time that I mended the fire with my own peculiar dexterity, acquired by forty years' practice. "Admirable; Frank, you and I always agree. You know what's what as well as any one. Well, now that the subject is fresh in my head, I'll go home and write down all I can remember about Miss O'Neill. Perhaps my friend North will put it in the cleverest Magazine going, just to give the public memory a jog, and remind

nine-tenths of the world that such things were. He will forgive an old man's garrulity; for, if I remember rightly, he has an income in his leg himself, and almost as comely a frosty pow as I have." But before I dash in *medias res*, I must make two needful observations. [Thus I begin, while seated in my own warm study, with my feet on a turkey rug.] The first is, that I have not the slightest intention of detracting from Miss Kemble's fame. I do not mean to follow the poet's recipe for complimenting ladies—

'Who praises Lesbia's form and feature,
Must call her sister ugly creature.'

Indeed I must needs be acquitted of any intent to institute odious comparisons, by the simple fact, that I have never seen the charming Fanny, who is, I doubt not, from my judicious Frank's account of her, a girl of great and unusual endowments. That she is generous and amiable, her coming forward in the way she has done, sufficiently testifies. May all success attend her virtuous efforts! My second remark is,—that I daresay persons will be not a little surprised, that I, who must remember Fanny's aunt in her best days, and even the mild decline of that more distant luminary, Mrs Yates, should depart so much from the usual habits of old men—the *laudatores temporis acti*, you know—as to rave, with all the fervour of youth, about an actress of yesterday. My dear readers, (if I have any,) be it known to you, that I always determined, even from my youth up, to avoid the common errors and follies of old men; and I thank Heaven, that I have been enabled to fulfil my resolution. By thus retarding the senility of my mind, I have managed (I must say) to escape the usual jests and jibes against old bachelors, and to establish myself an universal favourite amongst the young and the lively. Were I disposed to tell tales, I *could* mention various proofs of my present popularity with pretty girls; but, sweet creatures, depend upon my honour—I will never betray you!—Now, let me return to "that which is immediate."

The first character in which I saw Miss O'Neill, was Isabella, in the *Fatal Marriage*. She had already be-

come popular, and drew crowds to the house; a circumstance so far against her, in my estimation, that I took my place in the front row of the pit, with a dogged resolution not to be imposed upon, and by no means to be hurried out of my critical composure by a start or a scream. But from the moment that the enchantress entered in her sable robe, which so admirably set off the snowy whiteness of her skin—from the instant that she had made her first most graceful courtesy, I was a gone man. I felt that she was the true thing. Even as the first note of a great singer rivets the attention—even as a single touch from a master's hand demands and satisfies the eye—so did Miss O'Neill's first look and word take possession of my heart and soul, and proclaim all her greatness. I never felt this with Mrs Siddons. *Her* style addressed the intellect more exclusively. She was a great actress—but she *was* an actress. Miss O'Neill was a woman—a confiding, tender, passionate, love-inspiring woman; yet not without dignity and grandeur too, and a proudly humble sense of what was due to her feminine majesty. It is not my intention to go through her performance of that disagreeable play, the *Fatal Marriage*, which her performance alone could have rendered bearable,—or indeed to give any of her characters a regular and critical consideration. I rather wish to impart to my reader some general notion of her merits, if he has been so unfortunate as never to have seen her,—or if he has, to recall them to his remembrance. Miss O'Neill, in face and figure, might be characterised by the epithet *lovely*. There was a harmony in her features, and in the proportions of her form, which was music to the mind. Had she been taller, she might have been a tragedy Queen—but she would not have been Miss O'Neill. Had she possessed a dark eye and beetling brow, she might have frowned and scowled to the delight of the distant galleries; but what would have become of her smile—of all the just gradations of feeling which dawned and melted away upon her fair cheek?

I have always thought it a favourable circumstance that her countenance, when at rest, was not fixed and frozen into any marked expres-

sion. This allowed of its taking the impress of all. Some faces seem petrified into fierceness by a glance at the Gorgon; others appear always striving to repress a simper. Any malformation of the mouth, more especially, will give an unfortunate eternity to some one, and that, generally, not very agreeable expression. But Miss O'Neill's face was wholly devoid of any professional or pertinacious look. Her countenance was the sleep of feeling. When awakened, it was but the instrument of the internal agency: Passion moulded her delicate features to its own purposes, and Genius hallowed it as the interpreter of his meaning. The mouth—that wonderful organ of intelligence, that distinguishing characteristic of humanity—which requires not the aid of words to confer upon it the gift of speech—that marvellous feature, whose mutable vitality baffles the painter's skill even more than the eye, common to all animated beings—the mouth of Miss O'Neill was exceedingly beautiful. The lower lip just protruded enough to rescue it from that symptom of fatuity—its retreat—"Some bee had stung it newly." Her brow, as I said before, was not marked enough for the beau-ideal of a tragic empress—and I am glad it was not. The manner in which her head was set upon her bust might have challenged the art of Phidias. Nothing could possibly be more devoid of fault than the line from the back of her head to her shoulder, when her face was turned in profile. Her hand was beautiful, and her foot worthy of such a hand. From this exquisite conformation, and from the mind which dwelt within so fair a shrine, resulted a presiding grace, which modelled every gesture, and swayed every movement. Never, in the course of my long life, have I seen a being so graceful as Miss O'Neill—and I never expect to see one. Our actresses are, in general, sadly deficient in this particular. I remember, after being on the Continent for some time, that, when I returned, the women on our stage seemed to toss their arms like so many windmills in full sail. Miss O'Neill never displayed such starts and flings. I do not think that it was possible she could. Even had she been obliged to perform a saraband

over the kitchen poker, she would have done it gracefully—she was grace even to the very tips of her fingers. I used to remark that she never *grasped* the arm of a lover or husband, as some ladies, whom I have seen give a gripe like a blacksmith's vice, but tenderly and delicately. She laid her white fingers upon the arm of him whom she addressed in love or in supplication. Talk of Lady Hamilton's attitudes!—I maintain that a woman, who was no better than she should be, could not be innately and truly graceful. Miss O'Neill's attitudes might have afforded a gallery of statues for the court of Virtue—or for the court of George IV. In Isabella, for instance, when the tiresome man (whose name I forget) who worried her into matrimony, first proposes to take charge of her child—never shall I forget the expressive gesture with which she turned round to the boy, clasped him with one arm, and, with the other, gave an apparently involuntary movement of repulsion. In Mrs. Haller, again, when she sunk upon the floor, and, clasping her knees, let her head fall upon them, so that her “wild-reverted tresses” hung as a veil before her, no ancient statue could have afforded a finer model for the chisel.

I scarcely know how it happened, but certain it is that Miss O'Neill never excited that burst of popular feeling which Fanny Kemble seems to be now exciting. It is so easy to see, when persons praise any thing or any body, from being really pleased! In such a case the sentences trip off the tongue without reservation. Now, Miss O'Neill was generally praised with an *if* or a *but*. Some wiseacres went so far as to discover, that *if* she had been Mrs. Siddons, she would have been a very fine actress. One cause of this comparative indifference to Miss O'Neill's superlative merits, I think, may be found in the peculiar aspect which folly has assumed in our enlightened era. There is a great deal of cant abroad about “deep passion,” and the “human heart,” and “thoughts that lie too deep for tears.” Now, as the language of all species of cant is very easily learned, it follows that the great proportion of fools who can do nothing else, adopt that which happens to be most in vogue. Accord-

ingly, our ears are stunned with vain babblings about “green fields,” and “dark thoughts,” and I know not what. To hear the present generation talk, one would imagine that all the arcana of human nature had been just discovered, and made as easy as A, B, C. How Sophocles contrived to affect the feelings, or Shakspeare to get such an odd insight into things, must appear a mystery to the men of this generation, seeing that *their* theories had not yet issued from the womb of time. Every one now-a-days, who can write a novel or a poem, that shall set the young misses a weeping, is pronounced to be brimfull of passion and profound reflection. Truly this profundity is that of a slop-basin, the bottom of which you cannot see, only because it is so full of dregs. Ah! Mr North, the good old days of Pope and Dryden are passed away! Depend upon it, could *Paradise Lost* now issue from Murray's press, it would be pronounced—“Such a work as it is by no means lese-majesté in the court of criticism to pass over. A poem of some merit, certainly—but by no means distinguished by that depth of feeling and intuitive insight into the human heart which distinguish the productions of the present day.” Do I exaggerate? The Literary Gazette, which affirms that a drama by L. E. L. can *only* be compared to Shakspeare's *Romeo and Juliet*, *could* not consistently write of such a work as *Paradise Lost* in warmer terms than those I have imagined above. Of such critics one may say—

“Their praise is censure, and their censure praise.”

To these blind leaders of the blind, I attribute the half-and-half praise which was too often bestowed upon Miss O'Neill—by their influence I explain the phenomenon of her being so soon “compounded with forgotten things.” Persons of this stamp (stupid fellows!) discovered that Miss O'Neill wanted genius—forsooth! In the character of *Juliet*, I remember that, after the masquerade scene, when she had been eagerly enquiring who *Romeo* is, just as she was preparing to quit the banquet-room, she turned round and stood as

if lost in inutterable thought, with her eyes fixed upon the spot where Romeo had lately passed away from her sight; as if her fancy reproduced his form in that very place; as if the ground, last hallowed by his footsteps, was dear to her as her heart's-blood. Her "rapt soul was sitting in her eyes"—her whole body spoke—then, with a deep, impatient sigh, she turned away, and cleared her brow for an encounter with this every-day world. Was not this genius? Was it not genius of the first order? And her acting was full of such touches—not, as I can answer for, repeated night after night, but varied, and springing from the impulse of the moment. Such a power as this—of embodying the poet's meaning—of actually creating new ideas, as if the poet's mantle had descended on the player—does itself deserve the name of poetry. What a pity that its creations should be so evanescent—dying with the tone or gesture that produced them! How much more nobly would critics be employed in noting down and giving perpetuity to such fugitive graces, than in discovering wants and imperfections—how much better would they deserve of the world, if they handed down to posterity the true merits, instead of the faults, of an actor! Wiseacres were for ever complaining that Miss O'Neill could not act Queen Catherine and Lady Macbeth like Mrs Siddons. They never took the trouble to reflect that Mrs Siddons could not act Belvidera, Juliet, Mrs Haller, like Miss O'Neill. The powers of each were so essentially different, that the world ought to have been thankful to have had two such. But, say the critics, the style of Mrs Siddons was a greater style than that of Miss O'Neill. I deny it. Miss O'Neill not only had a wider range than her predecessor, but often invaded her province. She could rise to grandeur—but Mrs Siddons could never melt to tenderness. I wish that all persons, who imagine that a fair brow and a blue eye could never awe the soul as majestically as those of a darker complexion, had seen Miss O'Neill's look of offended dignity, when Jaffier, in *Venice Preserved*, seems to doubt her power to keep the secret of his plots. I forget the exact words

that Belvidera is speaking at the time, but she compares her lot with that of the wife of Brutus—"For Brutus trusted her." As she uttered the last sentence, her whole form seemed lifted from the earth by the spirit within. She could have made the world her footstool. Again, Mrs Siddons has been excelled, within my memory, in some of her finest characters. The young and pert will laugh, perhaps, at an old man for asserting that Mrs Yates was more completely the Lady Macbeth which Shakspeare drew—yet such is my opinion. To mention a single instance of superiority—in the sleep-walking scene, Mrs Siddons carefully deposited her candle on a table, and then proceeded to rub her hands for the imagined purpose of effacing the "damned spot." Now Mrs Yates was the actual sleep-walker, hurried from her bed by a guilty conscience;—the quick and sometimes vacillating step—the candle not laid aside, but carelessly held with flaring flame, while she wrung her hands together—the open and unwinking eye—all indicated the sleep of the body and the wakefulness of the soul. On the other hand, it may be safely asserted that Miss O'Neill has never been excelled in her own peculiar characters. Where a part precisely seems to fit the powers, the appearance, the very look and gesture of a performer, the ideal personage and the real become thenceforward identified, as it were, in the imagination. This is the case with Kean in *Shylock*—this was the case with Miss O'Neill in *Juliet*. When she first made her appearance, with her hair so simply knotted up, she looked scarce fifteen—sorrow seemed never to have come near her. She waited upon her mother's eye with the dutiful innocence of a child. Her laugh came from the heart—her step was buoyant. After she had beheld the arbiter of her destiny, and pronounced the fatal words—"My grave is like to be my marriage bed"—you saw the infusion of a new principle into her character. She thenceforth displayed the thoughtfulness of a devoted being. The bliss of loving and of being loved, was ever present with her—but she knew that she was playing a deep and desperate game. She had seen death from afar, and the shadow of

his coming form visibly deepened around her spirit, even until the dark power himself enfolded her in his mantle. I have mentioned the fine touch of nature with which Miss O'Neill completed the masquerade scene—I have, therefore, only to add that during its progress, her performance was delightful. Her manner of receiving the guests, as they entered, was not that of an actress, playing the graceful, but of a noble and high-bred girl, moving in her accustomed sphere. It may seem to be small and trivial praise to say, that she was exquisitely lady-like; but, if the word *Lady* be taken in its old chivalric sense, undebased by modern associations, surely the praise is neither small nor trivial. In the balcony scene, she accomplished the difficult task of making Juliet's love—the growth of an hour—appear natural, probable, and withal modest. There was an innate sense of delicacy gleaming through the fervour of her words, like the tender pearly tint beneath the radiant colours of the opal. One did not feel that she "should have been more strange." The deep enthusiasm of her general manner was relieved and lightened by an occasional sportiveness. When she called back Romeo, after having dismissed him, nothing could be more sweetly conscious, more smilingly delicate, than the manner in which she pronounced the words,

"I had forgot why I did call thee back."

It was one of those felicities which take the ear and heart by surprise—inimitable—almost unrememberable. It was one of those wonderful effects in which the human voice triumphs—for what instrument could rival its soul-speaking inflections? Nothing but the feeling of the moment could have produced a tone and manner so perfectly consonant to the situation and the scene. It could never have been rehearsed. But what a vision rises before my inward eye of the timid, thoughtful, blushing, yet still dignified bride, whose passion, about to be hallowed by sacred rites, has trembled into a more intense, a deeper holiness! Never has the cell of Friar Lawrence, even though angels may have looked down upon his

orisons, been irradiated by a light so lovely.

"That eye, of most transparent light,
Would almost make a dungeon bright."

The vision passes like a dream. Juliet has heard that Romeo is banished—she has parted from him, and though the wedded lovers, after tearing themselves away, have returned yet again and rushed into another and yet another embrace, still the irrevocable hour has divided them. I can see her now, determined to encounter all the nameless horrors of the vault, bidding good-night, it may be for the last time, to her unconscious mother. How solemnly, how prophetically, how drearily, falls that sad good-night upon the ear! How different from the good-night which it was bliss to repeat, again and again, and hear repeated from a lover's lips!

"Farewell!—God knows if we shall meet again!"

This is the dirge to which that plaintive voice now wakes such melancholy music. But I am not going to rehearse a tragedy, and I neither want to weep myself, nor to make my reader weep. I shall therefore leave Juliet to swallow the potion, to wake in the tomb, and to consign herself to it for ever. The truth is, that I have not Mrs Dykes's love of dying scenes represented on the stage. The earlier portions of a tragedy always give me the most pleasure, and appear to me to display a performer's powers most truly. The delicate gradations of human feeling are a far higher test of ability than the screaming and daggering, and death-rattling, all of which I would banish to the hospital. In this one respect, at least, the French stage is more civilized than ours.—I have only one more observation to make on the tragedy of Romeo and Juliet. As it is now acted, Romeo's love for Rosalind is entirely omitted; because, in good troth, his *inconstancy*, as the turtle-doves call it, would shock our most sentimental sensibilities. It has been pronounced a *blemish* even by high authorities. So, we know, it seems, more of the human heart than Shakspeare! Is it probable or possible that such a character as that of Romeo could have never felt the pas-

sion of love, till he saw Juliet? Has not every imaginative, and passionate nature, whether male or female, been compelled by "the strong necessity of loving," to deck some idol in the niches of its own creation, before the true deity of its worship has appeared? I know something of these things, Mr North, though I *am* an old bachelor, and I pronounce that no one ever fell truly in love at three-and-twenty, who had not had many loves since he was fifteen. I dare say that neither you nor I have remained in the blessed state from not knowing what love is. *You*, I hear, are about to prove to the world, that you have no insuperable objections to matrimony. I vow I will dance at your wedding, and choose the youngest and prettiest girl in the room. Who knows but that *my* turn may come next?—No, no! Shakspeare never soared more nobly above the dull marshes of common-place, than when he broke up the ground of Romeo's heart to receive the celestial plant of love by the plough-share of Miss Rosalind's eye, and fertilized it by love-sick tears from his own.

I have been more particular in my notice of Miss O'Neill's performance of Juliet, both because I think it was her finest character, and because it is that which, as acted by Miss Kemble, is now exciting the fever of the town. I now return to the question, "Is the style of Mrs Siddons a finer style than that of Miss O'Neill?" Mrs Siddons was unrivalled in the representation of the more terrible passions—such as ambition, hatred, revenge, &c. Now, are these passions more noble in their essence than love, pity, sorrow, and the other milder feelings? I think not. The first are all selfish in their origin and end; their conflicts are great, but their results are mean. The last are not only noble but ennobling. As a great poet of our own day observes:—

"A potent wand does sorrow wield;

* * * *

Repentance is a tender sprite,
If aught on earth have heavenly might,
'Tis lodg'd within her silent tear."

WORDSWORTH.

And the same great poet affirms that he can desire no loftier destiny,
"If he along that lowly way,
With sympathetic heart, may stray,
And with a soul of power."

Now Miss O'Neill may be said to move along the way of real life with a soul of power,—nay more, she threw an imaginative influence over the way of common life. If I may be allowed the use of that much abused figure—antithesis, she idealized the real, and realized the ideal. Her love was heroic,—her pity was as the dew from heaven,—her sorrow, though the sorrow of a mortal,

"Was bright

With something of an angel light."

Ambition, revenge, &c. deal in lofty phrases, and marked expressions of countenance; but there is nothing of this sort to bolster out the milder (so called) passions. A heart and soul and plastic features are all that these last have to depend upon. As therefore the difficulties, in this kind, are greater, so ought success to be attended with a greater triumph. Mrs Siddons, I should say, possessed dramatic *talent* in the highest degree,—the palm of *genius* I should award to Miss O'Neill. In real feeling of the character which she represented, I must think that Miss O'Neill far transcended Mrs Siddons. Stationed behind the scenes, I have watched the latter as she left the stage, after a wondrous burst of dramatic power,—I have seen her arms fall composedly by her side, her face pass in one instant from the extreme of expression to her common look. The wings of the stage once passed, she was no longer Belvidera, or Mrs Beverly—but Mrs Siddons. I have observed Miss O'Neill, in similar circumstances, *retaining* the impress of the passion which had really entered into her heart. There can be no doubt but that she wept real tears. I have her own authority for it. Professor L——, my very dear friend, and old school-fellow, who resides at Cambridge, told me that when Miss O'Neill visited that university, and acted at the Barnwell theatre, he asked her whether it was true that she really shed tears during the performance of affecting parts. She acknowledged that she did. "But you must not think, (she continued,) that such tears are painful. They are rendered pleasing by the consciousness of fiction. They are such as one would shed in reading a pathetic story. Moreover, the strong state of excitement naturally brought on by per-

forming—the applause—the tears of those around me,—all conspire to elevate me, and to draw such tears from my eyes as all great emotions are calculated to produce. Were they such tears as guilt or agony really shed, I must have been dead long ago.” Now I ask you, Mr North, did not this explanation shew at once genius and good sense,—genius to feel, good sense to disclaim more feeling than was natural, or indeed possible? Rousseau wept thus over the sorrows of his own *Heloise*. We more often hear of, than see heroines, whose beauty is improved by crying, and instead of saying with Tommy Moore,

“You look so lovely in your tears,
That I must bid you shed them still,”

I should be disposed to address my mistress, were she much given to the melting mood, in the following distich—

“You look so frightful in your tears,
That I must beg you’ll take a pill;”

videlicet, to get rid of the blue devils. But Miss O'Neill really *did* look lovely in her tears. In the character of Mrs Haller, she reminded me (I hope it is not spoken irreverently) of that beautiful exclamation in Holy Writ—“Oh! that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night!” To use an old simile, she looked like a lily bent beneath a thunder-shower. Tears were her rest, her food, her luxury—she was steeped in tears. Yet she did not, after the old tragedy custom, brandish her pocket-handkerchief in the face of the audience. She did not get it ready as if she were pumping up her tears by some nice hydraulic calculation—but, with a trembling, and sometimes, a hurried hand, she felt for it, and drew it forth, and seemed to strive rather to hide than to display her gushing grief. The scene, in which she restores the jewels to her husband, was almost too heart-rending to be contemplated. It pressed upon the senses with the conviction of reality. Her Mrs Haller, in particular, and, indeed, all her characters, in general, possessed the rare merit of an unbroken unity of design. As, in a perfect picture, every accessory is harmonized by the master’s hand so as to produce

one great result—as every part tends towards the effect of the whole—so, in Miss O'Neill’s acting, every ray of genius was but a component part of one refulgent orb. She did not strain after insulated graces, or surprising exhibitions of momentary power—neither was any portion of her part hurried over, or even carelessly touched, as if it were insignificant. She did not appear to be husbanding her strength for one ranting speech, or a few starts and screams. From the beginning to the end she *was* the being she represented. Not sometimes only, but continually, she was agitated by the same fears, awakened by the same hopes, impelled by the same motives of action—as might be supposed to influence the character which she delineated. This continuity of feeling was marvellously evident in the expression of her countenance. I remember being particularly struck with this, in her representation of Mrs Oakley in the *Jealous Wife*. While conversing on indifferent subjects—while apparently rambling from the main plot of the piece—there was always an air of anxiety—a wandering of the eye—a slight abstraction—which indicated that there was an under-current of more important thought. In society, as well as in solitude, she was still the uneasy, jealous wife. Miss O'Neill’s performance of this very character sufficiently refuted the invidious assertion that she did not succeed in comedy. When I speak of comedy, I must be understood to mean the drama of real and everyday life, in distinction to the drama of ideal and heroic life. As there has been much misapprehension on this point, I will explain myself more particularly. The word comedy, according to its Greek derivation, merely signifies something sung, or chanted. Dante used it in this sense, when he gave a name to his immortal poem. When dramatic performances were no longer accompanied by the chorus, the sense of the word became more restricted; and, perhaps from some association of a lighter kind, with the idea of a musical accompaniment, it at length was used in distinction to the loftier and severer style of the dramatic muse. But, as men love the widest possible extremes of distinction between one

thing and another, comedy was, by degrees, so far arrested from its primitive signification as to be the symbol of something highly ludicrous. If we take the word in this latter sense, I must own that I should have been sorry had Miss O'Neill excelled in the comic department of her art. Old humorists, young coxcombs, old virgins smitten by the tender passion, are all the fitting *dramatis personæ* of this kind of comedy—not so young and beautiful girls. Playful the sweet creatures may be, sportive as the first breeze in May—but comic they must not be. Only consider for a moment whether, in real life, the dashing, intriguing, repartee-making young ladies are to be tolerated? Why, then, should we admire them on the stage? Could a girl who turned bar-maid to get a husband, or who pretended to be an idiot to escape one—could a widow, full of her jokes, or a wife full of plots, (Heaven grant Mrs Gentle be neither one nor the other!) ever pretend to more than a watering-place respectability? For Miss O'Neill to have romped through the Romp, rattled through the Widow Cheerly, or simpered a-la-chambermaid through Miss Harcastle, would to me have been profanation. But there is another kind of comedy, called *genteel*. I hate the term, but let it pass—in which the principal female character may have all the liveliness of real talent, combined with the refinement of real feeling, and may be high-minded, yet, (to use your own words, Mr North, for I cannot find better,) “earnestly and keenly alive to all the cheerful and pleasant humanities and charities of this everyday sublunary world of ours.” In such characters as these Miss O'Neill

was herself, and was, therefore, admirable. Had she made a good romp, she would have been Miss O'Neill no longer. Do not, therefore, ye dear dramatic critics, insist upon finding an intellectual turtle, (combining all tastes of fish, flesh, and fowl,) in every, or in any great actress that may be thrown upon our “bank and shoal of time.”—“But, bless me, all this time you have said nothing about that essential article—the voice!” Not expressly, Mr Pinchbeck; but can you not gather from the flowers of my discourse the honey of a voice rich as hybla, powerful as Lacryma Christi, piercing as Champaigne, tender as May-dew? No; you cannot, for you are only a drone, and never gathered any honey in your life, and have nothing of the bee about you, but the sting. I must now, “my patient brethren, bring my discourse to a finish,” as the parson said, after having divided his sermon into sixty-three heads, all of which he touched upon in the course of the evening. Farewell, my patient readers, and farewell, Mr North. Should I have pleased you, you may, perhaps, hear from me again, for I must tell you, that, although I once contributed to the Gentleman's Magazine, I cannot find in my heart to prefer it to Blackwood's—another striking instance of my freedom from all old prejudices! You must allow me to conclude with a Sonnet, which an ingenious young friend of mine has indited to the memory of Miss O'Neill. It is too much in the modern style to please *me*, who am of opinion that *all good writing* expired with the last generation. However, as the thoughts are tolerable, it may go down now-a-days.

SONNET, TO THE SOMETIME MISS O'NEILL.

Shakspeare's own Juliet! oft I vainly try
To pierce the mystery of thy two-fold life;
Once thou didst shake all hearts with passionate strife,
Once thou wert ever in the public eye,
And not a smile of thine, or murmur'd sigh,
But waked a thousand plaudits, and was rife
With potent magic. Now, thou art a wife—
And round thee dwells a calm reality.
Men speak of thee as dead—thy glory scan
As of a wonder that hath past away;
And yet thou see'st the household light of day,
And human hopes and fears thy being fan!
Oh! thou, who art to other souls a gleam
Of Fancy, art thou to thyself a dream?

THE EFFECTS OF VARIATIONS IN THE CURRENCY.

THE various changes which have taken place within the last five-and-thirty years in our monetary system, will undoubtedly form one of the darkest pages in the annals of this country, and furnish to all coming generations an imperishable monument of the ignorance of British statesmen, in an age which vaunts itself on the progress which it has made in every species of knowledge, and more especially in what is called the science of Political Economy. The changes in question have spread more ruthless and wider ruin, and created more public inconvenience, as well as private misery, than any public calamity which has ever occurred in the history of any known nation. Had the task of effecting these changes fallen into the hands of intelligent men—of men possessing but even a tyro's knowledge of the general principles on which they ought to have proceeded, means would have been devised to obviate the monstrous and incalculable wrongs, both public and private, which have resulted from the alterations which have been made in the standard of value.

At a moment of great public embarrassment and distrust, Mr Pitt was induced to have recourse to the fatal step of restraining the Bank of England from paying cash for its notes. For several years after this event, matters went on smoothly enough, and no harm, on the contrary, much good, seemed to have resulted from the measure. The Governors of the Bank, kept within bounds by old habits, and accustomed to the restraint of cash payments, did not at once perceive that their fetters had been withdrawn; hence they acted with their wonted reserve and discretion for some time after the necessity for that circumspection had ceased. By degrees, however, they began to feel their liberty. Their responsibility being lessened, if not altogether removed, they became freer in the issue of bank-notes, and in the end saturated the kingdom with paper money. This paper money gradually displaced our metallic currency, and became the sole circulating medium of the country. In the course of a

short period after the suspension of cash payments, it became apparent, both from the price of gold in the bullion market, and from the rate of foreign exchanges, that the pound note had sustained a considerable depreciation, and that although nominally representing about the fourth of an ounce of gold, it was only worth, in exchange, about the fifth of an ounce of that metal; or, in more familiar language, although nominally purporting to represent twenty shillings, it had depreciated so far as to be worth no more than fourteen, at the most fifteen shillings, in exchange for other commodities.

We must request our readers to pause at this point, and contemplate for a moment the change which then took place in our currency, together with the effects which it produced upon the pecuniary relations of society. The old standard of value was in effect destroyed, and another standard, considerably depreciated, was adopted in its stead. All public, as well as private creditors, were compelled to receive payment in paper money, and consequently plundered to an amount equalling the difference between the real value of the paper money in which their claims were liquidated, and that of the metallic currency in which their capital had been lent. Supposing, therefore, the real value of the pound note to have at that period fallen to fifteen shillings, it is manifest that a loss of twenty-five per cent was inflicted by this change upon the whole body of creditors throughout the realm, while every debtor profited to this amount, at the expense of his creditor. Nothing could have been more unfair or iniquitous, but such was the fact. Every person who had lent twenty shillings, was forced to put up with a repayment not exceeding fifteen shillings. This alteration in the currency has been called, and very properly called, an act of bankruptcy; for it was, to all intents and purposes, an act of national, as well as individual bankruptcy. The creditors, both of the state and of private individuals, were compel-

led to forego at least twenty-five per cent upon their honest and just claims.

An inconvertible paper currency having been thus established as the actual, as well as legal, measure of value, all bargains were henceforward made—all debts, and other liabilities, contracted in this new and depreciated standard of fifteen shillings to the pound sterling.

About 1810, the political economists took the field on the subject of the currency; they delivered themselves of long and vehement harangues against an inconvertible paper circulation, denounced our whole monetary system as vicious and fraudulent, and loudly demanded its re-establishment upon a metallic basis. In 1811, the Bullion Committee made the report which has been since so much vaunted. With infinite pains and labour this committee proved, what no man of common sense and ordinary experience doubted for a single moment, that for many years the paper pound note had depreciated from its nominal value. Lord Bexley and his party, however, steadily combated this proposition: with equal intelligence and pertinacity, they maintained that the currency had not depreciated, and that a pound note and a shilling were, in public estimation, equal in value to a golden guinea.

By degrees, the arguments and facts of the Bullion Committee began to penetrate the brains even of these official persons, who seemed at length to perceive that the paper pound note had depreciated from its nominal value. The Bullion party having, after about eight years of hard labour, hammered into their antagonists the conviction, that the paper currency had sustained a depreciation, eagerly proceeded to make the most of the vantage ground which they had gained; they saw that the battle was half won, and that the object, for which they had so long and so arduously struggled, was now within their reach. Having prevailed upon anti-bullionists to consent to the establishment of the currency upon a metallic basis, they went one step farther, and persuaded them to render the new standard of the same weight and fineness as the old standard, which had, in effect, been abolished when cash pay-

ments were suspended in 1797, and which, therefore, for all practical purposes, had ceased to exist for upwards of twenty years. "Since paper," argued the Bullionists, "as a standard of value, must, from its very nature, be fluctuating and uncertain, it is expedient that a metallic standard should be substituted for it; and gold is, in many respects, the most convenient metal to constitute this standard." To all this there seems no reasonable objection. "Therefore," say they, "the pound sterling now about to be established, ought to weigh 120 grains of gold of the standard fineness." The inference here drawn is unquestionably a very extraordinary instance of jumping at a conclusion. It is difficult to believe, without positive proof, that such reasoning could for a moment have imposed upon any man; and still more difficult to conceive that it should have been acted upon by practical statesmen. The premises above stated will not support the conclusion which was then drawn from them. It appears absurd to say, that because it is expedient that the standard of value should be metallic, it is a necessary consequence that the pound sterling should contain the same quantity of gold as it contained previously to the suspension of cash payments. Reasons unquestionably may exist, why the pound sterling should contain this identical weight of gold; but the expediency of restoring a metallic standard of value is certainly not one of them. This was, in fact, the fallacy which so fatally misled the Legislature in 1819. All the absurdity in argument which has been advanced on this subject, and, what is much more to be lamented, all the mistakes which have been committed in practice, with regard to the currency, have arisen from confounding two questions, which are in their nature perfectly distinct. For it requires but little sagacity to perceive that a resolution, grounded on expediency, to return to a metallic standard, is one thing, and that fixing the weight of this metal which is to constitute the standard of the pound sterling, is another question, totally unconnected with the former.

It was not the object of a return to a metallic currency to increase the

real value of the pound sterling, in which all contracts for the twenty preceding years had been made; the object of this measure was merely to prevent the uncertainty and fluctuation in the standard of value from the continuance of an inconvertible paper currency. To avoid the fluctuating uncertainty to which the pound sterling, regulated in a paper standard, could not fail to be liable, it was, no doubt, highly expedient that the currency should have been placed upon a metallic basis. But because it was judged expedient, that, on account of its greater certainty, our currency should be placed upon a metallic, instead of a paper basis, it surely did not follow that the new standard of the pound sterling should have been made to contain a greater weight of the metal, selected for that purpose, than was actually represented by the paper pound note, for which it was adopted as a substitute. Because gold was fixed upon as the metal by which the pound sterling should for the future be measured, it was a monstrous absurdity to infer, therefore, that this pound sterling should contain 120 grains of this metal; or, in other words, be of the same weight with a standard which, to all practical purposes, had been abolished twenty years before.

The committee appointed to consider the state of the currency previously to the introduction of what is called "Peel's Bill," in 1819, seem to have had no conception of the question which really required investigation. For reasons which we cannot pretend even to conjecture, the members of this sage committee made it their principal object to ascertain how much gold the pound sterling contained before the suspension of cash payments. But this was undoubtedly a gross misapprehension of the object to which their attention ought to have been directed. It was unnecessary to appoint a committee of the House of Commons to ascertain the metallic value of the pound sterling before 1797; that fact was already well known to every city 'prentice: on the contrary, its researches should have been directed towards ascertaining the average weight of gold which the paper pound note represented during the continu-

ance of the Bank Restriction Act. Having ascertained the weight of gold which the paper pound note represented, or would have exchanged for, they should have recommended it as the standard of the new currency. If, for instance, it had, on proper enquiry, been discovered that the paper pound note, though nominally representing 120 grains of gold, really represented no more than 96 grains, or three-fourths of the nominal weight, the new standard should have been made to contain 96 grains, and not, as it now does, 120 of that metal.

Instead, however, of pursuing this enquiry, and making the result of it the means of determining the weight of the metallic standard about to be re-established, the committee, most unaccountably, turned aside to hunt after a guinea—a coin which, since the suspension of cash payments in 1797, had ceased to be the standard of our currency: and having, after a laborious and painful research, for which they consider themselves, no doubt, entitled to the thanks of the country, made the amazing discovery, that the guinea contained 126 grains of gold, they decided that the new standard should *therefore* contain 120 grains, or $\frac{20}{21}$ of a guinea.

For more than twenty years previously to the restoration of a metallic standard in 1819, all bargains and contracts of a pecuniary nature had been entered into,—farms had been rented, taxes had been assessed, lands had been mortgaged, money had been lent both to the state and private individuals,—in a depreciated currency. For more than twenty years—a period during which a new generation of men must have sprung up, and at the end of which very few pecuniary arrangements were subsisting which had been entered into before its commencement—the whole mass of the money transactions of this country had been regulated and settled on a paper pound sterling, which did not, in fact, represent more than 96 grains of gold. When the Legislature, therefore, determined to substitute a metallic for a paper standard, policy, as well as justice, required that the new standard should have been fixed at this weight. In settling the weight of the new standard, the Legislature should have considered itself as a jury sitting in judg-

ment between a debtor and his creditor, for the purpose of deciding what quantity of gold the former had really contracted to pay the latter when he had borrowed from him a pound note; and, having ascertained what weight of this metal the paper pound note lent by the creditor actually represented at the date of the transaction, this should, upon every principle of equity and fairness, have been fixed upon as the weight of the new standard. As to any practical measure to be suggested by the enquiry, the Legislature had no more to do with the weight of gold which constituted the standard of the pound sterling before the suspension of cash payments had taken place, than with the quantity of that metal which the Spanish doubloon, or any other foreign coin, contains at present. The old standard of our pound sterling was, to all practical purposes, abolished in 1797; a depreciated standard then came into use, and constituted the measure of value.

Had these principles been acted on in settling the currency in 1819, the country would have escaped the general confusion which that measure has since produced; and we should have experienced few, if any, of the frightful difficulties, in which the alteration which has been made in the value of the standard has involved the community. The change then made in the standard of value was as palpably unjust in principle, as it has proved irretrievably ruinous in its result. Had any man proposed, in direct and unveiled terms, to add twenty-five per cent to the amount of all pecuniary contracts at that period subsisting between debtor and creditor, the suggestion would have appeared too monstrous to be entertained for an instant. But the measure which the legislature was then so unwarily led to sanction, has indirectly produced this ruinous injustice: for the injury inflicted upon the debtor is exactly the same, whether he be called upon to pay L.125 for each L.100 which he has borrowed, or be compelled to pay L.100 in a standard increased one-fourth in its weight.

Those who dwell upon the wrongs inflicted by the alteration of the standard in 1819, are instantly assailed with shallow declamations on the

fidelity with which the state should fulfil its pecuniary engagements; with vapid dissertations on the faith which should be observed towards creditors, both public and private; but these declaimers carefully keep out of sight the injustice done to the debtor, by obliging him to pay one-fourth more than he borrowed. The most scrupulous and honourable observance of the faith pledged by the debtor, does not surely require that the creditor should receive in repayment more than he lent? When the latter was, therefore, repaid in a metallic currency, money which he had lent in paper pound-notes, he could in fairness expect in repayment only that weight of gold, which these paper pound-notes would, at the period of the loan, have exchanged for in the bullion market. The same even-handed justice, which gave him an indefeasible right to exact this amount, required that his demand should not exceed this limit; for, as to the nature and extent of the wrong committed, it requires a very nice casuist indeed, to discriminate between the injustice done a creditor, by obliging him to receive, in liquidation of his debt, 25 per cent less than he lent, and the injury inflicted upon the debtor, by forcing him to pay his creditor 25 per cent more than he borrowed.

It is now, on all hands, admitted, that the currency bill of 1819 inflicted upon the whole body of debtors an unjust wrong, proportioned to the excess of the new standard over the value of the depreciated paper currency, in which, with exceptions too trifling to be taken into the account, the whole bulk of the pecuniary engagements then subsisting had been contracted. It was a wanton and cruel injury, palliated by no considerations of justice, necessity, or policy, that those who had pecuniary claims to satisfy should have been obliged to liquidate them in a standard different from that in which they had been incurred; that every debtor throughout the community should have been compelled to repay 120 grains of gold for 96 grains which he had borrowed. To this addition to the weight of gold really represented by the paper money originally lent, no creditor could, on any principle of justice, establish

even the shadow of a claim : it was, therefore, an act of barefaced robbery, as it enabled every creditor, under the colour and sanction of law, to exact a pound sterling, measured by the present standard, for every depreciated pound note which he had lent.

It may also be observed, that, however important might have been the interests involved in regulating the current value of the debt due from the state to individuals, they were inconsiderable indeed, when compared with the various and extensive private interests affected by the alteration then made in the real value of the pound sterling. If we suppose, that the interest of the public debt amounted at that time to thirty millions of pounds sterling, still the pecuniary engagements of a private nature subsisting at the same period, must have amounted to at least ten times that sum. So that, if justice and good faith required, what they certainly did not, that the public creditor should have had a right to exact 120 grains of gold for the paper pound-note, representing only 96 grains, which he lent the state, it was, nevertheless, a monstrous absurdity to infer, that every private creditor was, therefore, entitled to a similar addition to the amount of his claims upon those who were indebted to him. The addition of one-fourth made to the public debt by the alteration of the standard, has no doubt been felt by the community as extremely unjust and onerous ; but this inconvenience has proved a mere feather in the scale, when balanced against the enormous and intolerable iniquity of adding twenty-five per cent to the real amount of all the pecuniary obligations then subsisting between private individuals. The effect of increasing the standard, in which the public creditor was to be henceforward paid, was merely to add one-fourth to the real amount of the taxes imposed upon the people ; an evil and injustice, no doubt, of infinite magnitude ; but the influence of this measure upon all private money engagements has proved ten times more oppressive and disastrous.

When the bullion-party succeeded in cajoling Parliament, not only to re-establish a metallic currency, but

also to make the new standard of value of the same weight and fineness as the old standard abolished in 1797, they gave the Jews, stock-jobbers, and attorneys of the country, an enormous advantage, at the expense of the classes connected with land. In 1819, the simple-minded country gentlemen fell into the snare which was artfully laid for them ; they were deluded by the Ricardos and Rothchilds of the day, and led, by the confidence which they reposed in Mr Peel, whom the flatteries of the Economists had seduced into the belief that he understood the subject, into the gross folly of establishing a new standard of value, which, at one stroke of the pen, added at least 25 per cent to the weight of their incumbrances and debts. No sooner had this monstrous act of legislative iniquity been consummated, than the real authors of it began to gather the fruit of their cunning management. The stockjobbers sold out of the funds, and thus obtained a pound worth twenty for every pound worth fifteen shillings, which they had invested in those securities : with the profits then realized, they were enabled to possess themselves of princely estates belonging to ancient families, whom this alteration of the standard ruined and beggared.

When we call to mind the vast number of estates which must have been mortgaged during the depreciation of our currency, we shall the better comprehend the frightful difficulties occasioned by the alteration of the standard in 1819. Of the enormous wrongs which that measure inflicted upon individuals, we could, from our own personal knowledge, adduce a long catalogue of affecting instances : but from want of space, as well as the fear of exhausting the patience of our readers, we must content ourselves with one or two cases, which may serve to illustrate the injuries inflicted upon a numerous body of private individuals by the operation of " Mr Peel's bill."

A landed proprietor, with whom we had some acquaintance, died in 1812. He had seven children, among whom it was his intention that his property should be divided in nearly equal shares. For this purpose, his estate was valued a short time before

his death: it was estimated, by competent individuals, to be, upon a very moderate calculation, worth L.80,000. To his eldest son he devised his estate, charged with the payment of L.10,000 to each of his six younger children: believing and intending that under this arrangement the eldest son should receive a double portion, or L.20,000. But mark the result.—Instead of selling the family estate on his father's death, the heir was advised to raise L.60,000, by way of mortgage, in order to pay off the legacies. From 1812 to 1819, things went on pretty smoothly; he continued to pay the interest of the mortgage, and a remnant was still left for himself. But in 1819, his affairs assumed a very different complexion: the alteration in the standard or measure of value having brought about a great fall in the price of agricultural produce, and consequently in the rent of land, he was no longer able to pay even the interest of the mortgagee. Hence it became necessary to sell the estate; and when put up to auction, it did not realise quite enough to satisfy the claims of the mortgagee. It is needless to add, that for the unlucky owner himself, not one shilling remained. Not many years ago, we found this unfortunate victim of the currency bill of 1819, in a little country town, retailing the milk of a few cows, depastured upon a small quantity of meadowland which he rented, not far from the splendid property which once belonged to his ancestors. The misfortunes of this individual arose from no extravagance, from no personal misconduct or indiscretion, but solely from the alteration which had been made in the standard by which his property was valued. This alteration added just twenty-five per cent. to the real claims of the mortgagee, and left the owner entirely destitute.

If any soi-disant philosopher or economist wish to see an illustration of his theories with respect to the currency, when reduced to practice, we will point out the man.

By a long course of industry and economy, an honest yeoman, on a farm which he rented, at no great distance from the metropolis, had amassed about L.10,000. In 1810, his farm was put up to be sold by auction, and he became the purcha-

ser of it, at the price of L.40,000. He paid down L.10,000 of the purchase-money; and the seller, having no immediate occasion for the remaining L.30,000, allowed it to remain on mortgage. This relation between the parties subsisted until the alteration of the standard in 1819. At this period the mortgager chose to call for his money. The estate was again brought to the hammer; and the same individual who had sold it in 1810 for L.40,000, repurchased it, in the beginning of 1820, for L.30,000. Thus repossessing himself of the estate which he had sold about nine years before, *and likewise putting into his pocket the L.10,000* which the old farmer had realised by a life of persevering and successful industry. This property had in no respect deteriorated since the period of its first sale in 1810; on the contrary, it is but fair to presume that its condition must have been rather improved; for it is scarcely to be conceived that the occupier bestowed less care and capital upon this farm when it became his own, than he had devoted to its tillage while it was the property of another. The reduction in the selling price sprang entirely from the alteration which had been made in the standard of value. In 1810, the pound sterling was worth about fifteen shillings, and the property sold for forty thousand such pounds; in 1819, the establishment of a metallic standard raised the value of the pound sterling from fifteen to twenty shillings, and the value of the same property consequently and necessarily fell to thirty thousand pounds.

But fatal and disastrous as the effects of the alteration in our standard of value proved to other classes, they fell with peculiar severity upon the cultivators and occupiers of the soil. This unhappy and devoted class has been not only grievously injured, but literally ruined and crushed to the ground by this cruel and iniquitous measure. It is well known, that between 1796 and 1815, the agriculture of this country flourished in an extraordinary degree; while all our other national interests necessarily participated in this prosperity. During that period, the body of British farmers not only proved excellent customers to the artisans and manu-

facturers of the kingdom, but they were also enabled to save money. In 1812, they were unquestionably much more wealthy, as a class, than they had been at any previous period of our history. Encouraged by the vast profits which had been realized in agriculture, they were induced to accede to almost any advance of rent which their landlords demanded; and we have no doubt that, in 1819, two-thirds of the whole cultivated surface of this country was held under leases, having terms to run of seven, fourteen, or twenty-one years. But the measures which were taken preparatory to the change of the currency in 1819, brought about a tremendous reaction. From the alteration in the currency, combined with other causes which accidentally came into operation at the same period; the market price of agricultural produce fell thirty, forty, and sometimes even fifty per cent. This enormous and unexpected reduction in the value of his commodities, inevitably and irretrievably ruined every farmer who held land under lease, especially where the landlord refused to make any abatement in his rent. It gives us, indeed, much pleasure to state, that the ancient gentry of the country, the great landowners, did promptly consent to make a reduction in the amount of their rents, and thus saved their tenants from utter destruction. But unfortunately for the farmers, the change in the currency forced an immense number of the old proprietors to part with their paternal inheritances. These, together with the leases under which they were let out, came into the possession of the race of Jews, stock-jobbers, and money-lenders, who had realized princely fortunes at the expense of the community, when the standard was altered; and these new possessors of estates from which the ancient owners had been ousted, scouted the notion of abating one jot from the amount set down in the farmer's bond. When a tenant applied to any of these persons for an abatement of rent, they laughed in his face. "What," said they, "is not the number of pounds set down in the lease? that number you shall pay while you are master of a sovereign." They kept their word, and all their tenants were reduced to a state of

absolute beggary. As we love facts, we will state a case or two of this kind which fell under our own cognizance.

A farmer, possessing a capital of about L.6000, hired, in 1814, 400 acres of land belonging to an ancient family in one of our midland counties: he agreed to pay 40s. per acre as rent, and took it for a term of fourteen years: a wealthy money-lender had a heavy mortgage on the estate to which this farm belonged: about 1820, the owner of this property, having been compelled to make a great reduction in his rents, found that he could no longer continue to pay the interest of the mortgage: the mortgager foreclosed and entered into possession: against the tenant already mentioned, who fortunately was the only one who held under lease, he continued, notwithstanding the fall of prices, to enforce the full rent. The unhappy farmer perceived the fate which inevitably awaited him, and did every thing that industry and rigid economy could do to defer at least, if not altogether avert, the evil. He and his family instantly gave up every superfluity and indulgence to which persons of their station had been accustomed—they all lived and worked like menials—but his money-lending landlord continued to exact the full rent, which in effect robbed him of L.200 per annum; and when he came to wind up his concerns at the expiration of his lease in 1828, he found, that of the L.6000 which he possessed when entering upon this farm, he had but a small remnant still left; with this wreck of his property he has taken a small farm, on which with industry and economy he contrives to maintain his family. One other instance of a similar kind we must be permitted to mention. A little farmer, who by dint of hard labour and economy had, in the course of a pretty long life, succeeded in amassing L.2000, was tempted to embark in a larger concern: in 1812, he took a farm of about 200 acres on a lease of fourteen years; in consequence of the change in the currency, this farm also passed by foreclosure into the hands of a money-lender, who steadily refused every application which was made to him for an abatement of the rent: nothing would content him except

the "pound" set down in the bond. The result need scarcely be added: the old man's capital annually diminished. At length his last shilling being gone, he was obliged to relinquish the farm some time before the term of his lease actually expired, and it is not many weeks since we saw this unfortunate individual breaking stones upon the road, for which he received from the parish overseer one shilling per day.

We adduce these cases as mere samples of the ruin and misery in which the alteration of the currency involved the farming classes; we could, from our personal knowledge and experience, swell the catalogue a thousand fold. But although we could perhaps calculate the amount of their pecuniary losses, who can adequately paint the mental misery experienced by the individuals while they saw their hard-earned savings—the provision which, by a life of industry, frugality, and self-denial, they had fondly laid up for their offspring—thus gradually melting away? During the progress of the crisis resulting from the changes effected in our monetary system, we are convinced that the classes immediately connected with land have suffered distress more extensive and intense than could have befallen them from the combined effects of all the bad measures of the worst ministers that ever were intrusted with the administration of the affairs of the nation.

The alteration made in the standard of value, when the legislature instituted a metallic for a paper currency in 1819, we consider also as a circumstance which incalculably aggravated, if it did not even produce, the intense misery which went near to destroy the Irish peasantry in 1822. The Irish population was distressed at that period, not so much because the supply of food was greatly deficient, or its price greatly enhanced, but because an unusual degree of poverty had placed this food beyond their reach. Much of the poverty which then prevailed among the people of Ireland may, we think, be fairly traced to the change which had taken place in the currency. The rent of the land which they occupied had been fixed in a depreciated paper standard: as long as this depreciation continued, the tenants were en-

abled to meet the demands of their landlords, while a small remnant of the produce was still left for their own subsistence. But the currency bill of 1819 made a vast addition to the real amount of the rent agreed upon; and wherever the landlords exacted the old rents in the new and enhanced currency, they took to themselves in many instances, not a part only, but the whole, of the produce. The effects which this must have produced upon the condition of the Irish occupiers, and who were not already overburdened with spare capital, are so obvious that they need scarcely be pointed out; for though poor when contrasted with the tenantry of England, still most of them had, during the reign of a depreciated paper currency, accumulated some savings. To meet the addition which the alteration of the standard made to the real amount of their rents, these savings were first applied: but this reserved fund having been exhausted, they were at length compelled to part with their stock of cattle, and in some cases even with their miserable furniture. Their resources having been thus entirely drained, the Irish population was left utterly destitute of any resource or means to meet the trifling deficiency which took place in the potato crop in 1822; and the consequence—the unavoidable consequence—was, the dreadful scene of want, misery, and suffering, which called for the sympathy and liberality of England at that memorable period. The subscription raised in this country in 1822 to rescue the people of Ireland from the jaws of famine, amounted to upwards of L.304,000; of this sum only L.30,882 was laid out in articles of subsistence, and about L.9000 more in potatoes for seed. The remainder being distributed in money, went for the most part into the pockets of the landlords in liquidation of arrears of rent.

The greater part of the mischief occasioned by the alteration of the standard has no doubt been completed. The whole class of occupying farmers have been robbed of the hard and painful savings of many years: they are utterly ruined, and their families are all beggared. Of the old gentry of the country—the possessors of estates derived by de-

scent from a long and honourable line of ancestors—a very considerable number have also disappeared from the scene. Instigated by the rational and laudable desire of improving their patrimony, many of them were tempted in an evil hour to mortgage their lands. These encumbrances, contracted in a depreciated paper currency, they have been called upon to liquidate in a metallic standard, which has added at least twenty-five per cent to their real amount. This iniquitous measure has thus disposed a great number of them of their patrimonial inheritances, which have passed into the hands of usurers and money scriveners, or cotton-spinners. But notwithstanding the wide ruin which this act of enormity and oppression has spread amongst the agricultural classes, we have good ground for thinking that numerous cases still exist, in which the interference of the legislature might afford the aggrieved parties some portion of the relief to which, on every principle of justice, they are entitled. We entertain no doubt, that of the encumbrances which in the form of mortgages and annuities were imposed upon estates during the depreciation of the standard, a considerable mass remains still unliquidated.

Now, no principle of moral equity entitles a creditor to expect in repayment more than he actually lent, or an annuitant to claim more than the granter of the annuity intended he should receive. Bare and tardy justice would therefore only be done to this most injured class of his Majesty's subjects, if the legislature were to pass an act enabling the owners of real property encumbered by mortgages or annuities, to make a deduction from the amount of these encumbrances equal to the difference between the present standard and that in which these liabilities were contracted. It would be no more than an act of common honesty to protect this class of debtors from the palpable injustice of being called upon to pay in pounds sterling, each weighing one hundred and twenty grains of gold, debts which were originally contracted in paper pound notes, each of which represented no more than ninety-six, or perhaps ninety grains of that metal. It is very possible that those who will

listen to no reasons except such as favour their selfish interests—that greedy band of jobbers, who lent money in pounds intrinsically worth no more than fifteen shillings, and have, since Mr Peel's ever-memorable bill in 1819, received interest for it in pounds worth twenty shillings, would raise a loud and vehement clamour against such a measure. But the clamours of selfish and interested men must not be permitted to defeat an act of strict and impartial justice. We would, therefore, earnestly advise the owners of estates which happen to be encumbered by mortgages or annuities granted in a depreciated paper standard, to apply to Parliament for the relief to which, on every principle of equity, they are entitled; and we call upon every lover of fair and honest dealing, to back them in such an application. An application so perfectly just and reasonable in itself, would unquestionably obtain the concurrence and support of every man who does not hold the opinion of the proverbially wise assembly, which, in 1811, voted for Mr Vansittart's famous resolution, "That a pound note and a shilling were, in public estimation, equivalent to a guinea," at a period when it was notorious that to purchase a guinea, it required a pound note and six or seven shillings.

To the principle of the measure of relief here suggested, no objection can be opposed which is worthy of the slightest consideration. No class of injured and oppressed constituents could present themselves before the legislature with a clearer and more forcible claim to relief. Against this plan of redressing the wrongs and grievances of the great body of debtors who borrowed money and incurred liabilities in a depreciated standard, might perhaps be urged the practical difficulty of ascertaining the amount of the depreciation which, at the period of any given transaction, had taken place in the actual and exchangeable value of the paper one-pound note; but we see no reason to conclude that this difficulty would be found insurmountable. The difference between the market and mint price of gold, together with a reference to the rate of foreign exchanges at the period when any encumbrance was imposed upon real property,

would, we apprehend, furnish a basis of calculation sufficiently accurate and equitable for an adjustment. Even this mode of ascertaining the metallic value of paper-money engagements would operate greatly in favour of the creditors; for we are to recollect, that the cessation of all demand for gold to be used as current coin had, during the suspension of cash payments, produced a positive reduction in the exchangeable value of that metal as a marketable commodity. Nothing appears more clear, than that all persons possessed of estates encumbered with mortgages borrowed, or annuities granted, while the currency was depreciated, are entitled to call upon the legislature to relieve them from the gross injustice which, for upwards of ten years, they have suffered. The weight of gold represented by the paper money then lent on mortgage, or by the annuities then granted, should be ascertained, and the payment of that weight by the owner of the encumbered estate should, in all fairness, be declared a full acquittance of the original debt.

But if it be equitable that all private debts of a date anterior to 1819 should be thus adjusted according to the *intrinsic*, and not nominal value of the currency in which they were contracted, is it not equally just and right, that the same principle should be applied to the debts of the public, and that the dividends of the fundholder should be reduced in proportion to the augmentation which has taken place in the value of the currency in which they are now paid? With that graceful self-confidence which so well becomes him, Mr Cobbett assures his readers, that he is the only man in this country who understands the subject of the currency; no great compliment, by the way, to the subscribers to his Register, on whom he has inflicted dissertations on this subject almost weekly, for these last ten years. This would seem to prove either that he is a very inapt instructor, or that they are a very unpromising race of pupils. On the ground that a great proportion of the national debt was contracted in a depreciated currency, he contends that the dividends of the public creditor ought to be reduced. In 1819, he began to ad-

vocate this "equitable adjustment!" In 1829, he continues the same hebdomadal croak. Had such an adjustment, not only of the public, but also of private debts, of all debts of every kind contracted in a depreciated paper currency, been effected in 1819, contemporaneously with the establishment of the present standard, we freely acknowledge that it would have been no more than an act of pure justice. No party would at that time have been wronged by this equitable arrangement; the creditor would have received all that he really lent, and the debtor would not, as he is now, have been called upon to pay more than he had actually borrowed.

But, having gone thus far with Mr Cobbett, we must at once stop; for it appears to us that such a measure, although perfectly fair and equitable in 1819, would be a gross act of injustice, an indefensible and palpable breach of national faith, if carried into effect with respect to every holder of stock who has purchased into the funds since that period. The public, he argues, was grievously wronged by Mr Peel's bill in 1819; this we readily admit. But does Mr Cobbett really think it would be right that the nation should turn round, and plunder the public creditor, who was no party to that wrong, and who, in fact, neither derives, nor has derived, any advantage from it? Does he really hold the doctrine, that the body, called the public, may address its present creditors thus:—"I was defrauded by my creditors in 1819. Having now discovered my loss, I will rob you, although I know you were no party to, nor derived any advantage from, the robbery committed upon me at that period?" According to this morality, a man who has been robbed on the highway may stop and plunder the first passenger he meets with, in order to make up his loss. If, indeed, Mr Cobbett can catch any of the original wrong-doers, we have no objection to his proposal; if he can point out any government stock still remaining in the names of the persons themselves (or of their representatives) who purchased and paid for this species of property in a depreciated currency, there would certainly be no injustice in reducing the amount of their dividends, in proportion to the aug-

mentation which has taken place in the value of the standard in which they are now paid. But we suspect that this class of fundholders would not, on investigation, turn out to be numerous. The greater part of the national debt has probably changed hands at least once since the alteration in the standard of value. The persons who derived the benefit of that measure, have either sold out of the funds, or in some other way have disappeared from the scene. We are therefore inclined to think, that, with exceptions too insignificant to deserve public attention, these securities have passed into the hands of strangers, who have purchased them since 1819.

Hence are we inclined to fear that, without committing an act of injustice upon innocent parties, no reduction can now be effected in the amount of dividends payable to the public annuitant. It thus appears that the currency bill of 1819 has saddled this unhappy nation with a permanent addition, amounting to no less than seven or eight millions per annum, to burdens which were already all but intolerable. Eight millions sterling, payable for ever, is the penalty inflicted upon the impoverished taxpayers of this country, for stretching out their long ears to catch the harangues, and assenting, with stupid credulity, to the schemes and projects of a race of political quacks, incalculably more ignorant and presumptuous than ever teased the patience of any other nation. But monstrous as has been the effect of Mr Peel's bill in augmenting our public burdens, it appears insignificant, when contrasted with its operation in private life. The desolation brought upon private families by that cruel and unconstitutional measure, no pen can paint—no tongue can tell. It has, by its silent, but certain operation, ruined every farmer from one end of the kingdom to the other: a large proportion of this important class of subjects has, for the last ten years, manfully struggled against the adversity brought upon them by Mr Peel's bill: year after year they have gone on in the hopes of better times: year after year they have continued to pay their rents, not out of their profits, but out of their capital: but their whole capital is at length exhausted;

and the dreaded and dreadful crisis inevitably resulting from the Home Secretary's communications with the Economists, and dealings with the currency, seems to be at hand. The farmers, drained of the very dregs of their capital, can neither employ labourers, nor pay their rents; and thousands of them are actually preparing to relinquish their farms. Even the rates required for the maintenance of the labourers thus discarded, can seldom be obtained without distress-warrants. How the landowners will act in the crisis which is about to overtake them, we can scarcely conjecture. Some of them will perhaps take to farming the lands thrown upon their hands, and thus endeavour to satisfy the claims of their creditors, in whose behalf they are already but little better than rent-receivers on their own estates. Others, and that probably the greater number, will, in utter despair, deliver up their patrimony into the hands of mortgagees and other creditors. But whether they adopt the one or the other of these courses, their fate is equally certain—their doom equally sealed. If they attempt to cultivate their estates on their own account, the result of the experiment cannot be doubtful. If they deliver them up at once into the hands of their creditors, they may perhaps, by way of indulgence, be appointed as lookers, to superintend the cultivation of estates which were once their own.

There is, to be sure, one other course open to them; but, after having tamely submitted to be plundered for the last ten years, we dare not indulge the hope, that they will adopt it;—they may combine for the purpose of doing themselves justice. By an united exertion of strength, which is not yet quite exhausted, the landowners of this country might still right themselves. If they roused themselves from the shameful apathy into which they have fallen, they might enforce the Government to reconsider the whole question of the currency; and, if it should appear either inexpedient or unjust to reduce the weight of the present standard, they might, at least, compel the Minister to authorize Country Banks, which can give security for their solvency, to issue one-pound notes,

We do not mean to say, that even this measure would altogether remove the weight which now presses upon the springs of our national industry; but we do contend, that it would very greatly lighten its pressure. It would not, it is true, reduce the quantity of gold which the sovereign contains; but, by allowing paper to circulate as a substitute, it would practically reduce the marketable value of bullion, by diminishing the demand for it for the purpose of being coined into money; and the effect of this fall in the price of gold, from a diminution of the demand for it, would be a rise, of moderate amount, in the selling price of agricultural commodities. The public have a right to insist upon the adoption of every measure of relief, not inconsistent with maintaining, in its fair sense, the integrity of the present standard. But if the landowners and farmers in the kingdom sit down quietly any longer under the ruin which has been brought upon them, in order to please the whims of cold-blooded and heartless projectors; if they stand with their arms folded, and do nothing, then they may rest assured, that for them nothing will be done; nothing will be left for them, except to pass through the last act of the tragedy, and surrender the wreck of their property and their place in society to the money-lending and tax-receiving classes, who have been enriched exactly in the same proportion that all persons connected with land have been impoverished. It is, indeed, difficult to account for the supineness with which the agricultural classes have submitted, and still submit, to be fleeced! How different, in this respect, is the ever-watchful conduct of the manufacturers! If any measure be proposed which has a tendency to affect the interest of this class to the amount of one farthing per cent, the whole body is instantly set in motion, and the floor of St Stephens becomes deluged with petitions. We earnestly call upon the agriculturists to awake from their characteristic apathy; we would advise them to petition by counties, and also by separate parishes, for a redress of the intolerable grievances under which they labour, from an undue and unneces-

sary contraction of the circulating medium. Let them meet in their county halls and parish vestries, where, *as yet*, they are entitled to have a voice; let them thus unite in heart and hand, and we will venture to promise them a certain and speedy triumph. They can, if they choose to exert themselves, load the tables of the House of Commons with ten thousand parochial petitions before the end of the first week after the meeting of Parliament. Such an energetic demonstration on their part of a determination to protect property, either inherited from their forefathers, or acquired by their own industry, would shatter to atoms the impolitic and unjust restrictions which the pseudo-economists have deluded the legislature to impose upon the monetary system of the empire.

In parting, we beg to address one word both to the Ministry and the great body of fund-holders. If it be considered on any grounds desirable that the integrity of the present standard of value should be maintained; that the pound sterling should hereafter contain the same weight of gold as it now contains, they will accede at once to the demands of the landed interest, and consent to the resuming of the one-pound note circulation; if they refuse to listen to this reasonable, and, we will add, equitable proposition, we request them to prepare for the consequences. In that case, the integrity of the present standard cannot be maintained for another year. They must not imagine, that when the pinching moment arrives, a class so numerous, and, when really roused into action by a sense of overwhelming oppression, so powerful, as the agricultural interest, will permit itself to be stripped of its possessions without a struggle. The prices of agricultural produce remaining at their present level, (and without a change in our monetary system, they must remain at this level,) the payment of public dividends will become a financial impossibility. The fund-holders must, therefore, make their election between two alternatives; they must either consent to the removal of the restrictions which fetter the circulation of a paper medium to

be used for the purposes of exchange, or submit to a reduction of the interest of the national debt.

The most unlimited circulation of one-pound notes, convertible into cash at the will of the holder, is perfectly consistent with the existence of a metallic standard. The currency of the country would then be placed on the old basis in which it stood before the original suspension of cash payments. So far from being an innovation, this measure would prove only a return to old and tried principles. It would leave every member of the community at perfect liberty to use either paper or gold as the medium of exchange. The advocates of our present iniquitous and ruinous monetary system seem to believe, that between a metallic standard of value, and a currency purely metallic, there is no middle place; they seem to conceive that because a metallic basis is found indispensable, in order to prevent undue fluctuations in the measure of value, the whole circulating medium of exchange must be also metallic. But this is a gross fallacy, which has led the legislature so recently to tamper with the currency, and by that means to plunge the country into the frightful difficulties which so many different classes now experience. Parliament must instantly retreat from the fatal error into which they have fallen: while they maintain the integrity of our metallic standard as the measure of value, they must,—if they be not resolved to destroy the agricultural classes altogether,—remove the restriction which has been so wantonly and injuriously imposed upon the operations of the country bankers.

Nothing can be conceived more flimsy than the pretence under which the suppression of the one-pound note circulation has been carried into effect. Availing himself of the panic and confusion which prevailed

in the latter end of 1825 and the beginning of 1826, Lord Goderich raised against that useful class of citizens—the country bankers—the cry of insolvency and rash speculation. This charge has been since proved to have been utterly destitute of foundation. It is no doubt true, that, from the distrust which prevailed during that memorable period, a small proportion out of the great body of banking establishments which issued one-pound notes stopped payment. The remainder stood their ground without flinching; and of those firms which were compelled to suspend their payments, the majority paid very large dividends; many of them even liquidating all the claims upon them in full. Hence it is quite clear that the losses sustained by the holders of one-pound notes during the late panic, were extremely inconsiderable. The reason advanced for the suppression of this species of circulation, was therefore a shallow pretence, put forward by Lord Goderich to support a measure on which he had determined, in order to please the economists.

We beg again to impress upon the minds of the agricultural classes, that their fate rests entirely in their own hands: if they remain quiescent under the unjust pressure which the contraction of the currency has thrown upon their shoulders, their utter ruin is inevitable. Even “the Master” of the Ministry, if he were disposed to assist them, can afford them no relief, if they do not stand boldly forward and demand redress. He is beset on one hand by the economists, and on the other by the stock-jobbers and money-lenders; and nothing short of a determined and united movement on the part of the agriculturists, can nullify the intrigues and importunities of these persevering parties.

THE WISHING-GATE.

"LET the whole earth praise thee, oh Lord! from the rising up of the sun, to the going down of the same; for glorious and bountiful are thy works, my God and my Saviour, and may my soul ever declare the greatness and goodness of thy name!" said old Michael Raeburn, as he closed the door of his humble cottage, and slept forth and met the face—the rejoicing and happy face—of creation, on a lovely morning in August, when nature appeared in all the freshness and calm beauty that must have delighted our first parents on their awakening each blest morning in Paradise, save the *last* fatal morning. Michael was a man of piety, and of poetry too; indeed, I almost think that the purity and aspiring thoughts, yet humble contentment, of the first, imply the possession of the other. None can look from nature up to nature's God, as he was wont to do, without having a living fountain in their hearts ever springing, upon which the Iris, the beauteous beams of light from heaven, will often delight to set; and in its enchanting minglings, sparkle into a starry poetry, which shines for them *alone* perhaps, but still is the true essence of poetry.

But Michael deemed little of these things—*nothing*; to have told him that the sublimities he treasured in his memory, and delighted to repeat in the secret places of the lofty mountains, or whilst tending the sheep on the open hills, as he pleased himself in lingering beside the calm waters, as evening shades were closing round him, and leaving him to guess at what the scene might be—to have told him that "the plaintive tenderness of Jeremiah," or the soarings and gladsomeness, the deep-toned patience, and lofty, glorying praises of the Psalms, were *Poetry*, would not, could not, have more endeared the Book of Promise unto him; for he knew it to be the *word of God*—he knew that to study it and practise it with humility and prayer, would tend to make him holy—and he sought no wisdom or learning, save only to be "wise in heart." He was a very poor man, if, with a many-veined mine

of contentment, any can be so called; he was a man of sorrows, too, if parting with those best loved, in the assured trust that they were gone to the regions of the blessed, to the land which is watered by no tears, can be called a source of grieving; and surely it may—for if the light in the eyes of those who love us is a gladsome happiness to us, who *can* look up with the same joyfulness when in the darkness or the shadows of bereavement? But he had one tie to this world—one loved link that bound him to life, and made him pray to be spared for her sake. And a little joy she was to him; and little did she know, when she was smiling with her sunny eyes up in the old man's face, and doing all she could to please him, that she was repaying him fourfold for days, months, years of anxious watching over her, for never did womankind tend more devotedly on her heart's best treasure, than did old Michael Raeburn on this one precious legacy of a darling child. Little Mary Glenthorne never knew a mother's tenderness, for her mother died ere she had seen her babe; but she had never *wanted* it, for the old man had friends who loved and pitied him, and though he never would part with the little orphan, yet there was one kind soul near who was ever ready to watch by it and nurse it; and Michael's deep love soon taught him to take kindly care of it when he had it for hours out in the fields with him, the while he tended sheep. It was the pleasant talk of the country folk round about where they lived, how nice a mother old Michael made to the sweet child; and many thought it a happier day when they could go to their home in the evening and tell that they had seen the babe of the Violet Hut, as the old man's cot was called, because for years and years far back the first violets were to be found in the neat bit of ground that lay round his tenement.

But I am a long time in introducing you to this good old man, and I am leaving him all this time making his slow way, with feeble steps, in the still, fresh sweetness of opening

morning. He was going to his day's work, that he would not give up, though he was barely strong enough to do *any*; but his employer knew him well, and made it an easy task to him; and so highly was he venerated and looked up to by all, that his younger and stronger fellow-labourers would gladly have worked double, to have saved the trembling knees of old Michael; and often has he been found stretched in comfort on the grass, and repeating whole chapters of the Blessed Book, as he ever called it, to those who were around him, or teaching hymns to the young children whose parents were at work. In the winter he was generally ill, and unable to leave his home; but he could then make nets for the trees, and a number of other little works; and when his cough was not too bad, he would have the young ones come to him of a morning, and teach them; and many a neighbour delighted to join in the evening prayer and reading at Old Michael's ingle. He had, for some years, given shelter to a poor widowed soul who had none else to care for her, and she took a grateful care of him when he was sick, and looked to little Mary; but old Martha was no companion to Michael, though a good quiet body; and though she and Mary were excellent friends, yet her dear grandfather was Mary's teacher, and what he told her of her mother's ways, went to the forming her feminine character and habits. Years had glided on, and Mary was seven years old at the time my story opens. Well, the old man walked forth to the music of his own holy thoughts, and the first chirpings of the awakening birds; he made his way, and by the sun soon found that he was something earlier than usual, so he determined to go a little out of his course, and rest him for a while on the *WISHING-GATE*. He was no rare visitor, but he never came but on some day that was especially marked in his heart's calendar, and this was the day when his own lovely Mary, the child almost of his old age, had been married. High had they all been in hope on that joyous day! But it had pleased the Lord first to take the youth—Oh! early was it in their wedded life!—and then poor Mary herself, or ever she had tasted

the bliss of being a mother. "Yea, high were we all in hope *that day*!" said the old man, and he sighed, and looked down in sadness; but it was only for a moment. "And are not they happy?" said he, with upraised and cheerful gaze; "and shall not *I* on *this day* too be high in hope? Yes, yes; Heaven be praised, *I am*! And for the dearest wish of my heart—what is it? I know the time when I used to have to weigh what ought to be the dearest—to reflect, ere I asked a boon of the Spirit, or the Angel of the Gate—to consider whether I was about to shew myself a selfish worldly man, or a sincere, a heaven-seeking Christian; yea, I can remember when on my lips I had it to wish for some creature-comfort for those dear unto me, and then would my better self, that part of me that seems *not* myself, put it into my spirit, that far better would it be to wish them and *all* of us the contented hearts that would make us grateful even for our *wants*; but *now* I have seen too long the mercies of my God—I have known the riches of poverty, the possessions of having nothing, the rejoicings of sorrow; I have read mercy clearly written on the darkest spots of my life; and *now*, at the end of many days, and after many wishes, I have but *one* to ask of the kind Spirit—and that is, that I may bring up my dear one in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, and that she may be holy in heart, in hope, and in life."

He rested awhile, and then, with staff in hand, went on his way; he had more than a mile to walk before he came in sight of the prettiest little cottage in the country, where he had a daily summer duty to perform in his way to the corn-fields where he laboured. He quietly opened the wicket in the lane where the cottage was, and walked in as one welcome, and expected; he made his way up to a side of the house upon which grew, in beautiful luxuriance, a broad-leaved myrtle, which was in fine flower; he seemed about to pluck it where it was the thickest, as he placed his fingers carefully between the branches—but it was not to rob the stem of its blossoms, but to quietly unhook a loop of string from a nail, and by that act he opened the pretty rustic cottage window that

was above; and the most silvery-sounding little bell was just heard to strike as the casement of the window flew open; not a moment had passed ere a beautiful young head appeared at the window, and bending over, said, in the sweetest of woman's tones, and whisperingly, "Wait one instant, good Michael, and I will be down." Now, let every reader paint for himself the loveliest young creature that can spring up in their imagination—let them give her a *soul*, and a *heart*, and a *mind*, and a *manner*—a person, a voice, a countenance,—and add unto it all that *nameless charm* which is emitted by such a combination, and even then the being they picture will fall short in loveliness of what was Medora Blessington! But how dare I speak for her, after all I have here said?—Well, I must be forgiven, for I know I shall not, I *cannot* do her justice;—and again I ask the gentle reader to supply the *charm*, the enchantment, which my subject deserves, but which my poor words, I feel, will never yield.

The old man had just seated himself on a bench near the myrtle, when, from a glass door of a small room, stepped the Aurora of the scene. She brought a glass of milk, and a slice of bread, to the old man. "We are both very early this morning, Michael, and it will be near two hours before you get your breakfast, so just take this, for I am sure you are tired."—"A little feeble, dear, kind lady—but I would not say tired, on such a morning as this, though I have been out since four.—But how comes it I was not in time to wake you?—how comes it, my loved young mistress, that you have already asked the day's blessing for the old man, before he was here to tell you to wake up to see how gracious the Lord was to us—What another glorious day to our harvest!"—"I know not why it was, but it was nature's own doing. I did not ask the lark to come to my window," said she, playfully, looking at the ancient man; "no, no; dear Old Michael is *my* lark, and as he first taught me to lift up my heart, it is he who shall have his wish of seeing me in these calm morning hours, in awakening me to thanksgiving for the blessing of the day-spring from on

high that visiteth us. Yes, I can never forget that you have been a father, or a pastor to me, dear Michael;" and as she gently took the emptied glass from the old man, a tear fell on his hand from the most beautiful fount tears ever flowed from. It was just one dew-drop of the soul, fresh, pure, and grateful as those that lie among the choicest violets. The sunshine of those eyes was not for an instant clouded by it—but all, all the brighter and more exquisitely beaming. The old man looked at her awhile, as if he could only *look* and love her, and then said, with an earnest, pious tone, "May God ever bless thee!"

"I will go in and fetch my books, and then I will walk with you as far as the seat on the common, for I shall have time this morning for my favourite spot." She soon came back, with a large and shady straw bonnet, a little basket with three or four small volumes in it, pencil and paper, and a little sketch-book; and closing the door softly after her, for the whole house seemed hushed, they went out together at the same gate where Michael had made his entrance.

"What a morning it is, my lady! I can almost fancy I hear the birds *utter* the praises of God, so sweet and holy-sounding are their warblings in the still of such a dawning as this was."—"And why not, Michael? I ever feel sure that they do. I even go so far as to believe, sometimes, when their notes call up good feelings in us, and win us to short prayers, and sending sudden thankings to heaven for all the gifts our Father sends us to enjoy in the calm of summer evenings, and all the various periods when nature shews most lovely; then do I feel almost that the gentle birds that speak to us, and teach, and comfort us, must be ministering angels. The thought will come across me, at least—Do you think there is folly in it, Michael?"

"Folly? Oh no—I think nothing folly, dear lady, that has aught of piety in it. But why ask a poor old man, ignorant and unlettered as I am? Thy heart is pure, young creature—and may God keep it so!—and any thoughts like unto that need not be checked whilst it is a passing thought, for it would not be whole-

some to indulge too much in what we have no warranty for in God's word; and those who *take hold of a fancy of this kind*, and love it too much—more than a thought of their own should be loved—have been known to become *visionaries*—to live in little worlds of their own; and, neglecting those straight-forward paths of holiness that our Heavenly Father has already pointed out to us, have chosen instead little flowery footways, where there is only room for *one* to walk—where they tread alone, dear lady, doing no good to others, and, ten to one, getting into a maze themselves. But it is thus with those who have not drunk freely of the waters of life—whose dawn, Lady, of religion in their souls, has been like unto the false dawn, common, as I have heard or read, in Eastern countries, which appears an hour or two before the true dawn comes; but the true dawn does come—and so it will, by God's grace, to those poor bewildered ones who are feeling out a way for themselves, till He pleases to shew them better, by His ministers, or by any other of His many means. But thy true dawn is already risen, and thy day is begun—and you are blest with an understanding that will not let any twilight musings, or summer-evening thoughts touching this beautiful and wonderful world we are placed in, carry you too far; you will betake yourself, in soberness of mind, as well as piety of heart, to your home again, fulfilling its duties, and offering up, at your bedside, a prayer of faith, of hope, and of love—and through the ONLY Mediator."

"I love to hear you talk, dear Michael; it reminds me of my very young days, when I thought it my best holiday to be let walk out with you among the mountains—when we used to be out for hours together—and when I used delightedly to run to dear Mary, on my return, to tell her what you had taught me, how many things you had told me, and where we had been. What happy days those were! and how much do I owe, and must I ever owe, to you and to her! But do rest on the bank, Michael, for you must be tired, and I'll sit on my favourite little nook beside you." Old Michael rested himself in the sun, and Medora took her little sketch-book, and was using

her pencil. "They *were* happy days, and days that can be looked back upon without any bitterness in the sorrow that must shade every memory of the loved ones who have been taken from us—No, there is no bitterness, for I feel assured, dear Lady, that Mary is happy; and if I can but be the means of leading her little Mary in the same paths, the dews of my evening of life will not be heavier than it is good they should be."

"What I can do to brighten them, you know I will do—gladly, oh! more than gladly! And you have promised, you know, Michael, to leave me two legacies—the little Bible you used to read to me in those long rambles of ours, whence I first learned *what* it was, and *whose* word—and your dear little Mary; and I must forget all that there is in the first,—aye, this beating heart must be made all silent and hard, before I can cease to do all in my power for the good, here and hereafter, of the second gift. I think, I hope, and I will ever pray that I may do well for her; what you, good Michael, would approve, and thank me for."—"Oh! talk no more of it, dear one; I know it—I know it. May the old man's prayer bring some blessing upon you; for if there lives one who deserves to have all they wish, 'tis my own dear lady."—"You think too well of me, Michael. I am not the very good girl you think I am—no, alas! my heart is a little rebel too, too often. You know it not, and often I know it not; but sometimes I find it out. Besides, I am not quite happy, Michael. Methinks, at times, that my poor mother, had she lived, all angel as you say she was, would not have been quite happy either.—And yet so kind, so excellent, so benevolent as he is!—it is so strange, so very unaccountable, that the one thing needful should be wanting. Oh! it is so sad too—but I will not speak more of it. You know what I refer to; and so now tell me what you have been meditating, as you walked by the way, Michael?"—"Why, I think, lady, what most I dwell on was the rich promises and comfortings in the 103d Psalm: and what language it is too! it is music to hear one's self say it, here in the stillness of morning, as one can gaze from east to west, and

adore the Maker of all, and only wish that the same fine thoughts, and holy ones, might abide with one throughout the day, from the rising up of the sun to the going down of the same; but then I must tell you that, finding I was so early, and remembering *the day* that it was, I went to the *Wishing-Gate*——”——“Indeed! did you, Michael? then will you be the happier; for the spirit or the angel that hovers there to listen to us is a good spirit, I am certain. I have a multitude of superstitions about that gate. They say, or you say, for it was from you I first learnt the legendary about it, that we may visit it, to put up a wish at least, three times only in the course of the year. Methinks I have a wish due; this very evening will I go, if my father does not need me to go with him elsewhere. I should like all the better to go the same day you go; besides, I too remember what day it is——”——“Well, I must leave you now, dear Lady; they’ll be looking for me at the Squire’s; and Mary will be there before me if I don’t make good my way; she’s to bring me my breakfast; and old Martha is told not to expect her home all day.”——“Well, then, you will send her to me when she has done her breakfast and read to you, and I will keep her till you come to dinner: there is much for her to do in the garden; I can make her very useful.”——“Thank you, kind one; so she is with you, I am happy about her. So fare ye well, and may a blessing be with you through the day!”

The old man, with slow steps, departed, and Medora, who seemed to have begun a new drawing, lifted up her head, and looked at him awhile, and then pencilled on quickly for some twenty minutes longer; then she put away the drawing, and took to some little books she had in her basket, a small Testament, an Italian Dictionary, and a volume of Wordsworth; she read a time in the first, and then she looked into the last, and she pondered and seemed in doubt. At length she took a little sheet of note paper and the pencil, and the paper quickly received clear, distinct, and beautiful pencil writing on two of its pages; and then all were shut up and put in the basket, and left on the bench, save the volume

of the poet, which she took in her hand, and walked away with, rambling about, and, ever and anon, turning to the page she held open. She had just reached the most retired and beautiful part of the lake, when she was met by one meditative stroller, who seemed to have sought the tranquil spot, to obtain calm to an anxious and agitated spirit. The footstep made him raise his eyes, and with a start, and a look of delighted surprise, he said, “Medora!” She blushed, and the blush was a “joy flush,” as she held out her hand and said, “How little did I hope; how little did I expect to meet you. Your uncle is not worse, I trust?”——“No, no; at least I hope not, for I have not yet seen him. I am but just arrived; I have travelled all night. I am come to ask his advice, his consent; to TELL him, rather, that I am going to India.”——“To India!” said Medora, with a look of unfeigned sorrow, and dismay, and surprise. She raised her head to look at him as he finished his hurried, and almost agitated recital; her bonnet hung back and shewed her beautiful eyes and forehead, and clustering dark curls. At the word India, she let fall her book, and it seemed to remind her that she was expressing an interest too great; for as she stooped to pick up the volume, she blushed excessively, and almost muttered, “You know I have no reason to love India. I wish not those I know to be doomed to go there.” A change seemed to have taken place in Frederic de Lacey in the short moment when all this was passing; a beam of happiness shot across his intelligent countenance, and his mouth, which was more expressive of sweetness of disposition than any other mouth I ever beheld, looked its kindest, and smiled its gentlest, as he took the book from her hand, and, taking her hand, placed her arm within his, still holding the trembling little hand, and then said, “Now that I have once spoken this, let us calmly consider it, and let me teach you, my dear Medora, to look upon a residence in India as something better than a doom.” They walked on a few paces; and though this was said with a steadier voice, both seemed under some restraint, for a short silence followed. Medora no longer looked at her com-

panion, though she made no effort to release her hand. At length he said, by snatches, and as in much discomfort, "Ought I not to think it a fair opening in life to me, to one dependent as I am on an uncle, or rather solely and wholly relying on my own exertions, when nothing offers here? Ought I not to be grateful and more than grateful? Ought I not to be delighted with the prospect of going where so much is to be done—where youth, and health, and energy, and—God grant I may add devoted zeal in the cause!—are so much wanted; all which, as I hope, I could offer. It is not from my friend here, whom I have sometimes called in heart a female missionary, until she chid me for it,—it is not from such a friend that I expected discouragement in these my views; ties enough are there of early friendship—deep attachment—to draw me from my purpose, to incline me to stay my acceptance of this offered preferment; to make me refuse the *service of God*; in short, that I may cherish and delight myself still with these affections that must ever cling to my heart; but surely Medora is not one to keep me back when she thinks of the good, little though it may be, which her friend may be enabled to aid others in performing, for the benefit of those many millions of souls whose state of darkness she has so often marvelled at and mourned over? Tell me, tell me!—if I have not you for a strengthener of my weakness, one who will speak sweetly to me of its rich and high compensations for all of privation that the prospect compasses!" He pressed her hand, and sought her face, which was shaded and almost turned from him; at length she said, in accents almost inaudible,—“No, indeed; I can give you no comfort. How can I strive to reconcile you to a plan of which you speak with a tone of such deep sorrow? Oh! surely, surely, *HERE* you may do good; here there are souls to save—many, too many, it may be, of those to whom none other could speak as you would speak, whom none other is ordained to bring to the foot of the Cross. But forgive my earnestness; sorrow to me must ever come with the name of India; it deprived me of the blessing of a mother, a sainted mother too, who

would have made me what I never now can be; and for my father—did it render to him in early life what home and England would? Oh! no, no; I cannot say *go* to you; besides, CAN I say ought to banish an old, an early friend? Ask me not then to strengthen you, but rather ask me to plead on the other side, and then I will be eloquent, for, in truth, Medora Blessington cannot afford thus to part with those whose place in her regard no *new* friends can ever supply. Now may your uncle speak as I speak!"

At one part of this speaking, she could scarcely refrain her tears; but at the latter part she made an effort to be more cheerful and assured.

"Thank you for all those words of kindness," said he mournfully; "and yet another pang, it may be the severest, is thus added to the cruelty of my fate—to give pain to you; and yet to hear from your own lips that my absence will give you pain, this has soothing in it: for what that indicates your feeling an interest can fail to soothe? But I am not fit to speak: my heart is too full; my happiness, my well doing, my destination for my whole life, depends on the next few hours. The will of God will assuredly be done; and what have I to do but to rest in faith on his directing me to what is best for me, and most for his glory, and then resigning myself to that sad conflict between the duties that lead to holiness and the deep affections that lead to happiness, which, alas! in this case must be mortified as well as sanctified? Here, then, I must leave you; but I will see you ere the day is done, and then may I have gained more courage and comfort to speak, of bidding adieu with a steadier voice and a less perturbed spirit. Have I your forgiveness for having thus broken forth, and given utterance to the melancholy thoughts of my night journey, which has fevered, you perhaps think, my very brain?"—"Forgiveness! is it not the best proof of true friendliness and kindness to tell our sorrows? and think you that the 'little Medora,' whom you used to call your sister, could grow up to *forgive* your shewing her confidence, and speaking of those things so near your heart, that prove you think her sympathy worth having? You know,

you know that this morning's sad tidings can in no way call for my forgiveness, but much for my prayers, that—yes, yes, I must say it—that you may not go: Say no more to me, do not answer my foolish words, but just tell me, for my father is sure to ask, though I have not, how it is you are going? what post to fill?"—"That happily I can answer, as those who care most for me would wish I should. For a greater mitigation of my banishment I could not have. The new bishoprick of *Madras** is given to my excellent friend, my almost father, Charles Townsend; and to be his confidential chaplain is the enviable, the happy place which is offered, in the most affectionate of terms, to the acceptance of the ungrateful being, who has passed hours of *agony* since it came within his reach! *what* to so many would be the summit of their wishes. You know all I feel for this man; judge, then, what I must feel for those who must be left behind!—but I must leave you." And, disturbed to a degree of anguish, he hurried from her, scarcely looking at her, as he tore himself away. Medora was greatly discomforted, and her brow told it. Millions of thoughts ran rapidly across the surface of poor Medora's brain, as she slowly bent her steps towards home; but *one* feeling pressed upon her heart, and to calm that, and to comfort it, and to gain strength and composure to meet her father's eye, and speak to him, as though that feeling was not, seemed her purpose as she sat for a while on the bench which had rested her, a little more than an hour before, in peacefulness and tranquillity. And now! but she had learnt where to seek submission; and that she might find it ready for her when she reached her home, and find it hand in hand with cheerfulness, was the short petition that she made in the few minutes that were left her. Some tears she shed, and then she looked up at the same lovely scene that had delighted her in the early morning; THAT was even more glad some; and why should she be less so? She gathered

her little books and papers together; she looked at the page she had written, and this seemed to cheer her. She found that her volume of Wordsworth was missing. Had it fallen into the lake? She could not remember; she knew it had fallen from her hand. Well, she would ask old Michael to look for it; and now home, for it was later, her little watch told her, than it ought to be.

"You are rather late this morning, my love," said Colonel Blessington, as his daughter came into the breakfast room; "you have tired yourself, for you do not look so well as usual. Have you been up long?" said he, most affectionately meeting her, and kissing the lovely lips that met his with a smile of sweetness, as she thanked him, and told him she had been up very long, and had been walking farther than usual. "Then shall I find something to employ and please me much, no doubt, here, beside my breakfast plate—What! the Sketchbook, and a page of writing besides! That is indeed industry, or rather, that is like my loved girl, to give a double delight to her father, who so prizes all that his child does."

"Now do I fancy I shall see a sonnet of my friend Wordsworth's put into as sweet Italian as Petrarch himself would have sung; but stop—what have we here? dear me, what could induce you?—well, well, good—yes, very good—Though so strange a selection for a rendering into Italian—Beautifully done, really." He read on between these words, and when he came to the end, said, "In truth, Medora, you have quite made poetry of it."—"MADE poetry of it! Oh, my dear father, it is poetry—all is poetry almost in that book—too beautiful, too sublime, for me to dare to translate it, and I never before attempted it; but old Michael was with me this morning, and was saying how much he loved that psalm—how much he delighted to dwell on its promises, and repeat it as he walked among the glories of Him who inspired it—and this it was which made me think I would try

* I would this were prophetic, and that the time were speedily arriving when we shall have *three* bishops in India.

to write it."—"It is done as you do every thing, my child, and it has given me so much pleasure, that I almost think I shall ask you to try your hand upon more of these songs of the King of Israel."—"Gladly, most gladly, will I do my best, my dear father. Oh! you know not half the delight this little volume would give you as it is thus, in our native tongue," (and she placed her little hand fervently and affectionately on the very small Bible that had been in her basket;) "but if I can lead you to look into its treasures, by taking from it my morning translation, how I shall rejoice. Milton has tried to tell of its beauties; but do you not think, sir, that he is very feeble—worse than feeble, I should say—in *Paradise Regained*? When he gives language to be uttered by our Saviour, it seems as if the very presumption took from him the powers and the talents he possessed, and could exert to sublimity when dealing with men and angels? I never could like his speakings for our Heavenly Father in the '*Paradise Lost*;' and in the other, I sometimes think the poverty of the language, the liberties he takes, the strange and most unpleasant words and phrases that he uses, amount almost to profanation."—"Come, come, Medora, I must cry, Hold—enough! I quarrel enough with 'the orb of song, the divine Milton,' myself, and have got into sad disgrace, you know, with our *own* poet, on that account; so I must not have you come and suggest fresh criticisms against him. I never got through the last poem, having, to say truth, been disgusted in the outset, so I know not the part to which you allude."—"I am quite sure you would not like it, and I am at a loss to think how he could speak so tamely of the Holy Volume, when weighing it with the works of uninspired men—the men of Greece—of whom Satan speaks so grandly."—"Ah, my dear, 'tis a melancholy moral, or a severe satire upon poor human nature, that even such a man as Milton—(and we must, spite of what we love not in him, place him on that pinnacle where few can stand, of minds of might and souls that soar)—'tis, I say, a saddening and humbling reflection, that he depicts best and most forcibly those fallen spirits, whose

influence over us is so enthralling, that they infect us with all their evil, by linking us so closely to them. Who, alas! can burst their bonds?"—"Now, my dear father, if so you speak, I could say, Do read '*the Paradise Regained*;' there you will see that the bonds may be burst. Oh, indeed, there is one by whose aid, if we ask it, they will readily be broken.—But you will let me, you ask me, to shew you more from whence I have this morning gathered. I will leave all, therefore, to time; and a day will come when you will read this with me—and that will be happiness indeed!"—"Dearest Medora! child of my heart! what would I not do to give you happiness? and if it is in the power of any one to give it *me*, it is you, my love, it is you! But let no cloud disturb the sunshine of this most beauteous morning. Let us leave this subject—and now I turn to the drawings. Ah! this is sweetly done, my dear. What, your old friend Michael Raeburn!—and where is it you have placed him in such pensive mood? is it not '*the Wishing-Gate*?' Yes, I see it is, and it could not be better—'tis the very thing to place beside the poem. I must shew our friend how well you have illustrated his last little poem. I'm sure he will be pleased—but what made you think of such a sketch?"—"Old Michael and I were together for a long time this morning, and he told me he had been visiting the Gate in his way here; and, as we were talking together, I sat on my bench by the hill-side, and just began this part of the Gate and the mountains, and, as he walked away from me, I took the liberty of taking him."—"And then, when your morning tasks were done, or rather, when the labour you delight in—when what gives gladness to your father—was completed, you walked, and walked too far, for surely you are tired—the morning has been too warm for you. Well, I must tell you a bit of news—our worthy rector has got a living given him, such as there are few of—I would there were none—they say, of L.2000 a-year, on which he means to reside. Now this rejoices me, for it will be strange indeed if we get not a pleasanter neighbour than he has proved, and whoever he may appoint as a curate, can scarcely be so intolerable

in desk or pulpit as he is. I wish to my heart our friend De Lacey were to have the curacy, though it is so poor that the wish is unfriendly, and the person he went to assist for a time may have found some permanent duty for him perhaps; but if ever I missed the society of a man—if ever I took real delight in social intercourse with a man so much my junior—it was in that youth. So much do I love him, that I am often on the brink of desiring the death of his poor old uncle Sir Herbert, and that our friend Frederic might find himself master of the Priory! But Medora will frown at me for any wish that, to do good to *one*, harmeth another; she will have the last lines of Hart-leap well in her mind, so I must say no more in that strain—I only wish fervently that the youth would come to Font-vale for a visit; and in *that* wish, you, my dear, will join me—will you not?" The father looked up at his daughter, in some surprise that the answer did not tread on the heels of the question, and he saw the blush with which she said, "Certainly, papa—and your wish is granted, for Mr De Lacey is *there*, but only for a short, short time, I fear. I have seen him this morning, and he brings ill news—to *my* thinking, at least—for he is going to *India* as chaplain to the new Bishop, who is his particular friend."—"Now may India be without Bishops for the rest of her days! may her widows go burn! and her pagodas be filled for ever! sooner than Frederic de Lacey should court an early grave by joining the infatuated party that imagine they can do good there equivalent to the loss of the men of worth and talent that have been sacrificed to such delusion!"—"Stop, stop, my dear father, you know not what you say! you know not the holy purposes, the high hopes, the truly Christian self-devotion of those men, nor do you reflect on the blessing they have already proved among a people who were in darkness;—the seed is already in the ground—the harvest is *sure to*

come—but must there not be labourers to gather it in? Remember, dear, dear father, how you yourself delighted in Bishop Heber's book. Can I ever forget your marking the passage about Archdeacon Corrie,* and saying, '*Now that man I envy?*' Indeed you did! so what you are now saying is not your real feeling. 'Tis indeed painful to part with dear friends—the excellent, the amiable, the kind—but we ought not to murmur if they are parted from us, that they may serve God better elsewhere. I know that we ought not, though I feel that it is a heavy sorrow, and the murmur will arise."—"I cannot believe that his uncle will let him go," said Colonel Blessington, as he paced the room much disturbed, and ever and anon looking with deep interest and kindness at his lovely daughter. The breakfast was finished; and as both seemed musing, we will draw before them the curtain of conjecture as to what was passing in their bosoms, and take our reader out once more into "the world in the open air."

When Frederic de Lacey parted from his loved companion, it was doing a violence to his nature. Had he followed the devices and desires of his own heart, he would not so have torn himself from her: more would he have said. But I am speaking of those who are actuated by higher and better motives than selfish ones; his heart might be bursting, but he must endure that agony, sooner than relieve it at the risk of bringing future trouble on another. He was turning towards the entrance to Font-vale Priory, but he remembered that his invalid uncle would not be visible for hours; why not, therefore, ramble and loiter amid the beautiful scenery, which has ten thousand sympathies for one ever ready—which meets us soothingly, be we in sadness, or gladsomely, be we in joy? He took the path to the lake again, and thought, Surely in its calm bosom I shall find peace to this troubled heart within me. It reflects

* Mission School in Benares.—"One of the most pleasing sights of all was the calm but intense pleasure visible in Archdeacon Corrie's face, whose efforts and influence had first brought this establishment into activity, and who now, after an interval of several years, was witnessing its usefulness and prosperity."—*Heber's Journal*.

the clouds that are passing, but not one leaves a shade of sadness, or disturbs the tranquil loveliness of its still waters. Heaven is ever to be seen there; and who can gaze upon the heaven above, and the heavens on the face of those fair waters, without being the better for such vision—without receiving a ray of that peace which the world cannot give?

He was about to open the volume he discovered he still had possession of, as he lay stretched on the rough ground beside the margin of the lake, when a soft footstep made him turn his head. He watched a little girl putting down a basket, which seemed to contain provisions; and then she went close to the water, and put a foot forward, and then drew back—and then she turned and looked round, and seeing one on the ground looking at her, she came to him, and said, “O! pray do, if you can reach them, get me some of those rushes, I want them so much; and if grandfather knew I got them he would chide me. I told him I never would. I’m so glad you are here, sir; pray, get up and get them—you must be able.” Now, if ever there was a lovely little cottage girl, the one who spoke was one—a little ardent creature, with such eyes that could be so gladsome, so beaming—the very spirit of a laughing summer day—and yet they could be so full of deep feeling and sadness, if aught was sad with those she loved. In this case, they varied in their expression most bewitchingly; for there was all the radiance of hope and joy at attaining, and yet the eager anxiety and doubt whether she should. And then she spoke her little entreaty in a sweet touching voice, that even a child-hater could not have resisted. “That I will, my dear little maid,” said Frederick, rising. “But why don’t you remember me, Mary? You see I know you. I don’t know that I shall get rushes for little girls who forget their old friends.” Mary now opened her eyes, and seemed puzzled. “Oh, I know you now! It was you who came and read to grandfather when he was ill; it was you read him the beautiful hymn, which our dear lady sent him afterwards to keep; and ’twas you gave old Martha the red cloak, and you gave me a little prayer-book. I *do* remember you. You are one of our best friends—

and grandfather always prays for our best friends; and then I think of our dear lady and of you; and I think, too, of my pretty little red prayer-book. But grandfather says I should not think of that *then*—only I cannot always help it. Pray, forgive me, sir, but when I wanted the rushes, I did not look at your face, only at your boots, which looked as if they would not mind the water.” She had got quite close to him during this long and most animated explanation, and was stretching her little neck to look up at him all the time. He took her up in his arms, and gave her a kiss. “I shall certainly forgive you, Mary, for not finding out by my boots that I gave you a prayer-book for being a good child;—and so now for the rushes. Do you wish me to go into the very middle of them, and gather the finest? or will you be satisfied with some of those near the edge?”—“Oh, not into the middle! you would be drowned; and then so many would be sorry. Only just these, which your long arms will reach.—Oh, thank you! thank you! Why, this will make a large one, or two little ones. I am so glad I’ve got them; and your shining boot is not wet at all! How much longer your arms must be than mine!”—“And what are you going to do with these rushes?”—“I can make pretty little baskets with them, while grandfather eats his breakfast, and I say my lessons to him; and, you’ve got me such a many of them, I shall be able to make one for old Martha too.”—“And who is the other for? Is it to be for me, Mary?”—“Oh, no, not for you, but for our dear lady; but, if you want one, I can make you one; only you have nowhere to put it, have you?”—“Why, where will your dear lady put hers, think you?”—“Oh, she’ll put flowers in it, and place it on the stand in her own little room, where every thing is prettier than anywhere else in the world. She has got many lovely flowers on the green stand, and one is a myrtle, that she loves best of all, and takes such care to water it. It was only a bit gathered off when Lady first had it. Wasn’t it you brought it her that evening from the Priory? Oh, it is such a beauty! I made a little rush basket to go over the pot, but no handles, you know.” Thus did the lively little girl run on, looking

all the time earnestly at him to whom she spoke; and then she suddenly said, "But I mustn't stay. Grandfather will want his breakfast; he's up in the corn-fields at the Squire's. Good bye, sir—thank you for these nice rushes." And off she went, first taking up her basket. Frederick stretched himself on the bank again, and bethought him of all that his little friend had let fall. "Oh, would that I had unloaded to her all my heart! And yet why do I say so? Would it not have been base selfishness till I know my doom?" This he muttered to himself, scarcely to be heard by the spirit of the waters. He then again opened the volume, and was attracted to the fly-leaf, where he espied, in the sweetest writing in the world, a manuscript poem, by the author of the rest. He caught at it eagerly, not wholly from a love for that writing, but from a delight in the bard whom he venerated. It was a short poem, called "*The Wishing-Gate*;"—and suppose we repeat it, as all may not have it engraven on their memories as I have.

THE WISHING-GATE.

In the vale of Grassmere, by the side of the highway leading to Ambleside, is a gate which, time out of mind, has been called the *Wishing-Gate*, from a belief that wishes formed or indulged there have a favourable issue.

Hope rules a land for ever green.
All powers that serve the bright-eyed Queen

Are confident and gay;
Clouds at her bidding disappear;
Points she to aught? the bliss draws near,
And fancy smooths the way.

Not such the land of Wishes—There
Dwell fruitless day-dreams, lawless prayer,
And thoughts with things at strife;
Yet, how forlorn, should ye depart,
Ye superstitions of the heart,
How poor were human life!

When magic lore abjured its might,
Ye did not forfeit one dear right,
One tender claim abate;
Witness this symbol of your sway,
Surviving near the public way,
The rustic *Wishing-Gate*.

Enquire not if the fairy race
Shed kindly influence on the place,
Ere northward they retired;
If here a warrior left a spell,
Panting for glory as he fell;
Or here a saint expired.

Enough that all around is fair,
Composed with Nature's finest care;
And in her fondest love;
Peace to embosom and content,
To overawe the turbulent,
The selfish to reprove.

Yes! even the stranger from afar,
Reclining on this moss-grown bar,
Unknowing and unknown,
The infection of the ground partakes,
Longing for his beloved—who makes
All happiness her own.

Then why should conscious spirits fear
The mystic stirrings that are here,
The ancient faith disclaim?
The local Genius ne'er befriends
Desires whose course in folly ends,
Whose just reward is shame.

Smile if thou wilt, but not in scorn,
If some, by ceaseless pains outworn,
Here crave an easier lot;
If some have thirsted to renew
A broken vow, or bind a true
With firmer, holier knot.

And not in vain, when thoughts are cast
Upon the irrevocable past,
Some penitent sincere
May for a worthier future sigh,
While trickles from his downcast eye
No unavailing tear.

The worldling, pining to be freed
From turmoil, who would turn or speed
The current of his fate,
Might stop before this favoured scene
At Nature's call, nor blush to lean
Upon the *Wishing-Gate*.

The sage, who feels how blind, how weak,
Is man, though loath such help to seek,
Yet, passing, here might pause,
And yearn for insight to allay
Misgiving, while the crimson day
In quietness withdraws;—

Or when the church-clock's knell profound,
To Time's first step across the bound
Of midnight, makes reply:
Time pressing on, with starry crest,
To filial sleep upon the breast
Of dread Eternity!

They pleased much our youthful and ardent reader, and gave a gentle turn to his thinkings—for he dwelt more upon the important question which his uncle was in a manner to decide. "I will wend my way to this gate," said he; "why should not I seek a friendly sympathy in the being who rules there? Why should not I ask of that good angel a boon, such as my heart is panting for?" He sauntered on, and there were his hopes, his life, his all of promised joy and bless-

ing, again turned to the haven of his happiness—again with—But stop; suffice it, they were *not* in India; they were not with the zealous bringers of glad tidings to the children who wanted light; they were *not* with his friend the heavenly-minded, the truly apostolic Townsend; they were not even with his old infirm uncle, smoothing his thorny pillow, or striving to lead him to the only fountain of comfort and refreshment after a life of many gifts, and much forgetfulness of the Giver. No, no, one radiant image filled his heart, and to part with it seemed anguish. He came in sight of the gate; a stillness reigned around it—a solemn stillness;—it struck him, the pensive, almost warningly sweet note of one only bird told of the silence, and spoke to him whose footsteps interrupted it. “What note is that?” he inwardly asked himself. “I never heard it before; I feel there is meaning in it. I could fancy that it says to me that I am scarcely in fit mood to commune with the Spirit of the Gate; it seems to warn me not to wish rashly—to remember that a good angel listens, and will not grant the wish of one who thinks only of his happiness, and overlooks the high and holy purposes for which he was called into being, and for which he was endowed with noble faculties, and various talents. Stop, and reflect! Calm the ardour that is glowing in thine heart, and frame a wish that will be worthy of you—one that is untainted by selfishness, and that will not bring upon you the ranklings of remorse!”

I tell not whether the bird’s note of touching sadness whispered all this to him; or whether the spirit, hoverer o’er the gate of tears, of sighs, of penitence, of prayer, aye, and of smiles and joyfulness too, or whether the light within him, lit up this pure flame, by which he saw into himself, I say not; but, after resting on the moss-grown bars, and meditating such a volume of pure thoughts and heavenly breathings as even spirits delight to read, there came from him a wish, not such as was beaming in his eye when first he approached it, but one that proved him a true Christian, a disciple who desired, fervently desired, to be a faithful follower, a useful minister, of

his beloved Master. “May, then, my lot be cast where I can do most for His glory—bring most to His cross;—and may strength be given me to bear meekly the sorrowful partings and privations that the fulfilment of this wish may involve.”

And was he not his BEST self when he turned from the gate? had he not fought the good fight?—for it is no light thing to put up a wish, or a prayer rather, on this spot. A few paces from the gate he again met the little Mary. “Well, my little friend, what, again are we to meet? And what do you want me to do now? for you look wistfully upon the bank beyond the ditch?—And the basket is made! and very pretty it is; I must certainly have one some day.”

“I daresay the kind lady would give you this if she knew you liked it; but you must not ask for it, because grandfather says that it is not right. But to-morrow, if you’d get me more rushes, sir, I would make you one, and fill it with roses off my own bush; but will you, if you please, reach me some of those corn-flowers, they would look so pretty with all these sweet grasses I have been gathering? and Lady always likes the corn poppies and those blue flowers—Will you?”

“Yes, that I will, Mary; only you must hold my hat, or I may drop it into the ditch as I scramble under that old thorn.”

“Oh, that is a nosegay of them! I shall have enough for dear old Martha’s basket too—How very good you are to me, sir! You do look so LIKE the picture when your hat’s off, sir, I wish you would not wear it.”

“Not wear my hat this hot day, Mary? what can you mean? And what picture have you ever seen that is like me? and where?”

“Oh, it is quite like your face, though not your clothes; haven’t you seen it? There’s an old man, and he’s just like grandfather; and then there’s one young, and he’s leading him, and that’s like *you*; but Lady calls it Bellesa, or something like that; She did it; and I love to look at grandfather, and she looks at it too, when she is singing and playing sweet music, for it hangs just before her. Wouldn’t you like to see it? I’ll ask her, sir, if you may, and I think she will let you, when I tell her how kind

you've been, and that you've got me all these, and the rushes."

"I will ask her, my little Mary; you had better not trouble her with such things; when you are with her, you should be doing all she tells you, and not thinking too much of all the pretty things you see in the room.—But here we are near 'the Wishing-Gate,' Mary. Do you ever wish there? and have you nothing to wish to-day? I think you must. I am going on to Sir Herbert's, but suppose you stop and make a wish—and let it be a good wish,—one that you can think of after you have said your prayers at night, and feel the happier for; mind that, Mary,—And now good bye; I will not go away again without bidding good bye to you and your grandfather."

Mary was left alone; she stood still before the Gate—(I wish I could draw her); she looked at it; she looked at her bunch of grass and flowers; she saw one little bird hopping near her: "I wished for the Lady to give me some chickens, but I don't think that's a good wish. I wish old Martha was always dear old Martha, and never spoke angry to me; but that's not quite the goodest wish. Oh, I know what must be a good wish! I wish I may always be a good child, and do all grandfather and Lady tell me, and never make him look sad at me. This shall be my wish, and I won't mind the chickens; and I'll be kind to old Martha when she *does* speak sharp, for I know she loves me and grandfather. I'll kiss the Gate! and leave the prettiest pop-py, and the pret-*ti-est* blue flower (thus she sung it out as she selected them), and some of the grass; I'll tie them to the bar in a nosegay, and tell the Gate, for that and the kiss it must let my wish come true." And this she did, after a pretty fashion, and I took care those flowers should not wither for that day; she then hastened to the cottage in the lane, and opened the gate where old Michael had entered so many hours before.

Medora had passed two hours of musing—melancholy musing, we fear—since we left her with her father, who soon left her for his own study, where he passed most of his mornings. She could not read as usual—she found her thoughts wandering

far, far away from the subject. One only thought was with her; it was a troubled stream, and yet it had much of loveliness; fair and enchanting were its scenes and prospects in some of the windings that it took—endearing spots of peacefulness and joy would the sunshine of her heart sometimes shew her, as she traced that deep-flowing current; and then again all would be overclouded, and she felt the rain-drops of those clouds of her bosom's happiness come dropping on her hands as she sat working, mechanically, for she knew not what she did. She was aroused by this gentle shower of feeling—she felt it was wrong to continue such an indulgence—she had duties to attend to, and, Desdemona like, she must draw herself off from the story that was calling forth her sighs, and all her dearest sympathies, and attend to the comforts of others. She did arouse herself, and bestir herself, and then she went to her own little sitting-room, which young Mary had lauded so highly, and there she felt that her best occupation would be drawing; she arranged it all, and then she looked out at the window at the silver bell, almost hidden by the jessamine that twined itself around and within the little casement,—she saw little Mary close the gate, and she called her to come up to her. "Why, Mary, what a pretty basket! Oh, and what beautiful grasses and corn poppies! But how did you get the rushes, Mary? I hope you did not get them yourself?"

"No, indeed, lady; the gentleman got them for me, and he did not go in the water for them; and will you please to have the basket and flowers, lady?"

"That I will, Mary, and thank you too, my dear child. I like them very much; but what gentleman was it who reached the rushes for you?"

"Oh! you know him, lady; 'twas the gentleman what is so like that man that grandfather's leaning on in the picture!"

"Indeed, Mary! It was very kind of him;" and Medora blushed deeply, as the little girl pointed to the picture. "And where did you find these corn flowers?"

"Oh, they were growing so beauti-

ful on that high bank, lady, very near 'the Wishing-Gate;' I could never have reached them!"

"Then how did you get them, my dear?"

"He was there, too, when I got them, and saw me longing for them, and then he scrambled, and took his hat off,—and then I knew he was like the picture!"

"And then what did you do? make the basket?"

"Oh no, that I'd made, lady, when I was with father up in the hill-fields; then I went to the Gate, 'cause the gentleman told me to go and wish. I think HE'D been wishing, for he looked very solemn, and something sad, when I first saw it was him; and he told me to make a good wish, that I should not be sorry for at prayer time; so I tried, but grandfather says we ought not to tell those wishes, only to the Gate."

"No, don't tell me, Mary; I hope it was a good wish, and if you thought first of what your friend said to you, I daresay it was a good wish, so I will wish it may come to pass. And now, Mary, as 'tis very late, you must sit down at once to your work, and see if you cannot finish making your grandfather's stockings, and hemming Martha's handkerchiefs, because I wish you to give them to them this evening when you go home."

Mary soon established herself on her little stool by the window. Her dear lady did not talk to her so much as she often did, or ask her questions on what she had learnt, for she was busy with many thinkings. "How strange that three so dear to me should have been to the Gate already this morning! Methinks I would like to read their wishes," said she inwardly. "Now, Mary, dear, let me look how you get on with the R. There's a wrong stitch here. Mary, Mary, why don't you look at it?"

"Oh, he is so very pretty, I must look at him! Please, lady, do let me. And I think I know who it is—I think?"

The ecstasy into which the little cottager was thrown, was by having turned her eye to the drawing her kind mistress had nearly finished. Medora looked pleased at the child's raptures. "And who do you think it is, Mary?"

"Why, I think it is little Samuel; is it not, lady?"

"It certainly is, Mary; but how came you to think so?"

"Because it looks just like what I used to see inside my head, or somewhere, where no one else could see it, when grandfather first used to tell me the story when I was a VERY little girl; and I never hear of him but I think of him as I saw him then—and that's quite like."

"It is meant for Samuel, Mary; and now, my love, work steadily and finish this, as there are many dead roses that want cutting off."

The work was soon done, and then they went into the garden, and Mary was set to cut the roses. Medora passed in to her father's study, but he was not there; so she went again to her own room, and then went on with little Samuel, till Mary came up and shewed how many beautiful roses had lived and had died. When this was done, Mary was allowed to go and feed the chickens; her kind Lady came to her, to enjoy her little ecstasies with her feathered favourites. "Now, Mary, you've been a good child for many weeks, and as I hope you will do your best always, I will give you three chickens, and your grandfather will tell you how to manage them."

"Three chickens, lady!" and poor Mary seemed almost dumb-founded with delight. "Oh how very kind of you—how can I be ever good enough at my lessons and work!—and that was one of the things that I wanted to wish for, but did not dare. Oh you dear little creatures! how I shall love you!"

"Yes; but, Mary, you must take care and not kill them with kindness!"

"Why, that could not be, lady, could it? I should not have been alive now, should I, if people were killed so?"

Mary was torn from the chickens, and sent to do more work in the garden; and we must now just see what Medora's father was about.

"Ah! thus it ever is with me," said Colonel Blessington, as he sauntered forth; "thus it ever was, and thus it ever will be; those that my heart leans to, those in whom I take delight, are soon separated from me

for ever ; this young man, whom I so trusted might be settled near to us—become to me even more than a friend—but why is not my heart hardened to meet my destiny ? Why, even as age draws on, am I still to feel these things, even as in youth I felt them ?—But not for myself, my loved Medora ! surely that brow, which is truth and openness, and all sincerity, was shaded by sorrow this morning ! and yet those words she spoke to me ! The consolation she drew from his going, if go he must—I would her consolations were mine ! and how deeply she seems to wish it ; surely she is an angel !”

By this time he found himself beside my temple—this my “*Wishing Gate*.” He thought of the drawing that had pleased him so much ; he went and rested his arms on the gate ; he looked, and smiled at the pretty nosegay tied to the bar ; he was lost in a deep and painful memory of days gone by, that never could be recalled ; he looked through the postern of time long elapsed, with a melancholy not unmingled with remorse and sincere penitence. He thought, “What might not I have been, if Frederic de Lacey had been my equal in age and my companion in India ; and what might I not now be, might I, by God’s blessing, in some sort redeem the time that I have lost ; oh, more than lost ; were I to be led by one like unto him ? Oh, could I part with all that pride, that keeps me from being taught in these high things by those who are not among the most gifted in intellect, or my own equals in other things ! but could I have a pastor here whom I loved, this heart which has ever ruled me, would turn unto him and ask his aid to lead me to those waters of comfort which I find, but too late, can alone refresh and soothe us in this life of pain and sorrow ; and then do I not see that the daughter of my own loved treasure ; my sun of happiness that brightened on me for so short a day ; do I not see that she desires I should tread, as she does, the heavenward path ? Oh ! that this might be ! What blessings hast thou given me, great God ! But where has been my gratitude ? scarcely on my lips in thanksgiving and prayer, and never shewn forth in my life, and therefore hast thou only given me to taste of

them. A little while thou didst wait for my acknowledging them, yea, more than a little while ; but then thou, in thy mercy, no doubt, withdrew them, that then I might humble myself before thee. One blessing remains to me. Grant that from this hour I may indeed be grateful for it ; and may I become a blessing unto my angel child, even as thou wouldst have me to be. Grant, too, that she may not need all the consolation a father’s love can yield to a bereaved and forsaken heart. It would seem I, too, had been breathing my wishes at the gate of mystery and tradition, and why should I not ?” He turned from the spot with a more cheerful temper than he had reached it, and he then went on towards the Priory, in the hope of finding his young friend, and hearing the result of his interview with Sir Herbert. We will leave him ; the solitary walk in the beautiful woods that led to that fine old residence will cherish and nurture all those high and holy aspirings, all those humble feelings and pious hopes, that have been with him at our Gate.

“Come, Mary,” said Medora, “it is four o’clock, and I am quite ready ; we shall but just be in time for old Martha before she makes her tea, and I wish her to have a nice cup of tea this afternoon, so I’ve got a little cannister here, and some sugar, and this nice little milk-loaf ; so come, put them in your basket and let us go.”

“But the chickens, lady ?”

“Oh, I will send them by Nanny this evening, and you must be very *patient*, as you will not see them till you get up to-morrow, I dare say.”

“That I will, lady ; for how many things I’ve got !—the handkerchief and the stockings, and the rushes and flowers for Martha’s basket—Oh ! so many.”

They walked to Violet Hut ; and Medora spoke kindly to old Martha, and pleased her with the presents ; and then she went to see old sick Donald, and read to him ; and then, after bidding Mary good bye, and telling her when to come the next day, she went towards home alone.

“I will go now to the *Wishing-Gate*,” thought she ; “and then, if my father walks in the evening, I shall not be vexed, and wishing to go else-

where; so she turned that way, and felt thankful that she was so much more cheerful than in the morning. Oh! if indeed all the joys of one's own heart were lost to us for ever in this world, yet still what contentment, and almost gladness, might one not derive from doing kindnesses to others!" This she strove to make herself believe; but it was *only* a striving, for she soon felt the sadness coming over all her heart, at the thought of parting with one in whom, thus in life's early morning, (when the soul requires so much, and pictures so highly, the one only friend that it desires to rest on, for time and for eternity,) she had found ALL—yes, quite and more than all. "What then is thy wish?" seemed to be said solemnly to her as she came in sight of the Gate. What could it be, but for the confirmation of her heart's happiness? If she could but know that she was loved, this would be consolation; and yet, surely, she could not quite mistake a manner that thrilled her with its tenderness and kindness. But stop; she had not touched the Gate. Again, a voice from within her, or around her, seemed to say—"Medora is not selfish—another desire lies buried in the recesses of her heart—a wish of ten thousand prayers—a wish that is with her at sunrise and sunset, and parts not from her through all the day."—"Yes, yes; oh did I for one instant let another take its place? Oh! how closely twined must he be with my whole being, that I should have let the agony of thinking of this parting put from me the wish that ought to be first—that is first—that ever shall be first! Could I ever be happy, if all my selfishness were listened to—and I became the loved companion of —? How could I be happy if I thought that my dear father was not treading a path that would lead him to everlasting blessedness? Grant, then, my wish, thou pure spirit of this place! Grant that he may be led to cling to that Cross, and to trust in that Saviour, who alone can save us!"

Many tears did she shed ere she turned towards home. She noticed the pretty bunch of flowers, and knew it to be the fancy of her dear little Mary. She then prepared herself for

dinner, and met her father with smiles. He was particularly lively, indeed quite gladsome and happy. His daughter asked him how he had spent his morning, as she had missed him from his study since one o'clock.

"I have had a chequered day of it, my dear love," said he; "but the brightest colours came at last to delight me, after the sombre hues that had something shaded the first part of my morning. I really don't know when I have felt so much joyousness as I now feel; and you, my beloved Medora, seem all the better for your rest after your fatiguing early walk; you must not let that old beau of yours—that venerable old Michael—beguile you into such rambles."

"Oh, you must not blame him, dear father, for he only beguiled me to the bench on the common; but I have not been resting, for I went home with Mary, and then I came home by the Wishing-Gate."

"What! have you been to speak with the gentle spirit of the Gate? Then are thy good looks accounted for; she can spread a ray of sweet serenity over the features as well as the hearts of her votaries. It may be she has wrought in me the change I have undergone since the morning—it may be I owe to her mysterious enchantment the peaceful calm I feel within me—for I too, dear Medora, found myself, some few hours since, in deep reflection at her shrine; there were lamentations for the past; there were wishes, yea, even hopes, for the future, all mingling in my busy thoughts; and I know not but that even I asked her to shed, upon what of good feeling was aroused at those moments, a few drops of that dew from Heaven, so pure and peace-giving, that would nurture into good fruit those desires after a better and a holier life."

"My dear, dear father!" said Medora; but she could say no more,—her heart was full, and the thought of what her own wish had been, and the prospect of its fulfilment, was too, too much for words; the tears would fall, and her kind father kept silence, and in no way disturbed her. She soon recovered her composure, and accepted, with the loveliest of smiles through her glistening eyes, the fruit her father offered her, and then she

said, "Have you not been to the Priory, sir?—have you seen nothing of Mr de Lacey?"

"Yes, my dear, I have; oh, yes! I was some time with Sir Herbert, and after that walked down to the vicarage with our young friend, who wished to call there before he again left us. But talking of the *Wishing-Gate*—Medora, who was it adorned it with that nosegay of wild flowers? Was it you, or was it your little protégée, Mary, who has more native rustic taste than is to be found in many of the pastoral poems that attempt to describe it? Your little jewel of a sketch gives not the adornment, so how came it to be there?"

"Oh, you are quite right in thinking it was Mary's taste—it is just like her; and though she did not tell me, I feel sure no other little lass in the village, or miles round, would have thought of such a thing. This is a treasure of a child, so very affectionate, and really so good. I wish, my dear father, you could have seen her young raptures when I gave her three chickens! I must, some day, take her with us to Rydal. I am quite sure our friend would make a volume of poetry out of her; for she has none of that shyness that would make her silent and dull among strangers. She is at that happy age, that with such an ardent mind as hers thinks not of restraining her delighted feelings, or curbing her restless curiosity. Don't you think he would like her?"

"Assuredly he would, my dear; the very sight of the child would call forth a sonnet at least,—for no sunbeam on the lake ever looked more the picture of bright happiness than does little Mary Glenthorn, as she passes over on the hill side, with her looks of love, and her laughing gladness. I often think, when looking at her, that instead of saying to her, '*Who made you?*' as the catechists do, one should speak poetry, and say, '*Who filled thy countenance with rosy light?*' You shall take her, my dearest, and that before many days are gone by; but where is the volume in which you wrote out '*The Wishing-Gate?*' I was looking for it this morning, and could not find it on the Wordsworth shelf."

"I'm sorry to say, my dear father," said Medora, blushing deeply, "that I was careless enough to leave it

somewhere in my walk; but it cannot be *lost*."

"Why, I don't know, my love. I think it's a chance if you find it, and I own I should be grieved to lose the copy Wordsworth himself gave you. I never knew you so careless before; cannot you remember at all where you last had it? Do think!"

There was a strange look—a sly or saucy curl at the corner of his lip, as with an affected seriousness her father said this, which puzzled, whilst it pleased Medora. "I certainly do remember where I last had it, or knew that I had it," said she; "but there is my writing in it—my own name too. Oh, I am sure, no one who found it would keep it,—they would see whose it was, and bring it."

"I don't know that," said her father, with the same expression;—"your writing in it may be the very reason for their choosing to keep it. But I would advise you to go this very evening to the spot where you remember holding it, and perhaps the Kelpie of the Lake may tell you if she has taken it, and placed it in her library of liquid poetry; or, perhaps, she may tell you, if you dropped it on the land, whether it was caught up by an adoring swain who chanced to be passing at the time."

Medora was quite at a loss to understand her father, and yet she felt a consciousness that made her cheeks tingle, and she knew she must be looking very confused.

"I will go at once, my dear father, and retrace my steps of the morning, and I doubt not, in a short time, I shall return with the volume untouched and uninjured; and it will be all the dearer to us from our having feared losing it; and besides, perhaps it will have gained a few more pages of poetry from having passed this lovely day among the mountain daisies, or near the grateful broad leaves of the water-lily, that teaches us all, as Coleridge tells us, how to delight and rejoice in Heaven's gifts the more and the more, as the more abundantly they are showered upon us."

"Yes, that is a pretty idea, though you have *mored* it, my dear. You speak not with your usual correctness and elegance—But you are vexed about the volume, so go, and

endeavour to recover it; but stop, Medora—In case our poor young friend should call in the evening, do not be absent,—return soon, that we may both bid him adieu ere he leaves us. Deny him not the consolation of seeing that he parts with friends much attached to him, and deeply interested in his future life—So now, my love, hasten away.”

And here he left her, perplexed and saddened,—she knew not what to think. What could her father have heard to please him? What meant his strange manner? She was all in doubt, and a mystery seemed to cling to her; but his last words—they could have but one meaning. In sadness, then,—yea, in deep, deep sadness and melancholy, did she pass along. It was a lovely evening, just such an eve as does end, as should end, so brilliantly beautiful a day—a still—a calm—a pensive evening—such as can be felt, but never described,—an evening when all that is dearest in our existence is thought of, and mingles with the delicious repose of the scene; but 'tis folly to attempt to paint it,—for those who have never experienced the enchantment of such hours, would not understand the separate existence they seem to give one; and those who have, can imagine what this especial evening was. It was late, later than Medora had thought when she left home; the shades of evening, that seem peopled with tranquillizing and heavenly spirits, were fast approaching, and the moon was gently rising; she gained the very spot where she had been in the morning, and sat her down on the rough ground I mentioned, near the rushes. Her heart, if not in unison with the scene that lay before her, was so filled as to find an exquisite relief and soothing in contemplating it. Her eyes were on those peaceful waters, and it was just that light, or twilight, when she was wont to delight in seeking in their depths that undefined mysterious scenery, which gives such a charm to evening communings with the riches of the deep, and which, I suppose, must be a species of that disease of the heart called, I think, the Calenture. But now, though her eyes were there, their expression was not derived from aught without her. Imagination was then at rest. No, they

were filled with tears—the purest fountain within her heart of hearts was disturbed and overflowing, and in those waters of life and of happiness she feared she saw the sunset of her hopes, and of all her bliss, on earth. So much was she lost in these saddening reflections, that she heard her own name pronounced by the voice that was dearest to her, ere she was aware that any human being was near. It was Frederic de Lacey, who gently seated himself by her side, and with one gaze of kindness, and that one word spoken, took her hand within his. A few minutes passed ere either spoke, and then Medora said, “What can there be here on earth more like unto heaven than this scene!” The words were scarcely uttered, but yet the effort was made, and she gained composure to say, “I believe I came here to look for a book which I dropt in the morning, and which my father is desirous I should find.” She seemed much distressed, and withdrew her hand, intending to rise.

“Stay! stay! I have the book; go not away I entreat you; I have to question you; to petition you, dear Medora; there is a sweet little drawing between the leaves of the book, some lines at the back of it, which, though they belie what you spoke in the morning, yet are so full of beauty, and so touching, that if, as an old friend, I might keep the drawing, I can only say, there is nothing I at present possess which I should prize so dearly.”

“What is it? oh! what can I have so carelessly left about?” She appeared almost alarmed, till he shewed her the sketch.

“Oh, it is this! I'm sure if you think it pretty, or at all like it, I can have no reluctance to giving it, save its being so very unworthy your acceptance, and my regret that it is not much, much better.”

He looked his thanks so meaningly, that Medora talked on as though timidly dreading their expression in words. “You see that it is the tomb of Mr Cleveland, mentioned in a way to make all hearts love him, in Bishop Heber's Journal; and I have placed in its neighbourhood one of the Sagoe Palms, which the Bishop tells us grow in this beautiful form, and must therefore appear as temples in the

wilderness; and who shall say that in those far-away countries, where the blessings of Religion are so little known, the exquisite formation of this tree, with all its rich gothic arches, may not arouse some of our own people to remembrance of those places of worship that adorn their own land, and lead them, by a train of newly-awakened holy feeling, to pour forth those praises and prayers which have too long been unbreathed?" This was said hurriedly, as a thought long since born, and as in explanation of the picture; the devoted look of deep delight of him who listened, again met her, and she went on to say, "I could not have put the tomb in better scenery, I thought,—it must be a beautiful tree; little, oh how little, did I think or fear when I drew this, that my kind and early friend would perhaps see it growing in its native soil! and now, alas! ere this harvest moon again visit us, you will perhaps have rested under its shade." She could say no more, she was altogether overpowered by the effort she had made to speak at all; but she had not an instant to feel this, ere he clasped her towards him, and said, "No, no, Medora, not such is my fate! in you alone does it rest; this moon that now is, that is just ready to peep above yon mountain, before she has

gladdened the bosom of the lake by her gentle beams, has, my own, my loved Medora! the power to make me the happiest, the most blessed of beings. Tell me, oh tell me, that I am loved!" As the moon sheds her first spangle on the rippling of the lake, Medora sent, by one look, the deepest, the most lasting ray of happiness into the soul of him who all but adored her.

It scarcely needs to tell, that no evening had been so blissful to the happy party at the Cottage in the Lane as this. The Vicar had given up the living to the patron Sir Herbert, who, in answer to his nephew's proposal of going to India, offered it to him. It was of course accepted, and the first reflection of those moonbeams on the calm bosom of the lake, shone upon two of the happiest hearts, and shewed them to each other in all their fulness of affection and fervent love.

The father, too—to him it was the opening of a new life—a life of hope and holiness—and thus were the loved votaries of THE GATE listened to in their tenderest wishes, thus were they all rewarded, for not following too much the devices and desires of their own hearts, when their duty and devotion to the Maker and Giver of those hearts bade their wishes tend *Heavenwards*.

DOMESTIC POLICY.

No. III.

The Condition of the Lower Orders.

THIS is a subject which has been a good deal written upon lately, both directly, and in connexion with various points of internal policy, from the consideration of which a matter so important and so pressing could not be excluded. But though we cannot claim the merit of originality in our subject-matter, we can at all events plead its overwhelming importance, at the present time, in excuse for entering upon its consideration—if, indeed, any apology be necessary for dwelling upon a division of our general subject which is of by far the deepest and most extensive interest

of all those which enter into its composition.

We entertain a very special contempt for those, who, in a country like this, pretend to be of no party, and yet meddle in politics; but there are some questions of import so absorbing and universal, that, in the contemplation of them, a thing so comparatively trifling as the triumph of party is forgotten. If our object were to create excitement, or produce effect for a party purpose, we should seek a subject original either in itself, or in the relations in which we should place it; but having in

view nothing but the serious and sober purpose of drawing the public attention to an evil which is spread over the whole country, and like a rising flood threatens general ruin, unless it can be suppressed, we take up a subject on which a good deal has been said already, but which cannot be mentioned too often or too loudly, until something is devised respecting it fitting the magnitude of the occasion.

He must be either a very superficial, or a very inattentive observer of the present condition of affairs, who supposes that there is nothing more in it than has often occurred before—nothing but the ordinary occurrences of a stagnation in trade, and a harvest of less than average abundance. Our condition is the result of a new form which the industry of the country has assumed, greatly aggravated, as we must continue to maintain, by a monstrously erroneous policy with regard to trade and currency. This new form of industry, which made such rapid progress during the war, was, in consequence of the peculiar circumstances attendant on the war, not felt by the common people, except in the alteration of their employments; but since the peace, while its progress has been even more rapid than before, it has indeed been felt by them in the dreadful and appalling certainty, that as the world goes, it has no longer any need of them. The most important of the old relations of society have been changed, and that by a process, which although rapid, has been sufficiently gradual to bring the event upon us without our having taken such notice of it as would have led to our making due provision for the change. When society grew into its present form, of the few possessing much, and the many possessing nothing, the multitude dwelt safely, in the security, that those who had possessions could not turn them to account without their aid—that wealth was nothing except in so far as it gave the power of accomplishing work—and that work could not be done without their assistance. Natural rights, or to speak more strictly, their exercise, were readily abandoned under such an appearance of things; and for the purposes of the general well-being of society, it seemed of little moment

that a few were the store-keepers of the kingdom's wealth, while such a guarantee existed for its distribution amongst all the members of the community who would work. It was true that labour was the portion of one part, while idleness, or at all events, exemption from bodily exertion, was that of the other; but it was ever a matter of debate whether labour was, upon the whole, a more painful condition than that of idleness, and it was cheerfully submitted to, because it was the sure and always current value for subsistence. It is no longer thus; and it might melt the sternest heart to contemplate the hopeless wretchedness of thousands, almost millions, of their fellow-creatures, willing, eager, to give their labour for bread, and well able, too, until "sharp misery had worn them to the bone," who yet cannot touch a particle of the abundance which teems around them. In vain

"They beg their brothers of the earth
To give them leave to toil."

There is a *cheaper* mode of getting the work done than by employing them; and there is a certain delirium reigns at the present time, about this thing, "cheapness," which having been taken up as a public principle, is, without hesitation, used as an excuse for individual selfishness. In vain the manufacturing towns throw off the surplus of their multitudes to the country—the poor have no land of their own—the rich, who have land, think it is very well as it is; and though they know, or at all events ought to know, that by a different system of management, a much more perfect system of cultivation might be carried on, and a much greater number of people be supported thereby, in happy, though laborious, comfort, they are either too forgetful, or too indifferent about the matter to bestir themselves, and again the labourer is rejected.

In vain the rural districts and the provincial towns send the more adventurous of their unemployed numbers to the metropolis, in search of the casual employment which such a huge mass of the wealthy might reasonably be expected to afford. London itself, with all its gorgeous show—with all its prodigious reality

of wealth—with all that is magnificent in costliness, and all that is exquisite in art, yet teems with the direst miseries of actual want. Not merely that kind of want which must necessarily be found to some extent in all great cities, where disease and crime get huddled together in dark corners, and even common charity is scared away from those foul recesses in which all that is loathsome in degraded humanity rots and dies, in obscure despair. Not such want as this we speak of; but the decay of laborious decency, the misery of semi-starvation from want of employment of those hands which have never been employed in any thing but honest industry, is even in the metropolis deplorably prevalent. It is so even in the parish of Saint Martin's, in so much that the parish officers, "albeit unused to the melting mood," are thawed into emotion by the dismal sights which their distressing, but necessary duties, bring before them, and it is fearful to think what it must be in less opulent districts, such as Saint Giles's and Clerkenwell, where the poor so much more abound.

Now, apart from all considerations of humanity merely, and those feelings which ought to actuate us as Christian men, it is, as a political question, one of the most interesting that can be made the subject of enquiry—Why such distress should exist, and be in a progressive state of aggravation, *notwithstanding the immense accession which has confessedly been made to our means of producing all those things of which "distress," as we have used the word, signifies the ABSENCE?* Why is it that want, and new and extraordinary means of producing abundance, proceed *pari passu*, and that those improvements which wear the appearance of a general blessing, are fraught with curses to the poor? It is because the process through which the advantages of industry were formerly obtained have undergone a change, and that change has taken away the *necessity* which did exist that the labouring classes should have their share from the capitalists, of all these advantages. The only security which the labourer had at any time for his support was, as has been mentioned, the necessity for his assistance in order to make an advantage of the possessions held by

his more fortunate brethren. If these possessions could be turned to profitable account without him, he would have been left to starve; and now that by our "improvements" they can be turned to account without him, or with a great deal less of his assistance than formerly, he is accordingly left to starve. But had these means which are now "improvements," existed from the beginning, society would not have taken the form which it now has; laws would not have been suffered to accumulate one upon another, securing the property to a few, and leaving to the mass nothing but what their power of labouring gave them the command of, if, as now, that power was little or no security for support. If, then, we become satisfied that the great machine of society went on well and smoothly hitherto, only in consequence of a connexion of its parts, formed by necessities and powers which adapted themselves to one another, it is not to be wondered at, that one side of the connexion, namely, the necessitous, being in a great measure worn away, the machine should go out of order, and one part of it work exceedingly to the disadvantage of the other. If the people are to live, if this kingdom is not to become merely the habitation of masters and machinery, with the few necessary to manufacture and attend upon these laborious and long-lived pieces of mechanism, some change must take place in the forms in which property and society are disposed.

If the people are to live, and machines make their labour of so little value to others that they cannot get the means of living in exchange for it, they must be provided with something upon which they can labour for themselves. If the world were all as one family, wherein each individual benefited according to the addition which could, by any means, be made to the common stock, then should we join with the political economists, and rejoice in the freedom of trade, and in every new device by which human labour could be dispensed with in the production of desirable commodities; but as that state of society has not yet come, we must, during the advent of such a happy consummation, resort to means adapted to the selfishness of mankind, and the new powers conferred on that

selfishness, by the inventions which dispense with the labour of working men. It is curious to find even the warmest panegyrists of all the effects of machinery admitting that some extraordinary new vent for manufactures, some wonderful extension of trade, is necessary to prevent the country from sinking. China must be crammed with our delf, the whole country of Hindostan be covered with our cotton goods, Japan must have our tin ware, and if that will not suffice, we must freight balloons to the "pale-faced moon," or diving-bells

—"to the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom line could never touch the
ground,"

in search of new realms to carry off our wondrous stores of manufactures; and all this wonderful extension must take place, 'or else we perish.' Where, then, is the improvement? Of what advantage *to us* these prodigious means of extending our manufactures without the aid of men, when so many of our own population are thereby left to idleness and starvation, and the profit on the machine-made goods is so small, that nothing but the discovery of a new world to be "saturated" with them, can make the trade worth following? Our manufacturers have exhausted the world, and then imagined a new, which they have prepared goods to exhaust, if their imagination could be turned into reality; but who reaps the benefit?—the people of foreign countries, where they are sold for less than their first cost, while in the midst of the abundance of goods rotting in warehouses, or sent away to be sold at a loss, the English artisan, or he who once was an artisan, shivers in rags, the unhappy victim of modern improvements.

It is high time that the Parliament should look to this matter. Indeed, making all imaginable allowance for the dulness of our representatives to matters of real importance to the country, we cannot think it possible that the ensuing session will pass over without some important measure, adapted, so far as the wisdom of Parliament will go, to the present state of the once working classes. Difficult as it is to force upon the attention of those who live in continual plenty and immoral indulgence

the severe distress of those whom it is a trouble to them to think of, yet they can hardly be blind to the necessity of acting in a matter which the people themselves have taken up in a way extremely novel in this country, and dangerous, or the contrary, according as the Legislature may make it. Multitudes of the common people now see clearly the state they are placed in. They perceive that their labour is valuable, if they had the means of applying it; but as their former masters have no use for it, they are driven to see whether they cannot use it for their own advantage. Those who have the virtues of thrift and patience, are forming themselves into societies for the purpose of enjoying the benefit of their mutual labour; and it is impossible to look at their virtuous endeavours to substitute comfortable competence for the horrors of dependence on precarious employment by masters, without wishing them God speed. But it may be worth the while of the politician to look carefully at the effects which such societies, should they become extensive and abundant, may have upon the political state of the community. It is not always well (in a political sense) that the knowledge should be forced upon men, of what they may accomplish by co-operation and union; and especially it is dangerous in an aristocratical state, where this knowledge is given to men of strong coarse minds, to whom meat, drink, clothes, fire, and the liberty of being governed according to their own views of right, are the *summa bona*.

Without professing much respect for the wisdom generally displayed at extensive meetings of the lower orders, it must be allowed that at several of the many meetings lately held by the working people for discussing the subject of their distress, a rough and vigorous intelligence has been displayed, a readiness of speech and vehemence of expression, which indicate powers of mind that are worthy of some attention. We mean, that they give evidence of the existence of a description of men, who, with sense enough not to rush into a frantic and desperate tumult, can yet keep strongly alive in the minds of **their** companions the hardships which a state of things, subsisting only by

the force of conventional law, entails upon them; and it is almost needless to add, that no duty of the legislature of a free country is more obvious than to examine, with even deferential attention, any cause of grievance which large bodies of the people firmly and calmly put forth as worthy of redress.

If we be right in the view which we take of the state of the common people in this kingdom at present, there is no subject which can come before Parliament that is not, in comparison with it, insignificant. Again, we say that the people know very well that the means are within the country to make them all comfortable; and let the Parliament beware how it drives them to take their own method of acting upon that knowledge. In the first place, it is expedient that the Parliament should take the earliest means possible of showing the country that the distress of the people is felt, and that they will endeavour to remedy it. This is expedient, in order to satisfy the people during the time which they necessarily must wait before any measure could be sufficiently examined and passed into law. Next, it is absolutely necessary that a measure of relief should pass—a measure to enable the resources of the country to be made available for the comfortable support of the population of the country. The disciples of Mr Malthus are provided with an answer to this, by saying that the country has not resources for the comfortable support of the population, and, moreover, that the law of God is, that the condition of man inevitably leads to an abundance of people beyond the means of support. From the dissemination of such opinions, theological and political, good Lord deliver us! We are content to remark, that, as things are, nearly as much food is raised in these kingdoms as the po-

pulation has need of, and that, with even our present means and knowledge of agriculture, twice as much in England, and thrice as much in Ireland,* could *easily* be raised.

Now the business of Parliament is, to consider *how* the resources of the country may best be made available for the people's support, for that the people have a right to such an application of the country's resources, we hold to be equally agreeable to reason, and to the spirit of the British Constitution. The means of obtaining subsistence in a country, where subsistence can be obtained, if the means were granted, is obviously the very first and most important part of that protection which Blackstone uniformly teaches to be the "right of the people." Allegiance and protection are, he says, reciprocally the rights, as well as duties of the magistrate and the people. "Allegiance is the right of the magistrate, and protection the right of the people."

Having then looked at the actual evil, let us now look at the possible remedy. The evil is, that with respect to large bodies of the people, the means of exerting all beneficial industry are taken away; they want something *to work upon*, so as to provide for their necessities. Where is this something to be found? Undoubtedly *in the land*. The curse upon fallen man was, that "in the sweat of his brow, he should eat bread;" but it went no further; it is only by the evil contrivances of men themselves, that even to the sweat of man's brow bread is denied. The changes in the forms of industry having brought it to pass, that the industry of men will not exchange for subsistence in the ordinary traffic of the world, there is no resource, but that men shall be allowed to raise subsistence for themselves, out of the land, and we are firmly of opi-

* The population of Ireland is commonly subject, in the harangues of orators, to the grossest exaggeration. Mr Shiel "talks familiarly" of "seven millions Roman Catholics." By the *authentic* census made under the direction of Mr Shaw Mason, the whole population of the kingdom does not amount to that number. The Edinburgh Review lately sneered at this official return, as unworthy of respect. Within these few days the writer of this article has seen an extract from the letter of a public man, whose researches entitle him, beyond all other men in the kingdom, to speak on the subject, and he describes this census as "one of the greatest possible monuments of human industry and comparative accuracy."

nion, that this might be done with great benefit to the present holders of property in land. It is by no means necessary to deprive them of that property, but it does appear necessary, to oblige them to allow it to be more usefully applied, both for themselves and others, than it is at present. It is not necessary for us to go over again the same ground which has been travelled over so recently, and so ably, by the *Quarterly Review*, in the discussion of the "Anti-Pauper System." We refer to that paper for abundant practical instances of what may be done by judicious settlements on lands, which, previously to such settlements, have been wholly unproductive; and really we cannot conceive how any man, with a heart within his bosom, can read over such a paper, and not glow with an ardent desire to see the squalid and unhappy crowds, the victims of our manufacturing system, settled in the peaceful, virtuous, and happy competence, which such settlements in England might be made to afford. Of all the objects which it can enter into the heart of genuine benevolence to conceive, there is none equal to this, of giving its just reward to peaceful and honest industry, and turning man from that ferocious and reckless savage, which extreme want makes him, to a comfortable, though humble citizen, enjoying the present reward of faithfully discharging his duties as a member of the society to which he belongs, and living in the hope of that reward hereafter, with which the Spirit of God cheers the dwellings of those who mingle religious feeling with the simplicity of that active industry, which gives a certain supply of the necessaries of life.

It is hardly credible, except by those who have had actual experience in the matter, the quantity of subsistence which a small portion of ground may be made to yield, by the application of all the labour which it is capable of receiving with profit. It would fill the public with astonishment if they knew the quantity of vegetable matter, fit for the food of men, or cattle, which the market gardeners around London can raise from an acre of ground, through the application of labour and manure. There is nothing to prevent the

ground in every part of the kingdom from being made as productive of food, if similar means were applied, and instruction given as to the best kind of management.

It appears from one of the Reports of the Commissioners of Woods and Forests, that, having sowed nine and a half acres of ground in the Regent's Park with Mangle Wurzzle, they, in one season, dug up from this small portion of ground 418 tons of vegetable food for cattle—there were 326 tons of root, and 92 tons of leaves; their expenses were L.146, and the crop sold for L.748. This may give some idea of what might be done, if the people called great men in this country, could be persuaded to turn their attention to subjects of practical, though homely usefulness, instead of dissipating it in extravagant schemes for the extension of foreign trade, and the pushing forward of a feverish energy, for the sake of the vain glory of upholding a system, or of furthering the ends of political jobbing. An excellent suggestion appeared lately in the *Gardener's Magazine*; that of having extensive gardens annexed (it is not meant locally) to parish poor houses. It is very justly stated, that there is no description of labour, in which all descriptions of persons, young and old, male and female, could so universally be of use, and that with the least irksome of all kinds of toil—the cultivation of a garden is the delight of labour. "God Almighty," says one of the wisest men that ever adorned humanity, "first planted a garden, and indeed it is the purest of human pleasures." It is, moreover, peculiarly favoured in this, that while it is the pleasantest of all descriptions of labour, it is, for the gratification of simple wants, the most profitable also; and therefore this suggestion of the *Gardener's Magazine*, is a hint which we think may be improved upon with much advantage, in the highest quarters to which the consideration of a provision for our poor extends.

There is, undoubtedly, much to blame in our present system of provision for the poor. The good done is not at all what it ought to be, considering the expense entailed upon the country; but let it not be thought that any patching of this bad system

will answer the end which the present condition of the common people should make the legislature have in view. There is nothing more disgusting than to behold a legislator of the small wisdom school, whose mind could never emancipate itself from the small details of parish laws, and whose soul must be conversant with beadles and with overseers, or with nothing, getting up to stuff some new quirks into the mass of jobbing intricacy which forms the parish poor-laws, and conducting himself with all the gravity of a Solon, while, mole-like, he grubs about in the holes and corners to which his intellectual vision confines him. We hope we shall have no more of this, but that means will be taken for a settlement of the great question which that of the British pauper-system has become, worthy of the British legislature. We cannot see why establishments of agricultural, or horticultural villages, may not be adopted, connected with the parishes, to which the poor may be drafted, and where, under due regulation, they may be made to dwell very much happier than they have hitherto been; and these we would have established on lands already reclaimed and fertile, while the extensive wastes should also be put in a train to become valuable property, and afford employment and subsistence to multitudes unconnected with parish management.

We know it is asserted by many proprietors of wastes, that if they choose to keep their property in that particular condition, for their amusement, they have no right to be interfered with in the government of their own estate. We should recommend such proprietors to consider for a little what it is which makes the estates "their own," and the consideration may perhaps afford them some new light upon this matter. The lord of the manor has no more right than the pauper of the poor-house, to the land which he undoubtedly does own, except that which the law has given him for the common benefit of the country; and there will be nothing unconstitutional in the law taking it away, if he be determined to use it adversely to that common benefit. It is monstrous to

suppose that any small number of men should be allowed to keep land waste for the amusement of a few weeks shooting, in the year, while that land is wanted for the *support* of the people. Such a proposition needs only to be laid bare, in order to be crushed down by unanimous indignation; and, however it may be privately entertained, we hope no one will be so rash as to dare openly to put it forth.

But it is not the landholders alone who should be constrained by law to a better provision for the poor, who can no longer live by the exertions of labour in its ordinary channels;—the fundholders, who can live so much more cheaply, in consequence of the abundance of goods produced by machinery, should be taxed for this especial purpose, until the poor, under good management, begin to maintain themselves, which, we assert, it requires nothing but good management to enable them to do.

The manufacturers also, or the consumers of manufactures, should contribute, by a direct tax on the manufacture, and for this plain reason—the goods are now sold at a profit regulated by wages which the workmen receive during only a part of the year. When periods of stagnation come, the workmen are turned off, and the parish must give them such wretched support as they receive. But it would be just that the consumers of manufactures should entirely support the men who are devoted to a particular condition of life for their convenience; and, therefore, manufactured goods should pay a tax to support the artisans while out of employment.

There is much more to be said on this subject, but we do not like to run our speculations out to too great a length. Our belief is, that some such things as we have mentioned, must be done for the prosperity, if not for the existence, of the state. Who can expect the governed to submit, if the protection which is the bond of their submission be not given them as far as it can be given? Let us then obtain that hold over them which a salutary guardianship will give us.

— νυν δ' ὁρξια πῖσιν

Τευσταμένοι μαχομένοθα τῷ & νυ τι κερδιον κριν
Ελπομαι ἐκτελεσθαι, ἵνα μὴ ρεζομεν ὠδε.

This is true, and let the bishops, who at all events will understand the

THE PAWNBROKER'S DAUGHTER.

A FARCE. BY C. LAMB, ESQ.

Characters.

FLINT, a Pawnbroker.

BEN, Cutlet's Boy.

DAVENPORT, in love with MARIAN.

PENDULOUS, a Reprieved Gentleman. MISS FLYN.

CUTLET, a Sentimental Butcher.

BETTY, her Maid.

GOLDING, a Magistrate.

MARIAN, Daughter to Flint,

WILLIAM, Apprentice to Flint.

LUCY, her Maid.

ACT I.—SCENE I.—*An Apartment at FLINT's house.* FLINT. WILLIAM,

Flint. Carry those umbrellas, cottons, and wearing-apparel, up stairs. You may send that chest of tools to Robins's.

Wil. That which you lent six pounds upon to the journeyman carpenter that had the sick wife?

Flint. The same.

Wil. The man says, if you can give him till Thursday——

Flint. Not a minute longer. His time was out yesterday. These improvident fools!

Wil. The finical gentleman has been here about the seal that was his grandfather's.

Flint. He cannot have it. Truly, our trade would be brought to a fine pass, if we were bound to humour the fancies of our customers. This man would be taking a liking to a snuff-box that he had inherited; and that gentlewoman might conceit a favourite chemise that had descended to her.

Wil. The lady in the carriage has been here crying about those jewels. She says, if you cannot let her have them at the advance she offers, her husband will come to know that she has pledged them.

Flint. I have uses for those jewels. Send Marian to me. (*Exit WILLIAM.*) I know no other trade that is expected to depart from its fair advantages but ours. I do not see the baker, the butcher, the shoemaker, or, to go higher, the lawyer, the physician, the divine, give up any of their legitimate gains, even when the pretences of their art had failed; yet *we* are to be branded with an odious name, stigmatized, discountenanced even by the administrators of those laws which acknowledge us; scowled at by the lower sort of people, whose needs we serve!

Enter MARIAN.

Come hither, Marian. Come, kiss your father. The report runs that he is full of spotted crime. What is your belief, child?

Mar. That never good report went with our calling, father. I have heard you say, the poor look only to the advantages which we derive from them, and overlook the accommodations which they receive from us. But the poor *are* the poor, father, and have little leisure to make distinctions. I wish we could give up this business.

Flint. You have not seen that idle fellow, Davenport?

Mar. No, indeed, father, since your injunction.

Flint. I take but my lawful profit. The law is not over favourable to us.

Mar. Marian is no judge of these things.

Flint. They call me oppressive, grinding.—I know not what——

Mar. Alas!

Flint. Usurer, extortioner. Am I these things?

Mar. You are Marian's kind and careful father. That is enough for a child to know.

Flint. Here, girl, is a little box of jewels, which the necessities of a foolish woman of quality have transferred into our true and lawful possession. Go, place them with the trinkets that were your mother's. They are all yours, Marian, if you do not cross me in your marriage. No gentry shall match into this house, to flout their wife hereafter with her parentage. I will hold

this business with convulsive grasp to my dying day. I will plague these poor, whom you speak so tenderly of.

Mar. You frighten me, father. Do not frighten Marian.

Flint. I have heard them say, There goes Flint—Flint, the cruel pawnbroker!

Mar. Stay at home with Marian. You shall hear no ugly words to vex you.

Flint. You shall ride in a gilded chariot upon the necks of these poor, Marian. Their tears shall drop pearls for my girl. Their sighs shall be good wind for us. They shall blow good for my girl. Put up the jewels, Marian. [Exit.]

Enter LUCY.

Lucy. Miss, miss, your father has taken his hat, and is stept out, and Mr Davenport is on the stairs; and I came to tell you——

Mar. Alas! who let him in?

Enter DAVENPORT.

Dav. My dearest girl——

Mar. My father will kill me, if he finds you have been here!

Dav. There is no time for explanations. I have positive information that your father means, in less than a week, to dispose of you to that ugly Saunders. The wretch has bragged of it to his acquaintance, and already calls you his.

Mar. O heavens!

Dav. Your resolution must be summary, as the time which calls for it. Mine or his you must be, without delay. There is no safety for you under this roof.

Mar. My father——

Dav. Is no father, if he would sacrifice you.

Mar. But he is unhappy. Do not speak hard words of my father.

Dav. Marian must exert her good sense.

Lucy. (as if watching at the window.) O, miss, your father has suddenly returned. I see him with Mr Saunders, coming down the street. Mr Saunders, ma'am!

Mar. Begone, begone, if you love me, Davenport.

Dav. You must go with me then, else here I am fixed.

Lucy. Aye, miss, you must go, as Mr Davenport says. Here is your cloak, miss, and your hat, and your gloves. Your father, ma'am——

Mar. O, where, where? Whither do you hurry me, Davenport?

Dav. Quickly, quickly, Marian. At the back door.—

[Exit MARIAN, with DAVENPORT, reluctantly; in her flight still holding the jewels.]

Lucy. Away—away. What a lucky thought of mine to say her father was coming! he would never have got her off, else. Lord, Lord, I do love to help lovers. [Exit, following them.]

SCENE II.—A Butcher's Shop.—CUTLET. BEN.

Cut. Reach me down that book off the shelf, where the shoulder of veal hangs.

Ben. Is this it?

Cut. No—this is "Flowers of sentiment"—the other—aye, this is a good book. "An Argument against the Use of Animal Food. By J. R." That means Joseph Ritson. I will open it anywhere, and read just as it happens. One cannot dip amiss in such books as these. The motto, I see, is from Pope. I daresay, very much to the purpose. (Reads.)

"The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,

Had he thy reason, would he sport and play?

Pleas'd to the last, he crops his flowery food,

And licks the hand"——

Bless us, is that saddle of mutton gone home to Mrs Simpson's? It should have gone an hour ago.

Ben. I was just going with it.

Cut. Well go. Where was I? Oh!

"And licks the hand just raised to shed its blood."

What an affecting picture! (*turns over the leaves, and reads*). "It is probable that the long lives which are recorded of the people before the flood, were owing to their being confined to a vegetable diet."

Ben. The young gentleman in Pullen's Row, Islington, that has got the consumption, has sent to know if you can let him have a sweetbread.

Cut. Take two,—take all that are in the shop. What a disagreeable interruption! (*reads again*.) "Those fierce and angry passions, which impel man to wage destructive war with man, may be traced to the ferment in the blood produced by an animal diet."

Ben. The two pound of rump-steaks must go home to Mr Molyneux's. He is in training to fight Cribb.

Cut. Well, take them; go along, and do not trouble me with your disgusting details.

[*Exit Ben.*]

Cut. (*Throwing down the book*.) Why was I bred to this detestable business? Was it not plain, that this trembling sensibility, which has marked my character from earliest infancy, must for ever disqualify me for a profession which—what do ye want? what do ye buy? O, it is only somebody going past. I thought it had been a customer.—Why was not I bred a glover, like my cousin Langston? to see him poke his two little sticks into a delicate pair of real Woodstock—"A very little stretching, ma'am, and they will fit exactly"—Or a haberdasher, like my next-door neighbour—"not a better bit of lace in all town, my lady—Mrs Breakstock took the last of it last Friday, all but this bit, which I can afford to let your ladyship have a bargain—reach down that drawer on your left hand, Miss Fisher."

Enter in haste, DAVENPORT, MARIAN, and LUCY.

Lucy. This is the house I saw a bill up at, ma'am; and a droll creature the landlord is,

Dav. We have no time for nicety.

Cut. What do ye want? what do ye buy? O, it is only you, Mrs Lucy.

LUCY whispers CUTLET.

Cut. I have a set of apartments at the end of my garden. They are quite detached from the shop. A single lady at present occupies the ground floor.

Mar. Aye, aye, any where.

Dav. In, in,—

Cut. Pretty lamb,—she seems agitated.

DAVENPORT and MARIAN go in with CUTLET.

Lucy. I am mistaken if my young lady does not find an agreeable companion in these apartments. Almost a namesake. Only the difference of Flynn, and Flint. I have some errands to do, or I would stop and have some fun with this droll butcher.

CUTLET returns.

Cut. Why, how odd this is! Your young lady knows my young lady. They are as thick as flies.

Lucy. You may thank me for your new lodger, Mr Cutlet.—But bless me, you do not look well?

Cut. To tell you the truth, I am rather heavy about the eyes. Want of sleep, I believe.

Lucy. Late hours, perhaps. Raking last night.

Cut. No, that is not it, Mrs Lucy. My repose was disturbed by a very different cause from what you may imagine. It proceeded from too much thinking.

Lucy. The deuce it did! and what, if I may be so bold, might be the subject of your Night Thoughts?

Cut. The distresses of my fellow creatures. I never lay my head down on my pillow, but I fall a thinking, how many at this very instant are perishing. Some with cold—

Lucy. What, in the midst of summer?

Cut. Aye. Not here, but in countries abroad, where the climate is different from ours. Our summers are their winters, and *vice versa*, you know. Some with cold——

Lucy. What a canting rogue it is ! I should like to trump up some fine story to plague him. [Aside.

Cut. Others with hunger—some a prey to the rage of wild beasts——

Lucy. He has got this by rote, out of some book.

Cut. Some drowning, crossing crazy bridges in the dark—some by the violence of the devouring flame——

Lucy. I have it.—For that matter, you need not send your humanity a travelling, Mr Cutlet. For instance, last night——

Cut. Some by fevers, some by gun-shot wounds——

Lucy. Only two streets off——

Cut. Some in drunken quarrels——

Lucy. (Aloud.) The butcher's shop at the corner.

Cut. What were you saying about poor Cleaver ?

Lucy. He has found his ears at last. (Aside.) That he has had his house burnt down.

Cut. Bless me !

Lucy. I saw four small children taken in at the green grocer's.

Cut. Do you know if he is insured ?

Lucy. Some say he is, but not to the full amount.

Cut. Not to the full amount—how shocking ! He killed more meat than any of the trade between here and Carnaby market—and the poor babes—four of them you say—what a melting sight !—he served some good customers about Marybone—I always think more of the children in these cases than of the fathers and mothers—Lady Lovebrown liked his veal better than any man's in the market—I wonder whether her ladyship is engaged—I must go and comfort poor Cleaver, however.—[Exit.

Lucy. Now is this pretender to humanity gone to avail himself of a neighbour's supposed ruin to inveigle his customers from him. Fine feelings !—pshaw ! [Exit.

Re-enter, CUTLET.

Cut. What a deceitful young hussey ! there is not a word of truth in her. There has been no fire. How can people play with one's feelings so !—(sings)—“ For tenderness formed”—No, I'll try the air I made upon myself. The words may compose me.—(sings.)

A weeping Londoner I am,
A washer-woman was my dam ;
She bred me up in a cock-loft,
And fed my mind with sorrows soft :

For when she wrung with elbows stout
From linen wet the water out,—
The drops so like to tears did drip,
They gave my infant nerves the hyp.

Scarce three clean muckingers a week
Would dry the brine, that dew'd my cheek :
So, while I gave my sorrows scope,
I almost ruin'd her in soap.

My parish learning I did win
In ward of Farringdon-Within ;
Where, after school, I did pursue
My sports, as little boys will do,

Cockchafers—none like me was found
To set them spinning round and round.
O, how my tender heart would melt,
To think what those poor varmin felt !

I never tied tin-kettle, clog,
Or salt-box to the tail of dog,
Without a pang more keen at heart,
Than he felt at his outward part.

And when the poor thing clattered off,
To all the unfeeling mob a scoff,
Thought I, "What that dumb creature feels,
With half the parish at his heels!"

Arrived, you see, to man's estate,
The butcher's calling is my fate;
Yet still I keep my feeling ways,
And leave the town on slaughtering days.

At Kentish Town, or Highgate Hill,
I sit, retired, beside some rill;
And tears bedew my glistening eye,
To think my playful lambs must die!

But when they're dead I sell their meat,
On shambles kept both clean and neat;
Sweet-breads also I guard full well,
And keep them from the blue-bottle.

Envy, with breath sharp as my steel,
Has ne'er yet blown upon my veal;
And mouths of dames, and daintiest fops,
Do water at my nice lamb-chops.

[Exit, half laughing, half crying.]

SCENE, a Street.

DAVENPORT, *solus*.

Dav. Thus far have I secured my charming prize. I can appretiate, while I lament, the delicacy which makes her refuse the protection of my sister's roof. But who comes here?

Enter PENDULOUS, agitated.

It must be he. That fretful animal motion—that face working up and down with uneasy sensibility, like new yeast. Jack—Jack Pendulous!

Pen. It is your old friend, and very miserable.

Dav. Vapours, Jack. I have not known you fifteen years to have to guess at your complaint. Why, they troubled you at school. Do you remember when you had to speak the speech of Buckingham, where he is going to execution?

Pen. Execution!—he has certainly heard it. *(Aside.)*

Dav. What a pucker you were in overnight!

Pen. May be so, may be so, Mr Davenport. That was an imaginary scene. I have had real troubles since.

Dav. Pshaw! so you call every common accident.

Pen. Do you call my case so common, then?

Dav. What case?

Pen. You have not heard, then?

Dav. Positively not a word.

Pen. You must know I have been—*(whispers)*—tried for a felony since then.

Dav. Nonsense!

Pen. No subject for mirth, Mr Davenport. A confounded short-sighted fellow swore that I stopt him, and robbed him, on the York race-ground at

nine on a fine moonlight evening, when I was two hundred miles off in Dorsetshire. These hands have been held up at a common bar.

Dav. Ridiculous! it could not have gone so far.

Pen. A great deal farther, I assure you, Mr Davenport. I am ashamed to say how far it went. You must know, that in the first shock and surprise of the accusation, shame—you know I was always susceptible—shame put me upon disguising my *name*, that, at all events, it might bring no disgrace upon my family. I called myself *James Thomson*.

Dav. For heaven's sake, compose yourself.

Pen. I will. An old family ours, Mr Davenport—never had a blot upon it till now—a family famous for the jealousy of its honour for many generations—think of that, Mr Davenport—that felt a stain like a wound—

Dav. Be calm, my dear friend.

Pen. This served the purpose of a temporary concealment well enough; but when it came to the—*alibi*—I think they call it—excuse these technical terms, they are hardly fit for the mouth of a gentleman, the *witnesses*—that is another term—that I had sent for up from Melcombe Regis, and relied upon for clearing up my character, by disclosing my real name, *John Pendulous*—so discredited the cause which they came to serve, that it had quite a contrary effect to what was intended. In short, the usual forms passed, and you behold me here the miserablest of mankind.

Dav. (*Aside*) He must be light-headed.

Pen. Not at all, Mr Davenport. I hear what you say, though you speak it all on one side, as they do at the playhouse.

Dav. The sentence could never have been carried into—pshaw!—you are joking—the truth must have come out at last.

Pen. So it did, Mr Davenport—just two minutes and a second too late by the Sheriff's stop-watch. Time enough to save my life—my wretched life—but an age too late for my honour. Pray, change the subject—the detail must be as offensive to you.

Dav. With all my heart, to a more pleasing theme. The lovely Maria Flynn—are you friends in that quarter, still? Have the old folks relented?

Pen. They are dead, and have left her mistress of her inclinations. But it requires great strength of mind to——

Dav. To what?

Pen. To stand up against the sneers of the world. It is not every young lady that feels herself confident against the shafts of ridicule, though aimed by the hand of prejudice. Not but in her heart, I believe, she prefers me to all mankind. But think what the world would say, if, in defiance of the opinions of mankind, she should take to her arms a—reprieved man!

Dav. Whims! You might turn the laugh of the world upon itself in a fortnight. These things are but nine days' wonders.

Pen. Do you think so, Mr Davenport?

Dav. Where does she live?

Pen. She has lodgings in the next street, in a sort of garden-house, that belongs to one Cutlet. I have not seen her since the affair. I was going there at her request.

Dav. Ha, ha, ha!

Pen. Why do you laugh?

Dav. The oddest fellow! I will tell you——But here he comes:

Enter CUTLET.

Cut. (to Davenport.) Sir, the young lady at my house is desirous you should return immediately. She has heard something from home.

Pen. What do I hear?

Dav. 'Tis her fears, I daresay. My dear Pendulous, you will excuse me?—I must not tell him our situation at present, though it cost him a fit of jealousy. We shall have fifty opportunities for explanation. [*Exit.*]

Pen. Does that gentleman visit the lady at your lodgings?

Cut. He is quite familiar there, I assure you. He is all in all with her, as they say.

Pen. It is but too plain. Fool that I have been, not to suspect that, while she pretended scruples, some rival was at the root of her infidelity!

Cut. You seem distressed, sir? Bless me!

Pen. I am, friend, above the reach of comfort.

Cut. Consolation, then, can be to no purpose?

Pen. None.

Cut. I am so happy to have met with him!

Pen. Wretch, wretch, wretch!

Cut. There he goes! How he walks about biting his nails! I would not exchange this luxury of unavailing pity for worlds.

Pen. Stigmatized by the world——

Cut. My case exactly. Let us compare notes.

Pen. For an accident which——

Cut. For a profession which——

Pen. In the eye of reason has nothing in it——

Cut. Absolutely nothing in it——

Pen. Brought up at a public bar——

Cut. Brought up to an odious trade——

Pen. With nerves like mine——

Cut. With nerves like mine——

Pen. Arraigned, condemned——

Cut. By a foolish world——

Pen. By a judge and jury——

Cut. By an invidious exclusion disqualified for sitting upon a jury at all——

Pen. Tried, cast, and——

Cut. What?

Pen. HANGED, sir, HANGED by the neck, till I was——

Cut. Bless me!

Pen. Why should not I publish it to the whole world, since she, whose prejudice alone I wished to overcome, deserts me?

Cut. Lord have mercy upon us! not so bad as that comes to, I hope?

Pen. When she joins in the judgment of an illiberal world against me——

Cut. You said HANGED, sir—that is, I mean, perhaps I mistook you. How ghastly he looks!

Pen. Fear me not, my friend. I am no ghost—though I heartily wish I were one.

Cut. Why, then, ten to one you were——

Pen. Cut down. The odious word shall out, though it choak me.

Cut. Your case must have some things in it very curious. I daresay you kept a journal of your sensations.

Pen. Sensations!

Cut. Aye, while you were being—you know what I mean. They say persons in your situation have lights dancing before their eyes—blueish. But then the worst of all is coming to one's self again.

Pen. Plagues, furies, tormentors! I shall go mad!

[*Exit.*

Cut. There, he says he shall go mad. Well, my head has not been very right of late. It goes with a whirl and a buz somehow. I believe I must not think so deeply. Common people that don't reason know nothing of these aberrations.

Great wits go mad, and small ones only dull;

Distracting cares vex not the empty skull:

They seize on heads that think, and hearts that feel,

As flies attack the—better sort of veal.

[*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE, at FLINT'S.

FLINT, WILLIAM.

Flint. I have overwalked myself, and am quite exhausted. Tell Marian to come and play to me.

Wil. I shall, sir.

[Exit.

Flint. I have been troubled with an evil spirit of late; I think, an evil spirit. It goes and comes, as my daughter is with or from me. It cannot stand before her gentle look, when, to please her father, she takes down her music-book.

Enter WILLIAM.

Wil. Miss Marian went out soon after you, and is not returned.

Flint. That is a pity—That is a pity. Where can the foolish girl be gadding?

Wil. The shopmen say she went out with Mr Davenport.

Flint. Davenport? Impossible.

Wil. They say they are sure it was he, by the same token that they saw her slip into his hand, when she was past the door, the casket which you gave her.

Flint. Gave her, William? I only intrusted it to her. She has robbed me. Marian is a thief. You must go to the Justice, William, and get out a warrant against her immediately. Do you help them in the description. Put in "Marian Flint," in plain words—no remonstrances, William—"daughter of Reuben Flint,"—no remonstrances, but do it—

Wil. Nay, sir—

Flint. I am rock, absolute rock, to all that you can say—A piece of solid rock.—What is it that makes my legs to fail, and my whole frame to totter thus? It has been my over walking. I am very faint. Support me in, William.

[Exeunt.

SCENE—The Apartment of Miss FLYN.

Miss FLYN, BETTY.

Miss F. 'Tis past eleven. Every minute I expect Mr Pendulous here. What a meeting do I anticipate!

Betty. Anticipate, truly! what other than a joyful meeting can it be between two agreed lovers who have been parted these four months?

Miss F. But in that cruel space what accidents have happened!—(aside) As yet I perceive she is ignorant of this unfortunate affair.

Betty. Lord, madam, what accidents? He has not had a fall or a tumble, has he? He is not coming upon crutches?

Miss F. Not exactly a fall—(aside)—I wish I had courage to admit her to my confidence.

Betty. If his neck is whole, his heart is so too, I warrant it.

Miss F. His neck!—(aside)—She certainly mistrusts something. He writes me word that this must be his last interview.

Betty. Then I guess the whole business. The wretch is unfaithful. Some creature or other has got him into a noose.

Miss F. A noose!

Betty. And I shall never more see him hang—

Miss F. Hang, did you say, Betty?

Betty. About that dear, fond neck, I was going to add, madam, but you interrupted me.

Miss F. I can no longer labour with a secret which oppresses me thus. Can you be trusty?

Betty. Who, I, madam?—(aside)—Lord, I am so glad. Now I shall know all.

Miss F. This letter discloses the reason of his unaccountable long absence from me. Peruse it, and say if we have not reason to be unhappy.

(*BETTY retires to the window to read the letter, Mr PENDULOUS enters.*)

Miss F. My dear Pendulous!

Pen. Maria!—nay, shun the embraces of a disgraced man, who comes but to tell you that you must renounce his society for ever.

Miss F. Nay, Pendulous, avoid me not.

Pen.—(*aside.*) That was tender. I may be mistaken. Whilst I stood on honourable terms, Maria might have met my caresses without a blush.

(*BETTY, who has not attended to the entrance of PENDULOUS, through her eagerness to read the letter, comes forward.*)

Betty. Ha! ha! ha! What a funny story, madam; and is this all you make such a fuss about? I should not care if twenty of my lovers had been—(*seeing PENDULOUS.*)—Lord, sir, I ask pardon.

Pen. Are we not alone, then?

Miss F. 'Tis only Betty—my old servant. You remember Betty?

Pen. What letter is that?

Miss F. O! something from her sweetheart, I suppose.

Betty. Yes, ma'am, that is all. I shall die of laughing.

Pen. You have not surely been shewing her—

Miss F. I must be ingenuous. You must know, then, that I was just giving Betty a hint—as you came in.

Pen. A hint!

Miss F. Yes, of our unfortunate embarrassment.

Pen. My letter!

Miss F. I thought it as well that she should know it at first.

Pen. 'Tis mighty well, madam. 'Tis as it should be. I was ordained to be a wretched laughing-stock to all the world; and it is fit that our drabs and our servant wenches should have their share of the amusement.

Betty. Marry come up! Drabs and servant wenches! and this from a person in his circumstances!

(*BETTY flings herself out of the room, muttering.*)

Miss F. I understand not this language. I was prepared to give my Pendulous a tender meeting. To assure him, that however, in the eyes of the superficial and the censorious, he may have incurred a partial degradation, in the esteem of one, at least, he stood as high as ever. That it was not in the power of a ridiculous *accident*, involving no guilt, no shadow of imputation, to separate two hearts, cemented by holiest vows, as ours have been. This untimely repulse to my affections may awaken scruples in me, which hitherto, in tenderness to you, I have suppressed.

Pen. I very well understand what you call tenderness, madam; but in some situations, pity—pity—is the greatest insult.

Miss F. I can endure no longer. When you are in a calmer mood, you will be sorry that you have wrung my heart so. [*Exit.*]

Pen. Maria!—She is gone—in tears—Yet it seems she has had her scruples. She said she had tried to smother them. Her maid Betty intimated as much.

Re-enter BETTY.

Betty. Never mind Betty, sir; depend upon it she will never 'peach.

Pen. 'Peach!

Betty. Lord, sir, these scruples will blow over. Go to her again, when she is in a better humour. You know we must stand off a little at first, to save appearances.

Pen. Appearances! *we!*

Betty. It will be decent to let some time elapse.

Pen. Time elapse!

Lost, wretched Pendulous! to scorn betrayed,

The scoff alike of mistress and of maid!

What now remains for thee, forsaken man,

But to complete thy fate's abortive plan,

And finish what the feeble law began?

[*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter Miss FLYN, with MARIAN.

Miss F. Now both our lovers are gone, I hope my friend will have less

reserve. You must consider this apartment as yours while you stay here. 'Tis larger and more commodious than your own.

Mar. You are kind, Maria. My sad story I have troubled you with. I have some jewels here, which I unintentionally brought away. I have only to beg, that you will take the trouble to restore them to my father; and, without disclosing my present situation, to tell him, that my next step—with or without the concurrence of Mr Davenport—shall be to throw myself at his feet, and beg to be forgiven. I dare not see him till you have explored the way for me. I am convinced I was tricked into this elopement.

Miss F. Your commands shall be obeyed implicitly.

Mar. You are good, (*agitated.*)

Miss F. Moderate your apprehensions, my sweet friend. I too have known my sorrows—(*smiling.*)—You have heard of the ridiculous affair.

Mar. Between Mr Pendulous and you? Davenport informed me of it, and we both took the liberty of blaming the over-niceness of your scruples.

Miss F. You mistake. The refinement is entirely on the part of my lover. He thinks me not nice enough. I am obliged to feign a little reluctance, that he may not take quite a distaste to me. Will you believe it, that he turns my very constancy into a reproach, and declares, that a woman must be devoid of all delicacy, that, after a thing of that sort, could endure the sight of her husband in —

Mar. In what?

Miss F. The sight of a man at all in —

Mar. I comprehend you not.

Miss F. In—in a—(*whispers*)—night cap, my dear; and now the mischief is out.

Mar. Is there no way to cure him?

Miss F. None, unless I were to try the experiment, by placing myself in the hands of justice for a little while, how far an equality in misfortune might breed a sympathy in sentiment. Our reputations would be both upon a level then, you know. What think you of a little innocent shop-lifting, in sport?

Mar. And by that contrivance to be taken before a magistrate? the project sounds oddly.

Miss F. And yet I am more than half persuaded it is feasible.

Enter BETTY.

Betty. Mr Davenport is below, ma'am, and desires to speak with you.

Mar. You will excuse me—(*going—turning back.*)—You will remember the casket? *[Exit.*

Miss F. Depend on me.

Betty. And a strange man desires to see you, ma'am. I do not half like his looks.

Miss F. Shew him in.

(*Exit BETTY, and returns with a Police Officer. BETTY goes out.*)

Officer. Your servant, ma'am. Your name is —

Miss F. Flynn, sir. Your business with me?

Off. (*Alternately surveying the lady and his paper of instructions*)—Marian Flint.

Miss F. Maria Flynn.

Off. Aye, aye, Flynn or Flint. 'Tis all one. Some write plain Mary, and some put ann after it. I come about a casket.

Miss F. I guess the whole business. He takes me for my friend. Something may come out of this. I will humour him.

Off. (*Aside*)—Answers the description to a tittle. "Soft, grey eyes, pale complexion," —

Miss F. Yet I have been told by flatterers that my eyes were blue—(*takes out a pocket-glass.*)—I hope I look pretty tolerably to-day.

Off. Blue!—they are a sort of blueish-grey, now I look better; and as for colour, that comes and goes. Blushing is often a sign of a hardened offender. Do you know any thing of a casket?

Miss F. Here is one which a friend has just delivered to my keeping.

Off. And which I must beg leave to secure, together with your lady-

ship's person. "Garnets, pearls, diamond-bracelet,"—here they are, sure enough.

Miss F. Indeed, I am innocent.

Off. Every man is presumed so till he is found otherwise.

Miss F. Police wit! Have you a warrant?

Off. Tolerably cool that. Here it is, signed by Justice Golding, at the requisition of Reuben Flint, who deposes that you have robbed him.

Miss F. How lucky this turns out!—(*aside.*)—Can I be indulged with a coach?

Off. To Marlborough Street? certainly—an old offender—(*aside.*)—The thing shall be conducted with as much delicacy as is consistent with security.

Miss F. Police manners! I will trust myself to your protection then.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE—Police-Office.

JUSTICE, FLINT, OFFICERS, &c.

Just. Before we proceed to extremities, Mr Flint, let me entreat you to consider the consequences. What will the world say to your exposing your own child?

Flint. The world is not my friend. I belong to a profession which has long brought me acquainted with its injustice. I return scorn for scorn, and desire its censure above its plaudits.

Just. But in this case delicacy must make you pause.

Flint. Delicacy—ha! ha!—pawnbroker—how fitly these words suit. Delicate pawnbroker—delicate devil—let the law take its course.

Just. Consider, the jewels are found.

Flint. 'Tis not the silly baubles I regard. Are you a man? are you a father and think you I could stoop so low, vile as I stand here, as to make money—filthy money—of the stuff which a daughter's touch has desecrated? Deep in some pit first I would bury them.

Just. Yet pause a little. Consider. An only child.

Flint. Only, only,—there, it is that stings me, makes me mad. She was the only thing I had to love me—to bear me up against the nipping injuries of the world. I prate when I should act. Bring in your prisoner.

(*The JUSTICE makes signs to an Officer, who goes out, and returns with Miss FLYN.*)

Flint. What mockery of my sight is here? This is no daughter.

Off. Daughter, or no daughter, she has confessed to this casket.

Flint. (*Handling it*)—The very same. Was it in the power of these pale splendors to dazzle the sight of honesty—to put out the regardful eye of piety and daughter-love? Why, a poor glow-worm shews more brightly. Bear witness how I valued them—(*tramples on them.*)—Fair lady, know you aught of my child?

Miss F. I shall here answer no questions.

Just. You must explain how you came by these jewels, madam.

Miss F. (*aside.*) Now confidence assist me!—A gentleman in the neighbourhood will answer for me—

Just. His name—

Miss F. Pendulous—

Just. That lives in the next street?

Miss F. The same—now I have him sure.

Just. Let him be sent for. I believe the gentleman to be respectable, and will accept his security.

Flint. Why do I waste my time, where I have no business? None—I have none any more in the world—none.

Enter PENDULOUS.

Pen. What is the meaning of this extraordinary summons?—Maria here?

Flint. Know you any thing of my daughter, sir?

Pen. Sir, I neither know her nor yourself, nor why I am brought hither; but for this lady, if you have any thing against her, I will answer it with my life and fortunes.

Just. Make out the bail-bond.

Off. (*Surveying Pendulous.*) Please, your worship, before you take that gentleman's bond, may I have leave to put in a word?

Pen. (*Agitated.*) I guess what is coming.

Off. I have seen that gentleman hold up his hand at a criminal bar.

Just. Ha!

Miss F. (*Aside.*) Better and better.

Off. My eyes cannot deceive me. His lips quivered about, while he was being tried, just as they do now. His name is not Pendulous.

Miss F. Excellent!

Off. He pleaded to the name of Thomson at York assizes.

Just. Can this be true?

Miss F. I could kiss the fellow!

Off. He was had up for a footpad.

Miss F. A dainty fellow!

Pen. My iniquitous fate pursues me everywhere.

Just. You confess, then.

Pen. I am steeped in infamy.

Miss F. I am as deep in the mire as yourself.

Pen. My reproach can never be washed out.

Miss F. Nor mine.

Pen. I am doomed to everlasting shame.

Miss F. We are both in a predicament.

Just. I am in a maze where all this will end.

Miss F. But here comes one who, if I mistake not, will guide us out of all our difficulties.

Enter MARIAN and DAVENPORT.

Mar. (*Kneeling.*) My dear father!

Flint. Do I dream?

Mar. I am your Marian.

Just. Wonders thicken!

Flint. The casket—

Miss F. Let me clear up the rest.

Flint. The casket—

Miss F. Was inadvertently in your daughter's hand, when, by an artifice of her maid Lucy,—set on, as she confesses, by this gentleman here,—

Dav. I plead guilty.

Miss F. She was persuaded, that you were in a hurry going to marry her to an object of her dislike; nay, that he was actually in the house for the purpose. The speed of her flight admitted not of her depositing the jewels; but to me, who have been her inseparable companion since she quitted your roof, she intrusted the return of them; which the precipitate measures of this gentleman (*pointing to the Officer*) alone prevented. Mr Cutlet, whom I see coming, can witness this to be true.

Enter CUTLET, in haste.

Cut. Aye, poor lamb! poor lamb! I can witness. I have run in such a haste, hearing how affairs stood, that I have left my shambles without a protector. If your worship had seen how she cried (*pointing to Marian*), and trembled, and insisted upon being brought to her father. Mr Davenport here could not stay her.

Flint. I can forbear no longer. Marian, will you play once again, to please your old father?

Mar. I have a good mind to make you buy me a new grand piano for your naughty suspicions of me.

Dav. What is to become of me?

Flint. I will do more than that. The poor lady shall have her jewels again.

Mar. Shall she?

Flint. Upon reasonable terms, (*smiling.*) And now, I suppose, the court may adjourn.

Dav. Marian!

Flint. I guess what is passing in your mind, Mr Dayenport; but you have

behaved upon the whole so like a man of honour, that it will give me pleasure, if you will visit at my house for the future; but (*smiling*) not clandestinely, Marian.

Mar. Hush, father.

Flint. I own I had prejudices against gentry. But I have met with so much candour and kindness among my betters this day—from this gentleman in particular—(*turning to the Justice*)—that I begin to think of leaving off business, and setting up for a gentleman myself.

Just. You have the feelings of one.

Flint. Marian will not object to it.

Just. But (*turning to Miss Flyn*), what motive could induce this lady to take so much disgrace upon herself, when a word's explanation might have relieved her?

Miss F. This gentleman (*turning to Pendulous*) can explain,

Pen. The devil!

Miss F. This gentleman, I repeat it, whose backwardness in concluding a long and honourable suit from a mistaken delicacy—

Pen. How!

Miss F. Drove me upon the expedient of involving myself in the same disagreeable embarrassments with himself, in the hope that a more perfect sympathy might subsist between us for the future.

Pen. I see it—I see it all!

Just. (*To Pendulous.*) You were then tried at York.

Pen. I was——CAST——

Just. Condemned——

Pen. EXECUTED.

Just. How!

Pen. CUT DOWN, and CAME TO LIFE AGAIN. False delicacy, adieu! The true sort, which this lady has manifested—by an expedient which at first sight might seem a little unpromising, has cured me of the other. We are now on even terms.

Miss F. And may——

Pen. Marry,—I know it was your word.

Miss F. And make a very quiet——

Pen. Exemplary——

Miss F. Agreeing pair of——

Pen. ACQUITTED FELONS.

Flint. And let the prejudiced against our profession acknowledge, that a money-lender may have the heart of a father; and that in the casket, whose loss grieved him so sorely, he valued nothing so dear as (*turning to Marian*) one poor domestic jewel.

To M. W.

THERE'S something in thy lightest mirth
That's like an angel's sadness,
A dim soft pathos overflows
Thy wildest voice of gladness.

I, with a poet's insight, see
How feelings true enhance
The finer impulses that stir
Thy leaf-like elegance.

And, Marg'ret, when I look on thee,
Are swept away the fears,
Which whisper beauty is a thing
Of peril and of tears.

For, like a sainted virtue, Thou
Art lifted o'er the day;
God's shadow on thy face is laid
In sanctity for aye.

Mix with the vulgar and the vain,
There's nothing to condemn;
A charm is hung around thee—Thou
Canst ne'er be one of them.

Then go—nor fear to move amidst
Our earth's most tainted air,
Go, like a sea-bird in the gloom,
As fearless and as fair!

ON THE PORTRAIT OF WICKLIFFE.

BY DELTA.

"Had it not been the obstinate perverseness of our prelates, against the divine and admirable spirit of Wickliffe, to suppress him as a schismatic or innovator, perhaps neither the Bohemian Husse, and Jerome, no, nor the name of Luther or of Calvin, had ever been known."

MILTON, *For the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing.*

I.

WHEN Superstition overspread the realm,
And Truth's bright star was shaded ;
When Tyranny struggled to overwhelm
A world by her gloom pervaded ;
From out that midnight, so dark and deep,
A voice cried, "Ho—awaken!"
Till the sleepers aroused themselves from sleep,
And the thrones of earth were shaken.

II.

Wickliffe ! that noble voice was thine,
Which called the free to their stations ;
Thou gavest the light of Heaven to shine
Again on the blinded nations :—
When foes were many, and friends were none,
Though pitfalls yawn'd around thee,
On the hill of defiance aloft—alone—
The hour of danger found thee.

III.

I love to trace the lines of that face,
So calm, yet so commanding ;
Thy white beard's venerable grace
O'er thy russet vest expanding ;
Thine eyebrows so deeply arch'd—thy look
Of serenest contemplation,
At whose kindling glance the guilty shook
In pitiful consternation.

IV.

Methinks I note thy youthful gaze,
Truth's holiest pages perusing,
Where summer boughs exclude the rays,
An emerald calm diffusing ;
I follow thy steps from bower to bower,
Still pondering on what enthrall'd thee,
Till the bell of Merton's toll'd forth the hour,
Which to vesper service call'd thee.

V.

Fear never smote thy dauntless heart,
That, spurning at craft and folly,
Burn'd, in its ardours, to impart
The Gospel unmarr'd and holy ;
'Mid persecution's storm it rose,
And, triumphing nobly o'er it,
Pierced through the corslet of Craft, and bore
Superstition to earth before it.

VI.

The purple pride of the Papal See
 Could not to silence win thee;
 It's loudest thunders were less to thee,
 Than the still small voice within thee:
 In the conclave hall, erectly tall,
 'Twas thine to stand undaunted,
 'Mid threatening throngs, that sought thy wrongs,
 And insolent power that vaunted.

VII.

To the death 'twas thine to persevere,
 Though the tempest around thee rattled;
 And wherever Falsehood was lurking, there
 Thy spirit heroic battled:
 And though thy bones from the grave were torn,
 Long after thy days were ended,
 The sound of thy words, to times unborn,
 Like a trumpet-call descended.

VIII.

A light was struck—a light which shew'd
 How hideous were Error's features,
 And how perverted the law, bestow'd
 By Heaven to guide its creatures;
 At first, for that spark, amid the dark,
 The Friar his fear dissembled;
 But soon at the fame of Wickliffe's name,
 The throne of St Peter trembled!

IX.

Oh! that the glory, so fair to see,
 Should from men's eyes be shrouded;
 Oh! that the day-dawn, which rose with thee,
 Illumining all, should be clouded!
 In vain have heroes and martyrs bled—
 When all that they nobly fought for
 Is recklessly given, like carrion dead,
 To the dogs, whenever sought for!!

X.

Oh! that the lamp of Faith burns dim—
 That our public men grow cravens—
 And oh! for the spirit that burn'd in him,
 An eagle amid the ravens!
 Of the book which had been a sealed-up book,
 He tore the clasps, that the nation,
 With eyes unbandaged, might thereon look,
 And learn to read salvation.

XI.

I turn me from him—I cannot gaze
 On the calm, heroic features,
 When I think how we have disgraced our days—
 Poor, miserable creatures!
 And when, how we have betray'd our trust
 The sons of our sons shall hearken,
 Can it be else than that o'er our dust
 The spittle of scorn should barken!

THE FIRST GRAY HAIR.

THE matron at her mirror, with her hand upon her brow,
Sits gazing on her lovely face—aye lovely even now :
Why doth she lean upon her hand with such a look of care ?
Why steals that tear across her cheek ?—She sees her first gray hair.

Time from her form hath ta'en away but little of its grace ;
His touch of thought hath dignified the beauty of her face ;
Yet she might mingle in the dance where maidens gaily trip,
So bright is still her hazel eye, so beautiful her lip.

The faded form is often mark'd by sorrow more than years ;
The wrinkle on the cheek may be the course of secret tears ;
The mournful lip may murmur of a love it ne'er confest,
And the dimness of the eye betray a heart that cannot rest.

But *She* hath been a happy wife ;—the lover of her youth
May proudly claim the smile that pays the trial of his truth ;
A sense of slight—of loneliness—hath never banish'd sleep ;
Her life hath been a cloudless one ;—then, wherefore doth she weep ?

She look'd upon her raven locks ;—what thoughts did they recall ?
Oh ! not of nights when they were deck'd for banquet or for ball ;—
They brought back thoughts of early youth, e'er she had learnt to check,
With artificial wreaths, the curls that sported o'er her neck.

She seem'd to feel her mother's hand pass lightly through her hair,
And draw it from her brow, to leave a kiss of kindness there ;
She seem'd to view her father's smile, and feel the playful touch
That sometimes feign'd to steal away the curls she prized so much.

And *now* she sees her first gray hair ! oh, deem it not a crime
For her to weep—when she beholds the first foot-mark of Time !
She knows that, one by one, those mute mementos will increase,
And steal youth, beauty, strength away, till life itself shall cease.

'Tis *not* the tear of vanity for beauty on the wane—
Yet though the blossom may *not* sigh to bud, and bloom again,
It cannot but remember with a feeling of regret,
The Spring for ever gone—the Summer sun so nearly set.

Ah, Lady ! heed the monitor ! Thy mirror tells thee truth,
Assume the matron's folded veil, resign the wreath of youth ;
Go !—bind it on thy daughter's brow, in *her* thou'lt still look fair ;
'Twere well would all learn wisdom who behold *the first gray hair* !

T. HAYNES BAYLY.

UPON SEEING MISS FANNY KEMBLE IN JULIET.

ITALIAN passion, sudden, deep, intense,
With maidhood's simply fearless innocence,
With the chaste dignity that marriage gives,
Blended in poesy's ethereal hue ;—
Such the sweet Juliet Shakspeare's genius drew—
The genius such that now in Fanny lives.

M. M.

LOVE AND DEATH.

By Mrs Hemans.

By thy birth, so oft renew'd
 From the embers long subdued;
 By the life-gift in thy chain,
 Broken links to weave again;
 By thine Infinite of woe,
 All we know not, all we know;
 If there be what dieth not,
Thine, Affection ! is its lot !

MIGHTY ones, Love and Death !
 Ye are the strong in this world of ours,
 Ye meet at the banquets, ye strive midst the flow'r—
 —Which hath the Conqueror's wreath ?

Thou art the victor, Love !
 Thou art the peerless, the crown'd, the free—
 The strength of the battle is given to thee,
 The spirit from above.

Thou hast look'd on death and smiled !
 Thou hast buoy'd up the fragile and reed-like form
 Through the tide of the fight, through the rush of the storm,
 On field, and flood, and wild.

Thou hast stood on the scaffold alone :
 Thou hast watch'd by the wheel through the torturer's hour,
 And girt thy soul with a martyr's power,
 Till the conflict hath been won.

No—*thou* art the victor, Death !
Thou comest—and where is that which spoke
 From the depths of the eye, when the bright soul woke ?
 —Gone with the flitting breath !

Thou comest—and what is left
 Of all that loved us, to say if aught
 Yet loves, yet answers the burning thought
 Of the spirit lorn and reft ?

Silence is where thou art !
 Silently thou must kindred meet ;
 No glance to cheer, and no voice to greet ;
 No bounding of heart to heart !

Boast not thy victory, Death !
 It is but as the cloud's o'er the sunbeam's power—
 It is but as the winter's o'er leaf and flower,
 That slumber, the snow beneath.

It is but as a tyrant's reign
 O'er the look and the voice, which he bids be still :
 —But the sleepless thought and the fiery will
 Are not for him to chain.

They shall soar his might above !
 And so with the root whence affection springs,
 Though buried, it is not of mortal things—
Thou art the victor, Love !

THE AGE—A POEM*—IN EIGHT BOOKS.

THE author of the Age is about as like a poet as a bubblejock is to a peacock. Down wings, and up tail, goes bubbley, with intermittent snort from his long, red, dangling nostril, and a bold boom from his whole body, as if he were sending tidings of his magnificent existence in thunder to the uttermost parts of the earth; whereas, the fact is, that the cook has issued orders to the scullion for his immediate execution for the benefit of clergy; and that minstress of fate is even then making a sally from the back kitchen against the unsuspecting sultaun who, ere the bell toll for the servants' dinner, will stoop his anointed head, with all its comb and wattles, between her inexorable knees—his neck becoming precisely as long as her arm—while the neighbourhood shall continue in a state of great and just alarm for an hour after his last unearthly gobble. Now, we are far from denying that a bubbley is an imposing bird, after his own fashion; but he is in a mistake about his tail, which is not the constellation he fondly believes it to be, while he upholds it to the airs and sunshine of heaven. The world is not, as he imagines, lost in speechless admiration of his planetary system. No idea hath he of the utter absurdity of the exposure behind, consequent on the hoisting of his imperial standard—an utter absurdity, in no way relieved by the rotatory motion in which he keeps prancing on feet that may not venture, without imminent danger of the retort courteous, to laugh at the legs that employ them as pedestals. From the hauteur of his most adventurous aspect, you could not doubt, while he is thus treading ground in a circle of eighteen inches diameter, that he considers himself a Columbus or a Cook, engaged either in effecting the discovery of America, or the circumnavigation of the globe.

But it is wrong to be personal; so we beg pardon of the author of the Age for mentioning him in the same sentence with a bubblejock. Let us, if possible, be less ornithological, and call both men and things by their proper names. Well, then—to speak

truth and shame the devil—the author of the Age, a Poem, is, we have been credibly informed,—nay, faint not, gentle reader,—a Tailor. We should like to purchase from him a few pairs of ready-made breeches compiled on the principle of his blank verse. They could not miss sitting easy upon us, nor we upon them, whatever the material, casimir, plush, corduroy, or buckskin. Breeches, in our eyes, can have but one inexcusable and unendurable vice, to be expiated neither in this world nor the next—videlicet, tightness. Be they but wide enough, and we are happy. A man should never know, except from a composite feeling of warmth and decorum, that he has any breeches on—or off. The moment his attention is attracted to the fact of their existence, by pinch or pressure, on any part of his lower man, he feels assured that they are not the production of a great master. We are far from asserting that breeches ought to be of one breadth from waistband to knee-button—but still the part of the human frame on which we kneel, when with clasped hands we beseech our mistress to take pity upon her slave, should be as free and unencumbered as that part on which we sit, when we insert a sonnet to her eyebrow in her album. The beautiful of all mortal breeches is seen in a palpable shape in the pictures of Teniers. Looking on his Boors and on their breeches, we mentally exclaim, "*O fortunati nimium! sua si bona norint!*" Our author, though a Briton, is at the head of the Dutch school. Will the Master-tailor of the Age please to have the goodness to transmit to us a pair in our next monthly parcel of other prime articles from the Strand? In them we shall outwrite the Quarterly, the Edinburgh, the Westminster, and all the Monthlies! Beside us other editors will all look hidebound. We, Christopher North, in our irresistibles, will display an elegant ease, a graceful facility, forming a charming contrast to the constraint and awkwardness attending every movement of a Lockhart, a Napier, a Bowring, a Camp-

bell, and other guides of public opinion, less happy in their respective tailors. Maga herself must have a pair of silks or satins—and make a present of her petticoats to Lady Morgan.

Our poet's blank verse it is from which we augur so happily of our tailor's breeches. So free and easy—so flowing and unconstrained! Though made *secundum artem*—yet of him it may indeed be said, in both capacities, "*ars est celare artem*." We defy all the world to discover the secret principle of his versification. What pauses! No matter on what part of a line he wishes us for a moment to stop short. If it be even on the very first syllable, the pedestrian walking through his poem is willing to rest as on a milestone. You are never at a loss for something to sit down upon, that you may take breath before pursuing your journey. Often about the middle of a long steep sentence, stretching away up before you in formidable perspective, like a mile of Macadam, you come unexpectedly upon a wooden bench in a stone-niche, and may, if you choose, indulge in a nap, or a piece of bread and butter, with cheese. Occasionally, the weary reader is relieved by a line of eight syllables, when he had every reason to fear ten; while at other times, the refreshed reader boldly faces a sudden Alexandrine, and vanquishes him with all the ease in the world. Every now and then, too, in travelling along the Age, you perceive yourself to be up to the knees in prose—but prose as soft as new-fallen snow, and no impediment to the pedestrian; on the contrary, a relief, for it brings into play a different set of muscles. Then all at once the snow melts, or, in other words, the prose disappears; and your footsteps glide along the flowers of poetry. The alternation is delightful; and ere you reach the middle of your journey, your mind is bewildered between two worlds, the one as human and as homely as the road between Portobello and Musselburgh, the other as celestial and imaginative as that nocturnal phenomenon we call Noah's Ark. We step out of "the Safety" or "Fair Trader," and take the next stage in a balloon.

Tailors are, in general, a cheerful set of people. Though sedentary,

they are subjected to regular exercise, in ascending and descending the path between earth and heaven. They breathe empyreal air—

"Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot
Which men call earth."

How can he do otherwise than choose to be cheerful, who lives *in* the clouds of heaven, and *on* the cabbages of the earth? A vegetable diet devoured in ether! Hence the soaring soul of Snip—and all his motions brisk as those of the briskest of all animals. He chirps like a cricket—he jumps like a grasshopper—or even like unto a flea. But one solitary instance of suicide among the Tailors is on record, and even that is apocryphal. Certain suspicious circumstances there were attending his demise; but the result of the coroner's inquest was far from giving universal satisfaction, and was, we recollect, attributed to party-spirit, then running mountains high in London. The poor fellow was known to be a Whig and a Dung—and the Tories and Flints returned a "Felo de se." Our Tailor, however, is an exception to the character of his clan. He is of a melancholy temperament. Witness the opening invocation to his own soul,

"Awake, awake my soul, rouse all thy
pow'rs

From lethargy ignoble, nor permit

Thy reason, gift divine, to waste its youth
And youthful vigour, slumbering in the
arms—

Withering, pale, yet fondly circling arms
Of fascinating melancholy;—call

Him from th' enchanted bed, and bid him
rise

In more than pristine energy renew'd;
Bathe him in the deep waters of the fount
Of holy Contemplation, and array
Him in the garments light and soft of Love,
Pure, heav'nly love;—then lead him thro'
the paths

So blest of Virtue, where he may collect
The fairest flowers of cultivated Fancy
To adorn his temples, and pluck golden fruit
To satisfy his craving appetite
From off the vine of Truth; that heav'n-
ly tree,

Whose taste, discernment gives, infallible,
Of good and evil, 'substance and false
shadow.'

Thus beautified and freshened, let him sing
A tributary song sincere, a song
Not all unworthy of his heav'nly birth."

This is serious—solemn—super-

fine. Nothing brighter than this in the whole Swatch-book. Yet is it liable to criticism. As, for example: When a Master-tailor, or Poet, calls upon his own soul to awake, in what relation to himself does he sit or stand? Would it be thought rational conduct in any individual to ring the bell for a servant to shake him by the shoulder till he awoke? It might be so—for here there is an application of foreign or rather domestic force. But if a soul be asleep in ignoble lethargy, like that of our tailor's at the commencement of the Age, slumbering in the arms of fascinating melancholy, and wasting its youthful vigour on an enchanted bed, how can it expect that it will pay the least attention to any call made by itself on itself? Such expectation would be most unreasonable. Secondly, who is HE in this passage so frequently called HIM? The Tailor's soul?—or the Tailor? We fear that in either case alike violence is here offered to the English language.—Thirdly, What is there conceivable "more than the pristine energy" of a Tailor? Fourthly, What authority has HE for asserting that the tree whose fruit gives discernment of good and evil, is a vine and not an apple-tree? Fifthly, Though the golden pippin deserve that epithet, who ever saw golden grapes? And, sixthly, Who ever saw a Tailor bathing in the deep waters of the fount of holy contemplation, arraying himself in the garments light and soft of Love, collecting in the paths of Virtue the fairest flowers of cultivated fancy to adorn his temples, satisfy his craving appetite on golden fruit from the vine of Truth, and then beautified and *freshened*—who ever heard a Tailor singing a tributary song, not all unworthy of his heavenly birth? We have seen the Tailor riding to Brentford—and, considering the freaks of his filly, he seemed to ride with no common tenacity, and to exhibit a large organ of adhesiveness. We have likewise seen a Tailor bathing in a pond—putting on his shirt, breeches, *et cetera*—chewing a "chitterin piece," of gingerbread—going into the Shears House of Call, and after a swig of heavy wet, we have heard him singing, "Rule, rule, Britannia, Britannia rule the waves," &c., then off like lightning to take his

station somewhere about the fiftieth from the right hand cross-leg of the sky-light company; nor was the spectacle by any means unpoetical. But many as are the Tailors we have seen, "saw we never none," bathing in contemplation, eating the golden fruit of the vine of Truth, and singing in a style worthy of a heavenly birth.

The invocation to his soul is succeeded by one to his harp.

"And thou, my harp, assist, and in a strain
Of swelling harmony, the theme prolong;
A theme more noble, and befitting thee
More justly far, than aught which on thy strings
Hath lingered; whether it be cold Remorse,
Corroding Disappointment, Solitude
With pensive front, Contentment calm, serene,
Stern Hate, death-like Despair, or even Love—
Fond, fervent, youthful Love. Thee, I awake,
That with thy music, Truth, firm, rigid Truth,
May find an entrance to the heart. The Age
To sing I purpose; with its character,
Its virtues, vices, signs, realities,
And vain pretensions,—chiefly as relate
To thee, O Britain, isle beloved, my home!
My country,—all thy strings to make resound.
Be ductile and propitious then, my harp;
That should I take a softened note, or wish
To strike a higher key, or,—if my breast
Much wounded, glow with indignation's fire,—
Should need thy loudest, most exalted tones
To sound an awful warning, and to bear
Witness against an age of fools and crime,
Ever be free to my desire, and weave
A labyrinth of melody, or roll
Concordant peals of thunder, long and loud."

Here then we have him—awake—and harp in hand, ready to begin. He has invoked his soul and his instrument. Why won't he fiddle? You shall hear.

"Jehovah! Lord of truth, who art alone
Mighty and wise, my Father and my God,
Hear thou my prayer. With wisdom fill my soul,
And truth and knowledge; open thou mine eyes

And brighten my perception; and mine ear

Unstop, and give it understanding; warm
With zeal for thee, my heart with sympathy

And kindest love, and true benevolence
Towards my fellows; that I may exalt
Thy glory, O my God! and should my song

Strike mortal ears, oh! let it reach the heart.

"Guide thou my hand, Jehovah!—and the breath

Of thine own spirit, waft across my harp.
Inspire my touch, and let my fingers thread
*A maze of sounds as ravishing and sweet
As ever flow'd from harps of angels. Asks
My tongue too much, forgive me, O my God!*

And if on wing too venturesome, my muse
Shall scale the pure serene, to catch a glimpse

Of heav'n and heav'nly bliss, still pardon me,

My God, my Father, nor thy presence blest
Withdraw.

Hear thou in heav'n, thy dwelling-place,

And when thou hearest, answer and forgive,

And do; defer not, O my God, my trust."

We began this little foolish article in the most perfect good humour; but a few words of a different spirit respecting this quotation. The block-head is blasphemous. Most impious is the dunce. Steeped in stupidity to the very lips, the poor creature,—when about to put into ink the drivellings of the narrowest and most shallow understanding, with the view of getting himself, if possible, into print, by means of some publisher anxious to get rid of him at the expense of some ten or twenty pounds for his trashy manuscript,—fears not, in his shocking ignorance of his own intellectual worthlessness, to implore the Almighty to inspire his miserable doggrel! There is, unfortunately, not one symptom of insanity through all the 6000 lines. He is neither a madman, nor—in the strictest sense—an idiot; yet how coolly and unconsciously he blasphemes! Let the petty and paltry versifier—for poetaster is for him far too high a name—invoke his soul, or his harp, or his muse, for they are all nonentities. "But the Lord will not hold him guiltless who taketh his name in vain!" Ignorance, impudence, self-conceit, vanity, and

an habitual presumption of the most shocking nature, must be all combined in the character of the person who would dare on such an occasion to indite such a prayer! Poor blind worm, indeed, to speak of his voice being miraculously made "ravishing and sweet as ever flowed from harps of angels!" Does he think his prayer was heard—because Messrs Hurst, Chance and Co., St Paul's Churchyard, have charitably, but foolishly, attempted, at his entreaties, to publish this dilution of trashiness? Let him shew the passage to any one human being he chooses—nay, even to a Cockney—and the shrug and the shudder will convince him, that he has been most familiar with—most impudent to—his Maker.

"But fools rush in where angels fear to tread!"

"Should my little poem assist *the righteous cause*," he says in his Preface, "I shall be well content." The *righteous cause*! Is it thus that the creature should address the Creator? Is there no difference between the harp of angels, and the Scotch fiddle? Is itch on the fingers the same thing as inspiration in the soul? Now, reader! don't accuse us of being too severe. Think on the nature of the offence. Look at the quotation again—and do you not cheerfully acknowledge, that the knout is well applied to the bare back of such a sanctified and presumptuous sinner? We do.

Our Tailor says, "I like not the charge of plagiarism." Nevertheless, he cabbages. The whole Book, though he denies it, is an absurd imitation of the leading idea of the plan of Pollok's *Course of Time*. A young woman, whom he calls Theresa, dies of consumption, at the age of twenty, and goes to heaven. Fifty years afterwards, she is joined "in the grove" by her brother Lucius, whom she thus addresses:

"But tell me, Lucius,—for on earth
thine age

Number'd threescore and ten, mine, twenty
suns,—

Both were now blooming in immortal
youth,—

'What changes time hath wrought below,—on earth

What has befallen through these fifty
years.

Or rather, tell the grand result, the end,

The consequence of all these changes vast :
How much mankind are wiser, more allured

By true, pure wisdom, solid happiness ;—
Less caught away by a vain, glittering show

Of folly and corruption ; more devout
To virtue, piety, and God.”

The folly of this passage is most conspicuous. Pray, how could Theresa have kept watching in heaven for fifty years over Lucius on earth, which we are told she did, without being familiarly acquainted with all the scenes and characters among which Lucius passed his time, by day and night ? The simpleton, however, is not aware of this absurdity in his sister seraph, who thus speaks :

“ Thy harp

Attune, my brother, precious gift divine,
And sing the wonders of the Age on earth.
For pleasing more it is to hear thy voice
Rehearse the story, than to fix the eye
On earth, how fair soever she may be,
And close observes what passes ;—and my hours

Since that I've dwelt in heaven, have been spent

In praising God and watching over thee,
Dear Lucius, with affection's anxious glance :

So that of man's concerns and character,
As changed by fifty years, I nothing know ;

Not even of dear Albion, land beloved,
Where often we have wander'd, and to which,

Chiefly I would direct thy holy song.”

We request our readers to dismiss from their minds all knowledge of the fact alluded to above—to wit, the Tailorship of our poet—and with us, for a few pages, to consider the Age as the work of a man. Indeed, we cannot help being rather ashamed of ourselves for having made any allusion to it at all, however distant ; for pray, what has the world at large to do with the private profession of any public character ? Nothing whatever. But there is a diseased—a depraved palate in the mouth of the reading public, which let it henceforth be our business to cure. Nothing can she, or at least will she, gulp, that is not spiced with the pepper of personality ; and knowing this, we have been anxious thus early to announce the fact of Tailorship, that the whole world might know it at once, free

from that mystery in which, ere long, the malignant would have been sure to involve it, and against which it is scarcely possible for the reputation of any individual whatever to make a stand. That he is a Tailor, is true ; so, we have reason to know, was his father before him ; and we have heard that he destines his only son for the board. Let not his injudicious friends seek to conceal that which his malicious enemies will never rest till they have divulged. Better—oh ! better far to be a harmless Tailor—such as the anonymous author of the Age—than the wicked Wellington ! The glory of the latter may perhaps be more brilliant—but not nearly so lasting—for, in the long run, 'tis the nobler thing to make and mend than to tear and destroy.

The Eight Books of the Age all come from the mouth of a Seraph ; and as a Seraph is not an every-day person, it is surely incumbent upon him to speak in a celestial style, and to eschew doggrel. Instead of that, our Seraph sometimes sinks in his spouting beneath the level of a mechanic in a debating radical club—and expatiates on themes which we cannot believe form any part of the conversations in heaven. He is, after a pause in his harangue, re-introduced to us after this fashion :—

“ Like as a living bird, that from the top
Of some tall monument, regards with care

The fearful depths beneath, and hops about,

Musing, it may be, whence it shall descend ;

So, for a short-lived space, the Seraph dwelt

In silence, pondering his thoughts sublime.”

Here the Seraph suggests to us the image of an old jackdaw, leaning his head on his shoulder, and cocking his eye over the battlements of a village church tower, doubtful if it may be altogether prudent for him to descend among the horse-dung to a feast of voided pulse. On farther reflection, he resolves to remain where he is, and hops about the belfry. Our Seraph, who is merely a jackdaw of a larger growth, takes up the topic of PRIDE, which according to him is the cardinal sin of the age, and he traces its operation from kings to beadles.

Now would he in his heart really wish kings not to be proud? If the King of Great Britain were not proud, would he not be a most abject creature? Our Master-Tailor misrepresents his Majesty, in saying

" 'Tis pride, vain-glorious pride, that makes them seek

Prostration from their fellows, such that man

To man, his equal, never ought to pay."

Our gracious Sovereign seeks no such prostration from "his fellows"—not he, indeed—but at a levee holds out his hand for them to kiss with the most benign air in the world. Had our friend ever been presented at Court, he would have known this, and that there was no need to soil the knees of his dress breeches in the dust. In the East there are, we understand, prostrations; but not peculiarly characteristic of this age surely; and our Tailor is manifestly treating of the West. He ought also to remember, that many a time and oft has he himself been the only perpendicular in a skylight crowded with living beings all squatted with legs across—"his fellows"—while he kept moving in his pride of place. Will he dare to declare before the world, that an apprentice was ever seen to stand erect in the presence of a Master-Tailor? The supposition is most monstrous; and yet, with that fact staring him in the face, he accuses kings of pride in their intercourse with their subjects. But hear him:

"Again their titles: not content with
- power,

And plenitude of vast dominion, pride
Arrogates lofty words to swell its state."

Why not, good sir? Do not you yourself append to your name, in large letters of gold, "BREECHES-MAKER TO HIS MAJESTY?"

Next to the pride of Kings is the pride of King's Ministers. He says,
"Pride governs in the council, pride of place,

Deputed power, official arrogance."

Never was there a more unjust libel than this on the present Ministry. The Duke is a proud man, and no wonder; but was Huskisson a proud man? Is Peel a proud man? Is that a proud Cabinet that keeps hush, or falls a yelping like a dog-kennel at the step or voice of the whipper-in? To our

minds they are choice and select specimens of the poor in spirit. From his Majesty and his Ministers descend to our Magistrates—unpaid and stipendiary—and

"Him copies close the Magistrate, too oft
A villain, with as hard a heart of stone
As had Egyptian Pharaoh—and like him,
Bloated with pride, and swollen big with
power!

O, pride of office!"

Sir Richard Birnie, who is evidently pointed at in this passage, ought to prosecute, and by so doing he will still more closely resemble his Majesty's Ministers. But we insist on our author being candid, and on his answering truly this question—Is not this veteran abused too sternly, on account of the stern jobation Sir Richard gave you one day in his office in Bow-street, for having, without a particle of provocation, but in the cruel elation of a Tailor's soul, let suddenly loose on the public from the finishing stitch to a pair of pantaloons, overset an old woman and her saloop-table? 'Tis very easy for you to exclaim,

"O pride of office!—Man with heart im-
bued

With human feelings, humble would be-
come,

Not haughty at the sight of so much sin,—
And not austere, but mild to sufferers.

The duties of the office, justice stern,
Must be fulfilled, 'tis true;—but Oh! the
voice

Might softened be, as easily as proud,
And arrogant, and pompous;—and the eye
Might glisten with compassion for the grief,
And sorrow for the fault, as well as stare
With haughty boldness, consciously se-
cure;—

And then the heart might whisper where
it could,

A plea for Mercy, punishment less hard;
And not feel pleasure in awarding doom
The utmost of the rigours of the law."

Why, what was in this case the utmost rigour of the law? A fine of five pounds, and security for the surgeon's bill, the old woman's leg having been broken in three several places! Why should Sir Richard's eye "have glistened with compassion for your grief and sorrow for the fault?" Did you weep for the old woman? Not you, indeed—Not one single tear. On lugging out the Flimsy, you glared upon her "fierce as ten tailors, ter-

rible as hell," till the poor mutilated creature, in her delirium, thought she never had beheld such a *man* all the days of her life. Our satirist goes on to say,

"Like him is seen the lordly overseer,
Intended primarily as the priest
Of mercy, and the Father of the poor,
But now become their tyrant and their scourge.

'Tis true, the real evil he performs,
The other's far from equals;—but the pride
Of heart, the haughty will is just the same."

Here our Tailor lets the cat out of the bag. Overseers are troublesome people to rampant Tailors. But the small illegitimate snip must be provided for—the parish must be ensured against him—even before parturition; and to complain of the injustice or insolence of overseers in such cases, is indeed a worse symptom of the Age than any commemorated in this poem.

From one select Vestry our poet flies to another, and thus arraigns the House of Commons.

"Pride reigns too, in the senate, if that name
Can still be given to the motley crowd
Who form its ranks,—the half more fit to learn.
And yet on earth, 'tis called the choice select,
Of all the wisdom, virtue, excellence,
And talents of the nation. And in truth
It may be so; but more's the pity, more
The shame that wisdom is so scant, so rare
Is virtue."

On what does the indignant Bard and Breeches-maker found this sweeping sentence of reprobation? "On the apostasy that lately carried the Great question?" Not at all. He is a pro-Catholic, and looks with pleasure on the Breaking in of the Constitution of 1688, though the rent be wider than any he ever patched up in the bottom of a pair of corduroys. But he exclaims,

"Bear witness, Oh, ye echoing roofs,
And you, ye walls, repeat the tart reply,
The angry taunt, foul Slander's whisper,
oaths
Half-spoken, curses muttered, and,—Oh, worse
Than all,—repeat it not,—the name of God,
The three-times holy name of God, abused
By light appeals, and heartless reverence.
Gather it up, ye winds, and waft away

The stigma, the reproach from British isles.
The wisdom of the nation!—then the wise
Are wise in their own foolishness; 'the world

By wisdom knows not God;—and all through pride."

All this is mighty well—but pray, is it more wicked in a member of Parliament to make such appeals during a speech, than it is for a Tailor to do so at the beginning of a poem? Not a whit.

But bad as the pride is of kings, ministers, magistrates, overseers, and members of Parliament, it is not in these classes so bad as in "Mercy's Artists." "Pride too in Mercy's artists oft appears." Sporting reader, a rump and dozen you don't guess—at three trials—who are "Mercy's artists?" Why—doctors! That is to say,—physicians, apothecaries, surgeons, odontists, and men-midwives. Hear him—

—"I watch'd a sick man's bed
With other friends attentive;—'twas the hour

For the physician's visit, and he came;
But to our anxious queries, deign'd reply
By talking of his merits, and relating
His past adventures, not uninterspers'd
With language fitter for a drunkard's board
Than Death's stern presence.—When
I interposed

With indignation roused, he sagely rubb'd
His head, and told me that he came to teach

And practise, not to learn. At length,
the case,

He said, was desperate;—but when advice,
Of others was proposed, he flounced about
In high disorder, saying, 'where was placed

No confidence, assistance was in vain.'

He left,—another came,—my friend
was dead."

But proud as doctors of physic are, they are nothing to "officers in the army." These last are proud—the ninnies—of fighting the battles of their country, and of wearing red or blue coats covered with tinsel, and caps or bonnets floating with horse-hair or bird-feathers. Some are proud of being on foot, such as the infantry—some of being on horseback, such as the cavalry—and all are alike proud of woman's smiles, from countess to cook, from her Grace to Girzzy—every petticoat, be they coarser than wool, or finer than gossamer,

rustling at the approach of light-bob, grenadier, or dragoon. And for such pride is the British army taken to task by a Tailor ! Why, he himself on that day that “ comes between a Saturday and Monday,” is prouder than the most irresistible of the Duke’s aid-de-camps making love to the daughter of a duchess, when smouching “ Sally in our alley,” in some secret arbour in a suburban tea-garden—some secret arbour containing only some half-dozen of benches and as many boards, with a select society of some score of enamoured artizans, each with a blooming Lais at his side—as the shades of night advance, fearful on their homeward way of the new military police, more formidable by far than the exploded Charlies ! And this is the Tailor who complains of the pride of the British Army ! Himself the while as proud as if he had taken measure of Lucifer.

What is Honour?—our Tailor shall tell you.

“ And what is honour ? that, I mean, which man, Poor, foolish man, thinks honour ? Is it truth ?

Oh no, he calls the fellow-brute, who does His utmost to secure his death, his friend,— And calls himself a man, a gentleman. Truth ? when his friend he cheated with the dice,—

Then, rather than confess the theft, and seek

Forgiveness, vows to heav’n his play was fair,

And to th’ Omnipotent presumes to appeal In confirmation of the lie ? This Truth ?

Yes, in the eye of man, if to advance In sin still farther, he be not unwilling, But ready to destroy his friend, to prove His falsehood true. And yet this monster’s called

‘ The very soul of honour,’ which elates His heart, that whispers, ‘ ’tis a noble pride.’

Is honour virtue ? Once I saw a man, Whose wanton lust his neighbour’s bed had robbed

Of all its charm and joy,—his peace of mind,

Once sweet, had blighted ;—and his wearied life

Ruthless, had taken from him ; ’twas a man

Whose being all deplored ; for he had used Unpaid, the poor man’s time,—and, smiling, duped

The tradesman credulous ;—the widow’s eye

Shed tears,—the orphan’s bosom sobbed through him ;

And an indignant father oft has cursed, Ay, cursed him as his ruin, and the cause Of all his misery :—and yet this man, This villain, devil rather, was declared Of brightest honour, spotless, taintless, pure.

Is honour wisdom ?—Wise was Hubert, wise

In the true knowledge,—of the God of Love,

Who knew his faith, and loved him for its proofs.

And,—’twas a marvel,—Hubert was beloved

By mortals too ; they loved him for his worth,

His probity, benevolence, good sense, And wondered at his learning ; for a heart,

Knowledge divine imparted, may possess All human learning and be Christian still.

All men are weak, and prone to step and err

Frequent, though ever grace divine upholds The Christian from deep sinfulness and hell.

Hubert was warm, and once, in passion, cast

An odium on another’s character :

But he was just,—and, passion cool’d, perceived

His error, and with swiftness sought to cure

The wound, and suck the poison out. But he,

The injured, was not thus to pardon won. His vengeful ire could naught remove but death,

His own or Hubert’s, and a challenge quick was sent.

The man of God was troubled, sore distressed

By doubts, perplexities, and cruel fears ; At length he sought his God with fervent pray’r,

Took courage, burn’d the challenge, and return’d

A firm refusal ; for he could not do The deed, and be against his Maker sinless.

What was the sequel ?—He was called a man

Void of all honour, courage, dignity,— His enemy was lauded to the skies.”

What precious nonsense ! Yet it is a kind of nonsense in which many people of some pretensions daily deal, who, like our Tailor, would fain improve the age. How, pray, came our tailor to be personally acquainted with such a scamp ? It could only

have been in the way of his profession; and if he was diddled out of his bill, he ought to remember, that each article in it was charged double, at least, what it was worth—and that the loss incurred was made up on honest customers. But not to mind that—by whom was such a swindler esteemed a man of honour? Not by those who knew his tricks among tailors—not by those who knew that he was a seducer of honest men's wives—but by that part of the world who were ignorant of his real character. In no sort of society is honour believed to consist in robbery, adultery, and murder. Rank, wealth, genius, great accomplishments, do too often, now as in every other age, shield the criminal, it is true, from the punishment due to his vices, and blunt the edge of moral opinion. It has been so from the beginning, and will be so to the end of time, such is the corruption of human nature; but all such characters are scouted, scorned, and abhorred notwithstanding, by the spirits of this age as of every other; and no such code of honour exists anywhere, out of gambling-houses and hells, as that on which our terrified Tailor vents his indignation, hot and hissing as his own goose. As to such a duel as he here whines about, none such need ever have been fought, and, indeed, none such ever could have been fought, unless Hubert's friend were as consummate an ass as Hubert's self; for, having grossly insulted the gentleman, and being willing to sign a humble or abject apology, which, after his prayers, Hubert was, of course, most anxious to do, there was no possibility of pistols—and an end of the affair. His antagonist could only demand an apology; an apology was due; and if withheld, and no other satisfaction given, then Hubert, in spite of all his praying, was no Christian. The law of honour must not be expounded by a Tailor.

But there is no pride like that of the press—of critics and publishers.

“The critic's eye,

Snail-like, withdrawn, by all the world unseen,

The fated pages scanning, glistens bright
In self-complacency, and far protrudes
In conscience of its power, fancied oft,
But often real; while his murd'rous pen

Blots out whole chapters, or with petty splee,

Dwells on one hapless word eternally.”

Come, now, Snip, are you not yourself rather too proud of your own poem, in eight books—the Age? Did not your own “snail-like eye,” alternately “withdrawn,” and “far protruded” “glisten bright in self-complacency” at the close of every paragraph? No pride like that of a blank-verse monger—for it is without either rhyme or reason. As to publishers—why, there are your own—do you mean to accuse that respectable firm of pride? Shocking ingratitude! The following is a base libel on Mr Blackwood.

“Him too, the monied publisher, the man
Jingling his gold, whose haughty, scornful glance

Appears to petrify the shiv'ring scribe
That stands before him, waiting long and chilled

And anxiously the great man's pleasure,—
pride

Him hath not passed over in its course.”

But let our worthy publisher despise such abuse—for our Tailor attacks all trades.

“Trade, commerce, swim in pride; and scarcely one

Of all the numbers who pursue this path
To wealth and fame is free;—from him who deals

In thousands, to the wretch that keeps a stall.

The latter, in his wishes to appear
A man of greater substance and extent
Of reputation, tells the gaping crowd
Of childish auditors, of ounces sold
And shillings taken; and the little shop
Of village bustle, echoes with the name
Of pounds,—its larger neighbour in the town,

Of hundreds,—and the wholesale trader hints

Of exportations, imports, Lloyd's and stock,—

The merchant of his credit, and his vast Plantations,—while the banker who can stretch

No farther, seems to be ashamed of all,
Of money ignorant, in loss and profit Unskill'd, and wishing to be come a lord.
While others boast of contracts formed, of loans

To foreign Powers, purchases so rare,
And bargains so uncommon, that the ear
Of man ne'er heard the like,—'tis his delight,

His fond ambition to be thought the friend
Of all the great and noble :—such is man."

Snip then scampers off in a smart
lyrical transition.

"Some make a boast of horses, dogs, and
guns,
And horrible ! of harlots !—Some delight
They say, in Christianizing all their
dress,—

Infernal blasphemy, that seems to beg
Heav'n's thunders to descend and crush
the wretch !—

And name each article of foppery
After themselves,—that all may know
them fools."

Mr Shears then makes a double—and
falls again, tooth and nail, upon the
pride of wealth, in a diatribe against
Rothchild, which convinces us that
Snip is a bankrupt.

Hitherto our Tailor has been
trampling the laity, but after a nap,
he arouses himself like a giant re-
freshed with swipes, and pounds the
parsons :

"Vice in the clergy !—rank, apostate pride,
Their chief corruption, whence all else
proceed !

Ambition, covetousness, love of ease,
Of luxury and pomp,—and bigotry
And persecution, in the heart of him
Who holds himself devoted by his God
To teach in meekness, to forbear in love !

* * * * *

"Pride in the clergy ! tell them they are
proud,

And a loud cry responsive, from each
shore

That owns subjection to the Christian
yoke,

Is rolled by the old Ocean's foaming waves,
With noise as of ten thousand thunders
loud,

"The Church in danger ! danger in the
Church !"

* * * * *

"The Church in danger ? Of increasing
not

In numbers, which its clergy's pride pre-
vents,

By casting stumbling-blocks, and closing
all

The gates to free salvation ; till the man
Who would find entrance, weary of the
pains

And dangers of the way, and sick at heart
Of those who keep the portals, turns aside."

Pride, then, we see, is the Plague
of the Age ; nor has our tuneful Tail-
or escaped the contagion. But he
forgets that the Great Family of Frac-

tions contribute more than all the
rest of the enemies of mankind put
together, to the virulence of the dis-
ease which thus preys upon the vitals
of the age. The infection was first
communicated to the people of this
country in—dress. It lurks now in
each individual pair of breeches that
issues from his shop. We defy any
man to be proud, under three pair per
annum ; yet here is Satan crying
against sin with a vengeance. Kilts
are just as bad—nay, worse—that is
tartan kilts—for corduroy kilts are
favourable, if not to modesty, yet to
meekness, except indeed when worn
with top-boots, in which case, we
know not why, they too generate the
epidemic. Therefore—let all tailors
—dungs and flints—strike—now and
for ever ; and henceforth all his sons
will be as free from pride as Father
Adam.

"*Quistulerit Gracchos de seditione
querentes ?*" The remedy is in your
own hands—away with the shears
for ever—and the naked truth, to the
eternal extinction of pride, will be
revealed all over the world.

Having thus expatiated on the
Pride of the Age, our breeches-ma-
king bard attacks its Pleasures. He
is at a loss where to begin, so im-
mense is their multitude.

"Innumerable are they, and I leave
The recapitulation of them all ;
Observing only those, which on the Age
Produce most sensible effects, and have
The greatest tendency to form the mind,
Its habits and pursuits—to moralize
Or to demoralize the human soul."

After looking about for some mi-
nutes' space, like an owl in moon-
light, he pounces upon the Theatre.

"Among them, the most prominent ap-
pears,

And is, perhaps, productive of the most
Depravity in man,—the theatre ;
That den of thieves, that ultimate resource
Of all the wanton, profligate, and vile—
That haunt of harlots—nursery of vice—
Grand focus of iniquity, which draws
Within its circle all impurity,
Profaneness, gross impiety, and crime—
Temple of Satan."——

Stop, Snip. Do you mean that, you
tythe, for a description of our Edin-
burgh Theatre ? If you do, down
with your trowsers, and take a taste
of the knout. Look at the pit, you
vulgar fraction. A more decent set of

people never sat in a church. "Haunt of harlots," indeed! How dare you, you nine-pin, to calumniate the citizens, the citizens' wives, and the citizens' daughters of Modern Athens? "Nursery of Vice!" Why, you Flea, every countenance there is mantling with a harmless happiness, while Murray, or Mackay, is diffusing mirth over the smiling semicircle! "Grand Focus of Iniquity!" Confound your impudence, you Louse,—not a householder there who does not pay his taxes, please his wife, educate his children, and go to church twice every Sabbath. "Temple of Satan!" Were Satan, you Dung, to dare to shew his face on the critic row,—these two strapping students of divinity would kick him into his native element. "Within its circle all profaneness, impurity, gross impiety, and crime!" You Bug, you must have dined to-day on poisoned cabbage, and the fumes have wrapt your brain in delirium. But list! You must keep a better tongue in your head, else even your profession may not save you from punishment; and with nice adaptation of instrument to criminal, some cit will apply the little toe of his left foot to your posteriors, and make you jerk along Shakspeare square like a bit of Indian rubber.

Or look at the boxes. "Ultimate resource of all the wanton, profligate, and vile!" What do you mean, you miscreant? Why, that beautiful young bride is yet in her honey-moon, and the angel on her right hand is to be married on Thursday to that handsome hussar, whose irresistibles you yourself made, and they do you infinite credit. A hundred, fair and innocent as she, are all shedding such tears as angels weep for

"The gentle lady married to the Moor," so gently personified by the gentle Miss Jarman.

"Fling him ower—fling him ower." Such is the cry of all the gods in the gallery, and Snip plays spin at half-price from heaven, and loses his life for sixpence.

Having now given an analysis of the *Age*, a Poem, in Eight books, accompanied with copious extracts, we conclude our article with a hint to Snip to keep to his cabbage. It is fortunate for him that we have happened to be in a good humour—but the skipping of a flea gets teasing—and if we catch him again, we shall certainly crack him, or bury him alive in a pinch of snuff—and of all deaths the most painful is that of Maccabaw.

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Fyers, R. Eng. Dublin, 27 Oct. 1829.

Lieut.-Colonel.

Ditmas, of late R. Inv. Beverly, Yorkshire, 28 Oct. 1829.

Major.

Lamont, 49 F. on board the Royal George, on passage from India, 9 June 1829.

Captains.

Temple, 14 F. on board the Euphrates, on his passage to Europe, 24 Oct. 1828.
Mvlhus, Ceyl. Regt. Ceylon, 10 Apr. 1829.
Thompson, h. p. 87 F. 15 Oct.
Amiel, h. p. 91 F. Guernsey, 16 Nov.
De Glan, h. p. Sicil. Regt. Warendorf, Westphalia, 24 Aug.

Lieutenant.

Simpson, (Adj.) 49 F. Berhampore, Bengal, 26 Mar. 1829.

Cornet.

Southbrook, h. p. 25 Dr.

Quarter-Masters.

Dickson, 6 Dr. Dundalk, 5 Nov. 1829.
H. Smith, h. p. 18 Dr. and Pendennis Local Mil. 3 Oct.
Clarke, h. p. Somerset Fenc. Cav. Sibsey, Lincoln, 3 Mar.

Chaplain.

Carter, h. p. 105, F. Mountfield, Sussex, 31 July 1829.

Dep. Inspector.

Crumpe, h. p. Maidstone, 28 Oct. 1829.

Surgeons.

Jones, late h. p. Ord. Med. Dep. St Dogmell's, 15 Sept. 1829.

Lys, h. p. Staff. Portsmouth, 5 Oct.
Slow, h. p. R. H. Gds. London, 6 Nov.

Dep. Purveyor.

J. Mould, h. p.

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Abbot, S., Leamington Priors, builder.
Aston, J. Wellington, mercer.
Allday, T. Birmingham, salesman.
Allpress, E. Watling-street, stationer.
Ardern, J. Weaverham, farmer.
Abbott, W. Aldersgate-street, coal-merchant.
Andrews, J. and G. Bread-street, Blackwell-hall, factors.
Abrahams, I., York-street, jeweller.
Armstrong, T. Kaskelf, and J. Armstrong, Cornborough, cattle-dealers.
Blass, R. and R. T. Elliot, Birmingham, drapers.
Burtenshaw, J. Southwark, builder.
Brown, J. Wootton Bassett, linen-draper.
Beale, J. Winchester, draper.
Bourne, W. and G. Colman-street, woollen-drappers.
Barham, C. Mark-lane, victualler.
Buckland, R. jun. Shaftesbury, draper.
Bushell, J. Sandwich and Ramsgate, lodging-house-keeper.
Bower, W. Clayborough, seed-merchant.
Blass, R. Birmingham, draper.
Brown, J. Great Yarmouth, and S. Brown, Little Yarmouth, maltsters.

Blunden, G. East Malling, paper-maker.
Barrett, P. Appleton, and J. S. Barrett, Kingston, apothecaries.
Bourne, T. Norwich, Exeter, Plymouth, Tavistock, and Barnstable, woollen-draper.
Bentley, J. Milk-street and Bethnal-green, warehousemen.
Byers, J. Newport, linen-draper.
Bull, J. Taunton, woollen-draper.
Broughton, E. B. Southampton-street, tailor.
Bell, R. Eldwick, worsted-spinner.
Brown, C. Norwich, coal-merchant.
Bull, J. and W. Bull, Taunton, woollen-drappers.
Bevan, J. Pontypool, grocer.
Barlow, T. Pendleton and Manchester, calico-printer.
Bickerton, W. Oswestry, brazer.
Breeze, J. and M. Lewis, W. Reade, and W. Handley, Tunstall, manufacturers of earthenware.
Benson, E. W. and W. Darke, Aston, chemists.
Bradley, R. Darch, E. Parry, and W. J. Baddiley, Great Guilford-street, Southwark, iron-founders.
Barlow, W. Islington, stone-mason.
Barton, J. Union-street, grocer.
Bartlett, J. Barnstable, woollen-draper.
Chappel, G. Holborn-bridge, hat-maker.

Crisp, J. Idol-lane, wine-merchant.
 Cheetham, T. Heaton-Norris, and Stockport, cotton-spinner.
 Cox, W. Bath, silk-mercator.
 Crowther, J. Huddersfield, corn-factor.
 Clayton, C. Islington, victualler.
 Cowie, G. and W. Strange, Paternoster-row, booksellers.
 Curis, L. Church-street, Spitalfields, silk-manufacturer.
 Crees, W. East Stonehouse, merchant.
 Churchill, D. Buteigh, draper.
 Corkhill, J. A. Wadebridge, money-scriver.
 Calafat, M. M. St Martin's-street, merchant.
 Cramp, H. and J. Crowdy, Foster-lane, ware-housemen.
 Christmas, J. Rye, shopkeeper.
 Chowles, G. North Audley-street, upholsterer.
 Dagers, H. G. Preston, grocer.
 Dow, J. Great Russell-street, auctioneer.
 Duncalfe, A. Great Suffolk-street, hat-manufacturer.
 Dudley, J. Hackney-road, chemist.
 Eyre, G. Coventry and Bedworth, ribbon-manufacturer.
 Everett, E. J. and J. C. Francis, Heytesbury, clothiers.
 Elkington, W. H. and J. Geddes, Birmingham, dealers.
 Ewer, F. and W. F. Scholfield, Lad-lane, ware-housemen.
 Evill, T. L. Tokenhouse-yard, and Old Ford, dyer.
 Edwards, J. New Bond-street, shoe-maker.
 Freer, T. Birmingham, druggist.
 Frost, H. J. Abergavenny, grocer.
 Fawcett, T. Basinghall-street, Manchester, ware-houseman.
 Fortier, A. R. G. Norwich, tea-dealer.
 Field, R. and H. Queen-street and Whitechapel, colourmen.
 Green, T. Coleman-street, Blackwell-hall, factor.
 Griffith, W. Brecon, linen-draper.
 Giles, W. Harp-lane, victualler.
 Gerard, W. Liverpool, boot-maker.
 Gutteridge, W. St Albans, brandy-merchant.
 Goodwin, W. Scawbey, and J. Thorp, Broughton, merchants.
 Halfpenny, P. Exeter, auctioneer.
 Hudson, T. P. West Bromwich, bone-merchant.
 Hill, J. Red Lion-street, coal-merchant.
 Hayward, T. Deal, grocer.
 Hall, H. Isleworth, bookseller.
 Hart, J. Great Chart, hop-dealer.
 Hillman, J. P. Lower Thames-street, dealer in glass.
 Hay, J. Adde-street, warehouman.
 Hamilton, W. Peckham, master-mariner.
 Holloway, W. Westminster-road, hackneyman.
 Hardwick, J. White Hart-yard, Tottenham Court road, horse-dealer.
 Hutchinson, J. Liverpool, merchant.
 Harnwell, W. Blakeney, tailor.
 Hickol, G. Worthing, grocer.
 Haviside, A. and C. Harrik, Bucklersbury, merchants.
 Harrison, T. Durham, smith.
 Hughes, R. Manchester, tailor.
 Harding, T. Tottenham, stone-mason.
 Hobday, W. A. Pall-mall, picture-dealer.
 Hayton, J. Wigton, grocer.
 Hodgson, J. jun. Bradford-moor, wool-stapler.
 Heylyn, H. and J. Connop, Colman-street and Old Ford, dyers.
 Hobbs, S. E. Hitchin, grocer.
 Hopkins, T. Neath Abbey, timber-merchant.
 Jones, H. Brecon, builder.
 Jorie, J. Liverpool, wine-merchant.
 Izzard, R. Bermondsey, leather-dresser.
 Ince, F. and E. Ellis, Dudley, coach-builders.
 Johnston, W. Old Kent-road, grocer.
 Jackson, E. J. and C. F. Jackson, jun. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, merchants.
 Jackson, J. Liverpool, corn-dealer.
 Jones, J. Carnarvon and Barmouth, dealer.
 Jones, J. Askern, hotel-keeper.
 Killey, J. Liverpool, flour-dealer.
 Kelleway, W. Norwich, woollen-draper.
 Knight, G. Blackman-street, carpet warehouse-man.
 Knight, J. Cheltenham, builder.

Lackenbacher, B. H. Lime-street, merchant.
 Leech, G. Lane-end, Stafford, grocer.
 Lewsey, T. Great Burstead, farmer.
 Lowe, J. Ashred, dealer in iron.
 Laccohee, J. Norwich, manufacturer.
 Lambert, T. New Bond-street, upholsterer.
 Levy, J. Great Prescott-street, merchant.
 Lavender, J. Boxley and Aylesford, paper-maker.
 Langley, T. Birmingham, leather-dealer.
 Leeson, T. H. Douglas, Isle of Man, draper.
 Leslie, J. Liverpool, wine-dealer.
 Lawrence, J. Park, Salop, miner.
 Mellor, R. Derby, innkeeper.
 Moss, H. Houndsditch, linen-draper.
 Meyers, M. Houndsditch, hatter.
 Mawhood, C. T. I. Well-street, soap-manufacturer.
 Milner, W. Leeds, inn-keeper.
 Mothersole, W. sen. Park-place, livery-stable-keeper.
 Mackintosh, A. Conduit-street, merchant.
 Morgan, W. B. St James's, Gloucester, dealer in woollen cloths.
 Mangham, R. Pimlico, victualler.
 Mathew, P. Woodbridge, grocer.
 Moon, W. Seavington, draper.
 Miles, J. East Dereham, corn-merchant.
 Moore, W. S. Liverpool, wine-merchant.
 Nicholls, J. Grosvenor-street, lodging-house-keeper.
 Neale, J. P. Bennet-street, bookseller.
 Norman, J. Islebrewers, miller.
 Newcombe, T. York, common carrier.
 Nuttall, P. Bolton-le-Moors, cotton-manufacturer.
 Parslow, W. C. Exmouth-street, cheesemonger.
 Packer, J. Newbury, carrier.
 Poile, J. Westheathly, dealer.
 Passmore, H. P. Old Kent-road, plumber.
 Pike, E. Staines, blacksmith.
 Plunkett, W. Whitechapel-road, carpenter.
 Peirse, T. Belleisle, training-groom.
 Peele, T. Peterborough, corn-merchant.
 Pentey, J. Huddersfield, grocer.
 Rexworthy, J. Wells, currier.
 Rudge, H. Leominster, surgeon.
 Rhoads, T. Hoxton, cut-glass-manufacturer.
 Robson, H. George-street, Southwark, hat-manufacturer.
 Roberts, H. Hafodlas, dealer.
 Rees, D. Brecon, clothier.
 Rylatt, G. South Kime, victualler.
 Raishleigh, W. Lattford, dealer in cheese.
 Rawlings, S. Walcot, carpenter.
 Sanderson, J. Gerrard's-cross, victualler.
 Stokoe, J. Rye-hill, Northumberland, builder.
 Swan, J. Northleach, draper.
 Snowden, J. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, draper.
 Sloman, J. Maidstone, timber-merchant.
 Smith, C. Old City Chambers, wine-merchant.
 Sargent, W. Moorfields, linen-draper.
 Scott, G. and Z. Surr, Manchester, porter-dealers.
 Slaney, R. Omber-ley, brickmaker.
 Slader, R. Cheltenham, cabinet-maker.
 Spyer, S. Great Alie-street, merchant.
 Stammers, T. Francis-street, grocer.
 Simmons, J. Plymouth, grocer.
 Trimby, G. H. and J. G. L. Trimby and G. D. Trimby, Watling-street, merchants.
 Tudor, M. Bolton, shopkeeper.
 Tallent, A. Dickleburgh, linen-draper.
 Truss, J. jun. Upper Holloway, lapidary.
 Thorpe, S. Birmingham, victualler.
 Trout, T. Lime-street and Ostend, salesman.
 Tetley, S. Bradford, dyer.
 Thornton, J. Brook-street, glass-cutter.
 Townend, W. Keighley, corn-miller.
 Thackway, S. Ledbury, bookseller.
 Varley, J. Stanningley, cloth-manufacturer.
 Wiss, R. Fleet-street, patent portable water-closet manufacturer.
 Wheeler, T. Hereford, corn-dealer.
 Williams, J. Gloucester, bootmaker.
 Webster, R. Cornhill, watchmaker.
 Whittaker, C. P. Lambeth, wine-merchant.
 Williamson, J. Keighley, worsted-spinner.
 Whicker, H. Emsworth, butcher.
 Welch, A. Glastonbury, shopkeeper.
 Waterman, J. Rotherhithe, merchant.
 Willis, T. Bath, carpenter.
 Watkins, S. Merthyr Tydfil, iron-monger.
 Wilkinson, G. Birmingham, saw-manufacturer.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF SCOTCH BANKRUPTCIES, announced from 1st October to 30th November, 1829, extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

- Anderson, Robert Young, writer to the signet, banker, and builder, in Edinburgh.
 Bannerman, James, cattle-dealer, Stobhall, Perthshire.
 Bannerman, Peter, cattle-dealer, Parkhead, Perthshire.
 Bridges, David, jun. cloth-merchant, Edinburgh.
 Buchanan, James, wood merchant at Duchlage, in the parish of Drymen, and county of Stirling.
 Burns, William, manufacturer in Paisley, and as one of the partners of John Gibb and Company, manufacturers in Paisley.
 Campbell, Malcolm, grain-merchant and trader, Glasgow.
 Crawford, William, and Co. merchants in Glasgow, and William Crawford, one of the said partners, as an individual.
 Dawson, John, lime-burner and fish-curer, now farmer and cattle-dealer, in Redhythe, in the county of Banff.
 Dunlop, Robert, banker, gas-manufacturer, and builder in Edinburgh, and writer to the signet.
 Forrest, Daniel, hosier in Edinburgh.
 Grant, Alexander, builder and wright in Leith.
 Haldane, George, and Co. spirit-dealers in Glasgow, and George Haldane, sole partner of said company.
 Hoe, Thomas Charles, late mercantile-agent, now tavern-keeper in Edinburgh.
 Innes, John, merchant-tailor, Aberdeen.
 Liddell, William, and Co. merchants, Glasgow, and William Liddell, and William Liddell, jun. merchants there, the individual partners.
 Lindsay, David, paper-maker and merchant at Rothes Paper-mill, in the parish of Leslie, and county of Fife.
 Love, John, provision-merchant, Bridge Street, Glasgow.
 M'Farlane, Parlane, manufacturer, Glasgow.
 M'Farlane, John, merchant, Aberdeen.
 Nicol, Robert, cattle-dealer, formerly in Brackmont Mill, now in Strathburn, Fifehire.
 Pattison, M. and F. merchants, Glasgow.
 Reid, Andrew, merchant, Ayr.
 Scott, John, merchant in Glasgow, residing some time at Henning House, near Govan, and now in West Kingston, near Glasgow.
 Spears, James, sen. distiller and merchant in Kirkcaldy.
 Tod, John, corn and meal-dealer, Leith.
 Waters, John, flesher in Edinburgh.
 White, James, corn-dealer and ship-owner in Leith and Elie.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

- June 4. At Akayab, East Indies, the Lady of Lieut. Archibald Bogle, of a son.
 July 22. At the Cape of Good Hope, the Lady of William Blair, Esq. advocate, of a daughter.
 Sept. 25. At the Manse of Newtyle, Mrs Moon, of a son.
 29. At 7, Leith Street, Mrs Denham, of a still-born son.
 — At Williamfield, Mrs William Patison, jun. of a son.
 30. At Mellerstain, the Lady of George Baillie, Esq. jun. of Jerriswood, of a daughter.
 — At Ellistoun House, Roxburghshire, the Lady of Robert Henry Tulloch, Esq. of Ellistoun, of a daughter.
 — At Innerkip, the Lady of the Rev. Thomas Brown, jun. of a son.
 Oct. 1. At Mary's Place, Mrs Parker, of a son.
 2. At Sanson House, the Lady of Colonel Cumming, of the Bengal Light Cavalry, of a daughter.
 — At 42, Northumberland Street, Mrs Scot of Trinity, of a daughter.
 3. At Albyn Place, Mrs Charles Gordon, of a son.
 4. In Charlotte Square, the Lady of Thomas Maitland, Esq. younger of Dundrennan, of a son.
 5. At Inistore, Appin, Argyshire, the Lady of Donald Campbell Esq. of a son.
 6. At the Manse of Ferry Port-on-Craig, Mrs Nicolson of a son.
 8. At Forest Hall, the Viscountess Chetwynd, of a son.
 — At Greenock, Mrs David Glassford, of a son.
 9. At Abercromby Place, Mrs Lockhart of Castlehill, of a daughter.
 — At 32, Gayfield Square, Mrs Thomas Ferguson, of a daughter.
 — At 12, Raeburn Place, Mrs Grahame, of a son.
 10. At Elkruck Manse, Mrs Smith, of a daughter.
 11. At 8, Broughton Place, Mrs Maitland, of a son.
 — At 23, Abercromby Place, the Lady of Walter Campbell, Esq. of Sunderland, of a daughter.
 12. At West George Street, Glasgow, Mrs James J. Duncan, of a son.
 13. At Kinnaird Castle, the Lady of Sir James Carnegie of Southesk, Bart. of a son.
 14. At Walker Street, the Lady of Major William Bertram, Bengal Native Infantry, of a son.
 15. At Dunbog, Mrs Keyden of Pittuncarty, of a son.
 16. At Melville House, Fife, the Countess of Leven and Melville, of a son, who only survived a few hours.
 19. At Holmhead, Mrs Sinclair, of a daughter.
 20. At 1, Melville Street, Mrs John Tait, of a son.
 21. At Crawfordsdyke, Greenock, Mrs John Crawford, of a son.
 — At Easter Duddingston, the Lady of Capt. Wauchope, Royal Navy, of a son.
 — At 4, Warriston Crescent, Mrs Cumming, of a son.
 — At York, the Lady of Lieut.-Col. Wallace, late Major in the King's Dragoon Guards, of a daughter.
 — At Portland Place, London, Lady Mary Ross, of a son.
 — At 6, Brighton Street, Mrs William Millar, of a daughter.
 22. At Goodwood, her Grace the Duchess of Richmond, of a son, being her ninth living child.
 — At Heathery Haugh, Mrs Tod, of a son.
 — At Eaglescarnie, the Lady of Major-General Hon. P. Stuart, of a daughter.
 24. At River Bank, Leven, Mrs Anderson, of a son.
 25. At Lothian Vale, Mrs Greig, of a son.
 — At Paris, the Lady of John Mitchell, Esq. of a son.
 — Her Serene Highness the Princess of Hohenlohe-Laugenburgh (late the Princess Feodore, and daughter of the Duchess of Kent,) of a son.
 27. At Naples, Mrs William Scott, of a son.
 28. At Barcadine, the Lady of Duncan Campbell, Esq. of Barcadine, of a son.
 29. Mrs Robert Blackie, of a daughter.
 30. At 8, Newington Place, Mrs Kennedy, of a daughter.
 31. At Belton, the Lady of Captain Hay of Belton, of a son.
 Nov. 1. At Belmont Place, Kelso, Mrs Jerdan, of a son.
 — At Portobello, Mrs Scott of Seabank, of a son.
 2. The Lady of P. Campbell, Esq. Northumberland Street, of a son.
 — Mrs Welsh, 60, Northumberland Street, of a daughter.
 — In Park Crescent, Portland Place, London, the Hon. Mrs Shawe, of a daughter.
 4. At Bromley Place, the Lady Sarah Murray, of a son.
 6. At 10, Howard Place, Mrs William Gordon, of a son.

7. At Largo Manse, Mrs Brown, of a son.
 — At Bellevue, Banff, the Lady of James Macintosh, Esq. late of Calcutta, of a daughter.
 8. At Carlisle, Mrs Major Stewart Dalzell of Glense, of a son.
 10. At Whitehall House, the Hon. Mrs Wardlaw, of a son.
 — At Tavfield, Mrs Berry, of a daughter.
 11. At 45, Melville Street, the Lady of the Chevalier J. J. Laine, French Consul, of a daughter.
 12. At No. 9, Abercomby Place, Mrs Greig of Eccles, of a daughter.
 — At Circus Place, Mrs Cay, of a daughter.
 13. At 12, Regent Terrace, Edinburgh, Mrs Bayley, of a daughter.
 — At Holland, Island of Papa Westray, the Lady of George Trail, Esq. of Holland, of a son.
 14. At 59, Northumberland Street, the Lady of John Brodie, Esq. W.S. of a son.
 15. At 6, James's Court, Mrs Edward Livingstone, of a son.
 — At Cherrybank, Mrs Fisher, of a son.
 — At Larbert Manse, Mrs Bonar, of a daughter.
 16. At Marseilles, the Lady of A. J. Hamilton, Esq. younger of Dalzell, of a son and heir.
 20. At Hope Street, Charlotte Square, Mrs Sibbald, of a daughter.
 22. At Dundee, Mrs Maxwell, of a daughter.
 24. At Castle Broomwich, Warwickshire, the Countess of Bradford, of a daughter.
 27. At Glenormiston, the Lady of William Stewart, Esq. of a son.
 — Mrs Alexander Douglas, Albany Street, of a son.
 — At 25, Archibald Place, Mrs George Brown, of a son.
Lately. At Bareilly, East Indies, the Lady of the Hon. R. Forbes, of a son.
 — At Argyle House, London, the Countess of Aberdeen, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

- March 28. At Bombay, James Burnes, Esq. Surgeon to the Residency at Bhoj, to Sophia, second daughter of the late Major-General Sir Geo. Holmes, K. C. B.
 June 4. At the Cape of Good Hope, John Murray, Esq. M. D. Surgeon to the Forces, to Mrs Eliza Grant, widow of Captain T. W. Grant, of the Hon. East India Company's Service.
 6. At Bombay, Henry Smith, Esq. of Batiboys, county of Wicklow, Lieut.-Col. of the 1st Regiment of Light Cavalry, in the East India Company's Service, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the Hon. Sir John Peter Grant of Rothiemurcus, one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of Bombay.
 20. At Hyderabad, Capt. Geo. Keir, Commanding his Highness the Nizam's 3d Regiment of Cavalry, to Margaret, daughter of Campbell Macintosh, Esq. of Dalmagavie.
 Aug. 15. At St Petersburg, John Drury, M.D. youngest son of Thomas Drury, Esq. to Elizabeth, third daughter of the late Captain John Brown, of North Shields, Northumberland.
 Sept. 15. At Eastertyre, the Rev. Alexander Campbell, minister of Weem, to Isabella Margaret, daughter of the late Major Macglashan of Eastertyre.
 24. At Montreal, Lower Canada, Francis C. J. Arnoldi, Esq. M.D. to Christina Maria, eldest daughter of Mr William Telfer, merchant, Leith.
 28. At Fairlight, near Hastings, Sussex, the Rev. Edward Auriol, of Christ Church, Oxford, B.A. to Georgina Barbara, third daughter of the late Edward Morris, Esq. and grand-daughter of the late Lord Erskine.
 29. At No. 15, Windsor Street, William Findlay, Esq. writer, Paisley, to Helen, eldest daughter of James Hill, Esq.
 30. At Windmill Hill, Howard Elphinstone, Esq. only son of Sir H. Elphinstone, Bart. C.B. to Elizabeth Julia, youngest daughter of E. J. Curteis, Esq. M.P.
 — At Glasgow, George Stephenson, Esq. Solicitor, Lisburn, to Louisa Ann, third daughter of the late Major James Robertson of Cray, Perthshire.
 Oct. 1. At Kincaig, the Rev. James Noble, St Madoes, to Margaret, eldest daughter of James Crow, Esq.
 2. At Dalmarnock, Glasgow, Robert Thomson,

- Esq. surgeon, to Isabella, eldest daughter of the late Mr Adam Spence, Leith.
 5. At Westsidewood, Mr Logan, Eastshiel, to Jane, youngest daughter of John Wilson, Esq.
 6. At No 25 Pitt Street, Edinburgh, Robert Hepburn Swinton, Esq. second son of the late John Swinton, Esq. of Swinton, to Juliana, third daughter of Thos. Harker, Esq. of Scarborough.
 8. At Bankfoot, William Allan, Esq. Solicitor Supreme Courts, to Eliza, daughter of George Gordon, Esq. of Hiltonhill.
 — At Atholl Place, Perth, Laurence Robertson, Esq. cashier of the Royal Bank, Glasgow, to Robina Joanna, second daughter of Robert Hope Moncrieff, Esq. writer, Perth.
 12. At Ayr, John M'Dermont, Esq. M.D. to Margaret, second daughter of William Eaton, Esq. Sheriff-substitute of Ayrshire.
 13. At Burntsfield Place, James Watt, jun. Esq. Dundee, to Jane Scott, second daughter of Archibald Anderson, Esq. Burntsfield Place.
 — At North Leith, Mr Alexander Anderson, architect, Leith, to Mary Vernon, second daughter of Mr Alexander Sime, shipbuilder.
 — At London, John Searle, jun. Esq. to Harriet, eldest daughter of the late John Talbot, Esq.
 15. At Edinburgh, the Rev. Alexander Campbell, minister of St Stephen's Church, Rochdale, to Margaret, daughter of the late James Peat, Esq. Collector of Excise.
 19. At Cherry Bank, John Anderson, Esq. Perth, to Miss Bruce, daughter of the late David Bruce, Esq. merchant, Stirling.
 — At Ochertyre, Anthony Murray, Esq. younger of Dolerie, W.S., to Georgiana, third daughter of the Hon. Baron Sir Patrick Murray of Ochertyre, Bart.
 — At Marylebone, London, Mr J. Renny, jun. merchant, Arbroath, to Miss Jane Boyd, of Welbeck Street, Cavendish Square.
 22. At Edinburgh, James Syme, Esq. surgeon, to Anne, youngest daughter of the late Robert Willis, Esq.
 — At Castle Toward, John Campbell, Esq. of South Hull, to Janet, third daughter of Kirkman Finlay, Esq. of Castle Toward.
 23. At North Berwick, the Rev. Mathew Carrier Thompson of Woodstone Rectory, Huntingdon, to Eliza, second daughter of the late Lieut. Colonel Dalrymple, C.B. Madras Artillery.
 26. At London, David Bailie, Esq. of Audley Square, to Miss Stewart, only daughter of Lady Stewart, and niece to the Countess of Aberdeen.
 27. At Myres Castle, Joseph Matland, Esq. third son of Adam Matland, Esq. of Dundrennan, to Anna Maria, daughter of James Pillans, Esq.
 28. At Edinburgh, Captain Alexander Christie, of the Navigator of Peterhead, to Miss Elizabeth Ann Browne of Lauriston.
 29. At Edinburgh, Lieut.-Gen. Sir John Oswald of Dunnikier, Knight Grand Cross of the Bath, to Amelia Jane Murray, third daughter of the late Lord Henry Murray, son of the late John Duke of Atholl.
 29. At Blairvadock, Richard Fox, Esq. of Garahabriggin, in the county of Cavan, son of Colonel Fox of Foxhall, to Camilla, third daughter of Mr and Lady Janet Buchanan.
 30. At Memus, Forfarshire, Aitchison Alexander Mack, Esq. W.S. to Martha, youngest daughter of the late John White, Esq.
 Nov. 2. At Rose Villa, Hamilton, Francis Hamilton, Esq. W.S. to Mary Stevenson, eldest daughter of Captain D. Mackintosh, late of the 42d Royal Highlanders.
 — At Sighthill, Mr William Thomson, farmer, Bonnington, to Christina, youngest daughter of the late James Nimmo, Esq.
 5. At Edinburgh, Mr Andrew Liddell, ironmonger, Glasgow, to Jessie, eldest daughter of William Peddie, Esq. Secretary to the Insurance Company of Scotland.
 — At Kippax, Samuel Crompton Esq. M.P. of Woodend, Yorkshire, to Isabella Sophia, daughter of the Hon. and Rev. Archibald Hamilton Cathcart.
 — At Edinburgh, Mr David Morris, jun. merchant, Dunfermline, to Euphemia, fourth daughter of Mr John Steel, merchant, Prince's Street.
 — At Edinburgh, the Rev. Andw. Milroy, minister of Crailing, to Margaret, eldest surviving daughter of James Bryce, Esq.
 5. At Gibraltar, Capt. John Macdonald of Aris-

saig, Inverness-shire, to Catherine Eustace, only daughter of Alex. Farquhar, Esq. merchant.

6. At Montrose, Henry Holie, Esq. surgeon, Forfarshire Militia Regiment, to Margaret, eldest daughter of the late David Ogilvie, Esq. of Park Connan.

— William Proven, Esq. merchant, Glasgow, to Elizabeth, second daughter of Mr Wm. Reid, bookseller, Glasgow.

7. Re-married at Paris, John Gordon of Newton, Esq. Aberdeenshire, to Barbara, fourth daughter of Mr A. Leith, Aberdeen.

9. At Campbeltown, Argyllshire, Lieut. Joseph Wright, R.N. to Caroline Nugent, daughter of Lieut.-Col. John Porter, of the late Argyllshire Fencibles.

— At Crandington, Northumberland, Major Scott, of the 17th Lancers, to Alicia Eliza, eldest daughter of the late Rev. Henry Foster Mills, Chancellor of York.

10. At the Earl of Rosslyn's house, St James's Square, London, Bethell Walrond, Esq. M.P. of Montrath, Devonshire, to the Right Hon. Lady Janet St Clair, only daughter of the Earl of Rosslyn.

— At St Mary's Church, Dover, Capt. Alexander Macniven, of Deptford, to Helen, widow of Major Peirce, Royal Artillery.

— At Allanbank, Berwickshire, John Melville, Esq. London, to Miss Swinton, daughter of Samuel Swinton of Allanbank.

— At Haudet, Guernsey, Major Cadell, of the 28th Foot, to Isabella Catherine, daughter of the late Alexander Macdonald Esq. of Boisdale, Inverness-shire.

— At Glasgow, Alex. Macdougall, Esq. of the Island of Tobago, to Eliza, second daughter of James McQueen, Esq. South Wellington Place.

— At Summerhill, near Dumfries, the Rev. D. Dow, of Kirkpatrick-Irongray, to Catherine, youngest daughter of the deceased Thos. Goldie, Esq. of Craigmuir.

14. At London, John Clayton Cowell, Esq. eldest son of Lieut.-Col. Cowell, to Frances Anne Hester, youngest daughter of the Rev. Richard Brickenden.

16. At North Queensferry, Mr William Miller, merchant, Inverkeithing, to Margaret, eldest daughter of Mr Scott, R.N. superintendent of the passage.

17. At London, John Dunlop, Esq. of the Grenadier Foot Guards, eldest son of Lieut.-General Dunlop, of Dunlop and Southwick, to Charlotte Constance, youngest daughter of Major-General Sir Richard Downes Jackson, K.C.B.

— At Perth, the Rev. James Ferguson, minister of the parish of Stachur in Argyllshire, to Margaret, daughter of the late Mr Charles Douglas, merchant, Perth.

— At Greenock, Mr John J. E. Linton, writer, to Margaret, daughter of the late Murdo Dallas, Esq. physician, Berbice.

18. At Edinburgh, Edward Denis de Vitre, M.D. Annan, to Janet Graham, daughter of A. R. Carson, LL.D. Rector of the High School.

23. At Kelso, Mr George Gillies, surgeon, Coldstream, to Rebecca Jane, only daughter of the late Major Seton, of the Hon East India Company's Service.

— At Ellingham, Northumberland, Henry S. Stephens, Esq. to Mary, eldest daughter of the late Thomas Haggerstone, Esq.

24. At Glasgow, the Rev. William Colville, minister of Eaglesham, to Mary, only daughter of the late Mason Weir, Esq.

— At Dalkeith, Mr George Fernie to Miss Christian Hepburn.

— At Inverleith Row, Andrew Beith, Esq. surgeon, Edinburgh, to Ann Elizabeth Sinclair Mackenzie, daughter of the late William Mackenzie, Esq. of Strathgarve.

DEATHS.

April 7. At Moorshedabad, in Bengal, Mrs Maria Hathorn, wife of Hugh Vans Hathorn, Esq. of the Hon. East India Company's Civil Service.

22. At his residence, in Hobart Town, James Neill, Esq. aged 72. Mr Neill was a gentleman of very enlarged mind, richly stored with scientific knowledge, more especially in Natural History, to which, in this island, he devoted much attention during the latter years of his life. He was

for upwards of forty years an eminent printer in Edinburgh.

28. At Arnee, East Indies, John Boyce, Esq. Lieut. in his Majesty's 41st Regiment of Foot.

May 5. On the African station, Dr William Burn, surgeon of his Majesty's ship Eden.

— At Bombay, Mr John Spark, surgeon in the Hon. East Company's service, and son of the Rev. Robert Spark, Episcopalian clergyman at Laurencekirk.

June 2. At Calcutta, Dr Gibb, First Member of the Medical Board, Bengal.

4. At Satara, in the East Indies, Captain Henry Adams, of the Bombay Establishment, Revenue-Surveyor to his Highness the Rajah of Satara.

5. At Cuddalore, John Hart Jollie, Esq. of Madras, second son of James Jollie, Esq. writer to the signet.

9. At sea, on his passage from Bengal to England, Major Thomas Lamont, 49th Regiment, third surviving son of James Lamont of Knockdow, Esq.

Aug. 11: At Wilmington, North Carolina, after a short illness, the Rev. John Reston, formerly pastor of one of the Relief Churches, Edinburgh.

17. At Bardowie, parish of St Andrew's, Jamaica, John Taylor, Esq. of Ballochneek, Stirlingshire, eldest son of the late Rev. Dr William Taylor, of St Enoch's Church, Glasgow.

28. At sea, on his passage home from Madras, Captain James Crokat, Madras Army.

29. At Montserrat, West Indies, Alexander Williamson, surgeon, late of Edinburgh.

Sept. 2. At Rosehearty, Aberdeenshire, during this month, of the family of Mr John Wilson, Peathill, on the 2d, Anne, aged 9; on the 7th, Alexander, aged 17; on the 13th, William, aged 14; on the 22d, John, aged 22; and, on the 30th, Mrs Wilson, aged 47. The disease, that has proved so fatal in this family, was putrid ulcerous sore throat, which had prevailed for some time in that neighbourhood, though not with an equal degree of malignity. Mrs Wilson had overcome the virulence of the distemper, but sunk under the successive bereavements of the affectionate mother.

8. At Belleaire, island of St Vincent, Francis Brown, Esq.

9. At his house, Assembly Street, Leith, Mr John Watt, merchant.

11. At Ellon, in his 90th year, the Rev. William Massie, having been schoolmaster of that parish during 65 years.

18. At Edinburgh, in the 50th year of his age, Mr John Ewen, of the Lord Treasurer's Remembrancer's Office, Exchequer.

19. At Perth, Miss Mary Stewart Thomson, eldest daughter of the Rev. Dr Thomson.

— At Alyth, Mr Edward Paterson, in the 70th year of his age, having been 37 years parochial schoolmaster of Alyth.

— At Cowdenhill, Mrs Janet Halket, relict of the late Captain Robert Grinlay, Bo'ness, aged 80 years.

— At Callander, the Lady of H. Palmer, Esq.

20. At 11, Saxe Coburg Place, Mary, third daughter of Colonel the Hon. John Ramsay.

21. At Perth, Alexander Macglashan, Esq. some time of Calcutta.

22. At Boulogne-sur-Mer, J. Waugh Brougham, Esq. wine merchant, Edinburgh.

23. At Brechin, Mrs Catherine Pringle, wife of the Rev. Mr Craig.

— At his father's house, 3, South Castle Street, Mr Walter Jamieson, upholsterer.

— At the Manse of Saltoun, the Rev. Andrew Johnston, in the 66th year of his age, and 38th of his ministry.

— At Castle Mains, East Lothian, Mr David Hume, farmer.

24. At Bellamore, Inchmarnock, aged 98 years, Miss Marjory Flenning, daughter of Peter Flenning, Esq. of Auchintoul.

— At 10, Shandwick Place, Edinburgh, Mrs Anne Aynsworth, wife of James Aynsworth, Esq. of Clonmaghy, in the County of Down.

25. At Durie, Napier, youngest son of C. M. Christie, Esq.

— At Monifieth Manse, the Rev. William Johnston, in the 78th year of his age, and 43d year of his ministry in that parish.

26. Mrs Mary Smith of Darnick, aged 76 years.

— At his house, 1, Broughton Place, Mr George Hall, writer.

26. At Rosebank, Broughton Road, Mrs Margaret Alexander, relict of Captain Andrew Davidson.

— At Pembroke, in her 76th year, Miss Campbell, sister of the late Lord Cadowd.

— At Burgie, Mrs Dunbar Brodie, of Lethen and Burgie.

— At Dunfermline, the Rev. Alexander Fisher, Minister of the Associate Congregation, Queen-Anne Street.

— Suddenly, of inflammation, while on a visit to his friend, Temple Sinclair, Esq. of Lybster, County of Caithness, the Hon. Eric George Sinclair, fifth son of the late, and brother to the present Earl of Caithness, in the 28th year of his age.

27. Mr George Forrester, writer, Edinburgh.

— At 4, Lothian Street, Mr Walter Scott Drysdale, watchmaker.

— At Double Bridges, Thorne, Yorkshire, Mrs Caroline Gunby, in her 103d year.

28. At Rugby, Warwickshire, William Chambers, Esq. Rear-Admiral, in the 82d year of his age.

— At Leith, George Kellie, Esq. M.D.

29. At Clifton, in his 77th year, Richard Newman Newman, M.D. of Thornbury Park, Gloucestershire.

— At Portobello, Miss Anne Bannerman, author of "Poems, chiefly Lyric," "Tales of Superstition and Chivalry," and other ingenious and elegant performances.

30. At Southwold, Henry Robert Gooch, Esq. son of William Gooch, Esq. of Upwell.

— At the Manse of Dunfermline, Isobel Barbour, wife of the Rev. Allan M'Lean.

— At Dumfries, Mrs Mary Butter, relict of James Carruthers, Esq. of Warmanbie.

Oct. 1. At Edinburgh, the Lady of General Sir William Maxwell of Calderwood, Bart.

2. At Edinburgh, Bernard Bedwell Richardson, infant son of Mr James Richardson.

— At 17, Elm Row, Mr Alexander Muckle, merchant.

— At Pisa, in Tuscany, Emma Warrington, wife of Thomas Wood, Esq. British Vice-Consul at Bengazi.

3. At Paisley, Mrs Carlisle, wife of Warrand Carlisle, Esq.

— At Lasswade, Jane, eldest daughter of John Buckham, Esq. formerly of the Bush.

4. At his house, 7, Nicolson Square, after a short illness, Mr James M'Donald, (formerly of Dunfermline,) teacher of English, &c. 24, Waterloo Place.

— At Everton, near Liverpool, Sir John Reid, Bart. R.N. formerly commander of the Cheerful revenue cruiser.

— Mr Robert Barclay, late farmer, Southside Bank.

5. At Wallacetown, Ayr, Mrs Barbara Campbell, widow of Major Campbell of the 92d Regiment.

— At Perth, Miss Kinnear of Kinnear.

— At Warmanbie, near Annan, the Rev. Robert Hankinson Roughshede, M.A. in the 84th year of his age.

— At his house, Walker Street, John Horner, Esq.—This venerable and highly respectable citizen was the acting partner in the well-known firm of Inglis, Horner, and Company, afterwards Horner, Baxter, and Company, and latterly, John Horner and Company, manufacturers in Edinburgh. He was father of Mr Horner the celebrated Barrister and Member of Parliament, who was unfortunately cut off at an early period of his brief but brilliant Parliamentary career. Mr Horner's only remaining son is Mr Leonard Horner, the originator of the School of Arts in this city.

6. At her father's house, East Sallan, Mrs Janet Swinton, wife of Mr James Dods, Edinburgh, aged 72 years.

— At Kilmarnock, Mrs Helen Duncanson, widow of George Freer, Esq. of Woodlands, near Perth.

7. At Wardie, Sarah, daughter of the late James Donaldson, Esq. and sister to Captain J. D. Boswell, Royal Navy.

8. At 3, Albany Street, North Leith, Margaret, daughter of the late Mr David Wishart, shipmaster.

— At Lerwick, after a very protracted illness, Lieutenant David Spence, of the Royal Navy, aged 68.

9. At Hastings, Jane, fourth daughter of Robert Spear, late of Mill Bank, Cheshire, Esq. deceased.

— At the Duke of Buccleuch's, Richmond, Lady Isabella Cust, wife of the Hon Captain Peregrine F. Cust, M.P.

10. At No. 17, Shandwick Place, Mrs Beatrix Pringle, widow of David Hogarth of Hilton, Esq.

11. At No. 32, Gayfield Square, the infant daughter of Thomas Ferguson, Esq. writer to the signet.

12. At Dumfries, Archibald M'Murdo, Esq. late Lieutenant-Colonel of the Dumfries-shire Militia.

— At the Manse of Burrowstounness, Robert, eldest son of the Rev. Dr Rennie.

— At Bath, Major-General Sir John Pringle Dalrymple, Bart. the last male representative of the family of Dalrymple, of Hailes.

At Hewell, Worcestershire, the Hon Frederick Campbell Amherst, second surviving son of Lord Amherst.

13. At Glasgow, Catherine, wife of Lauchlan M'Kinnon, Esq. and daughter of the late Duncan M'Dougall, Esq. of Arrentrove.

14. At Glasgow, Mr James Syme, teacher.

— At her house, Grosvenor Square, London, the Countess Dowager of Radnor, in the 71st year of her age.

15. At her house, No. 16, New Street, Miss Elizabeth Whitehouse.

— At John Street, Portobello, Josiah Maxton, Esq.

— At Kentish Town, George Dawe, Esq. R.A. Member of the Imperial and Royal Academies of Arts at St Petersburg, Stockholm, Florence, &c.

16. At High Halden Rectory, Kent, Robert, third son of Robert Badham, Professor of Medicine, Glasgow.

— At Stirling, Mrs Agnes Stevenson, relict of the Rev. John Thorburn, minister of the gospel at Edinburgh.

— At Hamburg, John Maclean, Esq. late merchant, Edinburgh.

17. At Edinburgh, Mrs Mary Maxwell, relict of the Rev. James Hall, D.D. of Broughton Place Chapel.

18. At the Manse of Farnel, the Rev. James Wilson, minister of that parish, in the 75d year of his age, and 51st of his ministry.

19. At Gargunnoch House, Stirlingshire, Jane, daughter of the late Robert Dennistoun, Esq. Glasgow.

— Aged 18 years, Jean, second daughter of Mr John Hope, Castle Mains, Sanquhar.

— At Dunse, Mr. Richard Bertram, writer there.

20. In the 70th year of his age, Mr John Mills, of Irlam's-oth-Height, a man well known for his patriotism. He was one of those who undertook the hazardous task to relieve General Elliot with provisions at the siege of Gibraltar.

— At Round Haugh, John Leyden, aged 83. This venerable person was father of the celebrated Dr John Leyden.

21. At No. 10, Shandwick Place, Eleanor, wife of Lieut-Colonel James Leatham, in her 74th year.

22. At Mount Juliet, county of Kilkenny, the Countess of Carrick.

— At Esperston, near Fushie Bridge, Christina, second daughter of Mr John Watson.

— At Barbreck, Lochawside, Mr John M'Arthur, surgeon, in the 55th year of his age.

— At the Manse of Moffat, Catherine, daughter of the Rev. Alexander Johnstone, minister of Moffat.

23. At Kensington, in his 30th year, Horatio Nelson Head, R.N. only son of Guy Head, Esq.

24. At No. 1, Bellevue Crescent, William Davidson, only child of Andrew Dun, Esq. writer to the signet.

— At Edinburgh, George Douglas Cameron, M.D. Liverpool, fourth son of the late Rev. William Cameron, minister of Kirknewton.

— At Lauriston Castle, Miss Ellen Allan, youngest daughter of Thomas Allen, Esq. of Lauriston, in the 16th year of her age.

Oct. 21. At Northwick Terrace, London, Henrietta Anne, wife of the Hon James Stewart.

25. At the Wester Bush, Isabella Gifford, in the 88th year of her age.

25. At Cheltenham, Lord Frederick Lennox, brother of the present, and son of the late Duke of Richmond. His Lordship was in the 28th year of his age, and had been suffering long under a most painful indisposition.

26. At Middlehill, Mr George Deans, aged 89 years.

27. At his residence in Stephen Street, Dublin, Lieutenant-General William Fyers, commanding Royal Engineers in Ireland.

28. At No. 6, Mansfield Place, Adam Anderson, only child of Mr John Anderson, jun. bookseller.

— At her house in Maitland Street, the Right Hon Lady Jane Stuart, widow of the Hon Sir John Stuart of Fettercairn, Bart, one of the Barons of Exchequer.

— At Edinburgh, Robert Cameron, Esq. accountant, second son of the late Rev. William Cameron, minister of Kirknewton.

— At Waterbeck, the Rev. Daniel Struthers, minister of the Relief Congregation there.

29. At Hampstead, Christian, eldest daughter of John Richardson, Esq. Fludry Street, Westminster.

— At Ayr, Mr Hugh Donaldson, merchant, aged 88, one of the oldest and most respectable inhabitants.

30. At Sedgwick, near Kendal, John Wakefield, Esq. banker in that town.

— At 17, Great King Steet, Mary, third daughter of James Cathcart, Esq.

— At his house, No. 21, Union Street, Mr James Robertson, ironmonger, High Street.

31. At Campbellown, (captain Frederic Campbell, late of the 94th regiment.

— At his residence of Lincluden House, Gilbert Young, Esq. Commissary General.

Nov. 1. At Broughton Place, John, the infant son of Thomas Maitland, Esq. of Poggie.

— At the marine villa of the Earl of Egremont, Brighton, Lady King, mother of Lord King.

— At Claremont Square, London, David Gordon, Esq. second son of Sir Alexander Gordon of Culvenann.

— At No. 58, Northumberland Street, Margaret, infant daughter of Andrew Johnston, younger, of Lennyhill, Esq.

2. At No. 19, Queen Street, aged 27 years, of a lingering decline, Mrs Jones, wife of Mr. Jones, late of the Theatre Royal, and, in the same hour, after a few days' illness, their son, Richard Alexander, aged eight months.

— At No. 6, Salisbury Place, Newington, Miss Elizabeth Broughton, daughter of the late Henry Broughton, Esq. Collector of Excise.

— At Edinburgh, Harie Guthrie, Esq. writer, Edinburgh.

— At Edinburgh, Miss H. Ramsay Grant, daughter of the late Dr William Lewis Grant, of Calcutta.

3. At Sandgate Street, Ayr, Patricia Khanim, second daughter of William Fullarton, Esq. of Skeldon.

1. At Leith Street, Edinburgh, Mr William Somerville.

— At Kelso, George, the infant son of Mr Geo. Jerdan, writer, Kelso.

5. At Minmore, Banffshire, William Gordon, Esq. aged 74.

— At Pitt Street, Portobello, Miss R. W. Beech, only daughter of W. Beech, Esq. of Santa Cruz.

6. At No. 1, Salisbury Road, Newington, Mrs Elizabeth Ross, wife of Alexander Ross, Esq. merchant, Edinburgh.

7. At his house, No. 104 High Street, Mr John Johnstone, printer.

8. At Blackadder House, Thomas Boswall of Blackadder, Esq.; and on the 12th, at the same place, Mrs Boswall, mother of that gentleman.

— At his house, No. 23, St Leonard's Hill, Edinburgh, Mr Patrick Davidson, writer.

9. At his house in Hart Street, Bloomsbury Square, London, E. Roche, Esq. the Editor of the Courier.

— At Kirkland Cottage, Dumbartonshire, Mr Robert Davie, teacher of writing, South Bridge, Edinburgh.

10. At Ayr, Mr Roderick Mackenzie, late Comptroller of the Customs, Isle Martin.

— At Carlisle, David Carrick, one of the Society of Friends, and above forty years a banker in that city.

11. At his house, 1, Erskine Place, Mr David Ogilvy, painter.

12. In the 64th year of his age, the Hon. John Coventry, second son of the late Earl of Coventry.

— At Branksford, Miss Riddell, daughter of the late Patrick Riddell, Esq. of Museslee.

13. At No. 35, South Bridge, Edinburgh, Miss Edgar Pillans.

— At her mother's house, Prince's Street, Miss Mary Campbell of Dalziel Park, daughter of the late Patrick Campbell, Esq. teller, Royal Bank of Scotland.

— At Devonshire Terrace, Regent's Park, London, Mrs Fitzgerald, wife of the Right Hon. Maurice Fitzgerald.

— At Port Nellan, Loch Tummell, Capt. Gilbert Stewart, late of his Majesty's 61st Regiment.

14. At Harehead, East Lothian, Mrs Eliza Dods, wife of Mr John M'Gregor, writer, Edinburgh.

— At Sauchfield House, Mr Alexander Milne, merchant, Glasgow.

15. At Longbank Mearns, Renfrewshire, Mr John M'Diarmid, in the 92d year of his age.

16. At Stirling, Mrs Agnes Stevenson, relict of the Rev. John Thorburn, minister of the gospel at Edinburgh.

18. At Edinburgh, Mr Wm. Newbigging, eldest son of Wm. Newbigging, Esq. F.R.S. Edinburgh.

— At his house in Grosvenor Place, London, Thomas Garth, Esq. General in his Majesty's service, and Colonel of the First, or Royal Regiment of Dragoons, aged 85 years.

19. At Dunse, Mr Richard Bertram, writer, there.

— At No. 8, Charlotte Square, Robert Ramsay, Esq. W.S.

20. At Kedleston, the Hon. Augustus Curzon, son of Lord Scarsdale.

— At Cummock, the Rev. John Fraser, minister of that parish.

21. At No 19, Salisbury Street, Edinburgh, Mr Malcolm Hennen, second son of the late Dr John Hennen, Inspector of Military Hospitals.

22. At Hermitage Place, Leith Links, Anabella Catherine, youngest child of D. Matheson, Esq. advocate.

23. At his house, No. 13, Bank Street, Mr James Reid.

— At Torquay. Anne, youngest daughter of William Mure, Esq. of Caldwell, Ayrshire.

— At Caplebrae, Fifeshire, Mr David Mitchell, aged 78 years.

— Jane L. Brown, aged nine, eldest daughter of Mr Gordon Brown, 32, Buccleuch Place.

24. At his house, No. 1, Moray Street, Mr James Geddes, late storekeeper of his Majesty's Customs for Scotland.

27. At Edinburgh, Miss Margaret Boyd.

— At No. 10, Hanover Street, Mr James Brown, solicitor-at-law.

Lately. At Barham Court, the Right Hon. Lady Barham. Her Ladyship was married to the present Lord Barham, June 29, 1820.

— At Berlin, the celebrated Field-Marshal Count Von Gneissman.

— At Nice, in the 19th year of her age, Lady Emily Caulfield, only surviving child of the Earl and Countess of Charlemont.

— At Greenwich, in his 88th year, Robert Robertson, M.D. F.R.S. and F.S.A.

— On the coast of Africa, of the fever incidental to the climate, Lieut. Charles David Watson, Commander of his Brazilian Majesty's brig Duquesa de Golaz.

— At Gallanach, Island of Coll, Charles M'Lean, Esq. aged 68.

— At Aix-la-Chapelle, Lieut.-Col. Colquhoun Grant, son of the late Duncan Grant, Esq. of Lingston, of disease contracted at Arracan, where he commanded a brigade of the army.

— At Lausanne, after a few days' illness, the Most Noble the Marquis of Headfort.

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PART I.

THE FALL OF NINEVEH.*

WE have long wished for a proper opportunity to write an Essay on Epic Poetry—and here is one; while, unluckily, deuce an idea will rise up in the dark interior of our pericranium. The truth is, we have read Mr Atherstone till we have become almost—you would not believe us, did we say wholly—as stupid as himself; and how stupid that is, you perhaps partly may know, by reading either this Article or the Fall of Nineveh. Whether Christopher North or Edwin Atherstone is at this hour the stupider individual, it would be highly presumptuous in us to affirm positively; but we may venture to hint that the advantage lies rather on our side, and that the effect is greater than could be explained on philosophical principles—greater even than its cause. To speak more precisely, our stupidity, viewed as an effect of him the cause, leaves the author of its existence so much in the background, that it becomes difficult to affiliate it upon Mr Atherstone; and yet as certainly as that the sun is not now clear at noonday, he is the parent at whose door our stupidity must be laid; and if he have any bowels, he will treat kindly this his Crying Sin.

We feel as if the perusal of this

poem had effected a startling change on our mental constitution. Stupid enough for common occasions we had often been before that perusal, as all our readers will cheerfully allow; but since that perusal our stupidity has not only assumed a more settled aspect, but a far firmer form, and, we verily believe, a more determined character. That which was, in other days, transient as a cloud, is now permanent as a hill-top. Our stupidity, like that of the other patient's, is no less chronic than acute; so the world must not wonder, if in a few years, say half a century, Blackwood's Magazine should become, in sheer stupidity, not far inferior to the last number of the Monthly Review—a periodical which, under its present very skilful management, it is interesting to see keeping just below that degree of stupidity, above which it was proved—by the death of the Critical—that nothing mortal can breathe, any more than a frog in an air-exhausted receiver.

Yet though, in our present paroxysm, unfit to compose an Essay on Epic Poetry, how pleasant to think of old Homer! And what would he think of us, were he restored to life, and especially of Mr Atherstone? Why, it would not be easy to find out

* The Fall of Nineveh, a Poem. By Edwin Atherstone. The First Six Books
London: Printed for Baldwin and Cradock, 1828.

that; for as Homer would, of course, be restored to blindness, during Mr Atherstone's recitation of his poem, we might erroneously suspect the old Grecian of being asleep—as, on the other hand, we might just as unjustly accuse the old gentleman of being awake. Our perplexity would, however, in all probability be ended ere-long by a portentous snore, enough to shake to its foundations the Temple of Ninus, and effect the Fall of Nineveh.

For old Homer would be intolerant of prosing—and in prosing Mr Atherstone excels all the children of men. He has unluckily acquired considerable power over a considerable number of words in the English language, which obsequiously obey his commands, issued with an air of authority which smells of the school-master. But his mind is as slow as an expiring top. It does not, "spinning, sleep," though it dozes; and you wonder, while it continues wambling on, that it does not all at once fall down stone-dead. It was quite the reverse with the mind of old Homer. His was indeed a striking specimen of the Perpetual Motion—and not only swung, but sung and shone like a planet. No man or woman born ever fell asleep over the Iliad. A few lines of it has cured the most comatose; that prescription has made lethargy leap up from his chair, and roam the house like a somnambulist. One paper of Atherstone's powders, again, can lull even an evil conscience. Under its benign influence we ourselves, with two gouty great toes, walked at the rate of five miles an hour into the Land of Nod. In a quarter of an hour or less, has his patent soporific changed a family naturally feverish into the Seven Sleepers.

Very dim, indeed—as of all things else—is our memory of the Iliad. But we do remember this, that there was one Hector, whom we did dearly—devoutly love; and for whose sake we loved Troy-town almost like Auld Reekie. For and with an old man called Priam, we remember having wept till we were blind; for the eyes of a boy are as suddenly filled with tears as tulips are with rain, and as suddenly, too, shake out the shower to the first air of joy that comes rustling by with the wakened

sunshine. What we were to Hecuba, we know not; but what Hecuba was to us, we do know—Why, she was the very image of our grandmother! As for Andromache, there seems to reside a spirit of sadness in the name! It breathes to us of all most *Wifelike* in the Beautiful. We know not why—but we love Mrs Gentle for her sake! As for poor Helen—she was hated only—by herself; in spite of her fatal sin, Troy loved and pitied her—Hecuba, Priam, Hector, Andromache and all—and perhaps the member of the Royal Family who cared least for her at last was—Paris. As for Achilles, we feared him, so brave and beautiful, so swift-footed, and, as we dreamt, invulnerable. Had it not been for Hector, we might have loved the son of Thetis; but round the waving crest of the *Bien aimé*, all our hopes and fears kept watch, as if to ward off the weapon of that dreadful demigod!—Turning from Troy to Nineveh, the mind of a man undergoes as violent a revulsion as if he were torn away by Fate from a Noctes Ambrosianæ, and set down to a lecture on Phrenology in the Society's Hall in Clyde Street. He experiences within one little hour the extremes of human life—the utmost imaginable brightness and glory—the last pitch of opacity and gloom; and wonders if he indeed be still an inhabitant of one and the same world! In presence of the Iliad every man is a hero. Reading old Homer is like marching along with a full band of instrumental music. You would willingly walk on to death. But the drone of Atherstone absolutely inspires cowardice. You are transmogrified into Corporal Fear—would fain hide yourself among the baggage-waggons—sigh for the society of Friends, and on your relinquishment of a military life, resolve to become a Wet-Quaker.

Whether Sardanapalus kills Arbaces—we are alluding now to Mr Atherstone's two chief heroes—or *vice versa*, is to us a mere matter of moonshine—of as utter indifference as the issue of a battle between any two wasps when about to enter the mouth of a bottle of sugar of lead, placed for the protection of a royal race of red hairy gooseberries. His Queen of Nineveh is an absolute scold—and

we almost wish that the town were taken—if only to silence that dreadful bell—her tongue. As for concubines—and such cattle—they may burn away at their leisure in the sack of Nineveh—a city for whose fate, as it is seen through Mr Atherstone's telescope, we feel about as much interest as for the Metropolis of the Moon.

An Epic Poem then, without an essay upon it, it is allowed on all hands, is always in the writing, and too often in the reading, a serious business. In the reading, mortal man is apt to fall into the arms of Death's brother—Sleep. Fortunately, the end of each Book, of which we may suppose twelve or twenty-four affords an excellent opportunity for us to restore tired nature. There stands a Spittal—such as that of Glenshee; and though it would be too much to expect there, either for love or money, board—the traveller being expected to carry his provisions along with him—yet he gets a good, dry, hard bed on which to stretch his wearied limbs and frame, and a few hours repose strengthens him for the next stage. A prudent man, with a sound constitution, may thus walk his way, with moderate fatigue, through the longest and most mountainous Epic, and be as fresh—for the journey is, in fact, the best of all training—at the end of three weeks, as on the very day he set out on his undertaking, the odds having been perhaps three to one on time.

Mr Atherstone's Epic is, he has given us to understand, a lengthy one; and we have gone along it as far as the great road is finished. Mists and clouds hang dense over the distance; and if the future be as the past, it will be a toilsome pilgrimage. But we shall "set a stout heart to a stae brae;" and after a cold bath in the pool of Oblivion, what a profound and dreamless sleep shall we not have the night after the completion of what will then be considered the greatest pedestrian exploit on record!

To speak plainly, what could have put it into the head of this honest gentleman to go to Nineveh? Why, did he not, before tackling to the master-work of an Epic Poem, exercise his 'prentice hand in writing assiduously for seven years in Ladies'

Albums, and afterwards for seven years more as a journeyman in the Annuals? The young mason begins wi' dry stane-dykes, as we say in Scotland; thence aspires to a pig-stye, from which the ascent is easy to a cottage. From cottage he mounts to kirk, from kirk to steeple, and from steeple to one of the pillars of the Parthenon of our Modern Athens. Such is the natural steps by which Mr Atherstone should have approached towards "building up the lofty rhyme." But no; this hum-drum common-sense procedure did not suit his aspiring genius; and disdaining a preparatory course of anagrams, sonnets, elegies, and Dramatic Scenes and Sketches, with plumb-line and trowel he has undertaken to construct an edifice of enormous dimensions—an Epic Poem. The consequence has been, that he has given rise to a structure of a very equivocal, ambiguous, and singular character—not so like a temple for worship, which it was designed to be, as a barn for shearers, or rather a barracks for soldiers—bulky enough, it is true, but with very few windows, and these rather narrow, so that there is but little light in the interior of the building,—with a roof leaded along the rigging it is equally true, but too flat for this rainy climate,—and with stacks of chimneys so wide at the mouth, that every room, even the sleeping ones, which is a very bad case, must be infested with smoke sadly, and the worst place in the world for pictures. It will neither sell nor let.

But Mr Atherstone is a learned man, and knows more about Nineveh than perhaps any other scholar in Europe. The work, he tells us, in which he found condensed the greatest portion of information relative to Assyrian story, is, that rare work "The Universal History." There may, he modestly says, be others far "more comprehensive and satisfactory, but that he has not had the good fortune to meet with them." He made numerous memoranda of notes, which he thought might be illustrative of the subject, or which might, at the least, offer to the attention of the reader "a pleasing diversion." But he has not had time to prepare them for the press; and it is fortunate for those who may undertake

his volume that he had not; for they will not, we can assure them, be in a condition, at the end of his or their performance, to enter with becoming spirit into any "pleasing diversion." No doubt the perusal of a quantity of unmeasured, after so much measured prose, might have had the effect of bringing into play a different set of muscles of the mind; but still, such alternation of labour answers the purpose only when the fatigue is moderate; in cases of extreme exertion, it is not found to give the desired relief. Mr Atherstone had prepared, and also intended to publish with this poem, a Preface, which would have occupied perhaps seventy or eighty pages; but that preface he has been advised by some humane and merciful friend—some friend, indeed, of the species—to omit. Now, men there may be in this active work-day world with as good bone and bottom as ourselves, and through the poem, as it now consists of six long stages, they may possibly, as we have been, provided the weather be good, and the days long, by means of what must appear to many a miracle, under divine providence, be brought at last,—without any worse malady than a slow fever, to be assuaged by a few grains of opium. But we who are familiarly acquainted with most, nay, all the best pedestrians in Britain, and have, in all the matches we ever had with them, through prose or verse, or through that heaviest of all ground, a mixed style, never once been beat, can assure Mr Atherstone that there is not one on the list who could do such a Preface, such a Poem, and such Notes, within the solar year. The preface itself would be a tough job—all up-hill work. The pedestrian might undoubtedly recover second wind in doing the first part of the poem—but in what state would his sinews be in the sixth? And though game might bring him through, it would be cruelty to wish, and madness to expect, that within the terms of the match he could limp the notes. We repeat it, the preface itself, in a month, would be no every-day performance—the poem without the preface would be first-rate—with it, something quite extraordinary,—but preface, poem, and notes, would be miraculous, and in

the sporting poetical world deemed impossible. It therefore would not be a fair bet—but a bubble.

The preface, however, which Mr Atherstone has given, is short and flat, and therefore not much of a performance for even a third-rate pedestrian. The accomplishment of it, within the four-and-twenty hours, would not deserve a place in a common newspaper, and any notice of it would be at once rejected by the intelligent editor of *Bell's Life in London*. We won in a canter, without piping or turning a hair, an hour within the time. We are kindly and considerably informed in it, "that such cities as Nineveh and Babylon existed"—and that, too, with a grandeur perhaps never equalled. We are glad of this; for we cannot bear to hear of any old and grand cities, of which we read in history, being denied existence. It forces us to believe they were wholly fabulous and fictitious; and it is impossible to feel the same interest about nothing as about something, about mere imaginary brick and mortar, or stone and lime, as about those real materials themselves—real, that is to say, while they existed in that shape, and real indeed while they continue to exist in dust and ashes. We beg leave, therefore, to return our best thanks to Mr Atherstone, who, we believe, is a man of the most scrupulous veracity, for having given us the assurance of his word that Babylon and Nineveh did exist, and perhaps with a grandeur unequalled;—including, of course, the tower of Ninus and the tower of Belus—two towers for which we have always had a particular respect, nay, the very highest admiration; and also those hanging gardens, which must have been equally beautiful and magnificent, and, what is more, a great comfort and luxury to the inhabitants of the metropolis. We had forgotten, we are sorry to say, who first built Nineveh, but Mr Atherstone has, in his notes curtailed from the originals which he has not had time to prepare for the press, refreshed our memory by re-informing us that it was Ninus, who was succeeded by his widow Semiramis, (of whom some curious particulars are to be found in a very rare work—

indeed an unique—which it is scarcely possible Mr Atherstone can have seen, as it has been lying for half a century in our possession—*penes me*, Lempriere's Classical Dictionary,) who, towards the close of her life, surrendered it to their son Ninyas, or, as we call it in Scotland, *euphonia et brevitatis causâ*—Ringan,—as for example in Mr Galt's celebrated novel, Ringan Gilhaize. By Ringan, we are sorry to be informed by Mr Atherstone,—on the authority of that rare work the Universal History, and by Lempriere in his Classical Dictionary, now, as we said, an unique—was set that example of indolence and vicious effeminacy, which is said to have been imitated by the long train of monarchs which intervened between him and the overthrow of the empire under Sardanapalus.

We are thus brought down, in the preface and notes, to the time and place when and where Mr Atherstone's Epic poem, Nineveh, opens—the time being a short time previous to the overthrow of the Assyrian monarchy under Sardanapalus, by the suicide of that king, and the place Nineveh—not Babylon, as the hasty and careless reader might falsely imagine, from its name being mentioned along with Nineveh in the preface—the words being Babylon and Nineveh.

Next to the Universal Dictionary, Mr Atherstone's favourite authority in his notes concerning Nineveh is Mr Buckingham, who lately, we understand, though we were not there to hear, lectured with considerable *eclat*, first in the Hopetoun, George's Street, and afterwards the Waterloo Rooms, Waterloo Buildings, Edinburgh, to respectable audiences of all sexes, on Oriental affairs in general, and in particular on the East India Company's monopoly of tea; and next to Mr Buckingham, comes that good old-fashioned book the Bible. The reader, therefore, comes to the perusal of the Epic prepared with full and authentic information regarding its subject-matter—Nineveh and Sardanapalus.

Mr Atherstone labours to prove, in his prose, that Sardanapalus may have "indulged to excess in sensuality, but he could not have been the drivelling, disgusting, idiotic sensualist;

he may have painted his cheeks and attired himself as a woman, but must have had within him the energies of a man!" Had he really been the drivelling, disgusting, idiotic sensualist, Mr Atherstone judiciously observes "that his character would not have been unfit for the hero of an epic poem only, but even for the monster of the most *prosing fable*." He therefore, far more wisely than some historians, conceives Sardanapalus to have been "a man of good and evil mingled: one that, in other circumstances, and under wiser tuition, would have been great and virtuous: whose ungovernable fury might have been a generous enthusiasm,—whose all-devouring sensuality might have been ardent, devoted love,—whose unrelenting tyranny over others might have been stern self-control,—whose implacable resentment against rebellion might have been heroic resistance against oppression. He has within him a fire that, wisely tended, might have given warmth, and splendour, and enjoyment; but which, uncontrolled, becomes a conflagration that consumes him."

This is very antithetical and philosophical—but we cannot think it so very original as it seems to be in the eyes of the bard. It amounts to this and little more, that Sardanapalus was a spoiled child. But we do not quarrel with the character on that score—for a vast of meaning lies in the two words, spoiled child—nor can there be a fitter subject for either an Epic poem or a Tragedy than a spoiled child. And all thinking people must see that, on a very little reflection. Who can forget for a moment Little Pickle, in the farce of that name? We have another drift. Pray, did Mr Atherstone ever read a Drama by Byron with that name—not Little Pickle, but Sardanapalus? "But for his encouragement, (Mr Martin, the celebrated painter,) and that of one other most esteemed friend, I should not, probably, after Byron's appropriation of it, have ventured upon the subject." He has read Byron's noble Drama, then—and notwithstanding that prevailing poet's appropriation of it, he has ventured on the subject. And can any mortal man in this wide world conjecture why? Was he dissatisfied with Byron's conception of the cha-

acter of Sardanapalus? Did that conception not come up to his own—to his own formed before Byron wrote? Did Byron follow the old historians, and picture the last Assyrian King as “a drivelling, disgusting, idiotic sensualist?” If not, how did he picture him, and what and who is he on that immortal page? Why, all the mortal men in the wide world know that the Sardanapalus of Byron is just such a character as a dull, commonplace, philosophical Theophrastus like Mr Atherstone has described in the above scientific passage. The fact is, that Mr Atherstone, but for Byron, would never have troubled his head about such a man as Sardanapalus at all—and slurred him over in the *Universal History* without note or comment, taking him as he found him, with a painted face, and in petticoats, mounting the funeral pile. But no sooner does a great genius reconcile Fiction to Truth, and in the fabulous romance of history discovers, and reveals, and illustrates, the real romance of nature, as in his glorious Drama Byron has done, than out come from their brown studies, where they have been reading the *Universal History*, and, if we are mistaken in thinking our copy an unique, *Lempriere’s Classical Dictionary*, and with the coolest intrepidity, and most undaunted assurance of face, begin playing the Mocking Bird to the Muse, with a monotonous mouthiness, however, that cannot deceive a schoolboy; while, to prevent the charge of plagiarism being flung into their jaws, they play a prelude, in the shape of a preface with notes, as if it belonged to another tune entirely—whereas it is the divine original air murdered, massacred, Burked, and Knosed, till there is not in its body any more breath than sufficient for a squeak or a squelch. Witness Shakespeare’s Mark Antony and Cleopatra in the paws of the Cockneys. Witness Lord Byron’s Sardanapalus in the hands of a pedant pretending to be setting right old Rollin. All the characters of any consequence are the same in the Drama and in the Epic; any little variation introduced by Mr Atherstone being miserably for the worse. All he had to do was to make each of them fifty times more prosy; to omit as many of the fine sayings and doings in the Drama as his imitative propensities would al-

low, and to substitute in their room all the commonplaces his memory could suggest. Now and then he changes a proper name, as Yarina, the queen, into Atossa, and Myrrha, the concubine, into Azubah. And by thus altering the nomenclature, he fancies he has given the world a new Poetry. But the world is not so simple as she seems; and, from her infancy, the old lady has been kept upon her guard by those warning words, written in large chalk characters on walls—“Beware of Counterfeits.”

Do dunces, acting in this way, know that they are attempting to impose on others, or do they merely succeed in imposing on themselves? It is hard to say, there are so many modifications, measures, and degrees of literary dishonesty and literary self-deception. Now, Mr Atherstone is not, in the ordinary and vulgar sense of the word, a dunce. But in the extraordinary and philosophical sense of the word, which we have not time formally to explain, he is a dunce. His Sardanapalus is just such a copy of Byron’s as we might suppose a poor painter to take of some glorious portrait by one of the great old masters, without the original being absolutely at the time before his eyes, but daubing away from memory, with colours of his own vile mixing—on which perhaps he opines he has made some beautiful improvement, unknown in the common world of art. He pretends to forget—for it must be pretence—that he ever saw the Leonardo da Vinci—or the Murillo—or the Velasquez—or any other of the Dons of the Director General. And by the distortion and discoloration of a feeble and treacherous memory, the dauber certainly does produce an Appearance which, had he the sense to give it another name, never could be observed by the most cunning connoisseur to be a caricature, say—to shew our knowledge, or ignorance—of either of the Caracci, Annibal or Ludovico. Still the dauber deserves to be damned—for the same is a thief and a robber.

Now Mr Atherstone, worthy man as he seems to be, and not wholly without talents, stands rather in this awkward predicament. He may obtest the skies, but his Sardanapalus is not an original. It is a bad copy

of a Byron, and worth neither more nor less than—the canvass.

But Mr Atherstone is totally incapable of managing his stolen Sardapalus. He wishy-washes him, at one time, down into tenfold intensity of old-womanism, and at another, furbishes him up into a male warrior of such extreme glitterance, that you get blind by looking at his golden majesty. That Sardapalus swigged almost incessantly, we can well believe; therefore, why inform us of that fact ten thousand times? Put him into situations where we know he is swilling like a salmon; but oh! why announce every goblet? It is as irrational, because as needless, as it would be, during a Noctes, to inform the world, fifty times over, that Odoherty was in the act of replenishing his tumbler. Hear how Mr Atherstone keeps harping on one thing!

——“ Assyria's king

Sits at the banquet, and in love and wine
Revels delighted.”

“ The king meantime with wine and
sleep oppress'd,

Unto his bed unwillingly sank down.”

“ Wine! give me wine”—

“ He the while

From out a golden cup drain'd eagerly
A full and luscious draught.”

“ Bring forth wine—

A brimming cup to every goddess bring—
And when the king shall drink—then
drink ye all.”

“ He spake; and raised the goblet to his
lips,

And pour'd the nectar down—and when
he drank,

His concubines drank also—every one.”

“ Flush'd with the wine,” &c.

“ From ruby cups,

And crystal bowls, and goblets of fine
gold,

The sparkling wine they quaff'd.”

“ All the day

Drunken with pride and wine.”

“ Remember'd he the wine-cup, and
quaff'd deep.”

“ Music and love and wine this night I'll
have.”

“ Music and love and wine his heart
inflamed.”

“ Fill for me a brimming goblet, for my
heart is vex'd.

But don't thou falter—nay, a larger cup,
And fill it to the brim.”

“ Himself fill'd up

With ruby wine a goblet to the brim.

Bear then, he said, a cup unto the priest.”

“ Take not, I pray thee, of the wine-cup
now.”

“ Stay thou behind,

And keep him from the wine-cup.”

“ Bring wine,

And bind my wound again.”

“ He ceased, and took unto himself

The fatal cup, and quaffed.”

“ Why, Prophet, stand'st thou thus?

Dost fear in presence of the king to touch

The wine-cup? But he bids thee—drain
it off.”

“ Thus the king,

Flush'd with the draught, yet still he
laid again

His hand upon the goblet.”

“ Now with those fumes of wine
Inflamed.”

“ And drank unmeasured draughts,” &c.

“ Bring wine—one draught

To take the weight from these uncus-
tom'd arms,

He said, and drain'd the cup.”

“ But far from thee, O king, the wine-
cup hold!

For to thy wound 'tis poison.”

“ My lost force to gain

This goblet give me, for new strength is
there,

Prate as thou may.”

“ And on a couch

His languid limbs outstretching—call'd
for wine.”

This eternal ringing of the bell for the waiter is most wearisome. We become incredulous of Sardapalus' fair-drinking—suspect that he shirks—and is addicted to the base habit of emptying his glass upon the floor below the table.

But how can an Epic Poem be like a Tragic Drama? We answer in the words of Wordsworth, “ alike, but oh! how different!” Similitude and Dissimilitude is a very difficult puzzle. We sometimes see two men like as peas—yet the fathers and mothers of the respective peas were two distinct couples. The performances were by different artists; nor was the one even in any way a copy of the other, or in any way hinted or suggested by the other. This is but one part of the puzzle. Another, and the more puzzling part of the puzzle of the two, is, that many people see no similitude in the peas whatever, but maintain that they are as unlike to each other, as a pea and a bean mutually; while the most puzzling part of the puzzle of all is, that the peas,

thought by some to be a double Ideality, are each by themselves respectively esteemed the most dissimilar objects in the whole range of animated nature—and you would, in all probability, be murdered by the one pea, and sold by the other for dissection, were you to breathe in their hearing the most distant allusion to their being in your opinion, and to the best of your belief, if not a double pea, yet certainly two peas, which, put in a pod, confound you if, in shelling it, you could divine, unless by inspiration, which was which; and all this and much more being the case—though perhaps too concisely stated to be perfectly clear—Mr Atherstone must not be surprised, much less angry with us for holding, unto our dying day, that the two Sardanapaluses are but one Sardanapalus—his Epic another man's Drama—and Mr Atherstone himself—which he must be happy to hear—a singular sort of ocular spectrum, which, no doubt, agreeably to the laws of optics—a branch of physical science which we, for our single selves, have for many years too much neglected—has been on our retina cast from the Eidolon of Byron, yet wandering and wailing among the shades of earth.

We owe no apology either to Mr Atherstone or our readers for these free-and-easy philosophical observations; for they refer to a great public evil. Each popular poet of the day has not merely a Double—as the handsome Duke of Hamilton had his—(poor Montgomery, killed by Macnamara; for a shade, it seems, is not impalpable or impassible to a pistol bullet, but mortal as itself's substance)—but say, five score shadows who precede, follow, (that is droll,) and surround him in the sun with a frequency that must often be insufferable to a man at all fond of solitude. He is tormented by his Tail; and, indeed, they are at once his Tail, and the teasing insects which a Tail is intended by nature to sweep off from poets and other ruminating animals. A popular poet is thus almost always in a very pitiable plight. People bow to him who never saw him in their lives before, supposing that he is one of the “old familiar faces” of his shadows. Poems are laid to his charge—which he may, indeed, deny, but nobody will be-

lieve him; for the bantlings are the very images of his own children; and the most he can do, is to excite a suspicion in the minds of his accusers, that the brats are at least illegitimate, and are allowed to remain unowned and anonymous, for fear of the just rage of his lawfully-wedded Muse, who would never forgive him, were she to know, by such squalling proofs, that he went after strange women.

But Mr Atherstone is a most ambitious mimic. For, besides catching the trick of Byron, he takes off—who do you think?—Homer and Milton! We are no great Greek scholars ourselves, but by help of literal Latin and English translations, we can in about an hour or so after “*ad aperturam libri*,” contrive to stumble our way through one of the shorter and easier passages of the Iliad, in the original Greek. We doubt if Mr Atherstone can do as much; but he has been a careful student of poor Cowper's bald version, and believes that he thus knows the “Tale of Troy divine!” Homer, Horace himself hints, sometimes sleeps; but if he walks in his sleep, it is not upon stilts. A man fast asleep, striding along on stilts, with eyes and mouth wide open, and all the while spouting a spate of blank verse, presents, no doubt, an imposing spectacle, especially in dubious twilight; and such a man is the author of Nineveh. Describing, at each right-legged and each left-legged sweep a semicircle, he necessarily gets over the ground but slowly, and though highly elated, nevertheless he goes near the ground, and thus his pace is by no means safe; but the stilt stumbles against the smallest obstruction of grass-tuft or pebble, so that he ever and anon comes to the ground with a thunderous thud, and flies abroad with his machinery in all directions. To recover your feet after a severe fall is often no easy matter; but to recover your stilts is always difficult, and sometimes impossible. Perhaps one or both are broken, or away over a hedge, quickset and impenetrable, and then there is nothing for it but walking like your neighbours. But we defy you to walk like your neighbours, for you have never made the attempt since you were in leading-strings. People stare as you go by,

and vainly conjecture your complaint. They can make nothing of it.

But there is a more absurd spectacle even than this in the world of nature and art. What think ye of a man walking in his sleep on stilts, and also in leading-strings? Mr Atherstone, thou art the man. The Epic Muse—we forget her name—(Clio? Erato?)—a motherly old body—trots after her braw bairn, handling the ribands tied round his waist—and with alternate or mingled cries of endearment and reproach, cheers or upbraids her long-legged charge, as he strides along without a stumble, or shews a perverse disposition to kneel down among the stones to say his prayers. Affectionate creature! she is not happy till she sees him at the end of his journey; when, instinctively awakening, he dismounts, and with appropriate gestures intimates a desire for dinner.

We shall see more particularly by and by how he imitates him of the Iliad and Odyssey. Our first quotation will shew how he tries to make mouths like Milton.

After assuring us, in the not very grammatical opening sentence of his poem, that the high “matter of his song” shall be Nineveh, he says—

“Theme antiquated, haply, deem’d, and dull;

Unseason’d in this gay and flowery age;
Or else presumptuous;—yet, well understood,

Not flat, nor profitless;—nor without fear
By me approach’d, nor with o’erweening pride;

In silence ponder’d, and in solitude,
From busy cities far, and throng of men;
By enemies untroubled,—and by friends,
Save few, uncheer’d: yet not with labour cold

Pursued, and mind depress’d.”

This, no doubt, Mr Atherstone thinks nobly, we think ludicrously, Miltonic. If by antiquated be meant ancient or antique, Nineveh is an antiquated theme; if by antiquated be meant obsolete or worn out of memory, Nineveh is no more an antiquated theme, nor can it be deemed such, than any other famous old city of the Oriental world. Whether the theme be deemed dull or not, depends solely on him who treats of it; for nobody in this age supposes that Nineveh herself was a dull city.

Universal credit is given to her for vivacity and animation; and pray what manner of man may Master Edwin Atherstone be, who sneers at this age of ours for being so very gay and flowery that it will deem Nineveh an unseasoned (unseasonable?) theme? Was Nineveh a city of Quakers? Was Sardanapalus a Moravian? Why, my good sir, the age of your hero was so gay and flowery, that in Nineveh you could purchase a ton of rose-leaves for two-pence, with a load of lilies into the bargain. Dancing and drinking, according to your own account of the matter, with all their usual accompaniments, were the order both of day and night all the year. Why, therefore, may not we of this gay and flowery age delight in a Tale of Nineveh, and of all the dissipation of the royal *roué*? Master Edwin Atherstone, we think you are a pretty considerable ninny for inconsistently accusing a gay and flowery age like ours of deeming dull an age a thousand times more gay and flowery than itself. And why afraid to approach old Nineveh? ’Tis but a dream! Then what the better, pray, could you have been of pondering upon one of the most populous cities that ever underwent a census, in solitude, far from busy cities and from the throng of men? There again you are very silly. Why, Milton wrote his *Paradise Lost* in London, as perhaps you may have heard—and Christopher North edits *Maga* in Edinburgh—*Maga*, of whom nobody in this gay and flowery age can say,

“Theme antiquated, haply, deem’d, and dull.”

But nothing will satisfy you but to ponder upon Nineveh in country quarters—away from enemies indeed—but who cares for enemies?—and uncheered by friends, save few; whereas, in a large town, friends would have been dropping in upon you every night, and relieving you from the labour of your *magnum opus* by dragging you away *volens volens* to Ambrose’s—to the Feast of Shells. But now for a long quotation.

“Nor vainly quite,

So thou, Great Spirit, whatsoe’er thy name,
Muse, Inspiration, or Divinity,
Who the blind bard of Ilium didst support,
And him yet favour’d more, that Paradise,

Chaos, and Heaven, and Hell, in verse
sublime
Sang to the solemn harp,—so sometimes
thou

Wilt not disdain even me to cheer and aid !
Yet how should I invoke thee ? how pre-
sume

To gaze upon the glory of thy brow ?
Even *they* perchance, the strong, the eagle-
eyed,

Beholding thee grew dark,—how then
might I

Upon thy splendours hope to look, and
live ?—

But outward only was their sad eclipse ;
Intensely glow'd the light divine within ;
Mine is the deeper midnight of the soul,—
Harder to bear :—yet, if one ray divine
Thou wilt vouchsafe, not wholly shall I
fail ;

Not all shall I be earthly, cold, and
dark !”

That is by no means badly expressed ; and had you been one of the Great Poets, and if the passage had not been written before by one of the Great Poets, the Invocation would have been rather a little or so sublime. But unluckily you are no poet at all—and the passage, though you have taken care to alter all or most of the words, is the property of a blind man, one John Milton. You think you are writing poetry, while you are only playing at cribbage.

Allow us to make a single remark on poetical Invocations. When a poet, conscious of the possession of the divine gift of genius, and about to commence a great work, which he humbly hopes may, when consummated, redound to the glory of God and the good of his creatures, implores inspiration from above to support him in his song, he performs an act of worship, and all the nations join with him, as it were, in prayer. In such a mood did Milton invoke Urania as he stood on the threshold of the Poem of Paradise. Now, we go no farther—for our present purpose let this one instance suffice. But how few men may call on the Holy Spirit of Heaven, “unblamed,” to aid them in the composition of poetry ? Divine genius meditating a divine theme for a divine end, we believe to be directly inspired and sanctified by communion with its Giver. The invocation it then breathes or pours is sincere, and sacred as any of those Psalms sung to his harp by the Shepherd King ; and the poem

seems to arise out of it like a creation, or rather like a blessed boon granted to a supplicant.

Considered in this light, invocations, like that of Milton’s, are the same as vows and prayers offered up to heaven by men about to attempt any great achievement—to face some event, of which the issues are, in the hour of awful emotion, more fervently than at other times, felt to be in the hands of the Most High. The achievement hoped and prayed for, and before our eyes accomplished, gives an august grandeur to the pious strain in which Genius asked that power from heaven, which heaven, we have seen, did so prodigally bestow.

The descent from Milton to Wordsworth is great—yet Wordsworth resembles Milton in this, that he has devoted, with a sublime singleness of spirit, his great and good genius to the service of God, Nature, and Truth. He is, indeed, in one blessing, happier than Milton. The only man of this age, or perhaps any age, to whom Providence has allotted a life free, from all its rising to all its setting suns, blamelessly and gloriously free to poetry. Yet, in the Preface to the Excursion there is a passage, from the First Book of the Recluse, (the great poem to which the Excursion belongs,) which seems to us of doubtful propriety, even from the inspired pen—the inspired lips—of such a true poet as Wordsworth. After enumerating the subjects of that lofty strain, he says of them :

“ I sing ; fit audience let me find, though
few.

So prayed, more gaining than he asked,
the Bard—

Holiest of Men. Urania, I shall need
Thy guidance, or a greater Muse, if such
Decend to earth, or dwell in highest
heaven.

For I must tread on shadowy ground,—
must sink

Deep—and aloft ascending, breathe in
worlds

To which the Heaven of Heavens is but a
veil.

All strength—all terror, single, or in bands,
That ever was put forth in personal force—
Jehovah ! with his Thunder, and the choir
Of shouting Angels, and the empyreal
Thrones,

I pass them unalarmed. Not Chaos—not
The darkest pit of lowest Erebus,
Nor aught of blinder vacancy, scooped out

By help of dreams, can breed such fear
and awe,
As fall upon us, often as we look
Into our minds—into the Mind of Man,
The haunt, and the main region of my
song."

That strain is full of music—it is music; and it is in thought sublime. Yet there is something in it—we do not fear to say—not right; something wrong; and that something is an elaborate pomp of words that proves the poet's soul was not so divinely possessed and inspired as, in the elation of his enthusiasm, he believes, and does not hesitate to declare. The very allusion to Milton is not in place. Wordsworth ought to have been absorbed in the contemplation of his own visions; nor had power to remember Milton, his prayer, or the granting of his prayer, "more gaining than he asked." But further, since of Milton he did think, and of the *Paradise Lost* of Milton, how dared he to implore the guidance, and express his need, of a greater muse than Urania,—her who visited Milton's slumbers nightly, and inspired him to sing

"Things unattempted yet in prose or
rhyme?"

And, finally, what is there more fearful and awful than Jehovah—and his thunder—and choir of shouting Angels—and Chaos—and Erebus? The mind of man! No. All these are at once realities, and the mind's conceptions. They are the most fearful and awful realities, and they are also the mind's most fearful and awful conceptions. Wordsworth will find none more so in "The haunt and main region of his song." We are entitled to say so; for the *Excursion* is part of the Recluse, and with all its beauty and grandeur, and it has much of both, where is the single passage that exemplifies this *Supra-Miltonic* poetry—this fear and awe beyond that of either our waking or sleeping dreams of Hell and Heaven?

He goes on to say,

"Descend, prophetic spirit! that inspirest
The human soul of universal earth,
Dreaming of things to come; and dost
possess

A metropolitan temple in the hearts
Of mighty poets. Upon me bestow
A gift of genuine insight, that my song
With star-like virtue in its place may shine,

Shedding benignant influence, and secure
Itself from all malevolent effects
Of those mutations that exert their sway
Throughout this nether sphere!"

This, too, wants the simple, majestic, devout, and holy fervour of Milton. It does not roll on, on wheels instinct with spirit. It labours and is pushed forward—by a strong hand indeed—from behind, and has a lumbering motion. No man of woman born, perhaps, has a right, in the highest elevation of his most virtuous and religious conscience, to declare himself a "Mighty Poet;" that the "Prophetic Spirit of the human soul of universal earth," (what is that, or can it be, with reverence be it spoken, but the Holy Spirit?) possesses in his heart a metropolitan temple; and that he trusts his song will shine with star-like virtue for ever and ever, secure from all malevolence and mutation of this nether sphere!

James Montgomery, of all the poets of this age, is, in his poetry, and, we believe, also out of it, the most religious man. All his thoughts, sentiments, and feelings, are moulded and coloured by religion. In it he lives, moves, and has his being; not merely as in the sunshine of the open day we breathe delight, heedless of the voice from which it flows, but he is, in all his compositions, religious *sensibly*, and meditates on all themes with pious attribution of his power to Him who gave it. A spirit of invocation, prayer and praise, pervades all his poetry; and it is as sincere as it is beautiful. The elements of air, earth, fire, and water, are to him all sanctified, not by poetry alone, but by piety; and his still and deep Moravianism is purely and professedly Christian. In his character of poet he is at once a minister of natural and revealed religion; and he is privileged to preach and to pray—let the insensate shallow smile at these words—in poetry. To poetry he resorts in his most pious moods, when his heart overflows with gratitude to God, and with love to man; his inspiration is alike holy in the sanctuary built with hands, the chapel of his brethren, and in the temple not built with hands, eternal in the heavens, whose mighty roof overhangs all the children of men.

But suppose all the conditions entirely wanting on which such Invocation is justified, and what then? Why,

in that case, it grates upon the mind as something shockingly presumptuous; nor, even should we believe that the invoker may possibly think himself pious, can we therefore say that he is sincere; for sincerity before God is one of the highest states of the soul, and we must not give that name to the delusion of self-ignorance, or self-conceit, in which the creature unauthorizedly (assurances are sometimes given which do authorize) claims communion with the Creator. This brings us at once to the case in point,—Invocations to the Almighty, or to the Holy Spirit, or to some angelic intelligence in Heaven, by poor, dull, or bad poets. We recoil from them with a better feeling than disgust; with hatred of profane hypocrisy; or pity for fanaticism, that makes, as we said in our last Number,

“Fools rush in where angels fear to tread.”

Thus, in the “Age, a Poem,” printed not long ago, but which never can be published, and written, as we formerly said, from internal evidence, by a Tailor, Snip implores the Almighty to inspire his miserable doggrel, till it shall be “ravishing and sweet as ever flowed from harps of angels!” And, no doubt, he thinks his prayer was heard, because Messrs Hurst, Chance, and Co. have, partly to get rid of him, and partly, we presume, from charitable motives, inconsiderately attempted, at his entreaties, to palm off upon the public that dilution of trashiness. Mr Atherstone, again, is a man; we believe from his book, a worthy man; but his invocation now quoted, is, for the reasons assigned, highly improper and indefensible, and must remain; for it never can be expunged from a second edition.

It is no answer to these remarks to say, that all human beings, in all they do, be it great or small, are dependent on the will of the Deity. Do they formally invoke Him on every occasion of life? If they do, then the conduct we have condemned is at least free from the charge of inconsistency; to whatever other objection it may be liable; if they do not, then, in the cases supposed, all our objections in their fullest force remain. “Give us this day our daily bread,” is a prayer which nature, feeling at all times her necessities, and the pre-

cariousness of the means by which the humblest of them are satisfied, and their entire dependence on the Divine will and pleasure, hallows in custom; and every meal of mortal man who liveth here by toil, may be well ate with a pronounced blessing warm from the lips of gratitude. From that humble spirit of grateful faith, that man departs who beseeches, in long prayers, the Divine benison to aid him in the composition of a copy of verses, on which, did he know himself, he is far more anxiously looking for a favourable critique in Blackwood's Magazine, or the Quarterly or Edinburgh Review. Let such writers, we repeat, supposing them to possess some merit more or less, confine themselves to invocations to one or other of the old Heathen Muses—the nine sisters—maiden ladies all; or to their lyre or harp, a piece of harmless wood, with innocent strings of catgut; or to a personification of their own soul; or any other nonentity which they choose to set up as an inspiring idol.

Mr Atherstone, having finished his Invocation, and received, we shall for a moment suppose, illumination on his darkness—for he had said,

“Mine is the deeper midnight of the soul,”

(A sad and hopeless condition indeed for a poet,) and continues,

“The vision comes upon me!”

and forthwith discloses the Vision. But alas! what is it—but a long, dull, rambling enumeration of what he conceives to be the component parts of the splendour and magnificence of a great oriental city—and then of the progress of its overthrow! There is nothing visionary in his conception—and it reads like one of the more descriptive bits of the Statistical Account of Scotland put into blank verse. Mr Atherstone is no visionary. A true poet would in three lines have flashed upon us a Vision of Nineveh brighter and more comprehensive than what he has done in thirty. Yet, as it is one of the best passages in the poem—here it is:

“The vision comes upon me!—To my
soul
The days of old return;—I breathe the
air

Of the young world ;—I see her giant
sons.

Like to a gorgeous pageant in the sky
Of summer's evening, cloud on fiery cloud,
Thronging upheap'd,—before me rise the
walls

Of the Titanic city,—brazen gates,—
Towers,—temples,—palaces enormous
piled,—

Imperial Nineveh, the earthly queen !
In all her golden pomp I see her now,—
Her swarming streets,—her splendid festi-
vals,—

Her sprightly damsels to the timbrel's
sound

Airily bounding, and their anklets' chime—
Her lusty sons, like summer morning
gay,—

Her warriors stern,—her rich-robed ru-
lers grave ;—

I see her halls sunbright at midnight
shine,—

I hear the music of her banquetings ;—

I hear the laugh, the whisper, and the sigh.

A sound of stately treading toward me
comes,—

A silken wafting on the cedar floor :

As from Arabia's flowering groves, an air

Delicious breathes around.—Tall, lofty
brow'd,—

Pale, and majestically beautiful,—

In vesture gorgeous as the clouds of morn—

With slow, proud step, her glorious dames
sweep by.

Again I look,—and lo ! around the walls,

Unnumber'd hosts in flaming panoply,—

Chariots like fire, and thunder-bearing
steeds !

I hear the shouts of battle :—like the
waves

Of a tumultuous sea they roll and rush !—

In flame and smoke the imperial city
sinks !—

Her walls are gone—her palaces are dust—

The desert is around her, and within—

Like shadows have the mighty pass'd
away !"

Any man with any tolerable com-
mand of words could write so ; but
it will have its admirers. All is ordi-
nary and commonplace—no felici-
ous flash of imagination in a mo-
ment doing a week's work of the
senses—no selection of circumstan-
ces with a creative power of their
own unconsciously urged by ge-
nius on its entranced gaze—round
which would instantly gather and
expand the whole vision of a city—
nothing of that mortal gloom belong-
ing to the poet as it was God-given
to destruction. But in the midst of
it all, we see Mr Atherstone now
tending the nib of his pen—now

dipping it into the ink—(Oh ! how
unlike to Shelley's great painter—

" who dips

His pencil in the gloom of earthquake and
eclipse,"

a line of itself enough to make a man
immortal,) now pulling out from the
slit a provoking hair—and finally,
on finishing the paragraph, rising up
from his chair, and with much com-
placency spouting it aloud to his own
delight, no less than to the astonish-
ment of the cook down stairs, who
wonders if her master be mad.

But another vision of Nineveh
" comes upon his soul ;" and though
we cannot help thinking that a little
more variety would be refreshing,
yet, as we wish to give all the best
parts of the poem, here is Vision Se-
cond—

" But joyous is the stirring city now :

The moon is clear,—the stars are coming
forth,—

The evening breeze fans pleasantly. Re-
tired

Within his gorgeous hall, Assyria's king

Sits at the banquet, and in love and wine

Revels delighted. On the gilded roof

A thousand golden lamps their lustre fling,

And on the marble walls, and on the throne

Gem-boss'd that, high on jasper steps up-
raised,

Like to one solid diamond quivering stands,

Sun splendours flashing round. In wo-
man's garb

The sensual king is clad, and with him sit

A crowd of beauteous concubines. They
sing,

And roll the wanton eye, and laugh, and
sigh,

And feed his ear with honey'd flatteries,

And laud him as a God. All rarest flowers,

Bright-hued and fragrant, in the brilliant
light

Bloom as in sunshine : like a mountain
stream,

Amid the silence of the dewy eve

Heard by the lonely traveller through the
vale,

With dream-like murmuring melodious,

In diamond showers a crystal fountain falls.

All fruits delicious, and of every clime,

Beauteous to sight, and odiferous,

Invite the taste ; and winds of sunny light,

Rose-hued, or golden, for the feasting Gods

Fit nectar : sylph-like girls, and blooming
boys,

Flower-crown'd, and in apparel bright as
spring,

Attend upon their bidding : at the sign,

From bands unseen, voluptuous music
breathes,

Harp, dulcimer, and, sweetest far of all,
Woman's mellifluous voice."

This is rather fluent, and we request our readers to admire it as much as they possibly can—nay, to get it off by heart—as an exercise of the memory—and a hard exercise they will find it—for, as in looking at it, every word goes in at one eye and comes out at the other, so is it with your ears, in recitation. What a hubbub of ineffective words! Gilded—golden—sun-splendours—bright-hued—brilliant light—sunshine—diamond showers—sunny light, &c. Why, ten times the effect of all that laboriously accumulated, but most monotonous imagery could have been produced—has been produced—by Milton, in one short sentence! Yet Mr Atherstone had all the while a description by Milton in one eye, while he was squinting at his own Vision with the other. As to his ears, their drums must be indeed made of leather. Gorgeous—beauteous—melodious—delicious—odoriferous—voluptuous—mellifluous—all in one single page!

Then observe how he hastes back and forward in his chase of images, without knowing it! First, "Sardanapalus sits at the banquet, and in love and wine revels delighted." Next we see him and all his concubines—say in number three hundred and sixty-five—one—if taken separately instead of collectively—for every day in the year. But Mr Atherstone will not give us credit for so much perspicacity, and insists on our observing, that with the king "sit a crowd of beauteous concubines,"—who, of course, act like concubines in general; "they sing, and roll the wanton eye, and laugh and sigh;" but after proceeding to describe the wines, and the dessert, and the waiters, more particularly—and we have no fault to find with that—why he forgets himself what he insists on our remembering—and finishes off his description with what he thinks a new touch of consummation, but which is as old as the beginning of the paragraph, "woman's mellifluous voice!"

Reader, do not, unless you be a dunce, a chance blockhead reading Blackwood, cry—"Pshaw! mere verbal criticism!" For to such a test as

this must all poetry and painting be rigorously subjected; else the Fine Arts are the coarsest of all human inventions; and the "whole world of eye and ear" a mere mockery, which may be made to shift at the pleasure of pen or pencil, without fear or love of nature, and in violation of all her essential and eternal laws. But each true poet and painter is, *natura interpret ac minister*; and he will shew that in every word he utters, be he speaking of a molehill or a mountain, a bee-cell or a man-city, the caterwauling of cats or of concubines, the destruction of a gnat or a Nineveh.

Sardanapalus, while thus feasting and philandering in his palace, has called round Nineveh the whole armies of all the tributary princes of the Assyrian empire. These, with his own Assyrian troops, amount to two millions of fighting men. He has announced his royal will that they shall all march in one vast body for four days round and round the city walls. But many of the chiefs, especially of the Medes and Babylonians, are ripe for revolt and rebellion; and two of the most powerful, Belesis and Arbaces, are brought before us, with some little spirit, in the First Book. Belesis is a Babylonian prince, high-priest and warrior, and skilled in all "the dark learning of Chaldea's seers!" Arbaces, tracing his birth from the long line of Median kings, had sat on a throne had not Media been in thrall to the Assyrian tyranny. During midnight, Arbaces had sought the palace of Sardanapalus—that he might see what sort of a looking personage he was—who, invisible in his harem, tyrannized over the world. Nigh to the palace, Belesis stands waiting his coming forth—

"The palace gate at length wide open flies,
And, like a youthful giant, in bright arms
Comes forth the heroic Mede. A cubit's
height

In stature he the tall Mede overtopped:
His tread was like a war-steed's in his
pride."

That is to say, he came prancing out of the palace. We are told that Arbaces had bribed a slave to bring him by stealth to that place of grandeur and of guilt, and that he had been there,

"Unseen of that loose revelry."

All right. He was a spy. But how, we ask Mr Atherstone, could a heroic Mede, like a youthful giant in bright arms, have escaped the notice of Sardanapalus, and of his concubines, and his guards? Impossible—We beg leave, therefore, to correct this oversight, and to assure the public that if Arbaces was indeed in the palace, he was up in one of the galleries, in disguise, among the fiddlers.

Arbaces instantly breaks out into violent abuse of Sardanapalus—as well he might—calling him

"This drunkard—this effeminate—this thing,
Man-limbed and woman-hearted."

But the parson is more prudent, lays his fingers on his lips—bids the young giant jump into his chariot—and away they drive into the country. The whole operation is thus circumstantially described, and looks as if from the pen of a hackney coachman.

"That said, in haste,
Communing as they went, their way they take.

They mount their chariot: thunder o'er the bridge,
That spans broad Tigris: on the ample road,
Palm bordered, swiftly urge their smoking steeds,
Till, far behind, the mighty city's roar
Is but a hum; and the gigantic walls
Seem unsubstantial as a dream.

'Enough!'

The Babylonian said, and check'd the steeds,—

'Here will we stay.'—Forth from the chariot then

Lightly they leap: the golden studded reins

To a strong fig-tree's branch securely tie:
A leopard's skin on either horse's flank
Throw heedfully; then, grasping each his spear,

The broad-road quit, and o'er the dewy grass,

With quick steps take their way."

Having walked together to the foot of a hill, on the summit of which stood a sacred grove, for ages consecrate to the Chaldean gods, Bel-esis bids Arbaces abide below, while he ascends to the top and converses with those that rule the earth. His proceedings are with equal circumstantiality described—

"The Priest withdrew.

Upon the summit of the hill arrived,
Amid the holy trees,—his falchion first,
And glittering spear upon the ground he laid:

His brazen helmet next, and shining mail:
Then, in his priestly vestments clad alone,
Fell prostrate on the earth. Uprising soon,
His arms he lifted, and his kindled eye
Turned towards the dazzling multitude of
heaven,

And the bright moon."

He then addresses the moon and stars—and

"Saturn and mighty Sol

Though absent now, beyond the ends of earth,

Yet hearing human prayer—great Jupiter—

Venus, and Mars, and Mercury."

And at the close of one of the most prosing prayers we ever remember to have heard either from Babylonian, Presbyterian, or Episcopalian clergyman, he has a vision very like indeed—for Mr Atherstone can dream but one thing with slight modifications—very like the previous two.

"I see the dark veil drawn—I see a throne

Dash'd to the earth—I see a mighty blaze,
As of a city flaming to the heavens—
Another rises—and another throne—

Thee on a crowned one, godlike—but his face

With cloud o'er-shadowed yet—ha! is it thou?

Hark! hark! the countless nations shout for joy!

I hear their voices like the multitudes
Of ocean's tempest waves—I hear—I see"—

Satisfied with what he has seen, he falls down in a breathless trance, and for no reason whatever that we can discover, as he had been previously in excellent health and spirits,—“lay senseless and motionless.” Meanwhile Arbaces walked to and fro, impatient of the coming of the priest—and at last he too has a vision—Vision Fourth—of course in its general features the same as the three preceding—but as long—in description at least—as all three put together—and minute to a degree of tiresomeness, that throws into the shade all other possible prophesying, past, present, and to come. If

you wish to see the most perfect power of prosing that ever was incarnated, in perfect operation, not so much as a single hair to impede the oiled machinery—look at page 22 of *Nineveh*, a poem, by Edwin Atherstone. Arbaces pictures to himself all the particulars of the peculiar style in which he kills Sardanapalus and cuts him up—all the fluctuations of the fight round the body of the king, and then indulges in a picturesque dream of his own death.—

“He feels the hot blood in a torrent burst—
He sinks, he groans—he seems to pass
away.”

Mr Atherstone then launches out into a medical report of the recovery of Arbaces from the imaginary wound—and at its conclusion, treats us with a full and particular account of his widowed mother, and his sister—and his sweetheart (by name Hamutah) forming a family-party—far far off at home, and wondering when he will return from *Nineveh*. But we must give a little bit :

“He sees them looking for his glad return ;—

He sees them when the tale of death is told :

He sees them rend their garments,—strew
their hair

With dust and ashes,—and their cries he hears,

As, in the bitterness of grief, they lie
On the cold earth, and call on death to come.

But then he hears a million voices shout,
And send his name with glory through
the earth :

Hamutah's pale cheek then with fervour
glows :

Hismother and his sister hear, and smile,—
And weep,—and honour him—and look
to Heaven,—

And bless him,—and lament him,—and
rejoice.”

It is really wonderful how a man who can drivel thus, has hitherto been able to keep himself out of the fire.

There is one sentence in this vision too exquisite to be lost. In the very midst of the narration of the said vision, Mr Atherstone so entirely forgets what he is doing, that he absolutely introduces an anecdote of Arbaces and Hamutah !

“A raven lock,

On her majestic shoulders that had waved,

He at his heart still wore ; a curl of gold,
From his imperial brow, in happy hour
Transplanted, in her bosom fragrant
grew.”

That is something new. Think of a lover transplanting a lock of his hair into his mistresses bosom—of its absolutely taking root there—and growing ! What length do you suppose it was ? a foot long ? six inches ? Did Hamutah expose her bosom sufficiently, to exhibit this tuft of hair, not originally her own, between her breasts ? Did she duly put it at night into papers, and duly at morning light comb it out with an ivory small-tooth ? Did she bathe it in *L'Huile des roses*, and brush it up with a patent scrubber ? What was thought of it by the Median maids in general ? And did lovelocks of that kind become fashionable among all virgins whose lovers were at the wars ? Mr Atherstone, we pause for a reply. Belesis reappears, and informs Arbaces that he, the Mede, is delegated by Heaven to be the overthrower of the Syrian empire ; and after much tedious palaver, they remount the chariot and return to the camp.

Five days seem to elapse between the close of the First Book and the opening of the Second. Almost all the Second, which is not so dull as the First, because shorter, is occupied by farther description of the debaucheries of Sardanapalus, and his marriage-quarrels with his haughty and jealous Queen Atossa. And it concludes with a description of the first day of the grand review. Two million men are put into motion—by the moving of the Assyrian flag-staff in the hand of Sardanapalus, who takes his station on a mount conspicuous to all the army. This flag-staff though “tall as a mast”—Mr Atherstone does not venture to go on to say with Milton, “hewn on Norwegian hills,” or “of some tall ammiral,” though the readers' minds supply the deficiency—this mast was, we are told, for “two strong men, a task ;” but it must have been so for twenty. To have had the least chance of being all at once seen by two million of men—it could not have been less than a hundred and fifty feet high—and if Sardanapalus waved the royal standard of Assyria round his head, Samson or O'Doher-

ty must have been a joke to him. However, we shall suppose he did; and what was the result? Such shouts arose that the solid walls of Nineveh were shook, "and the firm ground made tremble." But this was not all,

"At his height,

A speck scarce visible, the eagle heard,
And felt his strong wing falter: terror-struck,

Fluttering and wildly screaming, down he sank—

Down through the quivering air: another shout,—

His talons droop,—his sunny eye grows dark,—

His strengthless pennons fail,—plumb down he falls,

Even like a stone. Amid the far-off hills,
With eye of fire, and shaggy mane uprear'd,
The sleeping lion in his den sprang up;
Listen'd awhile,—then laid his monstrous mouth

Close to the floor, and breathed hot roarings out

In fierce reply."

What think ye of that, Mr Audubon, Mr Charles Buonaparte, Mr Selby, Mr James Wilson, Sir William Jardine, and ye other European and American ornithologists? Mr Atherstone, did you ever see an eagle—a speck in the sky? Never again suffer yourself, oh, dear sir! to believe old women's tales of men on earth shooting eagles with their mouths; because the thing is impossible, even had their mouth-pieces had percussion-locks, and had they been crammed with ammunition to the muzzle. Had a stray sparrow been fluttering in the air, he would certainly have got a fright, and probably a fall—nor would there have been any hope for a tom-tit. But an eagle—poo, poo—he would merely have muted on the roaring multitude, and given Sardanapalus an additional epaulette; while, if a string of wild-geese at the time had been warping their way on the wind, why, they would merely have shot the wedge firmer and sharper into the air, and answered the earth-born shout with an air-born gabble—clangour to clangour. Where were Mr Atherstone's powers of ratiocination, and all his acoustics? Two shouts slew an eagle. What became of all the other denizens of air—especially crows, ravens, and vultures, who,

seeing two millions of men, must have "come flocking against a day of battle?" Every mother's son of them must have gone to pot. Then what scrambling among the allied troops! What, pray, was one eagle doing by himself "up bye yonder?" Was he the only eagle in Assyria—the secular bird of ages? If so, it was a shame to shoot him—especially at two shouts. Who was looking at him, first a speck—then faltering—then fluttering and wildly screaming—then plump down like a stone? Mr Atherstone talks as if he saw it, which is absurd. And what, pray, have we to do with his "sunny eye growing dark?" That is entering too much into the medical, or rather anatomical symptoms of his apoplexy, and would be better for a medical journal than an epic poem. But to be done with it—two shouts that slew an eagle two miles up the sky, must have cracked all the tympana of the two million shouters. The entire army must have become as deaf as a post. Sardanapalus himself, on the mount, must have been blown into the air as by the explosion of a range of gunpowder-mills; the campaign taken a new turn; and a revolution been brought about, of which, at this distance of place and time, it is not easy for us to conjecture what might have been the fundamental features on which it would have hinged—and thus an entirely new aspect given to all the histories of the world.

What is said about the lion, is to our minds equally picturesque and absurd. He was among the far-off hills. How far, pray? Twenty miles? If so, then, without a silver ear-trumpet, he could not have heard the huzzas. If the far-off hills were so near Nineveh as to allow the lion to hear the huzzas even in his sleep, the epithet far-off, should be altered—and, indeed, the lion himself removed more into the interior: for, we do not believe that lions were permitted to live in dens within ear-shot of Nineveh. Nimrod taught them "never to come there no more"—and Semiramis looked sharp after the suburbs. But, not to insist unduly upon a mere matter of police, is it the nature of lions, lying in their dens among far-off hills, to start up from

their sleep, and breathe hot roarings out in fierce reply to the shouts of armies? All stuff! Then, Mr Atherstone shews off his knowledge of natural history, in telling us, that the said lion, on roaring, "laid his monstrous mouth close to the floor." We believe he does so; but did Mr Atherstone learn the fact from Cuvier, or from Wombwell? It is always dangerous to a poor poet to be too picturesque; and in this case, you are made, whether you will or no, to see an old, red, lean, mangy monster, called a lion, in his unhappy den, in a menagerie, bathing his beard in the saw-dust, and from his toothless jaws "breathing hot roarings out," to the terror of servant-girls and children, in fierce reply to a man, in a hairy cap, and full suit of velvet, stirring him up with a long pole, and denominating him by the sacred name of the great assertor of Scottish independence.

The truth is, that Mr Atherstone here falls successively into a couple of clap-traps. We are sorry to say, that his betters have, by their example, led him into that scrape;—and our readers will remember false passages of the same kind innumerable in Byron, Scott, Wordsworth, Milman, and other good poets. But they do not speak absolute nonsense, like Mr Atherstone, about the eagle, and there always will be felt to be something impressive—though out of place—in their allusions to harts and hinds, and so forth, listening at a distance to sounds with which such animals had nothing to do;—or, if they had, the poet ought not to have bothered us in that manner about the brute creation. If, on the above occasion, the eagle lost his life, and the lion his slumbers, what, pray, became of the Moudiewarps? For goodness sake, let us have no more such blarney—for it is within reach of the veriest idiot.

In Book Third, the conspirators are assembled, at midnight, in the tent of Arbaces—Abdolonimus, satrap of Arabia—Belesis—Almelon, chief of the new-come Babylonian host—Rabsaris, an exiled Assyrian, whose daughter, Azubah, Sardanapalus had torn from the arms of the Bridegroom whom he had killed on their wedding-day, and made her his favourite concubine, and "the Rest."

It ought to have been a good Book; for what better subject for a man, even of very moderate genius, but with the spirit of an Englishman, than a midnight conjuration of fierce nobles burning to throw off the yoke of an oppressor? But it is mortal dull as any Debating Society—almost as dull as a debate in our Parliament on a Corn Bill. The Arab, of whom it is said—

"Of impatient mood was he,
Fiery and quick, his sinewy form to match,
And roe-buck lightness,"

is the first speaker, but does not know what is the subject of debate.

"Our time so short, why stand we silent here?"

Or wait we for the dawn? Who summons us?

And what the business?—Be it told at once,

That, or to deeds we may bestir ourselves,
If such there be to do,—or use the hours,
As nature teaches, for refreshing sleep;
Seldom, I ween, more lack'd."

What a sleepy fellow of a fierce Arab! What will become of him at the close of the fourth and last day of the Grand Review, if one day's march has so knocked him up?

Belesis then gets up to answer this simple question, and is on his legs for about sixty lines—quite a sermon. The practical conclusion, however, which he draws from the whole is good—to raise by to-morrow's light the standard of rebellion, and give the Assyrian power battle. This speech is well received, but that fact is very lamely recorded—

"He ceased; and murmurs of applause were heard!"

Belesis is followed by old Almelon, the Babylonian; and Mr Atherstone manifestly intends his speech for a masterpiece—a harangue half-way between the wearisome wisdom of old Nestor, and the courtier-craft of old Polonius, with a dash of dotage peculiar to the superannuated driveller himself, who beats Sir Thomas Lethbridge hollow.

"He fix'd his look, and with slow utterance thus."

One specimen of aged Babylonian oratory will suffice.

"Thy years, Belesis, fewer are than mine,
And thy experience less;—for thee I knew
A tottering infant, playmate to my own,

My second child;—in Bactria he fell,
 Fighting the tyrant's battles;—but the
 rest,—
 Four valiant boys,—are here, for different
 fate
 Destined, I ween;—but let that pass:—
 thy years
 Are less than mine, and thy experience
 less,—
 Then listen,—though for wisdom and far
 thought
 With thee I match not, as what other can?
 For from thy boyhood wert thou ever wise
 Beyond man's wisdom:—nor inspired
 am I
 Like thee to commune with the glittering
 Gods,—
 Yet, for these grey hairs, listen to my words,
 Which shall be few,—for I no speaker am,
 As well ye know."

He won't hear of a rising in the
 morning, but recommends delay, for a
 few days, when the coast will be more
 clear; and

"One half this living deluge ebb'd away,
 Never again to flow."

He, too, like Abdolonimus—and
 his years are his justification—is an
 advocate for immediate sleep. He
 concludes,

"Then get ye to your quiet bed, and speak
 No word of your intents."

The Priest is then heard in reply
 —a tedious repetition of his first
 speech; and on sitting down, the
 house seems divided—

"He ceased, and many voices in applause
 Were heard; in censure many, or cold
 doubt;
 That certainty was none."

Rabsaris, the Exile, then rises—

"His long right arm, attentive to invite,
 Held forth, and thus began!"

How picturesque and novel the atti-
 tude! So used to stand Pitt, and eke
 Canning. How interesting to know
 that Rabsaris was not left-handed!

We naturally expected something
 strong and vehement from an orator
 declaiming against the murderer of
 his son-in-law, the ravisher of his
 daughter, and the banisher of himself
 —more especially as

"His tall, gaunt form,
 Hoarse, hollow voice, sunk cheek, and
 burning eye,
 Drew all men's gaze."

But Rabsaris is not even a Ranter.

Staring all the while like a Saracen's
 head, he speaks after the fashion of
 a philosopher of the Leg-of-Mutton
 School. He sees that there is a belly
 and members, but he looks round in
 vain for a head. "Where, where
 is a head? We have no head!" is
 still the burden of his speech; and
 he enters at great length into argu-
 ments to prove, that without a head
 nobody is any body, and with a head,
 any body every body; and that with-
 out a head, the conspiracy might as
 well have no feet, and will fall to the
 ground. The "wearifu' woman,"
 was the soul of brevity and original-
 ity to this speculative Assyrian;—
 yet such was the singular taste in the
 Tent, that, instead of being coughed
 down, Rabsaris' proposal to have a
 head, met with loud applause. The
 notion was so novel—yet when made,
 appeared so sensible—that nothing
 could exceed the chuckle. Reader!
 heard ye ever the like of the follow-
 ing, even at a county meeting about
 turnpikes?

"For look but at the simplest things that
 live,

And they shall teach you prudent govern-
 ment:

The silly sheep will yet a leader choose;
 For strength and courage nobler than the
 rest;

And him they follow:—the industrious
 bee

Works not but at the bidding of its queen;
 Nor will the lank cranes take their yearly
 flight,

Save with a leader to direct their course:
 Saw ever ye a herd but at their head
 Was one, their king?—through all the

world 'tis so;

Yea, in the heavens,—for round one ru-
 ling star

The dazzling host obedient ever moves,—
 And the great system lasts, and shall for
 aye.

But what if each particular orb, too proud
 To own allegiance, should its separate
 course

Choose out in heaven,—how think ye
 then the frame

Would hold together?—star 'gainst star
 impelled,—

Horribly clashing,—the huge arch would
 fall,

And crush this earth, and bury all that
 lives.

Learn then of these; and from among
 you him,

The worthiest, wisest, bravest, choose ye
 chief;

Him follow, and obey,—so shall ye thrive:
But, in disunion, perish."

One would have thought that this would have successfully seconded the motion of Abdolonimus and old Almelo, and set them all asleep; but, like an over-dose of opium, it had the opposite effect, and the tent became as brisk as a bag of fleas. Belesis, who had already spoken twice at great length, got again on his legs, contrary to all usage in all Parliaments, and, far from "rising to reprobate the idea," he takes up the same argument, and thus establishes, on an underminable basis, the absolute and instant necessity of a head. Hear, hear, hear, hear, hear!

"O man of many wrongs!

Wise is thy counsel; for, without the head
To guide and rule, what matters strength
of limb?

True strength in wisdom lies. Why
toils the ox,

Pricked to his labour by some puny boy?

Why doth the proud steed bear upon his
back

The stripling, or the woman,—his vast
strength

And spirit to their weakness tamed and
bowed?

And wherefore doth the mighty elephant
His huge knee bend at bidding of a slave,
Whom with one motion he might strike
to death,

Or crush to nothing? wherefore, but for
this—

That in the weaker frame of man abides
That nobler strength of wisdom, which
doth awe

The meaner intellect; and the huge
powers

Of things irrational, like mere machines,
Doth use; their vigour seizing for itself,
Even to their own subjection? As the
beasts

Senseless were we, and fit to wear the
yoke,

A chief refusing and controlling mind
Who to wise purpose should our strength
direct;

Making of many thousand feeble arms
One irresistible. The untwisted flax
An infant's hand may take, and, thread
by thread,

Snap easily what, in one band firm knit,
Had been a cable for some bulky ship
To outride the storm with. Like these
fragile threads

Were we, by jarring counsels kept apart,
Nor in one band, beneath one rule, made
whole;

But, bound together, shall have strength
to pull

From its broad base this monstrous ty-
ranny,

And rend the fetters that bind down the
world:—

In a wise union doth such power reside.
Nor ignorant we of this; nor madly proud,
Or jealous to the needful curb to yield:

For chains and darkness in a maniac's
cell

Fitter were he than for a leader's place,
Who his own headstrong will would not
submit;

Or in the anarchy of many rules
Could hope for conquest. One, sole chief
must be."

The question is now put—"To-morrow, or to-morrow week?" and it is decided by the casting vote of Arbaces—"to-morrow." Belesis then reveals the will of Heaven, and the Mede is chosen chief, and champion of the cause of Liberty—all over the world.

The Fourth Book is almost as long as the preceding three, and it is, to our mind, the worst of the six. Morning sees the standard of rebellion amid "the Median camp high elevated," and the rebel army is all astir, and in high glee, when Nebaioth, an Assyrian leader, accompanied with a herald, appears among the chiefs, sent by Salamenes, brother of the Queen. He plays his part without a particle of spirit; and there is far too much speechification certainly, after the previous night's haranguing of the same orators. Abdolonimus, incensed by the cool firmness of Nebaioth, who offers him an unconditional submission, says,

"And, to astound thee more,
Even to his teeth I do defiance send;
Call him a beast, a glutton, and a slave!"

Abdolonimus is, we know, a rough customer, and he had lost all temper; but this is rather too coarse, and, besides, it is altogether inconsistent with the satirical tone of pretended obedience to the tyrant, which immediately follows it. Arbaces gives Nebaioth safe-conduct out of the camp, under the protection of young Twins, whose beautiful appearance is tolerably well described—and the conference is at an end. Meanwhile Salamenes apprises Sardanapalus in his palace of the insurrection; the monarch springs from his bed, valiantly dons his

armour, and suddenly appears before his palace gates, a burnished apparition. Nebaioth arrives with intelligence that his mission had been useless, and Sardanapalus issues immediate orders for battle, but is withheld by the prudence of Salamenes. The Assyrian priests encourage him to the war; but an Israelitish seer, in a long speech, the echo of many that preceded it, denounces woe and disaster. The King, somewhat alarmed, flings him down a gem to purchase a more consoling vision, which the Hebrew refuses, but which is prudently picked up by a clergyman of the establishment, and put into his pocket. Sardanapalus employs the day in going from host to host, and rousing their patriotism. Towards evening, the Bactrians, and all the host,

"From Sogdiana northward, to the south Of Arachosia, by the banks of Ind,"

weary of the whole concern, and unwilling to get hard blows, resolve to be off, and leave Sardanapalus and Arbaces to fight it out for Nineveh. The King then retires to his palace, and revels high among his concubines. He orders the seer to be called in, and presses him to a bumper; but he will not accept it from the hand of the fair Azubah, and boldly counsels Sardanapalus against the poison of the cup.

"Wretch!"

Exclaim'd the king, and started from his throne,
And on the floor the golden goblet hurl'd;
'Thou miscreant priest! comest here to tutor me?"

The seer, nothing daunted, most provokingly thrusts Azubah from him, exclaiming,

"Woman!"

Get back, and touch me not! I know thee now,—
The harlot that Rabsaris once called child!"

On which Sardanapalus, after, of course, glaring "like a hungry lion,"

"Upon the priest, swift as an arrow, sprung—

Seized—dashed him headlong. On the marble floor

The body fell—rebounded—fell again—
And quivered—and lay still."

Remorse instantly smites Sardanapalus. There is a complete blow-up—the devil to pay—lights are extin-

guished, and the King and his concubine retire to bed. This incident, which, doubtless, Mr Atherstone thinks very striking and characteristic, is very poorly, very badly managed. We are disgusted with the brutality of the seer, and rather enjoy his fate on the floor, till we see that he has been killed outright; and even then, considering the intolerable provocation the King had received from a seer to whom he had at least been civil, and his unpremeditated crime, we are sorry for him, and look without pity on the attendants, when ordered, as Hamlet says of dead Polonius, to remove that luggage.

Book Fifth opens with a description of Sardanapalus haunted by remorse on to his morning dreams—(another vision)—and tended lovingly by Azubah. But Salamenes, in full armour, bursts into the chamber, and tells him of the new revolt, and the flight of the Bactrians, "and all the nations of the farthest East." Meanwhile "hot Jerimoth," without orders, had fallen, with all his twenty thousand horse, on the Babylonian infantry, which for a time he broke, but was ere long repelled by thirty thousand bowmen, under Azariah and the Arabian chivalry, many hundred squadrons strong. This brings on a general engagement, on which seem to hang the destinies of Nineveh. The battle rages for many hours with alternate fortune, till at last Arbaces and Sardanapalus meet in single combat. The King, after a gallant stand, is beaten insensible to the ground with his cloven helmet, and Arbaces is about to take him prisoner, when Abner, one of his captains, cries—

"Up—up into your chariot—for your life
Leap up—ten thousand horse—away—
away!"

Salamenes advances to the rescue, and the King is borne away, fainting, to the city in his chariot. Atossa, and her daughter Nehushta, who had been watching the battle from the walls, discern the chariot; and, ere long, on the palace stairs meet the wounded monarch. Peresh, the physician, orders him a cooling draught, which, after much persuasion, he swallows, having long lustily called for wine.—He is sent to bed, and the Book closes.

The Sixth Book opens with a description of the Love-Bower of Nehushta, and Dara, the King's chariot-eer; and this passage is, we think, not only the least bad in the poem, but in itself not far from good. There is not in it, it is true, one original image, and it is manifestly made up almost wholly of materials existing not in nature, as nature revealed herself to Mr Atherstone's eye, but in the breathings of other poets. Still it is not without a certain richness and luxuriance, which nearly approach the beautiful; and from it we are disposed to think that Mr Atherstone, were he to give up Epic poetry, for which he has not one single qualification, and addict himself to the descriptive, might possibly produce something "in the soft line" not much amiss.

While Dara, who has had enough of chariot-eering for one day, is making love to Nehushta, and beguiling her of her tears by the narration of the past perils of her father, the battle continues to rage with great fury, but is going against the Assyrians. The heroic Queen Atossa resolves, if possible, to retrieve the fortune of the day, by appearing before the Assyrian army in the armour of Sardanapalus—rather a grotesque imitation of Patroclus in the armour of Achilles—and has begun to don it, when the king awakes, and, informed of her noble design, seizes her for a moment in his arms, impresses one burning kiss on her cheek, arms himself in a moment, and hurries to his chariot.

"Swift as an eagle shooting from a cloud,
From out the gates a single chariot rush'd!
Erect the rider stood,—a golden shield
Upon his left arm grasping,—in his right
A spear,—and on his head a gleaming
helmet,—

All else unarmed. The royal car was
known,—

The ebon seat,—the steeds of snowy
white,—

The wheels, gem-starred;—but who was
he that rode?

Shouting he flew, and raised his arms on
high.

Swift as a tempest came the thundering
car;

And, close behind, on Arab steeds milk-
white,

Assyria's royal guard. Burst out, at
length,

A deafening shout—"The king! the king
comes forth!

The king of kings unto the battle comes!
Shout, all ye nations! shout! the king!
the king!

The king of kings to victory comes again!
The haughty rebels he shall overthrow!
Our foes shall be trod down! Shout,
every man;

Shout out aloud! and lift th' avenging
sword,

For now their hour is come!"

That is not poorly conceived; but it is poorly expressed. Oh! how much better, had the last feeble eight lines been but four or two, and the four or two strong! The rebel army recoils, with "inroad gored;" nightfall darkens the field; there is some hot skirmishing in the gloom, but the main battles separate, the Medes to their camp, and the Assyrians to the city;—and thus closes the Sixth and last Book as yet published of Nineveh.

Let us conclude with some criticism on this Epic Poem. We presume, and hope, that these six books are nearly one half of the work. Has, then, Mr Atherstone succeeded in bringing before our imagination the city of Nineveh? No. The royal palace, and some of her gardens, he has described tolerably well; but we never, for a moment, are made to see and to feel that we are in the heart of that famous old metropolis. That her walls were huge and high, and many-towered, and of prodigious circumference, we knew before, and he has added nothing to the vividness or grandeur of our conceptions. He addresses her often and often, and bestows on her many fine-sounding names. But she rises not before us at his command, either in poetical gloom or glory,—and, for the most part, she is a blank. In the hands of a great, or a good, or a true poet, it could not have been so; and the failure is decisive in the negative of the question, is Mr Atherstone, or is he not, a man of genius?

Yet, observe how incessantly he labours to produce a phantasmagorical picture of her glories! and how faint and feeble is his oft-repeated touch!

"Imperial Nineveh, the earthly queen,
In all her golden pomp I see her now."

"In golden light
Magnificent the mighty city stands,
Empress of nations."

"Of Nineveh, the mighty city of old,
The Queen of all the nations."

"On Nineveh's proud towers the sinking
sun

In cloudless splendour looks, nor through
the earth
Like glory doth behold."

"Surely this mighty city shall be Queen
Of all the earth for ever."

"Upon yon city, mistress of the world,
The proud and glorious Nineveh, the
Queen
Of all the cities."

"Fallen is the mighty city—fallen—
fallen—

Fallen is great Nineveh—the city of old—
The mighty city—Queen of all the earth."

"Fallen is great Nineveh, the city of
old,—

Fallen is the mighty city."

"Mighty Nineveh!

Oh! thou great city, Nineveh!"

"Proud Nineveh! Destruction is at
hand;

The day of her exulting is gone by."

"Great Nineveh!

The day of thy destruction is at hand."

No bounds can, in the nature of things, be set to such eternal repetition. He ought to have dashed her character off in some glorious epithet or two, and been done with his exclamations, instead of playing the part of a mere stupid showman—"This, gentlemen, is the great Polar monster—hear how he roars!" and then stirring him up with a long pole at every new influx of visitors, to the same monotonous drawl.

Nor is Mr Atherstone a war-poet. Most unfortunate for him was the choice of a subject in which fighting is the order of the day. How picturesque is every single combat in old Homer! How momentarily rife the whole field of battle! Troy's turrets are seen shooting victoriously in the clear blue sky, or in portentous thunder-gloom nodding to their fall. Or hear Sir Walter's Squire in Flodden Field,—

"My basnet to a prentice cap,
Lord Surrey's o'er the Till!"

Why, these two short lines are full of the mighty movement that led to that fatal overthrow:—again,

"At times a warning trumpet blown,
At times a stifled hum,
Told England, from his mountain-throne
King James did rushing come."

What is Sardanapalus in his golden-backed, silver-poled, gem-wheeled,

diamond-naved, jewel-spoked chariot, to that? Or hear Shakspeare—

"Be thou as lightning in the eyes of
France,
For ere thou canst report,
The thunder of my cannon shall be heard!"

So ought, in a heroic poem, execution to follow command—order and action one, and time itself annihilated in the *melée*. But Mr Atherstone is slow and sententious in orders as an archdeacon. His generals are all fonder of talking than of fighting—lose more breath by words than blows—prove the goodness of their wind more by mouthing than marching—and previous to each movement publish an oral bulletin. There is, indeed, a superabundance of shouting: for example—

"With loud shouts
Back to the field the routed band again."

"At the word,
Up went the roar of myriads, and the
hearts
Of those that fled grew bolder, and their
shouts

Rose also."

"And they too shouted."

"Every man sent up
Loud shouts."

"Then rose to heaven
Clamours terrific—shouts and cries went
up."

"Their shoutings mocked the thunder."

"But the Medes rushed on,
And shouted ceaselessly."

"Shout! all ye nations, shout."

"Shout, every man,
Shout out aloud."

"With a shout,
Louder than thunder, all that mighty
host
Turned suddenly."

"Sound all the trumpets—shake the flags
on high,
Shout, heralds, shout."

"And all that heard him shouted, and
cried out."

"Then went up the shouts
From Azariah and from all his host."

"The voice
Of every soldier was sent up to heaven
In shouts that rent the air."

"At that sight, a shout
Arbaces sent."

"Shouted then
Arbaces."

"With loud shouts,
The foe pursued, and terrified the steeds."
"But loud as thunder now went up the
shouts."

"The shouts, the clashing, and the trumpet's blare."

"Then let the trumpets burst their brazen throats,

And every warlike instrument speak out,
And let all voices shout up to the heavens."

"From every throat on yonder plain
The long loud cry still rose up to the heavens."

"In a moment more
Up came the monstrous universal shout."

"Thrice the shouts arose
Enormous."

"Then again, the shouts
On all sides rose."

"And from the listening multitude went
up

Shouts of applause."

"And ever as they spoke, loud shouts replied."

"Thrice the shouts
To heaven go up."

"He scarce had replied, when from all
the host

Burst instantly a long and deafening
shout."

"Then the shouts
Shall to the heavens fly up and tell the
Gods."

"Thrice the shouts
To heaven go up."

"Everywhere the shouts
Increasing tore the air."

"Hark—hark—the countless nations shout
for joy."

"But then he hears a million solemn
shouts."

"Will not their swords leap out? Their
shouts ascend."

"When they rose
They shouted, and the cry went up to
heaven."

"At once a thousand trumpets from the
walls

Answered the shout."

"The shouts, and trumpet's clangour."

Is not Mr Atherstone himself petrified with the sight of these shouts, now that he sees them on paper? Much shouting must there doubtless be in a great battle, especially before the invention of gunpowder: for after that, shouting was found in general to be of no avail—but we take it for granted, and to specify each particular shout, Mr Atherstone has found, by experience, to be an endless task.

Hear Sir Walter—

"And oft was heard that thrice repeated cry,
In which old Albion's heart and hand
unite

Whene'er her soul is up, and pulse beats
high;

Whether she hail the wine-cup or the
fight!

And bid each arm be strong, or bid each
heart be light."

Aye—there speaks the Poet, and
you hear as well as see, where,

"Still as they land, the Red-cross bands
unite,

Legions on legions brightening all the
shores!"

To rush, is a most military verb.
How nobly Campbell uses it in
Lochiel's Warning!

"So rushed the bold eagle exultingly
forth

From his home mid the dark-rolling
clouds of the North."

And how nobly too in his Hohen-
linden!

"The combat deepens—on, ye brave,
Who rush to glory or the grave!"

We have seen "how King James
did rushing come." And, lo!

"Housings and saddle bloody red,
Lord Marmion's steed rush'd by."

But Scott and Campbell, Lochiel
and Marmion, are not eternally rushing, though we grant that rushing they often are, when they say nothing about it. But Mr Atherstone and all his heroes break out from morning till night in a "rush," as in a cold sweat. For example:—

"And towards the spot terrific was the
rush."

"Was now the rush and uproar of the
fight."

"But in his chariot rushing furiously."

"The Assyrians fled, and towards the
city rush'd."

"To 'scape too happy, through the gates
he rushed."

"The rushing wheels streamed fire."

"Into the field he rush'd."

"To be against the rushing of the rout."

"Rushing to fight, and like devouring
fire."

"Drive them before you, rush into the
gates."

"Even as at morn into the fight he rush-
ed."

"Rush to the gate, ye men of Babylon."

"Rushed on the Assyrian."

"Right towards him rushing."

' Heaven is against us, but the Medes
 rush'd on."
 ' Exhorting to the rescue, on, rush on."
 ' Towards the Mede a cloud of horse-
 men rushed."
 ' Rush onwards, now the city shall be
 ours."
 ' Again impetuous to the charge they
 rushed."
 ' Against the foe they rush'd."
 ' Every man, rush on."
 ' Like the rush of horses."
 ' Rushing to battle."
 ' With tempest-rush, the Assyrian cha-
 rriots came."
 ' When, ere it fell, a horseman rushing
 by."
 ' The chariots towards him rushed."
 " The rush

Of malled steeds."

' Ten times ten thousand to the battle
 rushed."

' Rushed on the Medes."

' Hissing the weapon rushed."

' And drove the rushing spear."

' From the Assyrian host as many rush-
 ed."

' To rush into the fight."

' Rushed to the battle."

" Clouds of horse

Rushed on."

' Right on the foe, with headlong rush,
 they went."

" Towards the gate

Terrific was the rush."

" Rushed

From out the gate a single chariot."

" The King meantime

Rushed to the slaughter."

" Everywhere

Rushed he."

' Together rushed they."

' The horseman wielded. All at once on
 rushed."

' Blackness abrupt, and deep. Darkling
 they rushed."

" Towards the Mede

Frantically rushed."

' Right towards the Mede they rushed."

' For the rush and the trampling came to
 his ear."

' On the rushing spoke the rushing
 weapon struck."

' Through every wide-flown gate faster
 rushed they."

After all this ceaseless shouting
 and reiterated rushing, the deafened
 reader longs for repose. He shouts
 faintly, like a cuckoo at close of day,
 or his slippers, and rushes like a
 nail to bed. But no. Ten times
 his amount of shouting and rushing
 would, in Mr Atherstone's idea of the
 thing, not suffice, without some elu-

cidation of these phenomena. Ac-
 cordingly, he shews how orders were
 issued for the rush; and explains
 both cause and effect, by the use in
 perpetuity to himself and heirs for
 ever, of the word—On. To rush is,
 we said above, a very military verb,
 so is "on" a still more military ad-
 verb. "On, ye brave!" of Campbell,
 we have already commended.

" Charge, Chester, charge—on—Stanley,
 on,

Were the last words of Marmion."

And an excellent last speech and
 dying words they were, and cheap
 on brown paper at a penny.

" Wha for Scotland's King and law,
 Freedom's sword would strongly draw,
 Freeman stand, or freeman fa',
 Caledonia, on wi' me!"

That will do—Robert Burns and
 Robert Bruce. But why, in the name
 of all that is sedentary, keep calling to
 all eternity, "On—on—on—on,"—to
 people already rushing? Now hear
 Mr Atherstone—

" The strong-necked steeds,—the brazen
 wheels spun on."

" Should, as was thought, to its old age
 live on."

" Sprung to his chariot, and with shouts
 led on."

" Be merciful, great Gods! still came they
 on."

" Ye too are angry, and dark frowns put
 on."

" Who meanly flies, draws oft the peril
 on."

" The helmet of the King I will put on!"

" To play the coward when their Queen
 leads on."

" We shall destroy them utterly—on, on!"

" His followers with loud clamours cheer-
 ing on."

" Uplifted he and led th' Assyrians on."

" Rider and steed fell headlong—coming
 on."

" Heaven is against us—but the Medes
 rushed on."

" Exhorting to the rescue—On! rush
 on."

" On—every man, rush on."

" And every man was weak—so fled they
 on."

" Still in pursuit the furious King drove
 on."

" The horseman wielded—all at once
 rushed on."

" For instant contest thousands hurry on."

" Waving his plumed helm and pointing
 on."

"And he hath bid us hope, and led us on."
 "Let all in stillness get their armour on."
 "And as all fearless Jeremoth came on."
 "See—see, they turn—on! every man rush on."
 "Strike while they reel—on, to the city on!"
 "Roll'd out its glorious hues, so moved they on."
 "And still called out and bade him hasten on."
 "The far-off battle—horsemen urging on."
 "Bid him his five score thousand foot lead on."
 "Fiercely insolent stood—himself flew on."
 "Plunging amain. Then, as he hasted on."
 "With strength commutual—but again flowed on."
 "Right towards the bosom of the King flew on."
 "That post beholding moved unbidden on."
 And so on.

To our dying day we shall ever look upon a Lion with feelings of the most profound respect. Nobody doubted his courage in the ancient world—and the Romans thought him a brave and noble animal. In amphitheatres he always fought in a style that did credit to the desert—and had his old parents in their den in Libya ever come to hear of his death beneath the gladiatorial sword, they would have had no cause to be ashamed of their shaggy son. The foul libels upon him published in these latter days by Naturalists, themselves the most cowardly of all created animals, we have ever read with due disgust, and a suitable scunner, and think the calumniators ought to be prosecuted by the Attorney-General of the animal kingdom, and in Pidcock's menagerie themselves, caged in chains for life. How fond glorious, old, blind, bearded Homer was of Lions!—himself as fine a lion as ever roared—as ever shook dewdrops from his mane, or lashed the Libyan air into intenser and more torrid heat with the meteor of his tail. But an epic poet must not keep talking eternally for ever and aye, even of the Lion—King of Beasts though he be—for his mane may become monotonous, and teasingly tiresome his tail. Mr Atherstone lets loose a lion upon his read-

er in every page. Five hundred, we have heard, have been exhibited in the amphitheatre at Rome on one day; but a thousand would not have satisfied Mr Atherstone. He must have been born on the morning the sun just entered Leo. You will remember the lion quoted in the last sheet, but here are two devil's dozen, and a surplus, of lions, with a wolf, a boar, a bugbear, a tiger, and a leopard, over the leaf:—

"The love we owe
 Is what unto the lion owes his prey."
 "From out his den
 As glares a hungry lion, hearing nigh
 The howl of tiger o'er his bloody meal."
 "The King
 Fierce as a roused-up lion sprang."
 "The wild boar
 Escaping, who would stay, when on
 himself
 He saw the tiger rushing?"
 "Fierce as a tiger, laughing at the spear."
 "To the fight
 Like a galled lion sprang."
 "Seized he then like a lion on his prey."
 "Leaped Dara then
 Swift as a leopard."
 "That like the grass beneath the lion's
 foot
 Our foes should be trod down."
 "Far off the voice
 Of solitary lion came at times."
 "Even as the lion o'er the desert rules,
 So o'er Assyria."
 "When the lion comes against you,
 shake."
 "As on his prey a hungry lion springs,
 So on the flag Arbaces."
 "Come like a lion on, and like a sheep
 Fly from his purpose."
 "Hath he the lion's valour?"
 "Stir not the lion when his wrath would
 sleep."
 "Then to be scared with bugbears."
 "And bear our answer to thy Lion
 King."
 "And him Assyrian lions would devour."
 "In a resplendent car by lions drawn."
 "Tigers and lions are they, and not
 men."
 "The tiger-foe,
 "Who thinks the hind even now within
 his spring
 Shall find the lion there."
 "Hot as a tiger's breath."
 "At his right hand, like a young lion
 fought."
 "Come from thy den, black, shameless
 wolf."
 "At his coming fled
 Like deer before the lion."

" Borne away,

Like lions by a swollen stream."

" The lion-heart

Panted with sudden awe."

" The roar

Of furious Zimri like a tiger's howl."

" Then like a lion by the hunters gall'd."

" Like lions loosed,

Away with the shattered car the coursers flew."

" Talk here no more of fire and lions."

There is no part of the inanimate creation of which we entertain a higher opinion than the Sea. We love to walk on his shore, to bathe in his waters when he is calm, and then for his sake we could wish we were a sea-mew, a ship, or a shell. We love to sit in our study, and from the window behold him through a telescope in storm, and then for his sake bless our stars that we are neither a sea-mew, a ship, or a shell, but simply old Christopher North, Editor of Blackwood's Magazine. But for all this we seldom speak of the Sea, except when he is himself the sole or chief subject of our discourse. We have "of the old sea too reverential fear," to use him as a mere simile. He is privileged to stand on his own bottom, to ebb and flow, heave, swell, blacken, whiten, roll and roar, for his own pastime,—and it is something to us quite shocking to make him "roar" for the amusement of the public. Mr Atherstone thinks otherwise, and will not let him alone for an instant. He lays an embargo on all his waves.

" Like the waves

Of a tumultuous sea they roll and rush."

" There was an uproar like the storm-swept deep."

" And circling them, even as the ocean flood

Some little island's rock—the expectant host

A sea of glittering helms!"

" Like some great wave——

Rolled on the gathering uproar."

" Like a shaken sea,

Wave against wave uplifted, toiled the hosts."

" But again flow'd on,

Like to a briny tide, the living deep."

" Till yet again like to a winter flood."

" Like a rock

Among a thousand waves Arbaces stood."

" Like a rock

Now stood he, and threw back the bursting waves."

" Like an ocean's roar

O'er all the plain ran then the joyful cry."

" Even such a sea,

A sea whose billows were unbending hosts."

" Louder than the voice

Of stormy ocean heard the uproar there."

" Like to the tossing foam amid the waves,

The plume-topp'd helmet rock'd."

" Like to the rocky ridge

Scarce seen above the waves."

" To heaven

Went up the roar appalling of the waves."

" Yon arid plain

Turns to a lake sea-deep, to gulf them all."

" And multitudes as of the ocean's waves,"

is the last line of the Poem. Indeed, this one idea of a battle being like the sea—which no doubt it is—it has a strong family likeness—perfectly engrosses Mr Atherstone. He keeps the sea either at ebb or flow, as it suits his purpose; and then, in defiance of the moon, has him in a moment at high water. Yet he knows and feels no more about his attributes than the driver of a bathing-machine, who thinks only of the waves beneath his horse's belly. The Sea of Atherstone is fresh water; like one of your American Lakes, on which all navies seem out of their element, not being even brackish, and without a single oyster: and against such a sea as his we would pitch, any day, either for roll or roar, our own reservoir on the Castle-Hill, or at Habbie's-How our own Compensation Pond!

Our respect for the lion and the sea is only equalled by that which, from infancy, we have paid to thunder. Mr Atherstone is greatly awake to the majesty of Jupiter Tonans. Whenever shouting seems insufficient, the human voice is said to be like thunder; whenever wheels make too little noise, though they always do their best, they are said to roll like thunder; in short, a peal of thunder is always held in readiness to rattle, and a thunder-cloud is sure to burst, at the nick of time. Mr Atherstone is above husbanding his thunder, and deals it out like a Dennis or a Brougham. Yet it is odd enough that, though thunder is so cheap in this Epic, it is only by way of simile; not one single real *bonâ fide* electrical rattle occurs in the poem. A living thunder-storm would have been a relief to this eternal talk about the absent or the dead. It would have been in

season too, as the weather of the six books is hot, close, and sultry; and a few big plashing drops would have been refreshing. The following are a few examples of Mr Atherstone's attachment to this phenomenon.

"Brooding in silence, will in thunder burst."

"Thunder o'er the bridge."

"For the low thunder of the rapid wheels."

"Like thunder-peals among the mountains lost."

"With a voice like thunder."

"The thundering God."

"The thickening thunder of the wheels is heard."

"Shouting like thunder."

"Thunder'd the wheels."

"As with a thunderbolt Arbaces smote."

"The thunder of the wheels."

"The cavalry, like clouds,

On thundering came."

"Then like a thunder cloud burst."

"Shouts

Spread like a peal of thunder."

"Heaven calls in thunder."

"Hearing the thunder and the din of fight."

"Fell like a thunderbolt, the dreadful Mede."

"Above the thunder-peals and roaring winds."

Next to our respect for the lion, the sea, and the thunder, comes our respect for fire. It is one of the finest of all the elements. When applied to water and whisky, how good the effect! Hot toddy! Mr Atherstone's respect for this element equals ours, and he loses no opportunity of introducing its semblance into his poem. Apparently there is no want of fire about him; then, how happens it that he is so very cold?

"Chariots like fire"—"been burned with fire"—"eye lit as with fire"—"will not their bosoms burn with constant fire"—"fire flashed from his eyes"—"glowed like a fire"—"bright as a flame"—"fiery steeds"—"fiery cloud"—"the bright crown like an ethereal fire"—"he the minds of the mad soldiers fires"—"even now the fire is kindled"—"the fires beneath the earth"—"the tempest, and the earthquake, and the fire"—"the sword, the flood, the earthquake, and the fire"—"a

fire is in my heart"—"the fiery steeds"—"like a fire behold the blazing chariot"—"axletrees hot as fire"—"wood and land with fire"—"poured down fire"—"fire emitting from their eyes"—"the same fiery spot"—"cast it to the fire"—"with eye of fire"—"even like a raging fire"—"hardened by fire"—"the fiery horses"—"fire-eyed priest"—"fling your hottest fires"—"like the rage of fire"—"poured like a fire"—"like an outrageous fire"—"the rushing wheels streamed fire"—"fiery splendour"—"fiery splendours"—"with fury fire"—"like devouring fire"—"for like a fire Arbaces"—"ye shall burn with fire"—"fling fire within her walls"—"his fiery arrows"—"the wheels fire-rapt"—"as when a fire devours the forest"—"fierce fire"—"fiery deluge"—"fire in his rolling eyes"—"fierce fire and light"—"when in the fire's embraces dwells the ice."

We cannot make out from the data, what may have been the tottle of the whole of the hostile armies engaged in the great battle beneath the walls of Nineveh. At the lowest computation, certainly upwards of a million—at the highest two millions. The troops must have covered much ground; but Mr Atherstone so manages it, that when any one of his heroes distinguishes himself by slaying or stabbing, he is seen or heard over the whole field of battle—just as distinctly—or perhaps more so—as a president or croupier of a civic feast, slaying or spouting in our Waterloo-Rooms. Neither Mr Atherstone, nor the generals he commands, find any difficulty in manœuvring such immense bodies. The instant orders are issued for the advance of a couple of thousand chariots, they drive up to the spot. From fifty to a hundred thousand cavalry are ready at a moment's warning to charge upon any given point—and twice five score thousand infantry are wheeled into line in less than no time—or take close column before you can say Jack Robinson—or form a solid square in the twinkling of a bed-post. The ease and rapidity with which these movements are executed surpass all praise. As our military and naval puppies always say now, "It was beautiful." The art of war has been almost entirely lost since Sardan-

palus—Wellington and Napoleon are ninnies in comparison with Arbaces and Salamenes—and to the battle of Nineveh, Borodino and Waterloo mere street rows. Yet, somehow or other, with all that rushing and roaring, and shouting and thundering, and masterly movements among millions of men, we, for our own parts, can scarcely bring ourselves to believe that it is any thing after all but a sham fight. And what is worse, when things wear a serious aspect, and the hostile armies “mean fighting, and nothing else,” it is not possible to care one straw which of them wins the toss for the sun, or gives the first knock-down blow, draws first blood, or wins the fight. There is throughout too much chaffing—and at last it ends in a wrangle and a draw, to the mutual dissatisfaction of the combatants, and the disgust of the spectators. As a military historian, Edwin Atherstone is not to be named on the same day with Vincent Dowling, Pierce Egan, or Jon Bee.

Never having ourselves been—any more than Mr Atherstone—in a great pitched battle between two armies of a million men each, we must not be dogmatical on the quantity of speaking that occurs either in the ranks, or among the generals. Some of Homer’s heroes are abundantly loquacious, no doubt; but then they talk as well as they fight, like warrior-bards or sages as they were; nobody has ever likened the race of men to the race of leaves so beautifully as Glaucus. Mr Atherstone’s heroes are too long-winded, and deal not in *εἰσα πτεροῖσιν*. Belesis, the Babylonian Priest, draws the slow words interminably out of his mouth, like a mountebank so many yards of ribbon. At the most critical moment of a heady fight,

“And still to heaven he pointed, and cried out

Unceasingly,”

as follows. How he escaped getting his scone cracked during delivery, we know not; there must have been strange and culpable remissness in the Assyrians.

“On, men of Babylon!
Into your hands hath God deliver’d them!
The day of her destruction is at hand!
Yon haughty city yeshall burn with fire,—

And break her gates of brass,—and throw her walls

Flat to the ground,—and trample on her throne,—

And burst her chains that held the nations down;

And raze her deep foundations utterly,—

And wipe her from the earth; for she hath been

Abominable in her wickedness,—

Earth heaveth at her, and will cast her forth,—

God shall destroy her! Men of Babylon, Slack not your arms, nor let your hearts be weak,

Drive them before you! rush into the gates!

Fling fire within her walls!—Hark! hark! Heaven speaks,—

Heaven calls in thunder,—see! the flaming bolt,—

Look! look! the wall is riven—the ruin falls!

God bids you on! God frowns upon the foe!

The sky is darkening underneath his wrath;—

His fiery arrows is he shooting forth,—

The tempest of his anger is let loose,—

He shall destroy them utterly!—On! on!

Rush to the gates, ye men of Babylon!

Proud Nineveh’s destruction is at hand,—

The day of her exulting is gone by!

Heed not the sword, the arrow, nor the spear,—

Heed not their chariots, nor their mailed steeds,—

Heed not their captains, nor their bravery;—

God is your captain,—God is your defence,—

Your shield is Heaven:—Shout, men of Babylon!

Shout out aloud, and say, ‘Great Nineveh!

The day of thy destruction is at hand!’”

Was there ever such dull and unimpassioned prosing as this in the heat of battle? “Charge, Chester! charge—on, Stanley! on,” is worth the whole Lecture.

Yet Mr Atherstone has certain modes of expression, which, if they be not peculiar to himself, he uses with a lavishness all his own—that he may be striking and effective. For example:

“Here will we stay—forth from the chariot then.”

“In waking vision—go and prosper then.”

“To join him in the feast, Nebaioh then.”

“And valiant for the fight—Nebaioh then.”

"He ceased, and sat him down—Nebaioth then."
 "Shall last be spoken. Aged Almelon then."
 "As now we own it. To Arbaces then."
 "Away and tarry not.—Nebaioth then."
 "And we will see him. To Nebaioth then."
 "Seem worthless in your eyes—and shall ye then."
 "Yet have his thanks and love—or deem you then."
 "Sway to their purpose—let us hasten then."
 "What deed is this? Have I been mad?—As then."
 "Speak evil in the message. Stooping then."
 "Why dost thou linger? Salamenes then."
 "Our warriors urge the fight. Arbaces then."
 "Made onset fierce. The Arabian chariots then."
 "And thick with mist the plain. So Michael then."
 "Drove furiously. Dreadful the uproar then."
 "With heavy jar fell back. Leap'd Dara then."
 "Thy father's it might seem. Nehushta then."
 "And in his heart stood fixed. Pale terror then."
 "From both the hosts terrific clamours then."
 "And stand the coursers. To the chariot then."

To intensify the effect of these most felicitous reiterations, Mr Atherstone has recourse to the following contrivance:

"Long time awaited, to and fro walked he."
 "A ponderous bridge, thus in his pride did he."
 "Stood forth, for of impatient mood was he."
 "The tyrant's deadly foe long known was he."
 "To count the numbers: be Arbaces he."
 "Who and whence is he."
 "Blaspheming—but as one possessed is he."
 "With hand upon his hilt, prepared stood he."
 "Not longer—why our services claims he?"
 "At distance might be seen—so toiled he."
 "Hurled at the Mede, with all his strength hurled he."
 "And mouth agape, a moment there stood he."
 "With chariots and with horsemen first went he."

"The Mede confronted, weaponless stood he."
 "From fierce Abiathar, for still hoped he."
 "Through the resounding streets then on flew they."
 "Might drink delighted—not Hamutah she."
 "His country free, for in Achmetha he."
 "To die or conquer everywhere flew he."
 "So, in one mighty flood immixed fled they."
 "Far o'er the field was seen, nor fear had he."
 "Haste, haste, and let me clasp thee! so cried he."
 "Then I'm thine—till then, farewell—so she."
 "Through every wide-flung gate in haste rushed they."
 "Drunken with pride and wine then feasted he."
 "At all the midnight revels still were they."
 "In matters, not thine own, to pry—thus he."
 "Call up the soldiers—every man—cried he."
 "And last the lovers in pursuit—so he."
 "O'er dead and living recklessly rushed they."
 "But voice, or rein, or scourge, nought heeded they."
 "Fallen is the mighty city—so cry they."

And almost every other line that is not constructed precisely on these models, partakes of the same character; "so he"—"thus she"—"him so"—"her thus," &c., being sprinkled plentifully over the whole texture of the work. The consequence is, that on reading a page aloud, you are seized with toothach, eye-ache, and ear-ache, all in one; and we may say,

Him cursing, to your bed away rush ye—
 Bring us the laudanum phials! Mullion then—

Oh! for a caulker, Tickler,—on—on—on!

Yes! shouting, roaring, rushing like the sea, thunder, and fire, on—on—on—headlong—we, like a galled lion, bounce into bed; and, after an hour's tossing, fall asleep like a tiger.

After the exhibition Mr Atherstone has now made of himself, *risum teneatis amici*, when you think of him sneering at "this gay and flowery age's" disinclination and incapacity to listen, learn, and delight, in his severe and simple song? Why, begging his pardon, he is impertinent. Gay and flowery age indeed! He himself is bedizened with gaiety and flowers

like a chimney-sweep on a May-day festival. He is the veriest slave of the senses, and is at all times led by the eye, the ear, or the nose. He is never happy, unless, to use his own words, in "golden pomp," "golden light," "golden splendours," "golden lamps," "golden vases," "golden helmets," "golden clouds," "golden orbs," "golden rounds," "golden trappings," "gorgeous pageants," "gorgeous vesture," "gorgeous halls," "gorgeous poles," "gorgeous robes," and "gorgeous chambers." He is dazzled by the mere glitter of the Assyrian monarchy, pretty much in the same way as a child is by a great big gilt gingerbread bun. Such bun, gentle reader, you may have seen, with the lion and unicorn stamped in gold on its broad brown vulgar circumference, fighting for the crown, and, to judge from the wide extent of their mouths, shouting as lustily as any of Mr Atherstone's heroes. You hear the bun growl. The gingerbread thunders. To his imagination, captivated by baubles and gew-gaws, Nineveh is Rundle and Bridge's shop on a large scale. You see Mr Atherstone like a master or a missy peeping through the window, with eyes and hands held up in astonishment. But a gold gig with a silver pole rushes by, dropping diamonds; and he forsakes the window for the shining shandry that sets the street in a blaze.

"He comes at length:—

The thickening thunder of the wheels is heard:—

Upon their hinges roaring, open fly
The brazen gates:—sounds then the tramp
of hoofs,—

And lo! the gorgeous pageant, like the sun,
Flares on their startled eyes. Four snow-
white steeds,

In golden trappings, barbed all in gold,
Spring through the gate;—the lofty char-
riot then,

Of ebony, with gold and gems thick strown,
Even like the starry night. The spokes
were gold,

With felloses of strong brass; the naves
were brass,

With burnish'd gold o'erlaid, and diamond
rimm'd;

Steel were the axles, in bright silver cased;
The pole was cased in silver: high aloft,
Like a rich throne the gorgeous seat was
framed;

Of ivory part, part silver, and part gold;
In either side a golden statue stood:

On the right,—and on a throne of gold,—

Great Belus, of the Assyrian empire first,
And worshipp'd as a God; but, on the left,
In a resplendent car by lions drawn,
A Goddess; on her head a tower; and,
round,

Celestial glory: this the deity
Whom most the monarch worshipt; she
whom, since,

Astarte, or Derceto, men have named,
And Venus, queen of love. Around her
waist

A girdle, glittering with all radiant gems,
Seem'd heaving to her breath. Behind
the car,

Full in the centre, on the ebon ground,
Flamed forth a diamond sun; on either side,
A horned moon of diamonds; and, beyond,
The planets, each one blazing diamond.
Such was the chariot of the king of kings."

This is not poetry. If it be, here is a simple recipe for its composition. Hire an old Shandrydan for a shilling the hour, on condition of not taking it out of the yard, and convert it, by an easy effort of fancy, into the costliest materials you can think of, and you have the war-chariot of Sardanapalus. Instead of one real orange-tawny hack, yoke to it four ideal snow-white chargers—and then look to your turnpikes. Mr Atherstone has done so, and is as proud of the feat as if he were coach-maker to Apollo.

Mr Atherstone, we suspect, though not exactly a Cockney, is not more of a horseman than Leigh Hunt, and almost as wretched a whip as Hazlitt. This is plain from the pedestrianism of his style when he speaks of riding or driving; he then looks like a man trundling a coach or cart-wheel for a wager, and letting it fall down dead in the first rut. The following are a few samples—

"And let the horses go."

"The smoking steeds let go."

"Madman, let him go."

"But the foot go first."

"And when the chariots and the horse-
men go."

"Then let the horses go."

"All bended bows let go."

"At once their restless horses they let
go," &c.

We would not trust ourselves, in a fog, with the ribbands in Mr Atherstone's hands, for a trifle.

Pray, may we ask, on what does Mr Atherstone think depends the value, and, in a great measure, the beauty and the glory, of gold and sil-

" Flower-crown'd, and in apparel bright
as spring."

" His face like marble, but his large dark
eye

Lit as with fire."

" In youth's bright noon, and sportive as
a lamb."

" Painting, as in a dim and dusky glass,
The form of things to be."

" Unstable as the flitting mist of morn."

" With restless flashings like a sunlit sea."

" Wide flowing, airy as the gossamer."

" Graceful as Love's Queen."

" Majestic as the imperial spouse of Jove."

" But to my wooing she is deaf as earth,
And colder than a sepulchre."

" With laugh and dancing step, like spring-
flowers gay."

" Like the wild steed, of his own deserts
proud."

" Bright as a meteor, waiting then of ap-
proof."

" Swift as the wind they flew."

" Pale as a corpse a moment stood the
Mede."

" Innumerable on oceans sands they crowd."

" Like a destroying plague they may be
sent."

" Is on their side, fierce as a hurricane."

" Shouting like thunder."

" And scatter them like dust."

" And hosts like to the sands for multi-
tude."

" And all my glory vanish like the smoke."

" Rolling and heaving like an earthquake's
throes."

" Upon the priest, swift as an arrow
sprung."

" Like the faint rushing of far distant
waves."

" Like the blast

Of whirlwind, through the unresisting
corn."

" An arrowy cloud, that like a hail-storm
beat."

To the compositions of a man so familiar, so hand-in-glove with commonplaces, so wedded to the trivial as these shoals of similes shew Mr Atherstone to be, it would be vain to look for one single beauty of any sort peculiarly his own—one single expression pregnant with native or original thought or emotion. There are none such in the Fall of Nineveh—except perhaps one—and so far from being a beauty, it is, we think, an absurdity of no mean magnitude.

" O'er his golden crest a snowy plume,
Lofty and ample, like some haughty dame,
Bent proudly as he trod."

Only think of a man going into
battle with a woman on his head!

not riding stride-legs on his shoulders—which might be possible—but standing tip-toe on his crest, as if about to dance à pas seul!

How it happens that one man cannot open his mouth without uttering Poetry, and another cannot shut his mouth so as to prevent an issue of Prose, we know not; but so it is—with Wordsworth and with Atherstone. Wordsworth tells you to look at a particular tree, and while he speaks, you become like himself—a Druid. That one oak becomes the shrine of some fair or fearful superstition—not for worlds would you dare to touch its leaves with unhallowed hands, be they laden with dew or blood. The old forest groans, or is glad, at the presence of mighty Pan. You forget that there is such an instrument as an axe, and feel as if the glimmer or the gloom of the woods had been inviolate through all the ages of time. You know then what the bard meant, when, in the Excursion, he said that the religion of his grey-haired wanderer was "the religion of the woods." The great God of Nature is felt to have his temple in that shadowy solitude; the stillness sanctifies your spirit; life's "Noisy hours seem moments in the being of the eternal silence."

Mr Atherstone bids you look at a tree, and you immediately begin calculating how many cubic feet of timber in its bole and branches; how many ton of bark it may send to the tan-yard—what a cawing of rooks there will be when it is felled; and what a world of wains and waggons its removal will bring into employ. We will speak of knee-timbers, ribs, planks, flag-staffs, and masts—all excellent things in their way, nor yet in certain hands unpoetical—but in his, prosaic in the extreme; for he shall describe the whole concern in the spirit of a timber-merchant, engaged in a speculative contract with the Navy Board, or a joint-stock company about to build a mill.

Two things are certain; one, that some souls, almost from birth, see into the heart of Nature, the mighty mother, on whose bosom they have fed and slept, and hung delighted; another, that they, by the fiat of fate—mysterious agency—have been suf-

ferred to finish their self-education in solemn and sacred places, in that school where all is silent, save the spheres, and where there is but one gracious and benign Teacher; no fierce and feeble ushers; neither tyrants nor fags; and all the years one holiday. Thus instructed in eye and ear, in sense and in soul, the pupil becomes, in good time, a priest—a poet—and all his songs are true to the shrine at whose altar they were inspired; his words are embodied meanings, spiritualities vocalized; he plays upon the sunbeams as on a many-stringed instrument; the creation is a harp that to his lightest touch gives forth “still sad music,” or to the hand of him inspired it responds in a thunder-crash. He remembers not the time when he first learned the gamut; but what glorious solos does he now play! and, when kindred spirits are met together, what celestial concertos! There is “more meaning than meets the ear” in that expression of Milton’s about Shakespeare—

“Fancy’s child,

Warbling his native wood-notes wild.”

That assemblage of words seems simple, but it is at the same time sublime. We hear the song of a solitary nightingale, “when all the heavens are mute.” How sweet, yet how strong—how simple, yet how rich—how pensive, yet how impassioned—how merry, yet how melancholy—how airy, yet how profound—how like a voice from heaven, yet how cleaving to earth—as it rises and falls, how spiritual, yet how thrilled through a mortal frame: while it breathes—life; and as it ceases not, the silence is—death. There seems a struggle between mortality and immortality in that midnight hymn, ascending from terrestrial shades to the eternal skies!

All good poets and painters must thus have communed with their hearts, and been still—or with the still heart of Nature communing with them her humble disciples. Some scholars are allowed to finish their education; but the majority are too soon taken from that school, and sent to far different seminaries, where, too forgetful of the blessed study and play-ground among the woods and by the rivers, they are proud to take their degrees! Others, again, never saw such a school at all—they

know not even of its existence. Yet will they prate and prattle about the lore that could be learned there only; and lead one long life of libels on. Nature and her elements, who takes vengeance upon them, by sending sore throats and pulmonary complaints among the poetasters, who go, sooner or later, coughing and wheezing into unhonoured and forgotten graves. On such favourite children as Wordsworth, again, Nature breathes and blows benignly; and we have often seen him walking in a shower without being visibly wet, while coaches have wheeled past with their crew of prosaics all soaked to the skin. If, in a gloomy day, there be a shower of sunshine going, it is sure to settle upon his head; and when the silence is getting too severe, some gloomy but gracious cloud is always at hand with its thunder, to regale the Bard with a flight of echoes.

But to return to Nineveh. We should characterize the language—the diction of this unhappy book—as a coarse, loosely-woven web of words—warp and woof of whitey-brown wool—tamboured with clusters of fantastic figures and flowers in red and purple silk of the most glaring colours—bad prose embossed with worse poetry. Of all true poets the diction is, by very inspiration, divine. The words seem alive and winged, like bees round the lips of Plato—like birds, many-tongued, yet all harmonious in the grove that rings with linnets in its coppices, thrushes on its tree-tops, and larks far and wide and high up in its cloudless firmament—like the hymns of a hundred flowing and falling waters, rills, streams, rivers, torrents, lakes, and cataracts, each with its several echo, till music seems inter-fused with all nature. The versification of Milton and Wordsworth, is it not often grand as the music of Handel’s Messiah, or Haydn’s Creation! For, besides the unconscious inspiration of genius breathing itself forth again in harmonies, in the strains of all poets you feel the meditative mastery of the highest and profoundest art. Exquisite adaptations—finest proportions—risings and fallings graceful and majestic—ebbings and flowings sea-like and sublime—fluctuations of feeling, that in their faintest movements we know will not fail or fade entirely away out

of shadowy being—that in their fullest will, we know, waft our spirits on along with them, as upon winds and waves, far away into the still or stormy heart of the Main of Imagination, bedropt, as with gems from heaven, with a thousand isles. This music is the spiritual life of song; and all life is a mystery—felt, not understood—when it is gone flesh rots, and so do words; people are buried, and so are poems; these in cells, those in shelves; and of both alike the everlasting doom is—dust.

Oh, how could Mr Atherstone ever imagine his versification Miltonic! Readers all! you remember well the glorious passages in *Paradise Lost* and *Paradise Regained*, in which the Blind Bard sweeps the earth with an angel's wing, from the regions of the rising to the regions of the setting sun—shewing you in one panorama, it may almost be said, the whole habitable globe. Mr Atherstone, too, must needs be topographical and geographical; but he has not even the merit of a land-measurer, and merely mouths out so many names from a Gazetteer.

“Lo! from Bithynia, Lydia, Phrygia,
From Cappadocia and Iberia,
Armenia, ancient Syria, Babylon,
From Media, Persia, and Arabia,
Chorasmia, Hyrcania, Asia,
Past the Salt Desert, past Gedrosia's
wave,
On to the banks of Indus!!!!” &c.

How ignorant of the very elements of his art must the man be, who, in writing thus, imagines himself to be imitating Milton!

It is always your most ignorant people who think themselves the most knowing—the dullest the most acute—and in their own belief none so bright as the opaque. Mr Atherstone, who is unacquainted with the easiest rules of blank verse, aims in the above passage at one of its greatest difficulties; and in the following *stoiter*, (see Dr Jamieson,) he is equally ambitious of science. Was there ever such an attempt at accommodation of sound to sense—as this sudden violation of measure!

“But, at a bound, he sprang,
From the path of the horses aside; their
breath

Blew hot in his ear; his shoulder with
foam

Was white; like the sweep of the storm
they passed.”

Mr Atherstone here reminds us of a skater, who cannot *do outside*, attempting the figure of eight, or spread-eagle. Down comes our friend with a *cloit* (see Dr Jamieson again) on his posteriors—the most painful fall within the whole range of the ludicrous.

We conclude our critique, then, for the present, with this summary sentence of condemnation,—that Mr Atherstone knows not what the language of poetry is—that he has but a feeble fancy, and no imagination—that all his characters are borrowed, either directly or indirectly, from Byron—that he has no intellect to form and mould a plan—and that he has no knowledge, deserving the name, of human nature. In striving to write poetry, he is fighting against the stars. Apollo shines not for him—nor yet Diana; the sun and moon are in league against him; the moment he takes up his pen, day's king retires behind a cloud, or night's queen is

“Hid in her vacant interlunar cave.”

Mr Atherstone dedicates his dullness to Sir Walter Scott, thus—

“To the Master-spirit of the age,
To the living Shakspeare,
TO SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.”

That is fulsome. But supposing Scott to be Shakspeare, why dedicate to him the Fall of Nineveh? Not a line in it that shews Mr Atherstone ever to have read one word either of the dead or living Shakspeare. He has drunk neither of the waters of the Avon nor of the Tweed. Why then select Scott, the living Shakspeare, for Dedicatee? He might as appropriately have inscribed the Fall of Nineveh to Mr Telford the civil engineer, or to Monsieur Jarrin the pastry-cook. There is puppyism in this; as if only the Master-spirit of the age were worthy of such an honour—as if the living Shakspeare were a counterpart to the dead Atherstone. There is no meaning—quite the contrary—in such juxtaposition. Had Mr Atherstone lighted his taper at the sun, he might have been allowed, if he chose it, to hold it up in the eye of day; but 'tis only a brimstone match or spunk, with a small dim tip-spark from the expiring embers of a turf fire, and to thrust it into the nose of the living Shakspeare, is at once presumptuous and offensive.

THE BISHOP OF FERNS, AND LORD MOUNTCASHEL.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Though the most unlooked-for controversy, in which the Bishop of Ferns has judged it necessary to engage with the Earl of Mountcashel, is perhaps not yet concluded, the time seems to have arrived, in which it should be noticed in a periodical miscellany which so ably advocates the interests of our civil and ecclesiastical constitution. The main topics of that controversy have been sufficiently discussed, and a judgment may even now, I conceive, be satisfactorily formed concerning the expediency of the interposition by which it has been provoked. I am accordingly induced to offer to you such reflections as it has suggested to one sufficiently acquainted with the state of the Established Church in Ireland, sincerely attached to its true interest, and truly solicitous for its utmost attainable efficiency. That at such a time, and from such a quarter, a vehement attack should be made on the actual administration of our part of the Established Church of England and Ireland, is, indeed, fitted to suggest reflections, extending far beyond the topics immediately agitated in the controversy.

Two years only have passed away since the religious public was gratified with a quick succession of reports, announcing numerous instances of persons who had become sensible of the duty of throwing off a mass of superstitious idolatry, and attaching themselves to the genuine truths of Christianity. Some spell, by which the moral genius of Ireland had been bound, seemed to have been suddenly broken, and the stupor which it had created to be rapidly yielding to the animating influences of religious freedom. A talisman had indeed been found; and that talisman was the written word of God. Some local circumstances rendered this important movement first conspicuous, and, throughout, more considerable in Cavan; but the agency by which it was effected appeared to have been spread through almost every part of Ireland, and especially through those in which the religion

of Rome had exercised its benumbing and degrading influences with the least control. Among the mountains of Leitrim, a Roman Catholic peasantry was found to be eager in attendance on expositions of the sacred writings, and open to the conviction which they offered to their minds. In various other parts of Connaught, the peculiar region of Irish popery, the announcement of the existence of a written word, which seemed to have been carefully withheld from the knowledge of the people, was hailed with an admiring curiosity. In Munster, besides many scattered instances of conversion occurring in various places, one parish, that of Askeaton, in the diocese of Limerick, exhibited an almost uncontested triumph of religious liberty. If the capital and its vicinity exhibited less decisive indications of the influence of religious truth, it should be recollected, that in the capital all the violence of political and ecclesiastical faction had been concentrated. If the Protestant counties of Ulster could not boast of as much success in enlightening the minds of Roman Catholics as the almost Popish counties of Connaught, it should be remembered, that there the congregations of Protestants were sufficiently numerous to occupy a large share of the attention of the clergy; that in those counties the abuses of Popery were much checked and restrained by the predominance of the Protestant population; and that Protestants, where they were strong in number, felt themselves disposed to array themselves in opposition to a party, elsewhere overwhelming. To every reflecting mind, however, it was apparent that a time had at length arrived, in which it might be reasonably hoped that the truth of religion should spread its salutary influence over the land.

These most important occurrences* were traced to their principle; and it was ascertained that they received an adequate and satisfactory explanation from the natural operation of societies, which had been, during

* *British Critic*, January 1828.

many years, actively employed in diffusing a religious education among the lower classes of the people. But where had these religious societies themselves their origin? In that association,* one of the original triumvirate of which was an old and steady member of the Established Church, and the measures of which have been, from its commencement to the present day, constantly directed and supported by the clergy of the Establishment. The formation and success of such a society naturally gave occasion to the formation of others, in which laymen exercised a predominating influence; but the parent society, the Association for Discountenancing Vice, was the creature of the Established Clergy; and this society, aided at length by the liberality of the government, has embraced all the various objects of education, and of the diffusion of the sacred writings and of religious tracts, which its offspring have variously pursued. To the clergy of the Establishment, then, may this fair promise of religious improvement be most justly ascribed. They gave the original impulse, and they have, from the beginning, continued their best exertions, being at the same time active in conducting, within their respective parishes, the operations of the other societies. To realize the promised reformation, it was contended by worldly politicians that all political disqualifications should be removed from Roman Catholics, that they might not be retained in their present communion by a proud punctilio. These disqualifications have since been removed; and, though we trust that the good seed of the word of truth has been too widely, and too carefully sown, to be now destroyed by the blighting influence of political excitement, yet to a superficial observer, the religious reformation of Ireland is effectually restrained. But whatever may be the religious result of the great change, which has been recently made in the government, whether it shall indeed remove out of the way the impediment of worldly pride, or, as seems much more probable, oppose to religion the additional impediment of worldly policy; to the Established Church, it must yet

be acknowledged, is the cause of the Protestant religion in Ireland primarily indebted for all which has been effected for its advancement, and for all the good which may yet be effected, when the unfavourable influences at present operating shall have lost their power.

A church, which, within the last thirty years of its existence, had so unequivocally demonstrated its efficiency, might well be supposed to be secure from the animadversions of persons professing to be its sincere friends. Could that establishment be justly described as inefficient, which had so surprised the world by the successful issue of its long-continued exertions, that the worldly and incredulous politician represented as a chimera fit only to amuse a dreaming visionary, an expectation of final success authorized by actual occurrences as apparent as the sun at noon-day? Abuses it must have, because it is composed of fallible and erring men; but that, whatever these abuses may have been, they have not destroyed or considerably weakened its efficiency, has been recently proved to the world with an evidence, which those only who close their minds against conviction can fail to perceive. In truth, every man who has had an opportunity of comparing the present character of the Established Church in Ireland, with that which belonged to it thirty years from the present time, must be sensible of a most important improvement, which within that interval has been silently and spontaneously accomplished. The young clergyman of the present day is avowedly zealous in the cause of that religion, of which he has become a minister, and familiarly acquainted with its various topics of discussion; he devotes himself to the discharge of the duties of his sacred office, regarding them, not as burdens attached to a profession, which he had chosen as genteel, but as objects worthy of engrossing his attention, and constituting his best and surest gratification. The aged, too, have caught from the young an ardour which, in their earlier days, might have been characterized as belonging only to enthusiasts. The language of the pulpit has ac-

* The Rev. Doctor O'Connor, Mr Watson, and Mr Sykes.

cordingly experienced a general change and improvement. The merely moral essay of a former time is now rarely addressed to a congregation; the duties of men are recommended and enforced by considerations deduced from the promises and threatenings of the gospel; and the doctrine of the atonement wrought for mankind by a suffering Redeemer, is continually presented to the minds of Christians, as the great charter of human salvation. The Church is, accordingly, no longer considered as a refuge for those who wanted either the energy or the ability necessary for the successful prosecution of any other profession. Young men of talents and of industry devote themselves to it, as to a profession in which talents may be usefully exercised, and industry must be exerted; and long and laborious preparation is now made for the examinations, by which the qualifications of candidates for the sacred function are carefully ascertained.

Such is the present character of that church, which the self-constituted synod of Cork has judged to require reformation deep and important, that it may be rendered adequate to the office of an establishment of Christian ministers. Let me now call your attention to the circumstances of the time in which this synod has been convened.

In the last session of Parliament a law had been enacted, which the leading minister of the House of Commons, by whom it was introduced, acknowledged to be a measure breaking in upon the constitution, and justified only by pleading the hard necessity by which it had been extorted from a Protestant government. Into the consideration of that necessity I will not now enter. The breach has been made, and a retrospect would be unavailing. But I am authorized by the language of the minister in stating, that the Protestant church of England and Ireland had by that enactment received a dangerous and alarming shock, since a breach had been confessedly made in that part of the constitution by which chiefly it had been secured. If, indeed, I had not this authority for the statement, I might abundantly justify it by the events which have already succeeded the enactment of a law, by which peace and harmony were to

be established among all the various denominations of his Majesty's subjects. Intimidation has proceeded, without interruption, in its course. Why should it not? The great victory which had been achieved over the constitution, was felt to be a pledge of success in every future enterprise. The determination of assailing and overthrowing the establishment of the Protestant church, as a national nuisance, has been publicly avowed; and, as if to destroy its only remaining protection, a new association has been announced for rescinding the Union, and thus destroying the integrity of the empire, as the former association had succeeded in violating the integrity of the constitution.

In these circumstances, it might have been expected that every sincere Protestant, of whatever denomination, but more especially of the established church, would be disposed to befriend and protect that church, which had so recently and so notoriously afforded the most satisfactory proofs of its efficiency. It certainly was not anticipated, that a nobleman, who had been so lately numbered among the zealous defenders of a Protestant constitution, should stand forward to the public as the leader of a party of reformers, urging the most serious accusations against the administration of the established church, and calling for important changes in its arrangements, as indispensably necessary for enabling it to discharge the functions of a religious establishment. To that nobleman, indeed, and to the gentlemen whom he selected as favourable to his views, it seemed that the increased danger to which the church is now exposed, deprived as it has been of the special protection of the constitution, is a reason why they should arraign it before the legislature of the empire, as requiring, by its manifold abuses, to be corrected by a legislative interposition. To justify such a consideration of the actual circumstances of the church, it would, however, have been necessary, that the abuses of the establishment were so great, and so numerous and pervading, that it was incapable of maintaining itself in its actual circumstances, and that it must therefore be subjected to some considerable modifications. Could such

an opinion be justly formed concerning a church, which but two years before appeared to have actually begun the great work of the religious reformation of Ireland? If abuses, notwithstanding, existed, requiring reformation, ought it not to have been considered, whether they were so great and so extensive as to require a legislative inquisition? Ought not enquiry to have been made, whether the establishment is not actually in a progress of spontaneous reformation, in which such abuses must be rapidly diminished?

It is manifest that an ecclesiastical establishment cannot be subjected to a legislative inquisition in a popular government, without exposing it to two very distinct dangers—one from the depredations of the radical spoliator, the other from the schemes of the exclusive sectary. The former will readily join in the cry of religious reformation, in the hope that some opportunity may present itself for plundering the property of the church; the latter will bring into hazard the endowments of the church, in the hope that whatever may be suffered to remain, may be appropriated to the support of men who will inculcate his peculiar doctrines. Both will be gratified by the event. The radical, who cares not for the doctrines of the church, will have seized on some portion of its revenues; and the sectary, if he has impoverished the establishment, will at least have the satisfaction of reflecting, that he has ejected those who differed from himself.

In the present case it has happened, most fortunately for the admonition of the public, that a circumstance occurred, which indicated, at the very time, the danger to be apprehended from the spoliator. A Mr Bennett, though not one of the individuals selected to compose the meeting over which the Earl of Mountcashel presided, offered himself for admission, and was received. The French have a maxim, that he who excuses himself, accuses himself. Mr Bennett thought it necessary to excuse himself from the supposed imputation of being a radical, contained in resolutions manifestly prepared before a meeting at which his presence had not been expected. Whatever may be thought of the application of the

maxim in the case of this gentleman, much cannot be thought of his vindication, since he acknowledged himself to be “a liberal, in the broadest sense of the word.” This most latitudinarian liberal is, of course, a decided enemy to tithes; by which the parochial clergy are chiefly maintained. While, therefore, he heartily concurred in all the censures which had been uttered against the clergy of the established church, aggravating them by a case known to himself, which he did not specify, and in regard to which he is consequently safe from reply, he earnestly insisted on bringing under the consideration of the meeting his favourite measure of the abolition of tithes. The meeting, he remarked, was manifestly disinclined to meddle with church property. This disinclination, however, he had not been led to attribute to any determination of maintaining the property of the establishment. It is, indeed, remarkable that no anxiety of this kind is expressed in the resolutions then submitted to consideration, and afterwards adopted; for it is merely said, that it was *not their object* to diminish, in any degree, the revenues belonging to the church. The resolution, in which these words occur, afterwards adds, as their reason, that they were well aware of the disastrous consequences which must attend any attempt to disturb the rights of church property; a consideration which would have been equally applicable to the property of any other considerable corporation. Mr Bennett appears to have understood this resolution in this most neutral sense, and accordingly told the meeting, that the cause of their disinclination to meddle with the property of the church, was, that the consideration of it might “have the effect of shutting out from their minds those other points that had been so ably descanted on.” Disregarding, in the eagerness of plunder, this prudential caution, he boldly hazards the project; the speech of this broadest liberal is received with approbation and applause by the reformers of the church; and the resolutions were unanimously adopted, the meeting having acquiesced in the sentiments of Mr Bennett, and the neutrality of the questionable resolution not affording a reason suffi-

ciently strong for disturbing the general harmony.

Of the other danger, which might arise from the schemes of exclusive sectaries, we can also discover sufficient prognostics in the published report of this meeting of reformers. It is accordingly observable that, though the petitions, to be addressed to the King, and to both houses of Parliament, related only to a single object, that of a different distribution of the revenues of the church, yet seven resolutions were adopted by the meeting, and speeches were addressed to it, as explanatory of the views of the noble Earl and his friends, which had no direct reference to it, but plainly pointed to another and distinct purpose. In this view I might mention the general crimination of a large portion of the clergy, as distinguished from those, who are characterised as pious and zealous; but I will confine myself to the use of expressions which are known to be characteristic of a sect. The fifth resolution declares, that the purity of the church can never be restored, its permanence guaranteed by the esteem of an enlightened people, or the slanders of its adversaries put to silence, "until the great distinguishing doctrines of Christianity, which our reformers learned from the holy word of God, be faithfully preached in all our pulpits." In correspondence to the express language of this resolution, we find the noble Earl stating, in the beginning of his speech, that the meeting had, for its peculiar object, the interests of the Church of England, "as established at the Reformation." He adds, indeed, that they "could not find fault with the pure doctrines of the established church;" but we all know, that the exclusive party, to which I allude, contend that their peculiar opinions constitute that "pure doctrine." Now, I would beg leave to represent, through your miscellany, to the noble Earl and his friends, that the original and genuine doctrine of the Reformation is the denial of human merit, as effective of human salvation. In the various superstitions of the church of Rome, the atonement of Jesus Christ had been wholly, and his mediation almost wholly, forgotten. To the one object of restoring a Christian dependence on the merits and media-

tion of Jesus Christ, were the exertions of the earlier reformers directed, and with this view they insisted on the utter insufficiency of our own efforts in the work of redemption. Calvin did, indeed, afterwards maintain the doctrine of arbitrary and irrelative predestination; but this was not the doctrine of the confession of Augsburg, from which our articles have been derived, nor was it inculcated by Archbishop Cranmer, by whom our articles were prepared. If the noble Earl could be persuaded to regard the denial of the efficiency of human merit, as constituting the pure doctrine of our church, settled at the Reformation, I trust that he would find that this doctrine is generally preached by the ministers of the establishment. In the meantime we have sufficient reason for concluding, that in his severe and general censures of the established clergy, he had specially in contemplation the peculiar opinions of a party, which he would, if any favourable occasion should present itself, force upon the general adoption of the church.

If the meeting convened in Cork by the noble Earl had confined itself strictly to the single object of petitioning the King and both Houses of Parliament, to take into consideration the expediency of making a change in the distribution of the revenues of the church, we might have apprehended danger from the interposition, but our apprehension would have been merely speculative. The speeches delivered, and the resolutions adopted, at the meeting, have, however, relieved us from any difficulty of this kind. We plainly perceive the principles of future spoliation and sectarianism in the very concoction of this notable scheme of reformation, so that no reasonable and reflecting mind can entertain a doubt of the consequences which must ensue, if it should be allowed, to be carried into execution. Naturalists have doubted, whether the rattle of the rattle-snake should be considered as given to it, that other animals may be warned of the danger of its approach, or that it may, by sounding the alarm of danger, cause such consternation among them, as may ensure its success in seizing its victims. As it is sufficiently clear that the Bishop of Ferns, and others,

of the clergy, who have been brought forward in the discussion which the meeting has occasioned, have not been intimidated to the prostration of their faculties, we may conclude that; in this case at least, the rattle of an interfering vanity has been beneficially, however unintentionally, exercised, in admonishing us of our danger.

The publication of the report of this meeting naturally called forth that able and practised disputant, the Bishop of Ferns, to vindicate and protect the church, over a district of which he presides. His powers of controversy had been already tried, with distinguished and decisive success, on two distinguished Roman Catholics, Dr Milner of England, and Bishop Doyle of Ireland. He again buckled on his armour of proof, and the result has been the entire and melancholy discomfiture of a nobleman, whom the church had recently respected as one of its sincerest friends, and would still respect, if he would acknowledge himself convinced, and forego his schemes of innovation.

The Bishop of Ferns having addressed a letter of remonstrance to the Earl of Mountcashel, a correspondence ensued, which has already been extended to four long letters written by the Bishop, and three by the noble Earl. It was originally my intention to reduce the topics of these letters under their respective heads, in the briefest form of language, and, placing them in opposite columns, to afford an opportunity of a direct and distinct comparison. The correspondence has, however, been extended to so great a length, that I am forced to relinquish this plan; and the letters have been so generally read, that it may not be necessary to exhibit the topics of discussion with so much formality. I will, therefore, content myself with presenting a summary of each of the parts of the controversy. The letters are in the hands of every man, so that any mistatement may be easily corrected.

To the meeting convened at Cork, which the Bishop has denominated a lay-synod, he objected specifically, as he has himself stated in the beginning of his third letter, 1. That whatever abuses had crept into the church, were in a rapid progress of removal, the

most active exertions having been made, during a long series of years, to increase the effectiveness of the establishment, by all the means which the bishops have been able to employ; and 2. That, if the bishops had been negligent, yet the means employed by the Earl of Mountcashel were not only not the best within his power, but such as experience had proved to be most dangerous, both to the church and to the state. These were accordingly the main subjects of the controversy; various minor topics, however, were incidentally introduced and agitated in the course of the discussion. To the acrimonious observations which have fallen from either party in the heat of argument, I do not think it necessary, in this adjudication of the general question, to make any specific allusion.

The Bishop began the controversy with the second of the two principal topics, representing the *lay-synod* of Cork as naturally leading to the formation of a Parliamentary committee of religion, and to the adoption of a *petition of religion*, like that in which the commons censured the bishops in the year 1628, and by direct consequence to a renewal of the calamitous results of that proceeding. To this observation the Earl replied, by asserting, that the circumstances of the year 1628 were so different from those of the present time, that no inference, fairly applicable to the latter, could be collected from the former. It was stated in particular, that no danger should be apprehended from the measures of the meeting convened at Cork, as the persons there assembled were unanimous in approving the doctrines of the established church: to which the Bishop replied, that the persons who composed the meeting, at which petitions to Parliament were prepared in the year 1628, were perfectly at unity among themselves as to doctrine, and perfectly confident that their doctrines were those of the Church of England, yet their proceedings led to the subversion of that church, to the murder of the king, and to the ruin of the constitution. To the Earl's statement, that there were other causes of the disturbances of that unhappy time, the Bishop replied that he admitted the truth of the position, but contended that the attack made

on the church was employed as the means of success. To an assertion of the Earl, that, in the year 1628, the state of the two countries was more revolutionary than at the present time, England then preparing to shed a monarch's blood, and Ireland looking forward to that awful rebellion which broke out only thirteen years afterwards, it was answered by the Bishop, that, in the year 1628, neither was Ireland looking forward to the rebellion of the year 1641, nor England to the murder of the king; that in England no apprehension of a civil war appears to have been entertained before the meeting of the Long Parliament; and the historians of Ireland represent the country, in the time immediately preceding the rebellion of the year 1641, as particularly prosperous and tranquil; and that, on the contrary, Great Britain, and still more Ireland, is now in a state infinitely more revolutionary than at that time, and that all Europe is equally unsettled. It was, under this head, further remarked by the Bishop, that censures thrown out generally against those of the clergy, who do not belong to a particular class, distinguished as "the really pious," are among the very strongest proofs, that a spirit now exists exactly similar to that which prevailed in the unhappy times preceding the great rebellion in England. The Earl finally alleged, that, in the year 1628, the danger to which the church was exposed was threatened not by puritanism, but by Popery, accusing Charles I. of being influenced by his queen to favour Popery, and Archbishop Laud of introducing much of the ceremonial of Rome into the worship of the Protestant Church. That Charles I. was at all disposed to favour Popery is, however, directly, and with good reason, denied by the Bishop; and of the Archbishop, though he has not undertaken to defend his prudence, he, with not less reason, asserts, that he was in principle and doctrine a "genuine member of the Church of England.

In regard to Archbishop Laud I may add, from a narrative of the life of that prelate recently published, that he had the extraordinary felicity of leading back to the Church of England two of the most distinguished men of his time, who had strayed

from it in contrary directions—Chillingworth, who had lapsed into Popery, and John Hale, who, disgusted by the extravagances of the synod of Dort, had sought a refuge in Socinianism. This eminent man, whom the Earl of Mountcashel has, on the authority of puritans, represented as favouring the Church of Rome, did thus, on the contrary, maintain with firmness that middle station between opposite error, which belonged to his own, refuting on the one hand the pretensions of papal dictation, and on the other, the not less unscriptural dogmatism of human reasoning.

Concerning this part of the discussion I may surely conclude, that, if history has been justly described as *philosophy teaching by examples*, the whole force of argument is unanswerably on the side of the Bishop.

The other part of the second topic of discussion the Bishop maintains, by urging that, if the Earl of Mountcashel conceived the Bishops to be negligent of their duty, he might, in the first instance, have remonstrated with themselves; he might then, if his representations had proved ineffectual, have addressed himself to the minister; and he might, finally, as a peer, have claimed an audience of his Sovereign. No, says the Earl, I could not for want of time have recourse to any of these expedients, it being believed that a royal commission had been issued for enquiring into the state of the church. This the Bishop has, in his fourth letter, stated to be "the most extraordinary reason for resorting to an extraordinary measure, that ever was given; because," he adds, "the legitimate authority had commenced a regular enquiry into the state of the establishment, therefore it was necessary to call upon the people to come forward, and remonstrate upon the necessity of such an enquiry!" In this observation, however, I confess that I think the Bishop weak, and must give him up to his adversary. The conduct on which he has thus animadverted is not the *most* extraordinary, for, as the Bishop had previously remarked, the Earl had urged upon him and his brethren the duty of correcting abuses, which he knew, or might have known, to have been *already* corrected.

That laymen should have so interpo-

sed, the Earl has endeavoured to justify by the two acts of Parliament, passed in the reigns of Henry VIII. and Edward VI. for authorising a commission for examining and reporting on the canons of the church, to be composed in the one half of laymen. The Bishop has replied, that he does not question the abstract right of the laity to discuss the concerns of the church, but only the expediency of the mode in which that right had been exercised; and that, from a parliamentary appointment of commissioners, some of whom were laymen, for the specific purpose of examining the canons, it does not follow that any laymen may, at any time, voluntarily constitute themselves a committee of church grievances, and call upon all others to act in a similar manner. To this reply it may be added, that no other than a joint commission of clergymen and laymen could reasonably have been authorised for the purpose at that time contemplated, which was to modify the canons received from the church of Rome, so that they should not contain any thing prejudicial to the prerogative of the crown.

Having disposed of one of the two great topics of this controversy, I now proceed to review the other, in which the church is charged with many and gross abuses, imperatively demanding the interposition of the laity, for restoring it to its original purity, and rendering it at all sufficient for the discharge of its important functions. These charges, indeed, are such, and so various, that in perusing them, I have fancied that I was reading some of the denunciations published against the church of Rome in the period preceding the Reformation, as requiring to be visited for correction both in the head and in the members.

These charges may be reduced to the following classes:—1. That the bishops are generally appointed through the influence of political intrigue, and that confidence cannot be placed in them; 2. That the revenues of the church are not beneficially distributed; 3. That the parochial clergy are inattentive to their duty; 4. That the benefited clergy are covetous and griping; 5. That the clergy of England and Ireland are generally immoral. If

such a list of charges could indeed be justified in argument, no doubt can be entertained that the whole establishment ought to undergo a most severe revision.

In reply to that part of the first of these charges, which relates to the appointment of bishops, and was simply asserted, the Bishop has argued, that unless elections of bishops by the clergy, or by committees of the laity, be adopted, both which modes of appointment are exposed to the most serious objections, the right of nominating must be left with the crown, and consequently must be intrusted to the minister, who will occasionally suffer it to be affected by political influence; but he maintains, that in the last twenty-two years, no bishop can be shewn to have been appointed in Ireland with a view to political support. The representation of the Earl, that no confidence can be placed in the bishops, since they supported the relief bill, was answered, by remarking, that the bill had been opposed by a great majority of the bishops of the two countries, and that of the twenty-two bishops of Ireland, in particular, sixteen were adverse to the measure. The argument derived from the words, “by and with the advice and consent of the lords spiritual and temporal,” contained in the title of the statute, was easily refuted, by observing, that the same words would have been employed though not a single bishop had voted in favour of the measure, the two classes of peers being collectively taken as constituting one assembly.

The charge concerning the distribution of the revenues of the church involves two distinct considerations; First, That they are misapplied, in giving to the bishops excessive revenues, and in permitting the parochial clergy to hold unions and pluralities; and, Secondly, That sufficient provision has not been made for the comfortable maintenance of curates assistant, and for an increase of the parochial clergy proportioned to the entire population.

In answer to the former part of the charge, so far as it relates to the incomes of the bishops, it has been represented, that it appears from the testimony both of the Bishop of Limerick, and of Mr Foster, that the

average of the incomes of the Irish bishops does not exceed L.5000 of the late, or about L.4600 of the present currency, which is not more than is necessary for their station. The misconception of this matter arises from the great extent of the lands belonging to the several sees; it not being considered that at least four-fifths of the interest in those lands belong to the tenantry, who could not be dispossessed at once without a grievous seizure of private property, nor gradually by a general refusal of all renewals, without reducing the bishops to beggary during the existing leases, the rents being little more than nominal.

In regard to unions of parishes, the Bishop has remarked, that they are generally justified by the insufficiency of the incomes which they would severally afford, being in general vicarages entitled only to one-third part of the tithes, or curacies, the salaries of which are paid by the possessors of impropriate tithes, often less than L.10, never, in any instance known to the Bishop, so much as L.30, and nearly all destitute of churches, and unable to maintain them if they should be built. The power of forming temporary unions, he has further remarked, no longer remains with the bishops, a statute having been enacted in the year 1827, which renders the approbation of the Privy Council necessary to such an arrangement. It is also stated, in reply to a complaint of the noble Earl, that the livings attached to canonries, deaneries, and prebends, are either the rectorial tithes, with vicarages endowed, or, as is most generally the case in Ireland, parishes with cure of souls, on which the incumbents reside, their dignities being in general attended with no other emolument than the livings attached to them, and connected with no duty except that of preaching in the cathedral, which almost always is performed by deputy, paid by the individual for whom he officiates.

To this general account of unions, it is added, that for removing such unions as have been found to be inexpedient, the best measures have been already taken by the proper authorities. It is indeed very remarkable, that in the very meeting

over which the Earl of Mountcashel presided, and in which charges so grievous have been alleged against the established church, it was acknowledged even by Mr Sheriff Cummins, who had proposed the resolutions, that in the diocese in which the meeting had been convened, twenty-one combinations of livings, which he has named pluralities, had been within a few years reduced to three or four; and Mr Horace Townsend declared, that "he felt it but justice to the excellent and exemplary Bishop of Cloyne," the diocese in which both he and the noble Earl reside, "to say, that he was daily reforming the abuses that had crept into the diocese previous to his nomination to it; and that, in a very short time, he was confident he would render it free from any objection."

Of the improved management of the united dioceses of Cork and Ross, since the appointment of the present bishop, I am enabled to furnish an accurate, and a most satisfactory statement. Within that period, eleven unions have been broken up into twenty-four benefices, and the number of resident clergymen has been increased by thirty-five, the dissolution of the unions having added thirteen to the former number of benefices, and nineteen new congregations having been formed by building fifteen new churches, and licensing for divine worship four school-houses, in situations in which, through the want of money, churches could not be erected.

In regard to pluralities, I am enabled to state the most satisfactory amendment, which indeed has been progressive during more than the half of a century. These are enjoyed under a license granted by the Lord Primate; and Primate Robinson, who held the see of Armagh in the latter part of the last century, began the reformation, by limiting the indulgence to two benefices. The amendment was carried further by Primate Stuart, who refused to grant such a permission, if the benefices already enjoyed were a union, the yearly income of which exceeded a regulated, and very limited value. The present Primate has excluded every case of unions—has also confined the indulgence within the spe-

cified distance observed in England, and has, moreover, declared his determination to resist every application, even within these limits, which should not appear to be conducive to the general interest of the church.

It is contended by the Bishop, that neither could the incomes of the beneficed clergy be applied with advantage to the improvement of the situation of their curates assistant. The number of the beneficed clergy is about 1200, and that of their curates assistant about 600; and if the whole amount of the incomes of the benefices were divided equally among the whole number, the income of each would not be quite L.250, and but about L.187, if the number were made equal to that of parishes. Now, it is justly argued by the Bishop, that the great object is to encourage a sufficient number of well-educated persons to offer themselves for the ministry, and that this object is more surely attained by an inequality of incomes, than by a uniformity of provision so moderate as an equal distribution would afford.

In regard to the salaries of the curates assistant, the Bishop maintains, that every thing has been done five years ago which the law could do for their benefit. Ample provision has been made for them in the case of non-resident incumbents, and resident incumbents are bound to give the regulated stipend, it being, in this case, manifestly inexpedient to augment that stipend, as it might induce many incumbents, who now employ curates assistant, to undertake the entire discharge of their parochial duties. It is indeed remarkable, that the legislature has not made the regulations of the act applicable to lay impropiators, who accordingly have continued to pay their curates stipends much less than those allowed to them by the beneficed clergy. And here I must bear honourable testimony to the liberality of Lord Kilmorey, who, though not possessing the tithes of the church, but inheriting the lands and the exempt jurisdiction of the suppressed monastery of Newry, has liberally endowed the vicarage of that town

with a stipend of L.200, and two assistant curacies, each with a stipend of L.100.

The Earl has indeed combated the position of the Bishop, concerning the best encouragement to be offered to educated men, by observing that an expensive education is not necessary to the pious and the good; but the Bishop, in reply, has remarked, that the importance of education to a Christian minister is illustrated by the example of Paul, to whom "the care of all the churches" was intrusted, and by the character of the scribe, "instructed to the kingdom of heaven." I will add an observation, which may perhaps be deemed worthy of attention. Simple and illiterate men were first selected as apostles, because they were chosen chiefly to be witnesses, and the testimony of such men, in regard to facts, might best be trusted. But Paul, who was not of the number of witnesses, and was chosen to be the great leader and teacher of the Christian church, had enjoyed the best education which his time and nation afforded.

The third charge adduced against the church by the meeting, is, that the parochial clergy are inattentive to their duty. The proof offered is drawn from a consideration of the ignorant and depraved state of all classes of Protestants. This proof is repelled as to the imputation of the increase of ignorance, by pleading the attention which has been given to the education of the lower classes by the Association for Discountenancing Vice, particularly under the direction of the clergy, the schools being increased from three, to more than three hundred,* and the children attending catechetical and scriptural examinations, from a few hundreds, to nearly thirty thousand. It is repelled as to the imputation of the increase of crime, by alleging the very small number of Protestants executed in Ireland for capital offences.

The fourth charge, that the beneficed clergy are covetous and grasping, is sufficiently refuted by simply stating, that it appears, from the operation of the statute for compounding for tithe, that the demands

In this statement, the schools superintended by this particular Society, are alone considered, this being selected, because more especially directed by the clergy.

of the beneficed clergy, instead of amounting to a tenth of the gross produce, do not amount to a tenth of the rent, so that they must have relinquished two-thirds of their legal and just claims.

Last, comes the very serious charge of general immorality—and never, perhaps, was a charge so serious, and so extensive, urged with so small a proportion of proof. In support of it, the Earl has alleged, that various petitions have been presented against the clergy for immoral conduct to both Houses of Parliament. It was stated in reply, that not one petition of this kind has been presented against any of the clergy of Ireland, and one only against any of the clergy of England; and that in a body, consisting probably, for the two countries, of 18,000, some irregularities must be expected. The Earl, in his answer, contended, that it matters not whether petitions be presented or not, if flagrant cases can be proved; and that cases are, from time to time, brought into the ecclesiastical, and other courts, which prove his assertions to be true, while the apathy arising from ignorance, bribery, and corruption, together with the expensiveness of legal proceedings, often hinder a crowd of other charges from being brought to light. This second position, however, was in its turn abandoned; and the final statement of the Earl, in support of this grievous and sweeping imputation of general immorality, is, that “if only ten clergymen in the United Kingdom are openly immoral, through defects in legal enactments, there exists strong ground for calling for a remedy.” There is, says Touchstone, “much virtue in *if*.” The witty clown, however, could only see, that it is a good peace-maker. It now appears capable of affording a last refuge to the beaten disputant. Unhappily, however, in the present case, this retreat has been cut off by the Bishop, who has reminded the Earl that no meeting was necessary for such a purpose, since, as a Peer of Parliament, he might himself propose the measure.

In reviewing this very remarkable correspondence, I have not noticed incidental discussions concerning the first fruits of clerical incomes, and the expediency of proportioning the number of the Protestant clergy to

the whole population of Ireland, Roman Catholics together with Protestants, because they do not bear upon the main question concerning the necessity of reforming the present establishment. Neither have I entered into details of instances adduced by the Earl, to strengthen his positions, because it may be pronounced at once that these attempts, without a single exception, have proved only that the charges urged against the Established Church in the meeting, were framed without enquiry, and in opposition to facts which might easily have been ascertained. Above all, I have declined every allusion to those expressions of irritated feeling which unfortunately could not be suppressed in the discussion, but ought not to be retained in recollection, particularly by those who hold both the contending parties in respect; the one as a steady supporter of a Protestant constitution, the other as a powerful champion of a Protestant church.

Still, I would take the liberty of asking the noble Earl, not in the way of controversy, but in the way of remonstrance, Whether, in selecting this synod of reformers, care was employed to compose it only of persons who might justly claim credit with the public for more than ordinary interest in the advancement of religion, and for, if not a friendly feeling, at least an exemption from all hostility, in respect of the present establishment of the clergy? I would beg leave to ask the noble Earl, whether the number of these reformers of the church contains more than one other individual, besides himself, who even professes any zeal for religion, and whether that other individual is not, or has not very lately been, the self-appointed preacher in a conventicle? I would even ask, whether another of these reformers is not notorious for a habit of profane swearing, and has not been also distinguished by his opposition to the incumbent of his parish, in regard to the application of the statute for compounding for tithe? I would ask, indeed, whether most of these reformers are not men who have had disputes with the incumbents of their respective parishes, in regard to their incomes? Nay, I would ask the noble Earl whether he has not himself been

for a long time one of the belligerent laymen who struggle to compel the parochial clergy to relinquish, for the sake of peace, a large portion of their legal demands? After these enquiries it would be comparatively unimportant to enquire, what right do the two secretaries derive, either from age, from property, or from any other pretension, to claim the attention of the public for their opinions on this solemn subject?

If these questions could receive answers favourable to the character of the meeting, I might then ask, how it happened, that a number of religious men, sincerely attached to the existing establishment, did not shrink from their undertaking when Mr Bennett appeared among them, to suggest and to advocate the plunder of the church? Should not his appearance and his speeches have at once instructed them in the dangerous tendency of the measure in which they were engaged? Can the public, from the report of their proceedings, come to any other conclusion, than either that they secretly agreed with Mr Bennett in the principle of spoliation; or, at least, that they are men who would prosecute their favourite plan in utter disregard of the most manifest peril?

To the Earl of Mountcashel individually I would make my last appeal, believing him to be anxious for the advancement of religion, and respecting him for his tried firmness of political principle. I would entreat him to banish from his mind any acrimonious feeling which the correspondence might have generated, and to consider dispassionately with himself, whether from this very cor-

respondence he has not learned to think more favourably of the actual state of our common church, than he had thought, when he consented to take the chair in the meeting. With this view, let me remind him, that in the course of the correspondence, it has been stated to him by the Bishop, that since the union, or within thirty years, 500 churches have been built in Ireland, 54 are now in progress of building, and 99 have been enlarged; that 519 glebe-houses have been built within the same period, and 27 are now in progress; and that even greater exertions would have been made, if the discontinuance of Parliamentary grants had not hindered the bishops from complying with one-tenth of the applications latterly made to them for assistance. To be overcome in argument by the best disputant of the time, is no disparagement to the noble Earl. To discover that an attentive and active bishop is better acquainted with the condition of the church than himself, is not more than might have been expected. If he has committed an error, by suffering himself to be put forward in an ill-considered scheme of reformation, it is in his own power to rectify it most effectually by an acknowledgment, which would be honourable to his candour. We would readily ascribe his late proceeding to feelings wounded by the success of a measure, which has deprived the Established Church of its constitutional protection.

I am, sir,

Your obedient servant,
G. M.

10th December, 1829.

ON THE ART OF DRESSING THE HUMAN BODY.

WE are surprised that people do not follow our example in other things, and adapt their appearance and costume of body, at least, to the different seasons of the year, if they cannot, like us, change the shape and fashion of their thoughts. We beheld a man, the other day, fluttering along Prince's Street, with light jane trowsers, and a white straw hat. Has the animal no perception of changes in the atmosphere; or, as we rather suspect, has he only one pair of nether habiliments in the world? However it may be, he ought to be kept in solitary confinement; for the man who would outrage public decorum in this way, would have little scruple in murdering his nearest relation. We are offended every time we walk the streets, with a thousand instances of similar insanity. A person, in the heats of June or July, comes sweltering up to us buckled in a prodigious great-coat, which he probably terms a surtout; and carries his head tight on his shoulders by the aid of two or three neckcloths, which would smother an ordinary mortal in December. Another fellow hobbles past us in a pair of immense Wellington boots, or, at least, with his ankles thickly enveloped in prodigious gaiters—an article of wearing apparel which is at once the most snobbish and disagreeable. We ourselves are of a peculiarly delicate constitution, and, above all, are liable to sore throats from the easterly winds. But what is the use of all the precautions we can use, if fellows will wriggle past us dressed so thinly that their own miserable bloodless bodies chill the air more completely than Eurys himself could do, with Leslie's freezing machine in his hand, and an iceberg in each pocket? We are convinced that our last cough, from which, indeed, we are scarcely yet recovered, was inflicted on us by a man in nankeen trowsers, who stood beside us several minutes as we waited for a friend by the Glasgow mail. These things ought to be looked to a little more closely; and if people would only have the sense to dress by a thermometer, it would shew more wisdom than we are at present dis-

posed to allow them. There might, by a very slight change of the present style, be a graduated scale of dress. In summer, instead of having the thermometer at 80 in the shade, the mercury might be made to rise to the words silk stockings and nankeens—as it gradually descended, it might point to cotton stockings, boots, cloth trowsers, drawers, and jackets, till at last it sunk fairly down to great-coats, worsted gloves, and Belcher fogles. As to the colour of the habiliments, that, of course, ought to be left to the taste of the individual; but all men should not wrap themselves in windings of exactly the same tints and shades. No sooner does some colour come down strongly recommended from some London candidate for the Fleet, than universal Edinburgh appears in the same hue. Say the colour fixed upon is green—forth stalks a writer's clerk, fresh from the Orkneys, with a back as broad as his desk, and whiskers as red as his sealing-wax, and struts about in a few days in the livery of Oberon and the Fairies. People with faces more lugubrious than if their aunts had recovered from a fever, make up, by the gaiety of their dress, for the funereal expression of their features. White hats are cocked up with a ludicrous jauntiness over grizzled locks on which a nightcap would be more becoming; and, in short, without reference to age, size, character, or profession, every man struts forth as nearly in the fashion as he can. But “what have we with men to do?” Let us advert to the ladies—Not unto thee, O thin-lipped and narrow-shouldered virgin, blooming on, like the other evergreens, in thy fifty-second winter, with a nose thin and blue as a darning needle, and a countenance with the amiable expression of a bowl of skim milk, are these observations directed; useless were any care upon thy toilet, unnoticed the elegance of thy head-dress, unremarked the beauty of thy gown. For thee the plainest and least distinguished garments are the most appropriate, and those,

“Like thine own planet in the west,
When half conceal'd, are loveliest.”

So, beware of low necks, short

sleeves, or petticoats one inch above thy shoe. But to you, ye maids and matrons, from sixteen up to sixty, would an old man offer gentle and friendly advice; and, we beseech you, lay it seriously to your hearts, whether they beat in the gaiety and gladness of youth and beauty, behind the folds of a snowy muslin kerchief, or rest quiet and contented in married and matronly sedateness, beneath the warm Chinchilla tippit, and comfortable and close-pinned India shawl.

In the first place, let no one look, unless with loathing and contempt, at the fashions for the month. Let every one be her own pattern, and dress according to her figure, size, and complexion, and not according to the caprice or whim of another. If a great Leviathan, who happens to set the mode, chooses to envelope her acres of back and bosom in drapery so wide as to make it impossible to discover where the apparel ends, and where the natural contour begins; why, oh why, our own dear Jane, should you hide the fall of your shoulders, or the symmetry of your waist, in the same overwhelming and fantastic habiliments? Why change the rounded elegance of your own white and beautiful arm for the puffed-out, pudding-shaped sleeves which the sapient in millinery call *gigot de mouton*? Consult your mirror only for one single moment, and ask yourself, if a stiff frumpt-up Queen-Mary frill suit with the laughing playfulness of your eyes, or the gay and thoughtless expression of your mouth. By no means. Leave that and all other stiff articles of apparel to the large hazel-eyed imperial sort of beauties; but let one simple string of pearls hang on your blue-veined neck, and a thin gauze handkerchief rest carelessly on your shoulders. Hast thou dark waving ringlets? Oh maid, whose eyes now cast a halo of their own light over our pages, let red roses and pale honeysuckle nestle amid their tresses! Do thy blue eyes shine, like stars of joy, beneath the fleecy clouds of thy light-falling hair? Twine a green wreath to encircle thy brow, of the leaves of the lemon-plant, holly, or even the cypress-tree. But why should a gentle young maiden wear any ornaments in her hair at all? Far better, and far

lovelier, are her simple tresses. The days of diamond combs, and pearl circlets, have luckily gone by, and pure is the delight to behold a face, radiant with smiles and beauty, half hid, in its playfulness and mirth, beneath a veil of falling curls, loose, wandering, and unconfined. There are some figures which dress cannot spoil, but there are none which dress may not improve. We have before us now at the table on which we write, a girl, beautiful, indeed, in herself, but so plainly, and yet so tastefully dressed, as to add to her natural loveliness. She has light brown hair, clustering thickly down her cheek; her blue eyes are fixed intently on a book, while her rosy lips seem to move unconsciously, and her brow to assume an appearance of intense excitement under the inspiration of what she is reading. She wears a plain white gown; a pink-coloured kerchief in vain endeavours to conceal the heavings of her breast; no necklace is round her throat—and, above all, none of those revolting remnants of barbarity—ear-rings—destroying the chaste simplicity of her cheek and neck. And what is there in all that? A thousand girls dress simply and elegantly in white gowns, a thousand wear no ornaments in their hair, and thousands upon thousands submit to no manacles in their ears; and yet, with many, this unadorned style would not be the most becoming. Give bracelets on the wrist, and aigrettes in her locks, to the flashing-eyed flirt; dress her in gay-coloured silks, and let rings sparkle on every finger as she lifts it in playful and heartless gaiety to captivate some large-eyed, wide-mouthed spoon, who thinks she cares only for him;—but to the meek and gentle daughters of our hearts, the noiseless spirits of our homes, give drapery pure and spotless as their thoughts, and white as the snowy bosoms which it covers.

And yet, since truth must be spoken, the style of dress in the present day is certainly more becoming than the monstrosities we remember some years ago. The short waists were our utter abomination. Men's buttons took post exactly on the tip of their shoulder-bones, while the swallow-tails dangled their immensity of length till they tapered off below the

knees like the tail of an ourang-outang. The ladies were equally ridiculous. The bend of their figures was entirely destroyed; and as to the waist of a very sylph of twenty years of age, it was in no respect, unless by its superior breadth, to be distinguished from any other part of her form. At that time the backs of all the ladies in his Majesty's dominions were so precisely the same in appearance, that few men could recognise even their wives and daughters, unless they were gifted by nature with lameness or a hump. All distinctions of age were lost in the universal destitution of shape. Matrons of forty-five were by no means to be detected; even the mature ages of sixty and sixty-three, as long as the faces were concealed, reaped all the admiration due to twenty and twenty-five. Life and admiration were a complete puzzle to the most attentive observers. Impossible was it for Œdipus himself to discover whether the object of his praise, who so gracefully walked the whole length of Prince's Street before him, was old enough for his grandmother or young enough for his child. We remember an odd adventure happening to ourselves. We were at that time poor, and then, as at all other times, handsome, good-natured, and obliging, and, of course, very much admired. This admiration, however, we are bound in candour to allow, was much more warm among the maids than the matrons of our acquaintance, and between us and one of them, who, besides a beautiful face, had an estate in Ayrshire, and expectations from her uncle, we confess the admiration was mutual. The mother, who was as watchful as mothers of rich daughters always are, did not seem quite to approve of our approaches; of which we had a gentle hint one day, when he requested our absence from her house, and begged to have the pleasure of a discontinuance of our acquaintance. Water thrown on flame makes it only burn the stronger, and a little opposition is the soul of love. We corresponded—blessings on the black-eyed waiting-maid! and agreed one day to meet. We went, and walking before us, we saw a figure which set our blood dancing in our veins. We followed—"Who," we exclaimed, "can gaze on that dear green silk

gown, nor guess what a lovely form is enshrouded below it? Who can see that nodding umbrella-looking bonnet, nor guess what sparkling eyes and snowy teeth and rosy cheeks it maliciously conceals beneath it?" We saw her step into Montgomery's, she stood at the counter—"Now, now, we shall hear her voice, and see her beloved countenance again." In an instant we were beside her, and, with beating heart and quivering lips, whispered in her ear—"Have you come at last? have you escaped the old dragon, your mother?" Our tongue clove to our mouth, our eyes glared like Roman candles, our lips trembled, and the last thing we remember was the voice of the servant-maid crying, "John, John, bring some water here, a gentleman's in a fit!" It was her mother! When we recovered, the vision had disappeared; but woful were the consequences to us. We had fallen half across the counter; and after with our dexter arm demolishing two dozen tumblers, six glasses of jelly, and a marriage cake, we had subsided with our left arm among seven-and-thirty cranberry tarts, and finally got half choked as we sunk with our head totally immersed in an enormously wide-mouthed jar of pickled cabbages. This, in more senses than one, was the demolition of our suit; and fervently have we hated short waists, and watchful mothers, since that memorable day. More particularly, as before our cheek was healed, which we cut among the tumblers, or our three teeth become firm, which we loosened upon the counter, our love was married to an English dragoon, who, we understand, is going to stand for a rotten borough on the strength of her Ayrshire estate. Hundreds of similar mistakes, we have no hesitation in believing, rose from the doubtful waists, the medium aniceps, of maid, wife, and widow. Now, however, these things are somewhat better managed. Now that nature is left comparatively to herself, it is impossible for any one to walk *towards* you, creating wonder and fear from the ghastliness and wrinkles of her face, and, as you turn round to wonder who has passed, to walk away *from* you, creating love and admiration from the beauty and gracefulness of her back. For

the sameness of the colours in general use, we are still, no doubt, much to blame. But greatly as we approve of an independent exertion of each individual's taste in the selection and combining of her hues and shades, horrible and truly abominable is the search after singularity which actuates some of the ladies whom we have lately seen. Low-bosomed gowns are happily not in vogue; but wherefore, because every thing is not revealed, should every thing be totally covered up and hidden? Have not we seen ladies with their necks entirely and closely buckled round in a thick stuff stomacher, and looking as starched and stiff as a half-pay Lieutenant, whose military surtout is always (except on Mondays, when his shirt is clean) buttoned tightly over his black leather stock, for the double purpose of shewing his chest, and saving the necessity of a waistcoat? Haven't we known some of them, because ornaments which were useless were voted ungenteel, get quit even of their watches, sell them for the benefit of Bible Societies, and enrol themselves members of clubs for the making of shirts and flannel drawers for the poor and destitute? "Oh, save," as Mr Bowles says in his beautiful, and in many places his sublime poem, of Banwell Hill—"Oh, save us from the tract-mad Miss,

"Who trots to every Bible club, and prates

Of this awakening minister and that,
She 'sat under!'"

A slavish adherence to custom is very bad; but an absolute running counter to it is equally so. A dress which is in accordance with the age, complexion, and situation of any one, can never be wondered at as out of the way, nor laughed at as not being in the fashion. If people go to condole with an acquaintance on the death of her husband, which happened the last week, it would perhaps not be quite correct to do so on their way to a ball, with spangles glistening over their gowns, and silver laurel-leaves shining on their foreheads. But perhaps as bad as this would it be, to go to an assembly dressed "in the sable suits of woe," to waltz with a widow's veil upon their heads, or jump through a reel

with weepers on their sleeves. Dresses ought to be adapted also to the occupation the wearer intends to pursue. How ridiculous a gentleman would appear if he dug in his garden with white kid gloves on his hands, and dancing shoes on his feet! How absurd a lady would seem, mending her husband's worsted stockings, dressed all the time in her ball-room finery! But enough of this. Fathers have odd fancies, and dress their family more in accordance with their own taste than their daughters' appearances. We called, when we were last in Suffolk, on an old friend of ours, whom we had not seen for many years. He was a humorist in his way, and was blessed with the most complete credulity, mixed with the least quantity of shrewdness, of any matter-of-fact individual we ever knew. Old Simon's reception of us was kind, his invitation to stay with him was pressing, and we stayed. The room in which we saw him was remarkably well furnished; but the sun was shining bright—it was the middle of summer—and the whole apartment was one blaze of light. The curtains of the windows were of the most dazzling yellow—the carpet was yellow, with here and there a blue spot on it—the walls were yellow—the grate was yellow—the chairs and sofas all of the same hue—and all the pictures round the room were enshrined in bright yellow frames. Our old friend himself, from the reflection of the colour, was as yellow in the face as a jaundiced man, or a new brass button; and our eyes began to be affected by gazing on the same changeless, unmitigated tint. We asked him for a snuff, and a yellow box containing Lundifoot was immediately put into our hands. We drew from our pocket a handkerchief, which unfortunately was of the fated hue. "Beautiful handkerchief!" exclaimed our friend; "such a very lovely colour! Pray, sir, let me see. Aye, real Bandana; and such a bright glowing yellow!"—"Yes," we replied, resolving to play a little on the simplicity of our friend; "it is a good handkerchief; and it is sometimes right to run a little risk, though a cloth of any other shade would do just as well, and not be at all dangerous."—

"Dangerous! risk!" exclaimed our yellow friend, with a slight tinge of blue spreading over his features—"What can you be talking of? Yellow is the very best colour of them all. My gig is yellow—my carriage is yellow—I keep no birds but canaries—and what do you talk about risks and dangers for?"—"Then you haven't heard the discovery made by the German metaphysicians, that our thoughts take the colour of what is presented to the senses?—Yellow is a most dangerous colour—yellow thoughts make people misers, pickpockets, and murderers."—"God have mercy upon us all! if that's the case; for I'm sure my thoughts must be yellow, beyond the power of man to change them. My wife's thoughts must be yellow as this sofa. And Mary, poor dear yellow-thoughted Mary! what shall I do to dye them?"—"Give them a slight infusion," we said, as solemnly as possible, "of blue damask furniture; and let Mary be feasted on a green silk pelisse."—"Ah now," said our friend, "I know you're only joking.—Curse metaphysics! I never could understand a word of them in my life. Feast on a green-silk pelisse! Ha, ha! I'll tell Mary what a supper you propose."—"No, sir—serious as a judge—even in the time we have been here, we feel as if ill of the yellow fever."—"Fever!" cried Simon, wofully alarmed; "is it infectious? How pale you look! Shall I ring the bell, sir? Mary, Mary, do leave the room; the yellow fever is raging here already; and all from these confounded yellow curtains! The gentleman has swallowed a sofa-cover!—How do you feel now, sir?"—"A few yards, properly applied, of a dark green crumb-cloth, would be very advantageous. A black coal-scuttle would also be a great relief." We looked at Mary as we said this, and saw a very pretty little girl of

seventeen or eighteen, dressed all in the everlasting colour—yellow from top to toe, her very hair being slightly golden, and her sandals of yellow silk. Her mother also came in, and was closely followed by a servant in yellow livery. All seemed fixed in the utmost astonishment. We ourselves sat quietly on the sofa, after having bowed to the ladies; while Simon went on with a string of questions and exclamations, which were totally unintelligible to them; and ended at last with a denunciation of his favourite furniture, which seemed to give great satisfaction to his wife and daughter. "We were remarking to Mr Yellowly, when you came in, madam," we said to the lady, in our usual bland and insinuating manner, "that we thought this room would be somewhat improved by the addition of some furniture of a different colour, and he seems now to agree with us in opinion."—"God bless me!" cried Simon, stopping short in his walk—"I understood you to say you had been infected by the furniture with the yellow fever; that the fever had made you mad, and you wished to swallow a crumb-cloth, and sup on the coal-scuttle. Mary was to eat a green pelisse, and you, my dear, were to be treated with an infusion of a chest of drawers." We immediately explained; and the ladies, who seemed accustomed to Simon's absurdities, were easily satisfied of his mistake; more especially as he promised them dresses of the colours they themselves should prefer; and we saw the pretty Mary, before our departure, in a gown of the purest white, a deep blue ribbon round her waist, with white silk stockings and black shoes; which, to the young, the simple, and the unaffected, is the handsomest and most interesting dress they can possibly put on.

THE HEADSMAN.

A TALE OF DOOM.

On a dark and gusty evening in November 178—, three students at a university in Northern Germany were sitting with Professor N. around the stove of his study. These four individuals had in the morning accompanied a much-valued friend, who was finally quitting the university, on the first stage of his journey homeward, and had returned at the full speed of their jaded horses, to reach the city before the closing of the gates. On arrival within the ramparts, they were invited by the Professor to drown their parting sorrow in a bowl of punch, and accompanied him to his abode, where they sat for some time gazing at the crackling firewood in the stove, and musing in silent melancholy upon the social and endearing qualities of the friend with whom they had parted—perhaps for ever. Meanwhile the materials for the most cheering of all potations lay untouched upon the table, the candles remained unlighted and forgotten, and, as if by tacit agreement, the friends continued to indulge in retrospective musings until the twilight waned into darkness, and the flickering light from the open door of the stove just enabled each of them to discern the saddened features of his neighbour. When returning to the city, their exhausted spirits had been painfully jarred by the spectacle, so rare in Germany, of a scaffold erecting without the ramparts for the execution of a murderer. Some remarks of the humane Professor upon the crime and punishment of the condemned did not tend to cheer the young men, who replied in monosyllables, and were pondering in mute and melancholy excitement upon the awful catastrophe so near at hand, when a tap at the door made them all start from the reverie in which they had been too deeply absorbed to hear any one ascending the stairs. "Come in," at length shouted the Professor, after pausing a little to recollect himself. The door was gently opened, and the dying flame in the stove threw its last blaze upon the pallid features of a tall and handsome youth, who entered the

room with diffidence, and enquired if Professor N. was at home. "Here I am, my dear Julius," answered the kind Professor, as he rose from his chair, and grasped with cordial pressure the hand of the enquirer. "Can I do any thing to oblige you?"

"I have called upon you to request a favour," answered the stranger hesitatingly, as he surveyed with searching looks the three students, whose features were not distinguishable in the Rembrandt chiaro-scuro of the Professor's study.

"If no secret," said the Professor briskly, as he replenished his stove with beech-wood, "explain yourself freely. All present are my particular friends, and certainly no enemies of yours. Say, my dear boys! you all know and respect our worthy Harpocrates?"

The students briefly assented, and the Professor invited the stranger to take a seat near the fire, which, darting playfully through the pile of beech, soon roared loudly up the chimney. "I believe that Lieutenant B. is your near relation?" began the pale youth, in tones which betrayed an inward tremour.

"He is my nephew," replied the Professor.

"I have understood," continued the stranger, "that he will command the detachment ordered on duty at the execution to-morrow. I am particularly desirous to stand near the criminal at the moment of decapitation, and wish, through your kind interference with the lieutenant, to obtain admission within the circle."

"By all means," answered the Professor. "My nephew has invited me to accompany him, but I have declined it, and I must own that your request surprises me no little. How is it, my dear Julius, that you, who are by nature and habit so gentle and fastidious, can seek such strong aliment as the near inspection of a public execution? Even I, who served three campaigns in the artillery before I betook myself to mathematics, could not face a catastrophe so appalling."

"I study anatomy as an amateur,"

replied Julius, somewhat disconcerted; "and, as I may eventually embrace the medical profession, it is essential to my purpose to steel my nerves by inuring them to every trying spectacle."

"You are right, Julius!" exclaimed the Professor, with cordial assent. "Trials are the fostering element of great hearts and lofty natures. To become great in any thing, we must take the Egyptian test, and purify our feeble minds by passing through fire and water. Call upon me to-morrow morning at seven. I will introduce you to my nephew, and he shall give you a place near the headsman. And now, not another word on this painful subject, which has haunted us ever since we heard the workmen hammering the scaffold this afternoon. So cheer up, my dear boys! Light the candles, and fill your meerschaums, while I compound a bowl of such punch as Anacreon would have made, had he known how.—No, no! my dear Julius," he continued, seizing the arm of the young stranger, who was rising to depart. "A friendly chance has brought you into our cordial circle, and I must insist upon your remaining my guest."

In vain did the three students, by whom Julius was more respected than liked, indicate by significant looks their objection to his stay; the benevolent Professor, who had long observed, with better feelings than curiosity, the pale features and habitual depression of a youth distinguished by great intellectual promise, persevered in his hospitable attempt, and at length succeeded in subduing his visible reluctance to stay.

Julius Arenbourn had been three years a student at the university, but his retiring habits and invincible taciturnity had hitherto prevented any free and amicable communion with his fellow-students. His name was that of a Swiss, or of a Strasburger; and, although he spoke German with facility, there were certain peculiarities of accent and idiom in his language which betrayed a longer familiarity with French; he shunned, however, all intercourse with the Swiss and French students at the university, and his country and connexions were still a matter of conjecture. His engaging person and address, and the dejection so legibly written in his

countenance, had excited on his arrival an immediate and general impression in his favour, but he shunned alike exclusive intimacy and general intercourse; his replies were either common-places or monosyllables; and as the unhappy and reserved find little sympathy from the young and joyous, his fellow-students dubbed him the Harpocrates of the university, and left him to solitude and self-communion.

The kind-hearted Professor, desirous to lead this interesting youth into habits of social ease and intimacy with the students present, exerted his colloquial powers, and endeavoured to lead them into general conversation; but his benevolent endeavours were baffled by the ineradicable impression which the approaching execution had made upon the mind of every student of good feeling in the university; and the successive attempts of the Professor were succeeded by long intervals of brooding and melancholy silence. At length, one of the young men, notwithstanding his host's prohibition, could no longer refrain from adverting to this all-absorbing subject. "Excuse me, Professor," he began, "but I find it impossible to withdraw my thoughts, even for a moment, from the present situation of the poor wretch who is so soon to bend his neck to the executioner. It appears to me, that the intervening hours of deadly and rising terror, are the real and atoning punishment, and not the friendly blow which releases him from the fear of death. Even the reprieve, sometimes granted on the scaffold, is no compensation for terrors so intense. The criminal has already died many deaths, and the new existence, thus tardily bestowed, can be compared only with the revival of the seeming dead in his coffin. Gracious Heaven!" he continued, with shuddering emotion, "how dreadfully bitter must be the sensations of the poor fellow at this moment!"

"In all probability," replied another student, "he has either made up his mind to the impending catastrophe, or he finds sustaining consolation in the hope of a reprieve. At all events, his reflections must have, in my opinion, a more justified character than those of the wretch, who, before another sunset, with a firm

eye and unsparing hand, with as little remorse as the butcher who kills a lamb, will shed the blood of a fellow-creature—of one who never injured him in deed or thought—who will kneel to him with folded hands, and humbly stretch his neck to the fatal blow. Verily, I think that I would rather thus suffer death, than thus inflict it.”

“Does not this view of the subject,” remarked the third student, “justify, in some measure, the so often ridiculed prejudice of the uneducated multitude, who pronounce an executioner infamous, because they cannot otherwise define the disgust which his appearance, even across a street, invariably excites? And may not this association of ideas be grounded on a religious feeling? The Mosaic law provided a sanctuary for the blood-guilty who had committed murder in sudden wrath; and, except in cases of rare enormity, compassion for the criminal must tend to increase the popular detestation of a man, who, in consideration of a good salary, is ever ready to shed the blood of a fellow-creature.”

“For the honour of human nature,” observed the Professor, “I will hope that, could we read the hearts of many who fulfil this terrible duty to society, we should behold, both before and during its exercise, strong feelings of reluctance and compassion. I can conceive, too, that those who have by long habit become callous to their vocation, are by no means destitute of kindly feeling in matters unconnected with their calling; but I do not comprehend how any man can voluntarily devote himself to an office, which excludes him for life from the sympathy and society of his fellow-men; nor do I believe that this terrible vocation is ever adopted, except by those who, through early training, or a long course of crime, have blunted the best feelings of human nature.”

Julius, who had hitherto been a silent but attentive listener, now addressed the Professor with an animation which surprised all present. “You must excuse me, Professor,” said he, “if I dissent from your last

remark. You seem to have overlooked the fact, that the numerous individuals devoted to this melancholy office, in Germany and France, compose two large families severally connected by intermarriages and adoptions. In France especially, the executioner is under a compulsory obligation to transmit his office to one of his sons, who grows up with a consciousness of this necessity; and, being systematically trained to it, he submits, in most instances, without repining, to his painful lot. If the executioner has only daughters, he adopts a young man, who becomes his son-in-law and successor. I knew an instance of adoption which affords decisive evidence, that even a youth of education and refinement, of spotless integrity, diffident, gentle, and humane to a fault, may be compelled, by the force of circumstances, to undertake an office from which his nature recoils with abhorrence, and from which, in this instance, the party would have been saved by a higher degree of moral courage.”

It was here remarked by one of the students, that cruel propensities and a want of courage were perfectly compatible.

“But I am speaking of a *good* man,” warmly rejoined Julius, “and good in the best and most comprehensive sense of the word. A man, not only pure from all offence, but of primitive and uncorrupted singleness of heart. For the truth of this I can pledge myself, for I know him well.”

At this undisguised avowal of his acquaintance with a public executioner, his auditors looked at him, and at each other, with obvious dismay. “Oh!” continued he, with a mournful smile, while his pale face was flushed with strong emotion, “wonder not at this acknowledgment. I can assure you, that, on my part, the acquaintance was involuntary; and had we not already devoted too much time to this painful subject, I could, by relating this headsman’s strange and eventful history, fully vindicate my opinion of him, and of the unhappy caste to which he belongs.”

* Throughout Germany, public executioners are called infamous, and are shut out of the pale of society. A similar feeling prevailed in France before the Revolution.

The Professor, who thought that the detail of an interesting story would excite in the three students a friendly feeling for the melancholy narrator, besought him earnestly to indulge them with the recital. "In our present frame of mind," he added, "your narrative will lay a strong hold, and will doubtless tend to reconcile our various opinions."

The students warmly seconded the Professor's entreaties, and, thus called upon, Julius could no longer hesitate to comply. A flush of timidity, or of some more deeply-seated feeling, darkened his pale forehead, while he paused some moments as if to collect his firmness for a trying effort. He then began, in tones which, although tremulous at first, became deep and impressive as he proceeded; while the Professor and his friends, little prepared to expect any continuous recital from one who rarely uttered a connected sentence, listened with strong and rising interest to the following narrative.

It is about five-and-thirty years since a murderer was condemned to suffer death by the sword, at a town in western Normandy; and, on the morning of the execution, two senior pupils of the Jesuit-seminary went, by permission of their superiors, to view a spectacle of rare occurrence in that province. The cordial intimacy subsisting between these youths, had long been a problem, both to their teachers and school-fellows. So widely different, indeed, were they in appearance and character, and so harshly did the ferocity and cunning of the one, contrast with the pure and gentle habits of the other, that they were called the "Wolf and the Lamb."

The older of them, named Bartholdy, was a native of Strasburg, tall and robust in person, but high-shouldered, stooping, and in dress and gait slovenly and clownish. His yellow visage was deeply furrowed with the small-pox, and his remarkably large and staring eyes, which were of a pale and milky blue, indicated a dulness bordering on imbecility. This appearance, however, was belied by his habitual cunning, and by the dexterity with which he often contrived to exculpate himself under criminatory circumstances. His

spreading jawbones, large mouth, and coarsely-moulded lips, truly betokened his proneness to sensual gratifications; and the collective expression of his forbidding features was so remarkable, that a single glance sufficed to fix it in the memory for ever. It was rumoured in the seminary, that this youth had been sent by his friends to a school so remote from Strasburg in consequence of some highly culpable irregularities; and certainly these rumours were justified by occasional instances of wolfish ferocity and deliberate duplicity, for which he was severely, but vainly punished.

Florian, the friend of Bartholdy, although nearly of the same age, was shorter by the head. His figure was slender and elegant—his countenance eminently prepossessing and ingenuous. His complexion was of that pure red and white, through which every flitting emotion is instantaneously legible. His hazel eyes sparkled with intelligence; locks of glossy chestnut curled round his fair and open forehead; and there was about his lips and smile a winning grace, which, at maturer age, would have been thought too feminine. Although not regularly handsome, there was in his form and features that harmonious configuration which is termed beauty of character, and which, when accompanied by the correspondent moral graces of gentleness and refinement, often lays a more enduring hold of the affections than beauty of a more dignified and masculine order. An habitual and blushing timidity of address, of which he was painfully conscious, made him shrink from a free and general intercourse with his fellow pupils. He had few friends, because his bashful habits had made him fastidious and reserved; but his gentle and unassuming deportment, and the invariable sweetness of his temper, endeared him to the few who had penetration enough to discern his real merits; and so far recommended him to all, that the existence of an enemy was impossible.

Thus widely opposite in physical and moral attributes were Florian and Bartholdy; and yet, so cordial appeared their attachment, so incessant was their intercourse, that the presiding Jesuits could only solve this

psychological enigma by conjecturing that Bartholdy, whose fierce temper and great bodily strength made him detested, and shunned by every other boy, had found in the gentle sympathies of the unspoiled and credulous Florian a relief, which long habit had made essential to him. It is probable, too, that the oftenguilt, and ever equivocal Bartholdy, had found a protecting influence in the warm adherence of one whose purity of mind and character were universally acknowledged. His specious reasoning rarely failed to convince the confiding Florian that he was unjustly accused, and on several occasions he was screened from well-merited punishment by the favourable testimony of a friend whose veracity was above all suspicion.

Florian, on the other hand, was flattered by the consciousness of his power to protect one so much feared by all but himself, and whom he thought unjustly persecuted. He was bound to him also by the tie of gratitude, for the protection which he derived from the size and strength of Bartholdy when insulted or aggrieved in the quarrels which so often occur in large seminaries. Gradually, however, this exclusive intercourse with one so generally detested, alienated from Florian the good-will of his schoolfellows. Even the few who had most esteemed him, now shunned his society; and the two friends, finding themselves excluded from all participation in the sports and feelings of others, became more than ever essential to each other. This enduring intimacy of two beings so opposite had been long watched by the Jesuits who conducted the establishment; but, with their wonted sagacity, they forbore to check this singular friendship; not, however, in the hope of any amelioration in the habits of Bartholdy, but with a view to learn from the unqualified sincerity of Florian, what the duplicity of the other would have concealed. Hoping that the trying spectacle of a public execution would make a salutary impression upon the hitherto callous feelings of Bartholdy, the reverend fathers had permitted him and his friend to be present on this awful occasion. Florian, who, at the urgent and often repeated entreaties of Bartholdy, had applied

for this permission, followed him with reluctant steps, and a heart beating with terror, and was prevented only by the jeers and remonstrances of his companion from running back to school, and burying his head under his bed-clothes, until the rush of the excited multitude, and the deep rolling of the drums and deathbells, had ceased. As usual, however, his complying temper yielded to the persuasion of his plausible and reckless friend, with whom he gained an elevated station, and so near the scaffold as to enable them to discern the features of the hapless criminal. Florian saw him kneel before the headsman; the broad weapon glittered in the sunbeams, and the assumed firmness of the trembling gazer utterly failed him. An ashy paleness overspread his features; his joints shook with terror; and closing his eyes, he saved himself from falling by clinging to the arm of Bartholdy, who, with unshaken nerves, opened to their full extent his large dull eyes, and glutted his savage curiosity by gazing with intense eagerness on the appalling scene. In a few seconds the severed head fell upon the scaffold; the headsman's assistant, grasping the matted locks, held it aloft to the gazing crowd; and Bartholdy exclaimed, with heartless indifference, "Come along, Florian! 'tis all over, and capitally done! I would bet a louis that you saw nothing, and yet your face looks as white as if it had left your shoulders. Be more a man, Florian. If thus daunted at the sight of another's execution, how would you face your own, if destined to mount the scaffold?"

"Face my own?" exclaimed Florian, shuddering at the suggestion. "God forbid! I shall take good care to avoid it."

"Say not so," rejoined Bartholdy; "no man can avoid his doom; and it may be yours or mine to die upon the scaffold. *Avoid it*, indeed! I wish from my soul that you had never uttered those unlucky words. How often do the very evils we most carefully shun, fall upon our devoted heads. My mind has been long made up to avoid nothing; and, soon as I become my own master, I will throw myself on the world, and grapple with it boldly. *Avoid* your destiny,

indeed! Beware of using those words again; for, trust me, Florian, they bode no good to you."

The timid Florian felt his blood freeze as he listened; but, recollecting himself, he was about to express his perfect reliance upon the integrity of his life and principles, when he shuddered with new dismay as he recollected the judicial murder of Calas, and considered the complexities of human and circumstantial evidence. In deep and silent dejection, he walked homeward with his friend. He felt as if his existence had been blighted by some sudden and dreadful calamity; and even fancied that he saw his future fate rising before him in storm and darkness, through which menacing images were indistinctly shadowed. Bartholdy, meanwhile, appeared as much exhilarated as if returning from a comedy, and amused himself with making sarcastic and ludicrous remarks upon the saddened countenances of the returning spectators.

The lapse of several months gradually weakened the strong hold which the execution, and the strange comments of Bartholdy, had laid upon the imagination of Florian, but they tended to increase the timid indecision of his character, and induced a disposition to endure, in uncomplaining silence, many school annoyances, which more energy of character would have easily repelled. An extraordinary incident, however, gave a new turn to his situation. About six months after the execution, Bartholdy suddenly disappeared from the seminary; and this unaccountable event, by which Florian was the only sufferer, was neither explained nor even alluded to by the reverend fathers. To the scholars, who in vain sought an explanation of this mystery from the friend of Bartholdy, it was for some weeks a subject of wondering conjecture, which soon, however, subsided into indifference with all save Florian. He had lost his only, and, as he firmly believed, his sincerely-attached friend and companion; and, as this friendship had deprived him of the sympathy of every other school-fellow, he had now no alternative but to retire within himself, and lean upon his own thoughts and resources. For some time he brooded incessantly upon the strange

disappearance of his friend. He recollected that for several days preceding the event, the spirits of Bartholdy were so obviously depressed, as to create enquiries, to which his replies were vague and unsatisfactory. Notwithstanding the guarded silence of the reverend fathers, it was evident to Florian that his friend had not absconded from the seminary, as not only his clothes and books, but even his bed, had disappeared with him. One article only remained, which had been left in the custody of Florian. It was a large clasp-knife, of excellent workmanship and finish. The handle was of the purest ivory, wrought in curious devices, and the long blade, which terminated in a sharp point, was secured from closing by a powerful spring, thus serving the double purpose of a knife and dagger. The owner of this remarkable weapon had told Florian that it was precious to him, as the legacy of a near relative, and requested him to take charge of it, from an apprehension, that if discovered in his own possession, it would either be stolen by the boys, or taken from him by the Jesuit fathers. "And now," sighed Florian, as he gazed with painful recollections on the knife, "it is too probably lost to him for ever. But if he is still in being, I may yet see and restore to him his favourite knife: and, that I may be always ready to restore it, as well as in remembrance of the owner, I will henceforth always carry it about me."

During the remainder of Florian's stay at the seminary, his thoughts continually reverted to his lost friend, who had, he feared, from a mysterious expression of the presiding Jesuit, met with some terrible calamity. During confession, he had once expressed his grief for the sudden deprivation of his friend, when, to his great surprise, the venerable priest, placing his hand solemnly upon the fair and innocent brow of Florian, exclaimed, with fervent emphasis, "Thank God, my son, that it has so happened!"

Florian often pondered upon these remarkable words, which, until some years after his departure from school, he could never satisfactorily interpret. For a long period he fondly cherished the memory of Bartholdy,

and this feeling was prolonged by the knife, which, from habit, he continued to carry about him, even when the lapse of time had reconciled him to the loss of his early friend, and his riper judgment told him that that friend had unworthily imposed upon his credulity, and that the consequences of their exclusive intimacy still exercised a pernicious influence upon his character and his happiness.

About three years after the disappearance of Bartholdy, the guardians of Florian, who had been an orphan from infancy, removed him from the seminary, and placed him as a law-student at the university of D.; but here again, although advantageously introduced and recommended, he found himself a stranger, unheeded, and desolate. His timid and now invincible reserve, which prevented all advances on his part towards a frank and social communion with his fellow-students, chilled that disposition to cultivate his acquaintance, which his graceful person and intelligent physiognomy had excited; while his hesitating indecision, at every trivial and commonplace incident, made him ridiculous to the few who had been won, by his prepossessing exterior, to occasional intercourse. Thus, amidst numbers of his own age and pursuit, and in the dense population of a city, the timid Florian continued as deficient as a child in all practical acquaintance with society. Without a single friend or associate, he acquired the habits of a solitary recluse; and, yielding supinely to what now appeared to him his destiny, he became anxious, disconsolate, and misanthropic. Conscious, however, that in France a sound and comprehensive knowledge of jurisprudence was a frequent avenue to honourable civic appointments, and yet overlooking his own incompetency to make any degree of legal knowledge available for this purpose, he pursued his studies for some years with indefatigable assiduity; and, during the last year of his stay at D. his endeavours to ensure himself, by accumulated knowledge, an honourable support, were stimulated by a growing attachment to the lovely daughter of a merchant, through whose agency he drew occasional supplies of money from his guardians.

But even the passion of love, which

so often rouses the latent powers of the diffident into life and energy, failed to inspire the timid Florian with that external ardour and prompt assiduity so essential to success; and, although the fair object of his regard did not appear insensible to his silent and gentle homage, he never could collect resolution to reveal his feelings. His diffidence was increased, too, by the unmeaning gallantry of two young and lively officers of the garrison, who, although precluded by their nobility from marriage with the daughter of a citizen, employed a portion of their abundant leisure in making skirmishing experiments upon the affections of the lovely Angelique. While these military butterflies were fluttering round the woman he loved, poor Florian, daunted by the painful consciousness of his comparative disadvantages, rarely presumed to enter the villa in which her father resided, about half a league beyond the city gates, and endeavoured to console himself by wandering in a pleasant grove immediately contiguous. Here a majestic elm was endeared to him by the knowledge that his beloved Angelique often took her work to a turf-seat beneath its spreading branches. Here, too, he sometimes left a flower, or other silent token of his regard, the ascertained acceptance of which did not, however, encourage him to any decisive measure. At length arrived the autumnal vacation, which closed his academic studies; and he determined to pass the winter in his native province, where he thought the influence of his guardians, and the favourable testimony of his Jesuit teachers, would procure for him such recommendations as would render his extensive legal knowledge available for his future support. He proposed to return in the ensuing spring to D.; and should his mistress have stood the test of six months' absence, and still regard him with an eye of favour, he would then openly declare himself. He called upon her father at his counting-house, and after explaining to him the probable advantages of his visit to Normandy, bade him farewell, and hastened with a beating heart to the villa, where he had the good fortune to find his Angelique alone. Always timid and irresolute in her presence, the fear of betraying his feelings on this occa-

sion made him tremble as he approached her. Her young cheek glowed with unaffected blushes, as she observed a confusion which led her to anticipate an avowal of his attachment; and when he merely told her that he was going to pass the winter in Normandy, and had called to say farewell, her fine eyes became humid with the starting tears of sudden and uncontrollable emotion. Yet even this obvious proof of sympathy failed to encourage the timid and ever-doubting Florian. Persuaded that he had nothing but his sincerity to recommend him, he dreaded a repulse; and, pressing with gentle fervour her proffered hand, he hastily quitted the apartment, without daring to take another look.

After having secured a place in the diligence for the following morning, he called upon the few acquaintances he had in D., and late in the afternoon repaired with eager haste to the grove behind the abode of Angélique. He had determined that his favourite elm, hitherto the only witness of his love, should become the medium of a more palpable declaration of his feelings than he had hitherto dared to convey. Intending to carve in the bark the initial letters of his own and his fair-one's names within the outline of a heart, he drew from his pocket the ivory clasp-knife of Bartholdy, which, after seven years of faithful custody, he had begun to consider as his own; and, kneeling on the bank of turf, he was enabled, by the sharpness of the point, to cut in deep and firm characters the initials of the name so dear to him. Laying down the knife upon the seat, he gazed, with folded arms, upon the beloved cipher, and fell into one of his accustomed reveries. An hour had thus elapsed, when suddenly he was roused from his dream of bliss, by tones of loud and vehement contention at no great distance from the elm. Prompted by his natural aversion for scenes of violence, he concealed himself behind the tree, from whence he was enabled to discern his two military rivals, out of uniform, approaching the elm, and indicating, by furious tones and gestures, feelings of mutual and deadly animosity. Florian, whose sense of the awkwardness of his situation was increased by his timidity, fancied that

he should be accused of listening to their conversation, and, retreating unobserved into the wood, he had gained the high-road before he recollected that he had left his knife on the seat of turf. Ashamed of his cowardice, he determined to return and claim it, in the event of its having been discovered and taken by one of the contending parties. He was solicitous, also, to complete the intended cipher on the bark of the elm, while there was light enough for his purpose; and, concluding that his angry rivals had walked on in another direction, he hastily retraced his steps. Looking over some tall evergreen shrubs, which were separated by a footpath from the elm, he observed that the turf-seat was unoccupied. Supposing, from the total silence, that the hostile youths had quitted the grove, he emerged from the evergreens with confidence, and approached the tree, but recoiled in sudden horror, as he almost stepped upon the body of one of his rivals, who lay dead on his back, while the blood was issuing in torrents from a wound in his throat, inflicted by the knife of Bartholdy, the remarkable handle of which protruded from the deep incision. His blood froze as he gazed on this sad spectacle; and, covering his face with his hands, he stood for some moments over the body in stolid and sickening horror. Soon, however, his strong antipathy to scenes of bloodshed and violence impelled him to rush, with headlong precipitation, from the fatal spot. Leaving his knife in the wound, he darted forward through the wood, and fortunately without meeting any one within or near it. When he reached the high-road, the darkness had so much increased as to render his features undistinguishable to the passengers, and, running towards the city, he soon reached the public promenade without the barriers, where he threw himself upon a bench, exhausted with terror and fatigue. Looking fearfully around him through the darkness, he endeavoured to collect his reasoning faculties, and immediately the recollection that he had left his knife in the throat of the murdered officer flashed upon him. With this fatal weapon were connected many old associations, which now crowded with sickening potency up-

on his memory. Again he saw the sarcastic grin with which his friend had said, "What we most carefully shun, is most likely to befall us." And would not the remarkable knife of Bartholdy too probably verify the malignant prophecy of its owner? Forgetful of the improbability that any one had seen in his possession a knife which, before that evening, he had never used, his senses yielded to an irresistible conviction, that this instrument of another's guilt would betray and lead him to the scaffold. Immediate flight was the only resource which presented itself to his bewildered judgment; and, rising from the bench, he hastened to his lodgings, to complete his preparations for departure the following morning. After a sleepless night, during which he started at every sound with apprehension of a nocturnal visit from the police, he proceeded at day-break, with a heavy heart, to the post-house, where, observing a carrier's waggon on the point of departure for Normandy, he availed himself of the opportunity to facilitate his escape, by putting a few essentials into a cloak-bag, and forwarding his heavy trunk by the carrier. After some delay, of which every moment appeared an age, the diligence departed; and when the church-towers were lost in distance, the goading terrors of the unhappy fugitive yielded for a time to feelings of comparative security. His apprehensions, however, were renewed by every rising cloud of dust behind the diligence, and by every equestrian who followed and passed the vehicle. In vain did he endeavour to console himself with the consciousness that he was innocent, and under the protection of a just and merciful Providence. The judicial murder of Calas, and of other innocent sufferers, detailed in the "*Causes Célèbres*" of Pitaval, were ever present to his fevered fancy; and when he closed his eyes and assumed the semblance of sleep, to avoid the conversation of his fellow-travellers, his imagination conjured up the staring orbs and satanic smile of Bartholdy, who pointed at him jeeringly, and exclaimed, "In vain you seek to shun your destiny! In France, the innocent and the guilty bleed alike upon the scaffold." And then he shouted in the ear of

Florian, "Why did you part with the knife I confided to you? Why provoke me to become your evil genius?" Or, with a hoarse and fiendish laugh, he seemed to whisper to the shrinking fugitive—"You are a doomed man, Florian! doomed to the scaffold!"

Thus busily did the frenzied fancy of the unhappy youth call up a succession of imaginary terrors, until at dusk the diligence stopped at a solitary inn, and Florian heard, with new alarm, that here the passengers were to remain the night. "And here," thought the timid fugitive, "I shall certainly be overtaken and arrested by the *gens-d'armes*." A traveller, who arrived soon after the diligence, and supped with the passengers, afforded him, however, another chance of escape. This man was lamenting that, at a neighbouring fair, he had not been able to sell an excellent horse, and Florian, watching his opportunity, concluded the purchase with little bargaining. Pleading the necessity of going forward on urgent business, he mounted his purchase, and quitted the inn-yard, with a heart lightened by the certainty that he should gain a night upon his pursuers. At that time France was at peace both abroad and at home; passports were not essential to the native traveller; and Florian, turning down the first cross-road, proceeded rapidly all night, and the four following days; pausing occasionally to refresh his wearied steed, changing his name whenever he was required to declare it, and observing a zig-zag direction to blind his pursuers. On the fifth morning he found himself in a fertile district of central France; and, considering himself safe from all immediate danger, he pursued his journey more leisurely between the vine-covered and gently swelling hills, until the noon-day heat and dusty road made him sensibly feel the want of refreshment. While gazing around him for some hamlet or cottage to pause at, his attention was caught by sounds of lamentation at no great distance, and a sudden turn in the road revealed to him a prostrate mule, vainly endeavouring to regain his legs, one of which was broken. A tall boy, in peasant-garb, was scratching his head in rustic embar-

rassment at this dilemma, and near him stood a young and very lovely woman, wringing her hands in perplexity, and lamenting over the unfortunate mule, a remarkably fine animal, and caparisoned with a completeness which indicated the easy circumstances of his owner. Florian immediately stopped his horse; and, with his wonted kindness, dismounted to offer his assistance. The young woman said nothing as he approached, but her beautiful dark eyes appealed to him for aid and counsel with an eloquence which reached his heart in a moment. Examining the mule, he said, after some consideration, "There is no hope for the poor animal; and the most humane expedient will be to shoot him as soon as possible. Your side-saddle can be strapped on my horse, which shall convey you to the next village, or as much farther as you like, if you have no objection to the conveyance."

Expressing her thanks with engaging frankness and cordiality, the fair traveller told him that she was returning from a visit to some relations, and that she was still four leagues from her father's house. She would gladly, she said, avail herself of his kind offer, but insisted that her servant should not kill her favourite mule until she was out of sight and hearing. Then turning briskly towards Florian, she told him that she was ready to proceed, but objected to the exchange of saddles; and, as she was accustomed to ride on a pillion, would rather sit behind him, as well as she could, than give him the trouble of walking four leagues. Finding all opposition fruitless, Florian remounted; and, with the assistance of her servant, the fair unknown was soon seated behind him. Blushing and laughing at the necessity, she put an arm around his waist to support herself, and then begged him to proceed without delay, as she was anxious to reach home before night.

Conversing as they journeyed onward, their communications became every moment more cordial and interesting; and as Florian felt the warm hand of his lovely companion near his heart, he began to feel a soothing sense of gratification, which cheered and elevated his perturbed

spirits. He had never before found himself in such near and agreeable relation to a beautiful and lively woman; and, whenever he turned his head to speak or listen, he found the finest black eyes, and the most lovely mouth he had ever seen, within a few inches of his own. So potent, indeed, was the charm of her look and language, that he forgot, for a time, the timid graces and less sparkling beauty of her he had lost for ever, and was insensibly beguiled of all his fears and sorrows as he listened to the lively sallies of this laughter-loving fair one. Meanwhile, they had quitted the cross-road in which he had discovered her, and pursued, by her direction, the great road from Paris towards eastern France. Here, however, he remarked, with surprise, that she invariably drew the large hood of her cloak over her face when any travellers passed them; and his surprise was converted into uneasiness and suspicion, when, after commencing the last league of their journey, she drew the hood entirely over her face; and her conversation, before so animated and flowing, was succeeded by total silence, or by replies so brief and disjointed, as to indicate that her thoughts were intensely pre-occupied.

The sun had reached the horizon when they arrived within a short half-league of the town before them, and here she suddenly asked her conductor, whether he intended to travel farther before morning. Florian, hoping to obtain some clue to her name and residence, replied, that he was undetermined; on which she advised him to give a night's rest to his jaded horse, and strongly recommended to him an hotel, the name and situation of which she minutely described. He promised to comply with her recommendations; and immediately, by a prompt and vigorous effort, she threw herself from the horse to the ground. Hastily arranging her disordered travelling dress, she approached him, clasped his hand in both her own, and thanked him, in brief but fervent terms, for the important service he had rendered her. "And now," added she, in visible embarrassment, as she raised her hood, and looked fearfully around, "I have another favour to

request. My father would not approve of your accompanying me home, nor must the town gossips see me at this hour with a young man and a stranger. You will, therefore, oblige me by resting your horse here for half an hour, that I may reach the town before you. Will you do me this favour?" she repeated, with a pleading look. "Most certainly I will," replied the good-natured, but disappointed Florian. "Farewell, then," she cordially rejoined, "and may Heaven reward your kindness!"

Bounding forward with a light and rapid step, she soon disappeared round a sharp angle in the road, occasioned by a sudden bend of the adjacent river. Florian, dismounting to relieve his horse, gazed admiringly upon her elastic step and well-turned figure, until she was out of sight. He recollected, with a sigh of regret, the sprightly graces and artless intelligence of her conversation; again the sense of his desolate and perilous condition smote him; he felt himself more than ever forlorn and unhappy, and reproached himself for the helpless bashfulness which had prevented him from enquiring more urgently the name and residence of this charming stranger. While thus painfully musing, the time she had prescribed elapsed, and Florian, remounting, let the bridle fall upon the neck of the exhausted animal, which paced towards the town as deliberately as the unknown fair one could have wished. At a short distance from the town gate the high-road passed under an archway, composing part of a detached house of Gothic and ancient structure; and on the town side of the arch was a toll-bar, at which a boy was stationed, who held out his hat to Florian, and demanded half a sous. "For what?" asked Florian.

"A long established toll, sir," said the boy; "and if you have a compassionate heart, you will give another half sous to the condemned criminals," he continued, as he pointed to an iron box, placed near the house-door, under a figure of the Virgin. Shuddering at the words, Florian threw some copper coins into the box; and, as he hastened forward, endeavoured to banish the painful association of ideas, by fixing his thoughts upon the mysterious

fair one. Suspecting, from the pressing manner in which she had recommended a particular hotel to his preference, that, if he went there, he might possibly see or hear from her in the morning, he proceeded to the *Henri Quatre*, which proved to be an hotel of third-rate importance, but well suited to his limited means, and recommending itself by an air of cleanliness and comfort. The evenings at this season were cool; and as it would have required some time to heat the parlour, the landlord proposed to him to sit down and take some refreshment in his well-warmed kitchen. Florian complied with this invitation, but not without some apprehension of the presence of strangers; and, stepping into the kitchen, was relieved by the discovery, that it was occupied only by servants, who were too busily engaged in preparing supper to take notice of him.

Sitting down in a corner near the fire, the combined effects of a genial warmth and excessive fatigue threw him into a sound sleep, which lasted several hours, and would have continued much longer, had he not been roused by the landlord, who told him that his supper had been ready some time, but that he had been unwilling to disturb a slumber so profound. In fact, the repose of the unfortunate fugitive had not, during the five preceding nights, been so continuous and refreshing, so free from painful and menacing visions. Rising drowsily from his chair, he followed the landlord to a table where a roasted capon and a glass jug of bright wine waited his arrival. The servants had all retired for the night,—the landlord quitted the kitchen, and Florian, busily employed in dissecting the fowl, thought himself the sole tenant of the spacious apartment, when, looking accidentally towards the fire, he saw with surprise that the chair he had just quitted was occupied. Looking more intently, he distinguished a short man of more than middle age, whose square and sturdy figure was partially concealed by a capacious mantle. His hair was grey, his forehead seamed with broad wrinkles, and his bushy brows beetled over a set of features stern and massive as if cast in iron. His eyes were small

and deep-set, but of a lustrous black; and Florian observed with dismay that they were fixed upon his countenance with a look of searching scrutiny. It was near midnight, and in the deep silence which reigned through the house, this motionless attitude, and the marble fixedness of look, gave to the stranger's appearance a character so appalling, that, had he not broken the spell by stooping to light his pipe, the excited Florian would ere long have thought him an unearthly object. The stranger now quitted his seat by the fire, took from a table near him a jug of wine, and approached the wondering Florian. "With your leave, my good sir," he began, "I will take a chair by your table. A little friendly gossip is the best of all seasoning to a glass of wine."

Without waiting for a reply, the old man seated himself directly opposite to Florian, and again fixed a scrutinizing gaze upon his countenance. The conscious fugitive, who felt a growing and unaccountable dread of this singular intruder, muttered a brief assent, and continued to eat his supper in silent but obvious embarrassment; stealing now and then a timid look at the stranger, but hastily withdrawing his furtive glances as he felt the beams of the old man's small and vivid eyes penetrating his very soul. He observed that the features of his tormentor were cast in a vulgar mould, but his gaze was widely different from that of clownish curiosity, and there was in his deportment a stern and steady self-possession, which suggested to the alarmed Florian a suspicion that he was an agent of the police, who had probably tracked him through the cross-roads he had traversed in his flight from D. The rich colour of his cheeks turned to an ashy paleness at this appalling conjecture; and, leaving his supper unfinished, he rose abruptly from the table to quit the room, when the old man, starting suddenly from his chair, seized the making hand of Florian, and, looking cautiously around him, said in subdued but impressive tones—"It is not accident, young man, which brings us together at this hour. I came in while you were asleep, and begged the landlord would not awaken you, that I might say a few

words to you in confidence, after the servants had gone to bed."

"To me?" exclaimed Florian, in anxious wonder.

"Hush!" said the old man, again looking round the kitchen. "My object is to give you a friendly warning; for, if I am not for the first time mistaken in these matters, you are menaced with a formidable danger."

"Danger?" repeated the pallid Florian, in a voice scarcely audible.

"And have you not good reason to expect this danger?" continued the stranger. "Your sudden paleness tells me that you know it. I am an old man, and my life has been a rough pilgrimage, but I have still a warm heart, and can make large allowances for the headlong impetuositities which too often plunge a young man into crime. You may safely trust me," he continued, placing his hand upon his heart, "in whose bosom the confessions of many hapless fugitives repose, and will repose, so long as life beats in my pulses. I betray no man who confides in me, were he stained even with blood."

Pausing a little, he fixed a keenly searching look upon the shrinking youth, and then whispered in his ear—"Young man! you have a murder on your conscience!"

For a moment the apprehensions of Florian yielded to a lofty sense of indignation at this groundless charge. "It is false, old man!" he exclaimed with energy. "I swear by the just God who searches all hearts, that I am not conscious of *any* crime."

"I shall rejoice to learn that I am mistaken," replied the old man, with evident gratification, as again he fixed his searching orbs upon the indignant Florian. "If you are innocent, it will be all the better for both of us; but," he continued, after a hasty look around him, "the danger I alluded to still hangs over your head. I trust, however, that with God's help, I shall be able to shield you from it."

Florian, too much alarmed to reply, looked at him doubtfully. "I will deal candidly with you," resumed the old man, after a pause of reflection. "When you rode by my house this evening"—

"Who and what are you?" ex-

claimed Florian, in new astonishment.

"Have a little patience, young man!" replied the stranger, while his iron features relaxed into a good-natured smile. "Do you recollect the tall archway under an old house where a toll of half a sous was demanded from you? That house is mine; and I was sitting by the window as you threw an alms into the box for the condemned criminals. Had you then looked upward, you would have seen a naked sword and a bright axe suspended over your head."

At these words Florian shuddered, and involuntarily retreated some paces from his companion. "I see by your flinching," sternly resumed the old man, "that you guess who is before you. You are right, young man! I *am* the town executioner, but an honest man withal, and well inclined to render you essential service. Now, mark me! When you stopped beneath the broad blade, it quivered, and jarred against the axe. Whoever is thus greeted by the headsman's sword is inevitably doomed to come in contact with it. I heard the boding jar which every executioner in France well knows how to interpret, and I immediately determined to follow and to warn you."

The unhappy youth, who had listened in disheartening emotion to this strange communication, now yielded to a sense of ungovernable terror. Covering with both his hands his pallid face, he exclaimed, in nameless agony—"O God! in thy infinite mercy, save me!"

"Hah!" ejaculated the headsman sternly, "have I then roused your sleeping conscience? However, whether you conclude to open or to shut your heart, is now immaterial. In either case, I will never betray you,—for accusation and judgment belong not to my office. Profit, therefore, as you best may, by my well-intended warning. Alas! alas!" he muttered between his closed teeth, "that one so young should dip his hands in blood!"

"By all that is sacred!" exclaimed Florian, with trembling eagerness, "I am innocent of murder, and incapable of falsehood; and yet so dis-

astrous is my destiny, that I am beset with peril and suspicion. You are an utter stranger to me, but you appear to have benevolence and worldly wisdom. Listen to my tale, and then in mercy give me aid and counsel."

He now unfolded to the executioner the extraordinary chain of circumstances which had compelled him to seek security in flight, and told his tale of trials with an artless and singlehearted simplicity of language, look, and gesture, which carried with it irresistible conviction of his innocence. The rigid features of the headsman gradually relaxed as he listened, into a cheerful and even cordial expression; then warmly grasping the hand of Florian as he concluded, he said, "Well! well! I see how it is. In my profession we learn how to read human nature. When I watched your slumber, I thought your sleep looked very like the sleep of innocence; and now I believe from my soul that you are as guiltless of this murder as I am. With God's help I will yet save you from this peril; and indeed had you killed your rival in sudden quarrel, I would have done as much for you, for I well know that sudden wrath has made many a good man blood-guilty. There was certainly some danger of your being implicated by the singular circumstances you have detailed; but the real and formidable peril has grown out of your flight. That was a blunder, young man! but I see no reason to despair. 'Tis true, the broad blade has denounced you, and my grandfather and father, as well as myself, have traced criminals by its guidance; but I know that the sword will speak alike to its master and its victim. You have yet to learn, young man, that in this life every man is either an anvil or a hammer, a tool or a victim; and that he who boldly grasps the blade will never be its victim. Briefly, then, I feel a regard for you. I have no sons, but I have a young and lovely daughter. Marry her, and I will adopt you as my successor. You will then fulfil your destiny by coming in contact with the sword; and, if you clutch it firmly, I will pledge myself that you never die by it."

At this strange proposal Florian started on his feet with indignant abhorrence. "Hold!" continued the headsman coolly. "Why hurry your decision? The night is long, and favourable to reflection. Bestow a full and fair consideration upon my proposal, and recollect that your neck is in peril; that all your prospects in life are blasted; and that my offer of a safe asylum, and a competent support, can alone preserve you from despair and destruction. The sword has sent you a helper in the hour of need, and if you reject the friendly warning, you will soon discover that the consciousness of innocence will not protect a blushing and irresolute fugitive from the proverbial ubiquity and prompt severity of the French police."

The headsman now emptied his glass, and with a friendly nod left the kitchen. Soon after his departure the landlord appeared with a night-lamp, and conducted Florian to his apartment. Without undressing, the bewildered youth extinguished his lamp, and threw himself on the bed, hoping that the darkness would accelerate the approach of sleep, and of that oblivion which in his happier days had always accompanied it. Vain, however, for some hours, was every attempt to lull his senses into forgetfulness. The revolting proposal of the old man haunted him incessantly.

"I become an"—he muttered indignantly, but could never utter the hateful word. The shrinking diffidence which had been a fertile source of difficulty to him through life, had been increased tenfold by his recent calamities; he was conscious even to agony of his total inability to contend with the consequences of his imprudent and cowardly flight; but, from *such* means of escape, he recoiled with unutterable loathing. He felt that he should never have resolution to grasp the sword which was to save him from being numbered with its victims, and yet his invincible abhorrence of this alternative failed to rouse in him the moral courage which would have promptly rescued him from the toils of the cunning headsman. The broken slumber into which he fell before morning was haunted by boding forms and tragic incidents. The sword, the axe, the scaffold, and the

rack, flitted around him in quick procession, and seemed to close every avenue to escape. He awoke from these visions of horror at daybreak, and left his bed as wearied in body, and as irresolute in mind, as when he entered it. Dreading alike a renewal of the executioner's proposal, and the risk of being arrested and tried for murder, he saw no alternative but flight—immediate flight beyond the bounds of France. While pondering over the best means of accomplishing this now settled purpose, the tin weathercock upon the roof of his bedroom creaked in the morning breeze. Florian, to whose excited fancy the headsman's sword was ever present, thought he heard it jar against the axe, and started in sudden terror. "Whither shall I fly?" he exclaimed, as tears of agony rolled down his cheeks. "Where find a refuge from the sword of justice? Alas! my doom is fixed and unalterable. Anvil or hammer I must be, and I have not courage to become either."

Again the weathercock creaked above him, and more intelligibly than before. Florian, discovering the simple cause of his terrors, rallied his drooping spirits, and hastened down stairs to order his horse, that he might leave the hotel and the town before the promised visit of the fearful headsman. Notwithstanding his urgency, he found his departure unaccountably delayed. The servants were not visible, and the landlord, insisting that he should take a warm breakfast before his departure, was so dilatory in preparing it, that a full hour elapsed before Florian rode out of the stable-yard. His officious host then persisted in sending a boy to shew him the nearest way to the town gate; and the impatient traveller, who would gladly have declined the offer, found himself obliged to submit. His guide accompanied him to the extremity of the small suburb beyond the eastern gate, and quitted him; while Florian, whose ever ready apprehensions had been roused by the tenacious civility of the landlord, rode slowly forward, looking round occasionally at his returning guide, and determining to take the first cross-road he could find. A little farther he discovered the entrance of a narrow lane, shaded by a double row of

lofty chestnuts, and as he turned towards it his horse's head, he saw the old man, whose promised visit he was endeavouring to escape, issuing from the lane on horseback. "I guessed as much," said the headsman, smiling, as he rode up to the startled fugitive. "I knew you would try to escape me, but I cannot consent that you should thus run headlong into certain destruction. You have neither sanguine hopes nor a fixed purpose to support you, and you want firmness to answer with discretion the trying questions which will everywhere assail you. You are silent—you feel the full extent of your danger—why not then embrace the certain protection I offer you? Fear not that I shall either repeat or allude to my last night's proposal. My sole object is your immediate protection at this critical period, when you are doubtless tracked in all directions by the bloodhounds of the police. At the frontiers you will inevitably be stopped and identified; but under my roof you will be safe from all pursuit and suspicion. I live secluded from the world, I have no visitors, and your presence will not be suspected by any one. In a few weeks the heat of pursuit will abate, and you may then take your departure with renewed courage and confidence."

"Courage and confidence!" repeated to himself the timid Florian; "would Heaven I had either!" The good sense, however, of the old man's advice was so obvious, that he determined to avail himself of so kind an offer. Gratefully pressing his hand, he dismissed all doubts of his sincerity, and said, "I will accompany you; and may God reward your benevolence, for I cannot."

"We must return by the road I came," said the headsman, turning his horse. "It will take us outside the town to my house; and, at this hour, we shall arrive there unperceived. Your landlord, who is under obligations to me, sent you this road at my request. He supposes that you are my distant relative, and that, unwilling to appear in public with an executioner, you had made an appointment with me for this early hour on your way homeward."

After a ride of half-an-hour through the shady lanes which skirted the

ramparts, they reached the back-entrance of the Gothic building before mentioned, and Florian entered this singular sanctuary with emotions not easily described. The old headsman was in high spirits; and the blunt but genuine kindness and cordiality of his manners soon removed from the mind of his guest every lurking suspicion that some treachery was intended. The table was promptly covered with an excellent breakfast, and the old man sent a message to his daughter, requesting that she would bring a bottle of the best wine in the cellar.

Florian fixed his eyes upon the door in shrinking anticipation. He suspected new attempts to ensnare him to the headsman's purpose; and, notwithstanding his firm determination to resist them, he recoiled with fastidious disgust from the possible necessity of contending with the meretricious advances of a bold and reckless female, whose limited opportunities of marriage would impel her to lure him by any means to her father's object. How widely different were his emotions when the door opened, and his lovely travelling companion, whom, in the terrors of the past night, he had forgotten, entered, in blushing embarrassment, with the bottle of wine. In a tumult of mingled apprehension and delight, he started from his chair, but the cordial greeting he intended was checked by a significant wink from the lively fair one as she passed behind her father to the table. It was obvious to Florian that she wished to conceal their previous acquaintance, and with a silent bow he resumed his seat, while the smiling maid, whom her father introduced to his guest by the name of Madelon, took a chair between them, and the conversation soon became general and exhilarating.

The continued fever of apprehension which had almost unhinged the reason of the timid Florian, now rapidly subsided. The cordial hospitality of the old headsman soon made him feel at home in an abode which he had once contemplated with horror and disgust; while the artless attentions and fascinating vivacity of the pretty Madelon soon wove around him a magic spell, and invested the gothic chambers of her father's an-

tique mansion with all the splendours of Aladdin's palace.

Motherless from the age of fourteen, and secluded by her father's vocation from all society save occasional intercourse with relatives of the same degraded caste, the headsman's daughter had been early accustomed to rely upon her own resources.

Most of her leisure hours had been devoted to a comprehensive course of historical reading, from which her unpolished but strong-minded father conceived that she would derive, not only amusement and instruction, but that sustaining fortitude so essential to the station in which her lot was cast. Thus her innocent and active mind, untainted by the licentiousness and infidelity of French romance, acquired concentration and strength; the study of sacred and profane history induced habits of salutary reflection, and her character gradually developed a masculine yet unpretending energy, which admirably fitted her to become the helpmate of a man so timid and indecisive as Florian. Her mother was a Parisian, of good manners and education, but an orphan and defenceless. Persecuted by a licentious nobleman, who, in revenge for her firm rejection of his dishonourable addresses, had accused her of theft, she had effected her escape from the chateau in which she resided as governess to his daughters, to the same town in which Florian had been discovered by the headsman. Circumstances somewhat similar, but not essential to my narrative, had induced her to accept a temporary asylum in the house of the executioner, whose mother was then living; and here, in a moment of despair at her destitute and hopeless condition, she accepted the often tendered addresses of the enamoured headsman, and became his wife. The life of this amiable and accomplished woman was shortened by her calamities, and by a sense of degradation which she could never subdue. Secluded from all human society save that of an uncultivated husband, who but imperfectly understood her value, she loved her only child with more than a mother's idolatry; and, while her strength permitted, devoted herself, with unceasing solicitude, to the formation of her mind, and to the re-

gulation of her untameable vivacity. Thus happily moulded in early youth, and judiciously cultivated after her mother's death, Madelon combined, with clear and vigorous perceptions, a degree of personal attraction rarely seen in France, and no small portion of the feminine grace and fascination peculiar to well-educated Frenchwomen, while to these advantages were superadded eyes of radiant lustre, a voice rich in soft and musical inflections, and a smile of irresistible archness and witchery. Accustomed, from her limited opportunities of observation, to regard men as collectively coarse and uncultivated, she had been immediately and powerfully attracted by the elegant person, the refined and gentle manners of Florian, during their four leagues' journey; and to one who felt the value of knowledge, and eagerly sought to extend her means of pursuing it, there was, on farther acquaintance, a charm in his comprehensive attainments and in the classic elegance of his diction, which compensated for the unmanly timidity and morbid infirmity of purpose, so easily distinguishable in his character and conduct.

In Florian, whose feelings were fortified by reminiscences of a prior attachment, the progress of sentiment was slower, but not less certain in its tendency. His silent worship of Angelique had always been accompanied by doubts and misgivings innumerable. He thought her lost to him for ever; he felt that all his prospects of professional advancement were blighted by the disastrous incident at D. and his consequent flight; and insensibly he yielded to the charm of daily and hourly intercourse with the bewitching Madelon. The consciousness of her admiring prepossession, and of his own superior attainments, gave to him, while conversing with her, a soothing self-possession, an expansion of thought and feeling, and a glowing facility of elocution, which he had never yet experienced, and which proved a source of exquisite and inexhaustible gratification. Her unceasing sympathy and kindness, her flattering anticipation of his wishes, lulled the anguish of his recollections, and her sparkling gaiety never failed to rouse his drooping spirits,

He soon learned to estimate at its true value the rare combination of gentleness and energy which her character displayed; while her courageous self-possession and unfailing resources, under every difficulty, made him regard her as a woman gifted beyond her sex with those qualities in which he felt himself most deficient. In short, feelings of deep and lasting attachment stole insensibly into the hearts of the youthful pair. Florian had surrendered all his sympathies to Madelon before he was conscious of the power she had gained over his happiness, and their mutual affection was betrayed and sealed by word and pledge before he reflected upon the inevitable consequences. Too soon, alas! he was awakened from this dream of bliss to a long reality of terror and anguish. The spell which bound him was broken, and the scene of enchantment was abruptly changed into a chaos of interminable dismay and anxiety.

Some weeks after his arrival in this asylum, the headsman had advised him to prolong his stay until all danger of pursuit had subsided, and the fears of the fugitive soon gave way to cheering sensations of security and confidence. To lovers the present is every thing: Florian forgot alike the trying past and the menacing future; weeks and months flitted past unobserved by the youthful pair, while the crafty headsman, who had silently watched their growing intelligence, crowed in secret over the now certain success of his stratagem.

Several months had thus elapsed, and the old man, after ascertaining from his daughter that the affections and the honour of Florian were irredeemably plighted, took an opportunity to address him one morning as soon as Madelon had quitted the breakfast-room.

"I think it is high time, young man," he said, smiling, "that you should proceed to business. Come along with me into my workshop."

Florian looked at him in silent wonder, but unhesitatingly followed him into the capacious cellars, where the old man unlocked a door which his guest had never before observed. Florian entered with his conductor, but started back in dismay as he saw

a number of executioner's swords and axes hanging round the walls of a low vaulted room, in the centre of which several cabbage-heads were fixed with pegs upon an oblong block of wood. The headsman took one of the swords from the wall, drew it from the scabbard, carefully wiped the glittering blade, and then offered it to Florian. "Now, my son," he began, "try your strength upon these cabbage-heads. It is easy work, and requires nothing but a steady hand."

"Gracious Heaven! you cannot be in earnest!" exclaimed Florian, retreating from him in deadly terror.

"Not in earnest?" rejoined the headsman, sternly; "I consider your compliance as a matter of course. You love my daughter—you have won her affections—and surely, Florian, you are not the man to play her false!"

"God forbid!" exclaimed Florian with honest fervour. "I dearly love her, and seek no happier lot than to become her husband."

"I offered her to you, my son!" said the other with returning kindness; "but you did not like the conditions, and declined her. You have since, without my permission, sought and won her affections, and you have no right to flinch from the implied consequences. It is high time to come to a conclusion, and to apply yourself in good faith to the only pursuit through which you can ever obtain my Madelon."

"The only one?" timidly repeated Florian; "I have, 'tis true, abandoned for your daughter's sake the world and the world's prejudices; but I am young and industrious; I possess valuable knowledge; and, surely, I may find some employment which will maintain a wife and family. Do, my good father, relinquish this dreadful vocation!"—

"And my daughter!" exclaimed the headsman, with loud and bitter emphasis. "What is to become of *her*? If even you could step back within the pale of society, *she* would for ever be excluded. But you have neither moral courage nor animal bravery enough for any worldly pursuit—your original station in society is irrecoverably gone—and, if you attempt to leave this safe asylum, the sword of justice will face you at every turn. No, no, Florian! I love

my future son-in-law too well to expose him to such imminent and deadly peril. There, read that paper! The contents will bring you to your senses."

With these words, which struck like a wintry chill into the heart of Florian, he took an old newspaper from his pocket-book. The unhappy fugitive received it with a shaking hand, and read a judicial summons from the authorities of D., seeking intelligence of a student, who had on a certain day quitted the university by the diligence for Normandy, and unaccountably disappeared. His Christian and surname, with an accurate description of his dress and person, were appended. Glancing fearfully down the page, he distinguished some particulars of a murder; his sight grew dim with terror; and, after a vain attempt to read farther, he dropped the fatal document, and reeled back, breathless, and almost fainting, against the wall.

"He is the very man!" muttered the headsman, whose keen eye had been intently fixed upon him during the perusal. "I never asked your real name, young man," he continued, "but now I know it. Your terrors would betray it to a child. How then are you, without fortitude to face the common evils of life, and bearing in every feature a betrayer, to escape the giant-grasp of the French police? And had this calamity never befallen you, how could you gain a support in a world, which, by your own confession, you have ever found ungenial and repulsive? Believe me, Florian! here, and here only, will you find safety, support, and happiness."

"Happiness?" mournfully repeated Florian.

"Yes, happiness!" rejoined the tempter. "You and Madelon love each other, and in every station, from the highest to the lowest, love is the salt of life, the balm and cordial of existence. My office descends from generation to generation; it ensures to the holder, not only a good house and landed property, but an income of no mean amount. Every traveller who passes my house, pays me a toll, because fifty years since an inundation compelled the town to cut a high-road through my grandfather's garden. Of all these benefits

I shall be deprived, when old and disabled, if my children disdain to follow my vocation; and if Madelon were to marry within the pale of that society which regards her father with abhorrence, my house and vineyard would be destroyed by the bigoted and furious populace, and too probably my innocent child along with them. Have you the heart, Florian, to hazard her destruction and your own, in preference to an office essential to the existence of civil society, and from which that obedience to the laws, which is the first duty of a good citizen, removes all self-reproach? With a due sense of the importance of your official duties, you will find yourself sustained in the performance of them; and a practised hand will soon give you firmness enough to follow a vocation attended with no personal risk; but, if you determine to leave me, where will you find resolution to face the perils which surround you? and, if you escape them, how are you to compete in the race of life with the daring and the fleet?"

The appalling alternatives held out to Florian by the politic headsman, and the consciousness of his own inability either to escape the police, or to steer his way successfully through the shoals and quicksands of life, rendered him incapable of argument or reply. He had for some months been cut off from all that freedom has to bestow—he had neither relations nor friends on whose interposition he could firmly rely—he recollected with agony that every heart beyond the limits of his present home was steeled against him—that every hand was ready to seize and betray him. Should he quit this safe asylum, and even establish his innocence of the imputed murder, his ignorance of the world, and his invincible timidity and self-distrust, would make him the prey of any plausible knavery. Bewildered and stupified by contending emotions, his mind became palsied by despair, and his powers of resistance began to fail him. The headsman saw his advantage; but, satisfied with the impression he had made upon his hapless victim, he ceased to press any immediate decision, told him to consider of the proposal, and went to his vineyard; while Florian, hastening to his Madelon, was assail-

ed by all the witchery of sighs and tears; by looks, which alternately pleaded and upbraided; and by inspiring and cogent arguments, which shamed him into temporary resolution. Thus alternately intimidated by the deep tones and stern denunciations of the father, encouraged by the specious reasonings of the daughter, or soothed by her resistless fascinations; assured, too, by the headsman, that for some years sentences of decapitation, with rare exceptions, had been commuted for the galleys, his power to contend with his tempter abandoned him: he dropped, like the fascinated bird, into the jaws of the serpent; and, yielding to his destiny, he commenced his training in a vocation from which every feeling in his nature, and every dictate of his understanding, recoiled with abhorrence.

It was no sacrifice, to one of his timid and fastidious habits, to abandon a world in which he had ever found himself an alien, and which he now thought confederated to persecute and destroy him. He submitted in uncomplaining resignation to his fate, and ere long found relief in the growing attachment of the headsman and his daughter. His pure and affectionate heart, and the undeviating rectitude of his principles and conduct, soon won the entire esteem of the old man, whose better feelings had not been blunted by his official duties; while the light-hearted and bewitching Madelon, who now loved almost to idolatry a man so incomparably superior to any she had hitherto known, delighted to cheer his hours of sadness, and watched his every wish with intense and unwearied solicitude. Meanwhile, the old man had quietly made every requisite preparation, and a month after the assent of Florian to his proposal, the lovers were united. The official appointment of Florian, as adopted successor to the headsman, took place some days before the marriage, and it was stipulated by the town-authorities that, on the next ensuing condemnation of a criminal to death, he should prove on the scaffold his competency to succeed the executioner.

For many months after this appointment, every arrival of a criminal in the town-prison struck terror into the heart of Florian. Happily, how-

ever, the assertion of the headsman that it was a growing practice of the judicial authorities to substitute the galleys for decapitation, was verified by the fact, and Florian enjoyed several years of domestic happiness, disturbed only by apprehensions which he could never subdue, that sooner or later the evil he so much dreaded would certainly befall him. Meanwhile, his beloved Madelon had made him the happy father of three promising boys, and he began to experience a degree of tranquillity to which he had long been a stranger; when, at a period in which the town-prison was untenanted, the long-dreaded calamity burst upon his devoted head like a bolt of lightning from a cloudless sky.

His father-in-law received one morning at breakfast an order from the town-authorities to repair early on the following day to a city at ten leagues distance, and there to behead a criminal whose execution had been delayed by the illness and death of the resident headsman. At this unexpected intelligence, the features of Florian were blanched with horror, but the iron visage of the old executioner betrayed not the slightest emotion. Regardless of his son-in-law's terrors, he viewed this unexpected summons as a fortunate incident, and maintained, that any unskilfulness in decapitation would be of less importance at a distance than in his native town. He regarded also this brief summons as much more favourable to Florian's success than a longer fore-knowledge, and urged in strong and decisive terms the necessity of submission to the call of duty. The blood of Florian froze as he listened, but he acquiesced as usual in timid silence. In the afternoon he yielded to the old man's wish, that he should give what the headsman termed a master-proof of his skill in the science of decapitation, and with cold sweat on his brow severed a number of cabbage-heads to the satisfaction of his teacher. Meanwhile, the sympathizing but energetic Madelon prepared a palatable meal, and endeavoured, more successfully than her unpromising parent, to sustain and cheer the drooping spirits of the husband she so entirely loved. She could not, however, always suppress her starting tears, and as the night ap-

proached, even the firm nature of the old headsman betrayed symptoms of growing anxiety, notwithstanding his endeavours to exhilarate himself by deep potations of his favourite wine.

After a night of wearying vigilance and internal conflict, the miserable Florian entered at daybreak the vehicle which awaited him and his father-in-law under the arched gateway. With a view to prevent his trembling substitute from witnessing all the preparations for the approaching catastrophe, the old man so measured his progress as to enter the city a few minutes before the appointed hour, and drove immediately to the scene of action, without pausing at the church, to attend, as customary, the mass then performing in presence of the criminal. Soon after their arrival, the melancholy procession approached, and Florian, unable to face the criminal, turned hastily away, ascended the ladder with unsteady steps, and concealed himself behind the massive person of the old headsman, as the victim of offended justice with a firm and measured step mounted the scaffold. The old man felt for his shrinking son-in-law, but kept a stern eye upon him, in hopes to counteract the disabling effects of his rising agony. When, however, the decisive moment approached, he whispered to him encouragingly—"Be a man, Florian! Beware of looking at the criminal before you strike; but, when his head is lifted, look him boldly in the face, or the people will doubt your courage."

Florian fixed on him a vacant stare, but these kindly meant instructions reached not his inward ear. The remembrance of the execution he had witnessed with his friend Bartholdy had flashed upon him, and he recollected the taunting prediction—that he might himself be condemned to the scaffold. His agony rose almost to suffocation; he compared his own destiny with that of the being whom he was about to deprive of life, and he felt that he could not unwillingly have taken his place. At this moment, his attention was caught by the admiring comments of the crowd upon the courageous bearing and firm unflinching features of the criminal. Roused by these exclamations to a stinging consciousness of his own unmanly timidity, he made a power-

ful effort, and rallied his expiring energies into temporary life and action. The headsman now approached him with the broad axe, and whispered, "Courage, my son! 'tis nothing but a cabbage-head."

With a desperate effort, Florian seized the weapon, fixed his dim gaze upon the white neck of the criminal, and, guided more by long practice than by any estimate of place and distance, he struck the death-stroke. The head fell upon the hollow flooring of the scaffold with an appalling bounce, which petrified the unfortunate executioner. The consciousness that he had deprived a fellow-creature of life, now smote him with a withering power, which for some moments deprived him of all volition; and he stood in passive stupor, gazing wildly upon the blood which streamed in torrents from the headless trunk. Immediately, however, his father-in-law again approached him, with a whisper. "Admirably done, my son! I give you joy! But recollect my warning, and look boldly at your work, or the mob will hoot you as a craven headsman from the scaffold."

The old man was obliged to repeat his admonition before it reached the senses of his unconscious son-in-law. Long accustomed to yield unresisting obedience, Florian slowly raised his eyes, at the moment when the executioner's assistant, after showing the criminal's head to the multitude, turned round and held out to him the bleeding and ghastly object.—Gracious Heaven! what were his feelings when he encountered a well-known face—when he saw the yellow pock-marked visage of Bartholdy, whose widely opened, milk-blue eyes were fixed upon him in the glassy, dim, and vacant stare of death!

Paralyzed with sudden and overwhelming horror, he fell senseless into the arms of the headsman, who had watched this critical moment, and, with ready self-possession, loudly attributed to recent illness, an incident so puzzling to the spectators. He succeeded ere long in rousing Florian to an imperfect sense of his critical situation, and, supporting his tottering frame, led him to the house of the deceased executioner. For an hour after their arrival, the unhappy

youth sat mute and motionless—the living image of despair. Agony in him had passed its wildest paroxysm, and settled down into a blind and mechanical unconsciousness. The old man, who began to suspect some extraordinary reason for emotion so excessive, compelled him to swallow several glasses of wine, and anxiously besought him to explain the cause of his impassioned deportment. It was long, however, before the disconsolate Florian regained the power of utterance. At length a burst of tears relieved him. “I knew him!” he began, in a voice broken by convulsive sobs: “He was once my friend. Oh, my father! there is no hope for me! I am a doomed man—a murderer! He stands before me ever, and demands my blood in atonement for his destruction. How can I justify such guilt? I never knew his crime—I cannot even fancy him a criminal—but I well remember that he loved and cherished me. Away, my father, if you love me, to the judges! I *must* know his crime, or the pangs I feel will never depart from me.”

The executioner, in whose stern and inflexible nature feelings of pity, and even of repentance, were now at work, hastened to obtain some information, and returned in half an hour, with indications of anxiety and doubt too obvious to escape the unhappy Florian, who, with folded hands, exclaimed, “For God-sake, father, tell me all—I must know it, sooner or later. Your anxiety prepares me for the worst. If you, a man of iron, are thus shaken”——

“I? Nonsense!” retorted the old man, somewhat disconcerted. “The fellow was a notorious villain, and was executed for two murders.”

Florian, relieved by this intelligence, began to breathe more freely, and gazed upon the headsman with looks which sought farther explanation. “Florian,” continued the old man, fixing upon him his stern and searching look, “when you told me the tale of your calamities at D., did you tell me *all*? Had you no reservations?”

“None, father, by all I hold most sacred!” replied Florian, with emphatic earnestness.

“One of Bartholdy’s crimes,” resumed the headsman, “was connect-

ed with your story. He is said to have slain the officer in whose murder you thought yourself implicated by suspicious appearances.”

“*He?*” exclaimed Florian, gasping with horror. “No! by the Almighty God, he did *not* slay him! I have beheaded an innocent man, and the remembrance will cleave to me like a curse!”

“Can you *prove* that he had no share in that murder?” now sternly demanded the headsman, whose suspicions had been roused by Florian’s acknowledgment of former intimacy with Bartholdy.

“I can swear to his innocence of *that* murder,” vehemently replied Florian, whose energies rose with his excitement. “And the other crime?” he eagerly continued. “In mercy, father, tell me whom else he is said to have murdered?”

“*Yourself!*” said the old man, turning pale as he anticipated the effect of this communication,—“if the name inserted in the judicial summons from D. was really yours.”

For some moments Florian gazed upon him in speechless despair—his eyes became fixed and glassy—his jaw dropped—and he would have fallen from his chair, had not the old man supported him. The headsman looked with anxious and growing perplexity upon his unfortunate victim. “After all,” he muttered, “he is my daughter’s husband, and a good husband. I forced him to the task, and must, if possible, save him from the consequences.”

By an abundant application of cold water to the face of Florian, he succeeded at length in restoring him to consciousness. The miserable youth opened his eyes, and, leaning on the old man’s shoulders, burst into a passion of tears. When in some measure tranquillized, the headsman asked him soothingly if he was sufficiently collected to listen to him.

“Yes, father, I am,” he replied, with an effort.

“Recollect then, my son,” continued the old man, “that you are under the assured protection of the sword, and that you may open your heart to me without fear of consequences. Say then, in the first place, who are you?”

“I am no other, father,” answered Florian, with returning energy, “than

I have already acknowledged to you ; and I was the early friend and school-fellow of the man whose blood I have shed upon the scaffold. But I must and will have clear proof of every crime imputed to Bartholdy," he exclaimed in wild emotion. "Again I see his large dim eyes fixed on me in reproach ; and if you cannot give me evidence that he deserved his fate, my remorse will goad me on to suicide or madness."

It was now evident to the old man that the suspicions he had founded on Florian's acknowledged intimacy with Bartholdy were groundless. Recollecting, too, the undeviating truth and honesty of Florian's character, he felt all the injustice of his suspicions ; and his compassion for the tortured feelings of his son-in-law became actively excited. He clearly saw that nothing but the truth, and the whole truth, would satisfy him ; he determined, therefore, to call upon the criminal's confessor ; and, after prevailing upon the exhausted Florian to go to bed, he watched by him until he saw his wearied senses sealed up in sleep, and then departed in quest of farther intelligence.

After three hours of undisturbed repose, which restored, in some measure, the exhausted strength of Florian, he awoke, and saw his father-in-law sitting by his bed, with a confident and cheerful composure of look, which spoke comfort to his wounded spirit.

" Florian," he began, " I have cheering news for you. I have seen the confessor of Bartholdy, a good old man, who feels for, and wishes to console you. He has long known the habits and character of the criminal. More he would not say, but he will receive you this evening at his convent, and will not only impart to you the consolations of religion, but reveal as much of the criminal's previous life as the sacred obligations of a confessor will permit. Meanwhile, my son, you must rouse yourself from this stupor, and accompany me in a walk round the city amparts."

After a restorative excursion, they repaired, at the appointed hour, to the Jesuit convent, and were immediately conducted to the cell of the confessor, an aged and venerable priest, who gazed for some seconds

in silent wonder on the dejected Florian, and then, laying a hand upon his shoulder, exclaimed, " Gracious Heaven ! Florian, is it possible that I see you alive ?"

The startled youth raised his downcast eyes at this exclamation, and recognised in the Jesuit before him the worthy superior of the school at which he had been educated, and the same who had congratulated him on the disappearance of Bartholdy. This discovery imparted instant and unspeakable relief to the harassed feelings of Florian. The years he had passed under the paternal care of this benevolent old man arose with healing influence in his memory, and losing in the sudden glow of filial regard and entire confidence, all his wonted timidity, he poured his tale of misery and remorse into the sympathizing ear of the good father, with the artless and irresistible eloquence of a mind pure from all offence. The confessor, who listened with warm interest to his recital, forbore to interrupt its progress by questions. " I rejoice to learn," he afterwards replied, " that Bartholdy, although deeply stained with crime, quitted this life with less of guilt than he was charged with on his conscience. The details of his confession I cannot reveal, without a breach of the sacred trust reposed in me. It is enough to state, that he was deeply criminal. Without reference, however, to his more recent transgressions, I can impart to you some particulars of his earlier life, and of his implication in the murder you have detailed, which will be sufficient to relieve your conscience, and reconcile you to the will of Him, who, for wise purposes, made you the blind instrument of well-merited punishment. Know then, my son, that when Bartholdy was supposed by yourself and others to have absconded from the seminary, he was a prisoner within its walls. Certain evidence had reached the presiding fathers, that this reckless youth was connected with a band of plundering incendiaries, who had for some months infested the neighbouring districts. Odious alike to his teachers and school-fellows, repulsed by every one but you, and almost daily subjected to punishment or remonstrance, he sought and found more

congenial associates beyond our walls; and, with a view to raise money for the gratification of his vicious propensities, he contrived to scale our gates at night, and took an active part in the plunder of several unprotected dwellings. At the same time, we received a friendly intimation from the police, that he was implicated in a projected scheme to fire and plunder a neighbouring chateau, and that the ensuing night was fixed upon for the perpetration of this atrocity. Upon enquiry it was discovered that Bartholdy had been out all night, and it was now feared that he had finally absconded. Happily, however, for the good name of the seminary, he returned soon after the arrival of this intelligence, and, as I now conjecture, with a view to re-possession himself of the knife he had left in your custody. He was immediately secured and committed to close confinement, in the hope that his solitary reflections, aided by our admonitions, would have gradually wrought a salutary change in his character. This confinement, which was sanctioned by his relations, was prolonged three years without any beneficial result; and at length, after many fruitless attempts, he succeeded in making his escape. Joining the scattered remnant of the band of villains dispersed by the police, he soon became their leader in the contrivance and execution of atrocities which I must not reveal, but which I cannot recollect without a shudder. In consequence of high winds and clouds of dust, the public walk and grove beyond the gate of D. had been some days deserted by the inhabitants, and the body of the murdered officer was not discovered until the fourth morning after your departure from the university. A catastrophe so dreadful had not for many years occurred in that peaceful district: a proportionate degree of abhorrence was roused in the public mind, and the excited people rushed in crowds to view the corpse, in which, by order of the police, the fatal knife was left as when first discovered; while secret agents mingled with the crowd, to watch the various emotions of the spectators. Guided by a retributive providence, Bartholdy, who had that morning arrived in D., approached the body, and gazed upon it with cal-

lous indifference, until the remarkable handle of his long-lost knife caught his eye. Starting at the well-remembered object, a deep flush darkened his yellow visage, and immediately the police-officers darted forward and seized him. At first he denied all knowledge of the knife, and, when again brought close to the body, he gazed upon it with all his wonted hardihood; but, when told to take the bloody weapon from the wound, he grasped the handle with a shudder, drew it forth with sudden effort, and, as he gazed on the discoloured blade, his joints shook with terror, and the knife fell from his trembling hand. Superstition was ever largely blended with the settled ferocity of Bartholdy's character, and I now attribute this emotion to a fear that his destiny was in some way connected with this fatal weapon, which had already caused his long imprisonment, and would now too probably endanger his life. This ungovernable agitation confirmed the general suspicion excited by his forbidding and savage exterior. He was immediately conveyed to the hotel of the police, and the knife was placed before him; but, when again interrogated, he long persisted in denying all knowledge of it. When questioned, however, as to his name and occupation, and his object in the city of D., his embarrassment increased, his replies involved him in contradictions, and at length he admitted that he *had* seen the knife before, and in *your* possession. This attempt to criminate you by implication, failed, however, to point any suspicion against one whose unblemished life and character were so well known in the university. Your gentle and retiring habits, your shrinking aversion from scenes of strife and bloodshed, were recollected by many present: their indignation was loudly uttered, and a friend of yours expressed his belief that you had quitted the city some days before the murder was committed. In short, this base and groundless insinuation of Bartholdy created an impression highly disadvantageous to him. A few hours later, intelligence arrived that the diligence in which you had left D. had been attacked by a band of robbers, while passing through a forest, the day after your departure. Several

of the passengers had been wounded; some killed; others had saved themselves by flight; and, as you had disappeared, it was now conjectured that Bartholdy had murdered you, and taken from your person the knife with which he had afterwards stabbed the young man in the grove. This presumptive evidence against him was so much strengthened by his sudden emotion at the sight of the weapon, and by the apparent probability that the murder of the young officer had succeeded the robbery of the diligence, that the watch and money found upon the body failed to create any impression in his favour, as it was conjectured, by the strongly-excited people, that he had been alarmed by passing footsteps before he had succeeded in rifling his victim. He was put into close confinement until farther evidence could be obtained; and, ere long, a letter arrived to your address from Normandy, stating the arrival of your trunk by the carrier, and expressing surprise at your non-appearance. A judicial summons, detailing your name and person, and citing you to appear and give evidence against the supposed murderer, led to no discovery of your retreat, and the evidence of your wounded fellow-travellers was obscure and contradictory. Meanwhile, however, several of the robbers who had attacked the diligence were captured by the *gens-d'armes*. When confronted with Bartholdy, their intelligence was sufficiently obvious, and he at length confessed his co-operation in the murderous assault upon the travellers; but stoutly denied that he had either injured or even seen you amongst the passengers, and as tenaciously maintained his innocence of the murder committed in the grove. Your entire disappearance, however, his emotion on beholding the knife, and his admission that he knew it, still operated so strongly against him, that he was tried and pronounced guilty of three crimes, each of which was punishable with death. During the week succeeding his trial, he was supplied by a confederate with tools, which enabled him to escape and resume his predatory habits; nor was he retaken until a month before his execution, while engaged in a robbery of singular boldness and atro-

city. He was recognised as the hardened criminal who had escaped from confinement at D.; and as the authorities were apprehensive that no prison would long hold so expert and desperate a villain, an order was obtained from Paris for the immediate execution of the sentence already passed upon him at D. Thus, although guilty of one only of the three crimes for which he suffered, the forfeiture of ten lives would not have atoned for his multiplied transgressions. From boyhood even he had preyed upon society with the insatiable ferocity of a tiger; and you, my son, ought not to murmur at the decree which made your early acquaintance with him the means of stopping his savage career, and your hand the instrument of retribution."

The concluding words of the venerable priest fell like healing balm upon the wounded spirit of Florian, who returned home an altered and a saddened, but a sustained and a devout man: deeply conscious that the ways of Providence, however intricate, are just; and more resigned to a vocation, to which he now conceived that he had been for especial purposes appointed. He followed, too, the advice of the friendly priest, in leaving the public belief of his own death uncontradicted; and, as he had not actually witnessed the murder in the grove near D., he felt himself justified in withholding his evidence against an individual, of whose innocence there was a remote possibility.

The mental agony of the unfortunate young headsman had been so acute, that a reaction upon his bodily health was inevitable. Symptoms of serious indisposition appeared the next day, and were followed by a long and critical malady, which, however, eventually increased his domestic happiness, by unfolding in his Madelon nobler and higher attributes than he had yet discovered in her character. No longer the giddy and laughter-loving Frenchwoman, she had, for some years, become a devoted wife and mother; but it was not until she saw her husband's gentle spirit for ever blighted, and his life endangered for some weeks by a wasting fever, that she felt all his claims upon her, and bitterly reproached herself as the

sole cause of his heaviest calamities. During this long period of sickness, when all worldly objects were waning around this man of sorrows, she watched, and wept, and prayed over him with an untiring assiduity and self-oblivion, which developed to the grateful Florian all the unfathomable depths of woman's love, and proved her consummate skill and patience in all the tender offices and trying duties of a sick-chamber. Her health was undermined, and her fine eyes were dimmed for ever by long-continued vigilance; but her assiduities were at length rewarded by a favourable crisis; and when the patient sufferer was sufficiently restored to bear the disclosure, she kneeled to him in deep humility, and acknowledged, what the reader has doubtless long conjectured, that *she* had, from an upper window, caused that ominous jarring of the sword and axe which induced her father to suspect and follow him, and which eventually led to their marriage.

Florian started in sudden indignation; but his gentle nature, and the hallowed influences of recent sickness and calamity, soon prevailed over his wrath. What *could* he say? How could he chide the lovely and devoted woman, whose fraud had grown out of her affection for him! In an instant he forgot his own sorrows; and, as he listened to the mournful and beseeching accents of her who was the mother of his children, and had been unto him, in sickness and in health, a ministering angel, his anger melted into love. He had no words; but, like the father of the humbled prodigal, he had compassion, and fell upon her neck and kissed her, and forgave her entirely, and for ever.

The old headsman survived these events several years; and, while his strength continued equal to the effort, he spared his son-in-law from the trying duties of his office. After his death, however, his successor was compelled to encounter the dreadful task. For some time before and after each execution sadness sat heavy on his soul, but yielded gradually to the sustaining influence of fervent prayer, and to the caresses of his wife and children. In the intervening periods he regained comparative tranquillity, and devoted him-

self unceasingly to the education of his boys, and to the labours of his field and vineyard. I have been told, however, that since the execution of Bartholdy he was never seen to smile; and that, when gazing on the joyous sports of his unconscious children, his eyes would often fill with tears of sorrowing anticipation. Thus many years elapsed: his boys have become men, and the recent training and nomination of one of them as his successor, have renewed in the heart of the fond father all those bitter pangs which the soothing agency of time and occupation had lulled to comparative repose.

Here the interesting narrator paused. Towards the conclusion of his recital his mournful voice had quivered with suppressed emotion; and, as he finished, his eyes were clouded with tears.

His companions had listened to this affecting narrative with a sympathy, which, for some moments, subdued all power of utterance, and the silence which ensued was interrupted only by involuntary and deep-drawn sighs. At length the Professor roused himself, and, prompted by a friendly wish to draw out a more explanatory conclusion, he put the leading question, "Had he, then, no alternative?"

"You forget, my dear sir," replied Julius, rallying with sudden effort, "that by the French laws the son of an executioner *must* succeed his father, or see the family estate transferred to strangers. When the old headsman was near his end, his son-in-law pledged himself by oath to train a son as his own successor. His eldest boy, who blended with his father's gentle manners some portion of his mother's courage, evinced, from an early age, such determined antipathy to this vocation, that the appointment was transferred to the second son, who had inherited the masculine spirit and prompt decision of his mother. Unhappily, however, soon after his nomination, he died of a malignant fever. His sorrowing mother, who had for some time observed symptoms of declining health in her husband, and was indescribably solicitous to see him relieved from his official duties, prevailed upon her youngest son, in

absence of her first-born, to accept the appointment. But this youth, not then nineteen, and in mind and person the counterpart of his timid father, was equally unsuited to this formidable calling. Well knowing, however, that his refusal would deprive his parents of the home and the support so essential to their growing infirmities, he strung his nerves to the appalling task, and, at the next execution, he mounted the scaffold as his father's substitute. But, alas! at the decisive moment his strength and resolution failed him. His sight grew dim with horror, and he performed his trying duty so unskilfully, that the people groaned with indignation at the protracted sufferings of the unfortunate criminal, and the town authorities pronounced him unqualified. The consequence of this disastrous failure was an immediate summons to the eldest son, who had for several years thought himself finally released from this terrible appointment. So unexpected a change in his destination fell upon him like a death-blow; and, as he read the fatal summons, he felt the sword and axe grating on his very soul."

"And do you think it possible," exclaimed one of the students, "that after such long exemption he will submit to a life so horrible?"

"Too probably," replied Julius, mournfully, "he *must* submit to it. Indeed, I see no alternative. His refusal would not only deprive his drooping and unhappy parents of every means of support, but too probably expose their lives to the fury of a bigoted and ferocious populace. None but a childless headsman can hold his property during life without a qualified successor; and, when he dies, the magistrates appoint another."

Here Julius paused again. He gazed for some moments in melancholy abstraction upon the dying embers in the stove—the tears again started to his eyes, and he rose abruptly to depart; nor could the joint efforts of the kind Professor, and the now warmly-interested students, prevail on him to stay out another bowl of punch.

"To-morrow early," said he, in unsteady tones, to the Professor, "I

will claim your promised introduction to the lieutenant. Till then, farewell!"

"Promise me, then, my dear Julius," rejoined his host, "that you will give us your company to-morrow evening. After so trying a spectacle, a bowl of punch, and the society of four friends, will recruit and cheer you."

The students successively grasped his hand, and cordially urged him to comply. Overcome by this unexpected sympathy, the agitated youth could not restrain his tears, and in a voice tremulous with emotion, he said, "I shall never forget your kindness, and, if I know my heart, I shall prove myself not unworthy of it. If in my power, I will join your friendly circle to-morrow night; but"—he hesitatingly added—"I have never yet faced an execution, and I know not how far such strong excitement may unfit me for society."

The Professor and his friends accompanied him to the street, where they again shook hands and separated.

On the following evening the three students were again assembled in the Professor's study, and the conversation turned more upon their new friend and his interesting narrative, than upon the tragedy of that morning. The Professor told them that Julius had called early, and been introduced by him to the lieutenant, since which he had not seen or heard of him. One of the students said, that his curiosity to observe the deportment of their mysterious friend had led him early to the ground, where he had seen Julius standing, with folded arms, and pale as death, within a few feet of the scaffold; but that, unable to subdue his own loathing of the approaching catastrophe, he had left the ground before the arrival of the criminal.

An hour elapsed in momentary expectation of the young student's arrival, but he came not. The conversation gradually dropped into monosyllables, and the Professor could no longer disguise his anxiety, when a gentle tap was heard, like that of the preceding night, and without any previous sound of approaching footsteps. "Come in!"

cheerfully shouted the relieved Professor, but the door was not unclosed. Again he called, but vainly as before. Then, starting from his chair, he opened the door, but discovered no one. The students, who also fancied they had heard a gentle knock, looked at each other in silent amazement; and the warm-hearted Professor, unable to reason down his boding fears, determined to seek Julius at his lodgings, and requested one of the students to accompany him.

He knew the street, but not the house, in which the young man resided; and as soon as they had entered the street, their attention was excited by a tumultuous assemblage of people at no great distance. Hastening to the spot, the Professor ascertained from a bystander that the crowd had been collected by the loud report of a gun or pistol in the apartments of a student. Struck with an appalling presentiment, the Professor and his companion forced a passage to the house-door, and were admitted by the landlord, to whom the former was well known. "Tell me!" exclaimed the Professor, gasping with terror and suspense—"Is it Julius Arenbourg?"

"Alas! it is indeed," replied the other. "Follow me up stairs, and you shall see him."

They found the body of the ill-fated youth extended on the bed, and a pistol near him, the ball of which had gone through his heart. His fine features, although somewhat contracted by the peculiar action of a gun-shot wound, still retained much of their bland and melancholy character. The landlord and his family wept as they related that Julius, who was their favourite lodger, had returned home after the execution with hurried steps, and a countenance of death-like paleness. Without speaking to the children, as was his wont, he had locked the door of his apartment, where he remained several hours, and then hastened with some letters to the post-office. In a few minutes after his return, the fatal shot summoned them to his room,

where they found him dying and speechless. "But I had nearly forgotten," concluded the landlord, "that he left upon his table a letter addressed to Professor N."

The worthy man opened the letter with a trembling hand, and, in a voice husky with emotion, read the contents to his companion.

"From you, my dear Professor, and from my younger friends, although but friends of yesterday, I venture to solicit the last kindness which human sympathy can offer. If, as I dare to hope, I have some hold upon your good opinion, you will not refuse to see my remains interred with as much decency as the magistrates will permit. In my purse will be found enough to meet the amount of this and every other claim upon me.

"I have yet another boon to ask, and one of vital moment to my unhappy relatives. I have prepared them to expect intelligence of my death by fever; and surely my request, that the subjoined notice of my decease may be inserted in the papers of Metz and Strasbourg, will not be disregarded by those whose kindness taught me the value of existence when I had no alternative but to resign it.

"That those earthly blessings, which were denied to me and mine, may be abundantly vouchsafed to you, is the fervent prayer of the unhappy
JULIUS.

"Died of fever, at ———, in Germany, Julius Florian Laroche, a native of Champagne, aged 22."

"Alas!" exclaimed the deeply-affected Professor, "the mystery is solved, and my suspicions were too well founded. Sad indeed was thy destiny, my Julius, and sacred shall be thy last wishes!"

Kissing the cold brow of the deceased, he hung over his remains in silent sorrow, and breathed a fervent prayer for mercy to the suicide; then giving brief directions for the funeral, the Professor and his friend paced slowly homeward, in silence and in tears.

THE LAST STORK.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

"Yea, the stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed times; and the turtle and the crane and the swallow observe the time of their coming; but my people know not the judgment of the Lord."
 JEREMIAH, viii. 7,

I've heard a tale of olden time,
 Of stately Stork of southern clime,
 That sail'd the billowy ocean rare,
 That waves above the ambient air—
 That rolling sea which heaves reclined
 Above the regions of the wind,
 From which descendeth down amain
 The drizzly day, the rattling rain,
 The motley mists on mountain blue,
 And showers of silver-sifted dew.

O'er this grand ocean of the sky,
 Our noble Stork had sail'd on high,
 With some few hundred thousands more,
 From Nile's debased and muddy shore,
 And Jordan's stream, held sacred still,
 That from the springs of Hermon hill
 Descends by Mirom's reedy brake,
 And lone Tiberias' sultry lake,
 To glut the Dead Sea's pregnant weed—
 A gorgeous range for storks indeed!
 And where they still a welcome prove,
 As blessings sent from heaven above.

There had the guests their gathering made,
 To shape the dauntless escalade
 Of heaven's own arch, and there the host
 Gather'd from all Arabia's coast;
 From Ethiopia's lakes of gloom,
 And jungles of the fierce Simoom:
 At last, that none might lag behind,
 The word was pass'd as day declined,
 To mount upon the moaning wind.

As ever you saw the fire-flaughts sweep
 From furnace at the midnight deep,
 Pouring with fierce and heavenward aim,
 Like rapid shreds of living flame,
 Till, fading in the dark alcove,
 They vanish in the fields above;
 So rose from Jordan's sullen tide,
 And dark Tyberias' sultry side,
 To navigate the cloudy spheres,
 Thousands of milk-white mariners,
 All flickering with their dappled wings,
 A spiral stream of living things,
 Till far within the ether blue,
 They melt in regions of the dew.

Then nought is seen from earth below,
 Nor heard but sounds of distant woe,
 A howling, shrieking strain on high,
 Alongst the stories of the sky;
 As if an host of spirits bright
 From this dire world had ta'en their flight,
 Weeping with dread uncertainty,
 Where their abode was thence to be,

All heighten'd by the thrilling pain,
That they might ne'er return again.

It brings to mind that evening drear,
The last of Judah's hope or fear,
When Heathens raised the demon yell
Of triumph, and Jerusalem fell ;
When the devouring brand of Rome
Uplighted Zion's sacred dome,
And told unto the remnant small
Of God's own people, that their thrall
Was then begun that end should never,
Forsaken by their God for ever.
Their temple in one smouldering flame,
What more on earth remain'd for them !
Then rush'd the young and old on death,
Sinking beneath the foemen's wrath,
Till even Havock's bloodshot eye
Turn'd from the carnage scared and dry ;
And Avarice spared the wailing few,
Which Pity had refused to do.
What thousands of excluded souls
Would leave that night their earthly goals,
Mounting the air like flickering flame,
With rapid but unguided aim,
Guided, though all to them unknown,
The path unto the judgment throne !
Think of the air crowded to be
With beings of Eternity,
All fearing, hoping, trembling, crying,
Romans and Jews together flying,
How would they feel their race now run,
Of all that they had lost or won,
Of old heart-burnings and of strife,
And all their daring deeds of life !
Alas ! would every warrior famed,
Or council where a war is framed,
But think of this as madness past,
And to what all must come at last,
And then remember seriously
That there's a reckoning still to be !

But simile now aside I lay,
For similes lead me still astray,
And to our migrant hordes repair.
High o'er the columns of the air,
Like fleets of angels on they steer,
With check, with challenge, and with cheer.
The light foam that we see besprent
On surface of the firmament,
Yielded before the downy prow
And silken sails of wavy snow,
And a long path of changing hue
Laid open vales of deeper blue,
While shepherds of the Alpine reign,
Of Kryman and the Apennine,
Are startled by the wailing cry
Within the bosom of the sky,
That dies upon the northern wind,
And gathers, gathers still behind ;
In vain he strains his aching sight,
It strays bewilder'd, lost in light,
While, all amongst the empyrean cone,
Thousands of voices, sounding on,

Strike the poor hind with terror dumb!—
He deems man's sins have reach'd their sum,
And his last day on earth is come.

One resting-place, and one alone,
To mankind ever has been known,
A little lake on Alpine fell,
Where Zurich meets with Appenzell;
And such a scene as their descent
From out the glowing firmament,
While skies around with echoes rung,
No bard hath ever seen or sung;
They come with wild and waving wheel,
Or mazes of the maddening reel,
Pouring like snowballs in a stream,
Or dancing in the solar beam,
With shouts all shouts of joy excelling,
Till even the frigid Alps are yelling.
Such scenes were *once* on Scottish plain,
But there shall ne'er be seen again!

On Scottish plain! who this may trow?
What means our bard? he's raving now;
For save the fieldfare's countless band,
Or snowflakes of the northern land,
Of migrant myriads there are none,
And trivial such comparison,
With this great southern inundation,—
I hate so groundless an illation.

Stop, countryman, for I allude
To a more grand similitude.
'Tis known to you, or, if 'tis not,
'Tis pity that it were forgot,
That our own grandsires oft have seen,
As daylight faded on the green,
And moonlight with its hues was blending,
The fairy bridallers descending
Straight from the moon like living stream
On ladder of her golden beam,
All pure as dewdrops of the even,
And countless as the stars of heaven;
Their tiny faces glowing bright
With flashes of a wild delight,
Their little songs of fairy love,
Like music of the spheres above;
And every saraband and ring
As swift as fire-flies on the wing.
That was a scene the soul to glad!
Deem not my simile so bad.

Well, here within that Alpine lake,
Our blithe aerial sailors take
Their pastime with abundant joy,
Yet lost no moment of employ;
Tribe after tribe apart was set,
To stock each marsh and minaret,
From Zealand's swamps which oceans lave,
To Wolga's wastes and Dwina's wave,
While a small portion, deem'd the best,
Their potent leader thus address'd:
“ Friends, countrymen, and kinsmen mine,
Most noble Storks of sacred line,
It grieves me much that we have lost
Our empire upon Britain's coast,
For nought can happen but mischance,

Without our blessed countenance ;
 And since the day that we forsook her,
 Such dire mischances have o'ertook her,
 By means of blundering, blustering schemers,
 Bald turncoats, trimmers, and blasphemers,
 That now she stands o'erwhelm'd with horror,
 And trembles at the gulf before her ;
 To ruin's brink driven on by foes,
 One other push, and down she goes.
 Haste, then, her drooping heart to cherish,
 I list not church and state should perish.
 One single hint of your descent
 May total ruin yet prevent."

"Alas! my liege! whate'er betide,"

A stately noble Stork replied,
 "There I shall never go for one,
 They are all poachers to a man.
 Herons, bog-bumpers, and such game,
 Are prizes rich enough for them ;
 For they must shoot at every thing,
 Be't duke or teal, or kirk or king ;
 And not one blessed Stork would be
 Alive within two days or three.
 The very last time I was there,
 Had I not mounted in the air
 Above the clouds, and cross'd the main,
 I ne'er had seen your grace again.
 Two goodly relatives of mine,
 Brave noble Storks of royal line,
 As a secure and shelter'd rest,
 On Wharn-cliff built their airy nest ;
 The squire shot both that night they came,
 And sold them at the mart for game
 At double price of crane or goose,
 Swearing they were white heronsheughs.
 People that cannot keep unriven
 A sacred garb that's to them given,
 Deserve no countenance nor grace
 From canonized and sacred race.
 On Sidmouth cliff or Eldon hill
 A bird of heaven might venture still,
 Or even on Winshiel's lofty bower,
 Or dark Newcastle's smoky tower ;
 But even these the spoiler's eye—
 Leave Britain to her destiny!"

But one bold Stork, and one alone,
 Straight to the British shores has flown,
 And the first day he settled there,
 As roosting on a palace fair,
 Rolling his red eye in the ring,
 A sporting Bishop broke his wing,
 And bore him home, with smiles of joy,
 To his beloved cadaverous boy.
 That Stork's last speech and dying words
 Are all that now my tale affords.

"Woe to this land, so long beloved,
 So long by earth and heaven approved,
 But favour'd and preserved in vain
 In bulwark of her rolling main !
 For all her precious blessings sent
 Are wholly by the roots uprent.

That sin can never be forgiven,
Committed 'gainst the light of Heaven,
The spirit's warnings, and the din
Of the small voice that cries within.

“ Instead of birds that wing the sky,
Of bold and independent eye,
Nought can her wisdom cherish now
But gull, and grebe, and heronsheugh;
These slabberers, whom God disapproves,
That watch for fishes and for loaves;
Who, for fat puddock, or such thing,
Would pluck the royal eagle's wing,
And on a view, however sinister,
Would sell the kirk and hang the minister;
Out on them all! I here disburse
To every class my latest curse!
Since they have sacrificed the last
Best blessing to their lot was cast;
Meet they should grovel in the mire,
Till quench'd be all their ancient fire!
The last bird of the heavenly race
Here falls, and leaves his vacant place,
Which base venality surrounds,
A prey to harpies and to hounds.

“ Farewell, ye vales of Palestine,
Which I shall ne'er behold again;
Ye piles and altars clothed in dust,
Wherein I placed my early trust,
And which, with death before my sight,
My spirit turns to with delight!

“ Farewell, ye clouds, which oft I've rent,
Ye foldings of the firmament,
Where oft I've view'd the treasures dire
Of hail, of thunder, and of fire,
With reeling shades of hideous form,
The first gyrations of the storm.

“ Farewell, ye wreathes so downy bright,
Ye windows of empyreal light,
Through which I've view'd the rolling world
With all her winding dells unfurl'd,
When snowy Alps and streams were seen,
All else appear'd one level green,
While glassy lakes would intervene
As mirrors of the heavenly reign,
In which I saw inverted lie
The marbled clouds that clothed the sky,
And dark blue windows, deeply sleeping,
Through which a thousand Storks were peeping.

“ Farewell, ye Stars, whose tiny brightness
I've often fann'd with wing of lightness,
Brushing with snowy down the damps
Away from off your gilded lamps,
Then with joint shout of thousand yellings,
Which sounded through your sapphire dwellings,
With boom that made you stop your ears,
And shoot like rockets from your spheres,
Frightening almost to parting breath
The children of this world beneath;
This last farewell with grief I render;—
One bird of heaven foregoes your splendour!

"Farewell, thou Moon, whose silver light
 Gilds the dim alcove of the night,
 And when thy lord to rest has gone,
 With modest mien ascend'st his throne,
 Dispensing far, as queen beseems,
 The bounty of thy borrow'd beams!
 Beloved moon, there is a bound
 Of holiness breathes thee around,
 A majesty of virgin prime,
 A stillness beauteous and sublime,
 That, oh! it grieves thy servant's core
 That he shall ne'er behold thee more,
 Nor pilot to his tribe the way
 Through regions of thy modest ray!

"Imperial Sun, so gorgeous bright,
 Great source of glory, life, and light,
 The Stork's own deity alone,
 He worships thee—beside thee, none,
 For thou endow'st him with the sense
 To seek thy milder influence,
 Whether in Europe's shadowy woods
 Or regions of the tropic floods;
 Farewell for ever, king of heaven,
 Be all my trespasses forgiven!
 And now on Britain's sordid line
 I leave my curse, but crave not thine.
 Forgive them all save the state botchers,
 Those piteous pedagogues and poachers,
 Praters oppress'd with proud proficiency,
 Sapience supreme, and self-sufficiency;
 Degraded with their yelping bills,
 The shepherds on a thousand hills.
 O blessed Sun, to man in kindness,
 Visit them with Assyrian blindness,
 That they may grope about for foe,
 To tell them whither they should go.
 That curse falls on myself—I bow
 To thee, to death, and darkness now,
 And yield my spirit to the giver.—
 Thou beauteous world, adieu for ever!"

Then the fair journeyer of the sky
 Crook'd his fair neck, and closed his eye,
 Stretch'd out his wing with rigid shiver,
 His noble heart gave its last quiver;
 And the last guest of heaven is gone
 That e'er sought grace in Albion.
 Woe to the hands so ill directed,
 That should have such a life protected;
 But that dire day of sin and shame,
 Of bare-faced brazenness and blame,
 When Heaven's vicegerents were forsworn,
 The child shall rue that is unborn.

MOUNT BENDER, *Jan. 21, 1830.*

THE BRITISH COLONIES.

LETTER THIRD.

To his Grace the Duke of Wellington, &c. &c.

From James M^r Queen, Esq.

MY LORD DUKE,

IN my last letter, under date 18th April last, I had through this channel occasion to advert to the notorious though still disputed fact, that personal slavery exists, and to an incredible extent, in every Presidency of British India. In proof of this I adduced extracts from that ponderous volume, entitled, "SLAVERY IN INDIA," called for by MR FOWELL BUXTON some years ago, and produced by the East India Company in obedience to the order of the House of Commons, and by that House ordered to be printed March 12, 1828. The great length of these papers, occupying 936 closely printed folio pages, and the necessarily circumscribed pages of the periodical publication through which I have the honour to address you, compelled me to omit many important particulars regarding the existence of Personal Slavery, and the state of the slaves, in our Eastern dominions; but sufficient, and more than sufficient, was stated to establish the fact, that in India slaves and their progeny were the property of their masters in ABSOLUTE RIGHT, and of their descendants from generation to generation; that they were sold with the land or without the land, as circumstances occurred; that they were chiefly employed in the labours of agriculture; that they were sold individually, and without any regard to families, relatives, or connexions, and that, with the coarsest possible fare, they had, in anti-colonial phrase, severe tasks to perform "under a burning sun;" and that while left wholly without instruction, they enjoyed and received but limited and very scanty protection.

As the documents which I referred to, and the extracts which I made from them, cannot be contradicted, it may by some be considered superfluous to return to the subject; but when I have shewn the cause why I do so, they may see and acknow-

ledge the propriety and the necessity, under present circumstances, of pressing these points still more strongly upon the attention of the public.

There is a periodical work, published in London, and entitled "THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW," which, as it is not at all probable that your Grace countenances, I am anxious, through a much wider circulation and prouder channel than it can command, to bring some of its anti-colonial labours (by printing and circulating these separately, the *Anti-Slavery Society* have made its labours their labours) to the notice of your Grace and the public. The writer is, I am informed, the author of a scurrilous attack upon the proprietors of land in Great Britain, under the title of "THE CATECHISM OF THE CORN LAWS," &c. He was, as he tells us, "eight years in India;" at p. 288, he proceeds thus:—

"Nobody believes that cultivation is carried on by slaves in the east, as it is in the west. *If so, where are the slave laws, and where are the advertisements in the Gazettes?* The natives of India, in their own extraordinary English, advertise every thing that can possibly be bought or sold; how is it that they never advertise slaves? There is not a *common soldier* that arrives from India, that is not capable of bearing witness to the FLAGRANT FALSEHOOD of the assertion, that India is cultivated by slaves. If it was, the *East India Company* would not hold possession long enough to send a dispatch to the Governor General. It is true, that among the innumerable tribes and castes that compose the immense population of India, *vestiges of slavery* may be found."

And he adds,

"It would not be much trouble to the governors of India *at home*, to send out five lines in a dispatch, disavowing all recognition of the estate of personal slavery throughout their vast dominions, and they have as manifest an interest in doing it as in sending out to enquire the price of cotton."

I pass over the cool mercantile ac-

sociation of the human beings with "the price of cotton," to observe, that it is melancholy to find an individual who, according to his own shewing, is above the rank of "*a common soldier*," and who has been "eight years in India," and who yet knows so little about that country, its establishments and its population, as to venture to expose his own ignorance or stupidity by asserting "*the flagrant falsehood*," that no such state of society (for this is what he means his words to convey) as personal slavery, in its strictest and most unmitigated character, exists in India. Accustomed to the total disregard for truth which is on every occasion shewn by anti-colonial writers, it excites in my mind no surprise to meet with such assertions as those which have just been quoted. Instead of resorting to the tone of haughty Eastern declamation, which has no doubt been resorted to by this writer, because he was deficient in candour, information, and facts, I shall bring before your Grace and the public the following plain, unvarnished selections from the official papers, transmitted by the Governors General, and other authorities in India, who may, I humbly presume, be acknowledged to know more about India, its establishments, its population, and its laws, than any "*common soldier*," and a great deal more than this very ignorant and very insolent East Indian anti-colonial champion. In the documents which they have transmitted, this bravo scribbler may find out, if he has the understanding to find out, some of the East Indian "*slave laws*," and "*advertisements in the Gazettes*," which he calls for, observing to him shortly, and once for all, that "*governors of India at home*" dare not, and have acknowledged in writing that they dare not, "send out five lines in a dispatch disowning all recognition of the estate of personal slavery throughout their vast dominions."

In the proceedings of the Revenue Board at Calcutta, April 1819, we have the answers of no fewer than nineteen Hindoos of rank, the most versant in the Hindoo laws regarding personal slavery, made to fourteen different questions put to each. I confine myself to the following replies :—

"14th. The practice of selling and purchasing slaves, has been in existence from TIME IMMEMORIAL," (p. 853.)

"10th. They are required to perform all the work connected with husbandry," (p. 855.)

"10th. They are employed in ploughing the fields (*parrambas*), cutting wood, planting, cropping, and IN SHORT IN ALL WORK CONNECTED WITH AGRICULTURE. They are, *besides*, required to watch the fields and granaries DURING THE NIGHT," (p. 865.)

In pages 6 and 7 we have a correct translation of the Hindoo slave code, which enumerates no fewer than *fifteen* species of slavery, and in which we find included, "1st, Whoever is born of a female slave;" "2d, whoever is purchased for a price;" "8th, whoever hath been enslaved by the fortune of battle;" "and 10th, whoever of his own desire says to another, I AM BECOME YOUR SLAVE."

The Hindoo slave code, p. 7, runs thus :—

"Whoever is born from the body of a female slave, and whoever hath been purchased for a price, and whoever hath been found by chance any where, and whoever is a slave by descent from his ancestors, these four species of slaves, until they are freed by the voluntary consent of their master, CANNOT HAVE THEIR LIBERTY; if their master, from a principle of beneficence, gives them their liberty, they become free."

"Whoever for the sake of enjoying a slave girl becomes a slave to any person, he shall recover his freedom upon renouncing the slave girl," (p. 8.)

"Whoever hath become a slave by selling himself to any person, he shall not be free until his master of his own accord gives him his freedom."

"If the master, from a principle of beneficence, gives him his liberty, he becomes free," (p. 8.)

At page 121 we find it admitted and stated by "G. Dowdeswell, Secretary to Government Judicial Department," in an official letter to the "Register of the Sudder Dewanny Adawlut," and dated 6th June, 1820, that "the Hindoo and Mahommedan laws regarding domestic slavery" remained "UNQUALIFIED." At page 102, we find an official letter, dated 13th November, 1812, addressed by the Governor-General to C. T. METCALFE, Esq., the resident at Delhi, on

the subject of a proclamation issued by him regarding the abolition, not of slavery, but of a Foreign Slave Trade. It runs thus:—

“ 2. The Governor General IN COUNCIL observes, that your proclamation not only prohibits the importation of slaves for sale into the assigned territories, but the sale of slaves actually within these territories previously to its promulgation, a measure which his Lordship in Council WAS NOT PREPARED TO SANCTION. Odious and abominable as such a traffic is in any shape, the laws which have hitherto been enacted to restrain it, have been confined in their object to the trade in slaves by importation and exportation, but have NOT been extended to the emancipation of persons already in a state of slavery under the old law, nor to the PROHIBITION of their transfer by sale to other masters within the country which they inhabit.

“ 3. For these reasons, and from other considerations of much apparent weight, the views of Government have been limited to the prohibition of further importation of slaves for sale into the territories of the Honourable Company; and you will observe the regulation X. of 1811, is confined to this object. In conformity, therefore, to the sentiments conveyed to you in Mr EDMISTONE'S letter of the 25th of September, his Lordship IN COUNCIL desires that the terms of your proclamation may be modified, so as to correspond with the enactment contained in that regulation.”

“ Signed J. ADAM,
“ Secretary to Government.”

In a further communication to the Government upon the subject, Mr *Metcalfe*, under date 3d January 1813, amongst other things, states:—

“ 17. In issuing a proclamation for the abolition of the future importation and sale of slaves, I had no idea of infringing on the rights of the actual proprietors of slaves purchased or possessed heretofore. All the proprietors of slaves in this territory, notwithstanding that proclamation, retain all their rights over their slaves, except that of selling them, or making them the property of another. This is perfectly understood in consequence of the decisions given in the Court of Judicature in trials between owners and slaves. I have more than once embraced the opportunity afforded by such trials to explain publicly, that slaves are still the property of their owners, though not (with reference to my former *misconception* of the views of Government) as heretofore disposable property.”

Under date March 6th, 1813, the Government again writes Mr *Metcalfe* thus:—

“ In continuation of the orders of Government of the present date, I am directed to acquaint you, that it occurs to the Right Hon. the Governor General in Council, that the prohibition established against the importation of slaves into the territory, subject to your superintendence, should not extend to slaves accompanying their masters from other parts of the Company's territories, and not intended for sale. As persons possessing slaves are not restricted under the general laws and regulations from removing them from one district to another, the principles of consistency and uniformity in arrangements of a legislative nature, seem to require that no such restriction should be established on the removal of slaves from other parts of the British territories into the places subject to your superintendence.”—(Signed *G. Dowdeswell*, Chief Secretary to Government, page 107.)

These and other communications terminated in the prohibition of a slave trade, by the sale of new slaves in the province of Delhi. How the law was obeyed, I consider unnecessary to state, and, besides, have neither time nor limits to enter upon this part of the subject.

At page 559, we find a letter from Mr Secretary *Thackeray* to the President and Members of the Board of Trade, Madras, and dated 13th Nov. 1810, which states thus:—

“ Although the exportation and importation of slaves as a traffic is prohibited, domestic slavery is recognised by the usage of the country, and the Mahommedan and Hindoo laws, and has never been abolished by the British Government.”

At pages 303—308, we find, among the replies of the Muftees, and the Pundits of Bengal, to the *Sudder Dewanny*, in April, 1808, regarding the nature of personal slavery, under the Mahommedan and Hindoo laws, the following:—

“ Answer to the 2d Question.
Mahommedan Law.

“ The rightful proprietor of male and female slaves has a claim to the services of such slaves, to the extent of their power and ability, *i. e.* he may employ them in baking, cooking, in making, dying, and washing clothes, as agents in mercantile transactions, in attending cattle, in tillage, or cultivation; as carpenters, ironmongers,

and goldsmiths; in transcribing; as weavers, and in manufacturing woollen cloths; as shoemakers, boatmen, *twisters of silk*, water drawers; in shaving, in performing surgical operations, such as cupping; and as farriers, bricklayers, and the like; and he may hire them out in service in any of the above capacities. He may also employ them himself, or for the use of the family in other duties of a domestic nature, such as in fetching water for washing or *weezoo*, religious purification, in anointing his body with oil, rubbing his feet, in attending his person while dressing, and in guarding the door of his house," &c.

"Answer to the 2d Question."

Hindoo Law.

"The owner of a male or female slave may require of such slave the performance of impure work, such as plastering and sweeping the house, cleaning the door, gateway, and necessary, rubbing his master's body with oil, and clothing him, removing fragments of victuals left at his master's table and eating them, removing urine, or human ordure, rubbing his master's feet and other limbs, &c. In cases of disobedience or fault committed by the slave, the master has power to beat his slave with a thin stick, or to bind him with a rope; and if he should consider the slave deserving of severer punishment, he may pull his hair, or expose him upon an ass. But if the master should exceed this extent of his authority, and inflict punishment upon his slave of a severer nature than the above stated, he is liable to pay a fine to the *hakim* or ruling power of a thousand puns of *Khur mohurs* (eighty thousand Kowries.) This is declared by *Munoo*, according to *Rutnad, Khun, Bibad, Chinta, Mun*, and other authorities."

"Answer to the 3d Question."

"A master has no right to command his male and female slave to perform any other duties besides those specified in the answer to the 2d Question, or authority to punish his slave, further than in the manner before stated; and if he should exceed this discretionary power in either case, he is liable to the same penalty, viz. one thousand puns of Kowries. This is declared by *Munoo* and *Bishee*."

"Answer to the 4th Question."

"The commission, however, of offences of the above nature by the master, does not affect the state of bondage of the slave, and the ruling power has not the right of granting his manumission; but if it should be established in evidence before the *hakim*, that any person having stolen or inveigled away by fraud and treachery a child or

slave, had afterwards sold him to another, or that any person had compelled another into slavery by force and violence, the ruling power may then order the emancipation of such child or slave. This is the law declared by *Jak Bulk*, *Munoo*, *Minoo*, and *Kuteabun*, according to *Met Unchhra* and other authorities."

The Mahommedan and Hindoo laws being the codes by which the jurisprudence of India is administered to the natives thereof, and personal slavery being sanctioned and supported by these laws, it is necessary to ascertain how far the British laws, emanating from Great Britain, and the British Government in India, have altered the Hindoo slave code. The following extracts "of a letter in the Judicial Department from the Governor General in Council of Bengal, to the Court of Directors, dated the 29th October 1817," will shew this:—

"145. On this point it appeared to us, that none of the provisions of the act of Parliament passed for the abolition of the slave trade, in any manner affected, or professed to affect, the relation between master and slave wherever that relation might exist by law; whatever, therefore, had been the law according to the Mahommedan and Hindoo codes (for those over whom they extended) on the subject of domestic slavery, before the passing of the act of the 51 Geo. III. c. 23, continued to be the law still: MORE ESPECIALLY AS THESE CODES HAD BEEN DISTINCTLY RECOGNIZED AND ORDERED TO BE OBSERVED BY PARLIAMENT!"

"155. The native subjects of the British government residing in the territories, subordinate to the several Presidencies, have, in fact, the same authority over their slaves, and the same property in them, that they would have had, if the act in question had never been passed; and the several Zillah and provincial courts are bound to receive and to determine all questions of that nature, which are respectively cognizable by them under the existing regulation."

"158. A slave, by entering the Company's territories, does not become free; nor can he, who was lawfully a slave, emancipate himself, by running away from one country where slavery is lawful, to another where it is equally lawful."

"159. The property in the slave still continues in the master; and the master has the same right to have it restored to him, that any native subject of our territories could have, supposing that right to be established in the mode prescribed by the local laws and regulations."

"163. Had the provisions of that act been intended to apply to the importation and removal of slaves by land, in the Honourable Company's territories or the continent of India, it cannot be supposed that the Legislature would have confined the operation of the 4th section of that Act exclusively to the West Indies; that it would have subjected to the punishment of transportation whole NATIONS, amongst whom domestic slavery had immemorially existed, under the sanction of law, RECOGNIZED BY PARLIAMENT, and this without any reference to those established laws and usages, and without repealing the acts of Parliament, by which the observance of them IS GUARANTEED TO THE NATIVES; that it would, in short, have subjected the Hindoo and Mahomedan inhabitants of the British territories in the East Indies, to the severe punishment of transportation, for acts which the 4th section of the act renders legal in the West Indies."

It would be superfluous for me, my Lord Duke, to adduce further references from the Reports in question, to prove that personal slavery exists in its most strict and absolute form in India. It not only does so, but it is "GUARANTEED TO THE NATIVES" by "Acts of the British Parliament,"—by that Parliament, and by the people of that country who elect that Parliament, and who cry out to extinguish that system of domestic slavery which they had established and long encouraged in the West Indies!

In my former letter, I shewed, at great length, the incredible number of domestic slaves that there are at this day in India. One single reference may here be considered to be sufficient to shew this extent. "In Malabar and Canara alone," says the Madras Revenue Board, p. 900, "the number of slaves is calculated at 180,000" in 1819!

Thus, my Lord Duke, we have not only the admission, that personal slavery exists in India, but the inveteracy of the system is shewn in the acknowledged fact, that a slave trade, (about which I have hitherto said little) and to a great extent, continued to be carried on in that quarter of our dominions, ten years after it had been totally abolished in the West Indies; and we shall presently see that it continued to a much later—to the latest period. What will the insolent writer in the *Westminster Review* say to these notorious, these incontestable,

these overwhelming facts, and to his "flagrant falsehood," namely, that there are (for this is what his words are intended to convey) no slaves in India, and which, in the face of the whole British nation, insulted by such a flagrant act, he has ventured to put forth. I leave him, my Lord Duke, to that mortification, which detected "falsehood," and exposed ignorance and presumption feel, and must always feel.

Subsequent to the abolition of the African slave trade by Great Britain in 1808, great exertions were made by the authorities in India, in order to suppress the slave trade which was carried on in that quarter of the world, both by land and sea. Severe laws, in obedience to the British statute, and founded upon it, were passed in every Presidency; but after years of labour, these were found to be in a great measure inoperative, because they were opposed to the feelings and to the interests of the population and the government of Hindostan; and while the operation of these laws was very frequently productive of "great injustice" (so the authorities state) to individuals, they were found to be too feeble to root out the inveterate evils against which they were directed. They continued to be evaded, both by land and sea, though less frequently so by the latter, than by the former. Down to 1825, the latest period to which the official documents reach, we find the system of kidnapping children, and selling them as slaves, continuing in various parts of India, notwithstanding the efforts of the authorities to punish and to prevent it. Almost every page of the documents referred to, bring before us instances of the violation of the laws in this respect. At page 376, we are told that the practice continued in Bengal so late as 1823; and at page 903, we find it stated in an official letter from the Court of Directors, to the Governor in Council of Fort George, dated 28th April 1824, that the system of kidnapping children was "very prevalent at Madras," and that the police endeavoured to apprehend the offenders, "but without success;" and at page 555, as well as in various other passages, we find some striking instances mentioned, of parents selling their own children as slaves, which is considered legal by the Hindoo code. At page 115, we are told

that the traffic in children in Nepaul was very great. At page 211, we find the case stated, of a woman who had purchased at Jhausey, and brought into Cawnpoor in 1813, two young girls, for the purpose of prostitution, a custom which is quite common all over India. At pages 243 and 244, we are informed, that not only slavery existed in Dacca, but that a slave trade continued to be carried on there in 1813; and even as late as 1816, the practice of inveigling children, and evading the laws against the slave trade, continued to prevail in that quarter. At pages 246 and 247, we are told, that in 1816 it was the practice in Sylhet, for mothers to sell their children, and which children were better taken care of by their "new masters" than by their own mothers; and farther, that in the Zelah Tipperah, the slave trade continues, the people selling themselves from poverty, &c. At page 109, we are told that "the importation and sale of slaves continues unrestricted in Rumpoore and the Rohilla Jageer;" and under date 17th June, 1825, J. COTTON, principal collector and magistrate, adverts to the continued practice of mothers selling their children, and then informs us, that in Tanjore Nagapatam, "slavery is carried to a greater extent than is generally understood, and TO BE INCREASING."

Pages 377—379 place before us, under the head Bengal Judicial Consultations, 25th March, 1824, the following remarkable instance of a foreign slave trade successfully carried on at Calcutta. The fact was stated in the *Calcutta Journal*, a paper, if I mistake not, then conducted by the individual who now conducts the *Oriental Herald* in London, which Journal, in a late number, had the extraordinary hardihood to dispute the existence, not only of a slave trade, but almost of slavery itself, in India; and further, of boldly asserting, that the quotations from the documents which have been so often referred to were unfairly quoted. To "such writers as" this, reply is unnecessary. The charge made about a slave trade in Calcutta, upon investigation, was found to be correct: it runs thus:—"We are informed that 150 *Eunuchs* have been landed from the Arab ships this season, to be sold as slaves in the capital of British India. It is known,

too, that these ships are in the habit of conveying away MANY OF THE NATIVES OF THIS COUNTRY, PRINCIPALLY FEMALES, and disposing of them in Arabia, in barter for African slaves in the Calcutta market." "Nature shudders at the thought of the barbarities practised by these abusers of God's noblest creatures, who are led by an accursed thirst of gold, to brutalize the human species. Only one fact shall suffice, to shew the savage and murderous barbarity resorted to by the wretches engaged in a traffic so revolting to humanity. A gentleman has informed us, that of 200 African boys emasculated at Judda, only ten survived the cruel operation!"

It is twenty years, my Lord Duke, since the African slave trade with our West India colonies, a trade instituted and carried on, not by the colonies, but by the mother country, for her interest and advantage, was by law abolished, and since that period, not a single violation of the law by any British subject, has taken place in any one of these colonies; while in India, held up as being so pure and so superior to them, the violations are numerous—innumerable and glaring; but then these West India colonies have no harems to guard, like the Nabobs in the East,—like the worshippers of Juggernaut and the "False Prophet," and the Lords who rule both, otherwise they would not be so reviled and calumniated.

So inveterate is the system both of slavery and the slave trade in India, that, as I have already stated, after years of labour and of error from hasty measures, the East Indian government seem wisely to have adopted the plan of trusting to time, instruction, and good government, to meliorate and to root out these widespread evils in civil society in India; and so far are they, as the haughty writer in the *Westminster Review* boasts, from being secure from the non-existence of personal slavery in India, and heedless of what passes about that subject, that they tremble at the consequences which the innovations which have been attempted, and others which may be meditated, may produce in India, as the following extracts from their official correspondence and instructions will abundantly testify:

At page 106, G. DOWDESWELL, chief

Secretary to the Government, writes the Resident at Delhi, under date March 6th, 1813, amongst other things, thus :

"It must necessarily be an object of the anxious solicitude of Government to reconcile, as far as possible, the abolition of this odious traffic," (a Slave Trade), with the prevailing sentiments of the people, and with the obvious expediency of guarding against DISSATISFACTION IN SO LARGE A PART OF THE COMMUNITY as would be affected by the prohibition of the sale of slaves."

Extract from the Proceedings of his Excellency the Right Honourable the Governor-General in Council in the Political Department, under date the 7th April, 1817,—p. 332.

Letter to John Adam, Esq. Secretary to the Governor-General,—p. 335.

"With reference to the extent to which domestic slavery exists in India under the existing laws and usages of the Hindoos and Mahomedans, and to the known habits and feelings of the people relative to that point, the Vice-President in Council of opinion, that the greatest care should be observed to guard against the prevalence of an impression amongst the natives that any general or direct interference in the existing relation of master and slave is contemplated by government.

"Any impression of that nature might be expected to excite feelings of alarm and dissatisfaction ; and on this ground it appears to be of importance that the government of Bombay should avoid, as far as may be practicable, the official revival and discussion of this question, after the deliberate consideration which it has undergone in communication with the legal authorities at this Presidency."

Extract of a letter in the Judicial Department, from the Court of Directors to the Governor in Council of Fort George, dated April 28th, 1824,—page 901.

"We desire that you will be extremely cautious in making any regulation for defining the relations of master and slave. It is our wish to improve the condition of the latter to the utmost extent, and we fear, that in defining the power of masters, acts of compulsion might be legalized, which by custom are not now tolerated, and the slaves might be placed in a worse condition than before."

Extract from the proceedings of the Board of Revenue, under date the 25th November, 1819,—page 893.

"From what has been already stated,

it will be found that agricultural slavery has existed in this district from time immemorial. I (MR HILL) shall now submit my opinion as to the policy, or otherwise, of abolishing the establishment.

"There is something so revolting and abhorrent to an Englishman in the idea of slavery, that the advocates for its continuance in any shape must ever labour under the disadvantage of pre-judgment. Notwithstanding this, I shall endeavour to shew, that so far as relates to the revenue of this district, (and I trust my opinion will not be supposed to extend farther,) the abolition of the *puller system* would be attended with the most serious and ruinous consequences.

"For the sake of argument, however, I will suppose, that by proclamation of government, the establishment is directed to be abolished. In this case, I apprehend the direct consequences would be, either an immediate desertion of the *pullers* in a body, or that they would remain in *statu quo*. The first would be the natural conduct of any class of society having experienced ill usage from their former masters, and the latter course would be adopted by the *pullers*, if they had no reason to complain. If the *pullers* absconded, it is clear that NO REVENUE could be collected, for who is to supply their place? And in this case would government have any claim on the *meer ossidars*? The latter would naturally say, you have taken away our means of paying ; you have reduced us to poverty ; you have abolished an establishment which has existed for ages, and have thought proper, at our expense, to emancipate our slaves, which prescription and our laws made as much our property as the houses we live in. By the laws of our caste we are prevented from tilling our land ; and yet you ask us to pay a revenue, which alone can be paid from its produce.

"On the other hand, should the proclamation have only the effect of leaving things as they are ; if the *pullers* remained with their masters as heretofore, the only benefit resulting therefrom would be, that government had published a proclamation without any attention being paid to it. It would be at least a useless, if not a dangerous document. Hence to emancipate them entirely, would be ruinous in its consequences both to the revenue and the *puller* ; for emancipation in India would confer no rights beyond what the *puller* at present enjoys. Though nominally emancipated, he and his children would remain the lowest order of society ; he would either continue at the plough, possibly under less favourable circumstances than at present, or seek a livelihood by

more daring means. In short, I have no doubt, as justly observed by the Board, that 'it might be more dangerous too suddenly to disturb the long-established relations in society subsisting between these two orders.'"—*Official extracts, signed A. D. Campbell, Secretary.*

Similar extracts might be multiplied, but it would be superfluous. Not only then does personal slavery exist in India, but, from the preceding extracts, it appears, that after many rash efforts to extirpate it, the East Indian government found these to be so ill-timed, injurious, and hazardous, that they abandoned them, with the resolution, as has been already mentioned, to leave the remedy to time, and the general melioration and the instruction of the people. In the extracts last made, your Grace and the public will observe, that on this and other subjects connected with agricultural and other labour performed by slaves, the East Indian government reasons in the same manner that the so much calumniated West-Indian colonists and legislatures do. They shew, that without personal slaves, cultivation and revenue, in the East Indies, must cease, and the West Indians, like the East Indians, further say, that compulsory laws to meliorate and to extirpate slavery, instead of doing good, too frequently render the slaves worse off "than they were before." This truth, let it be remarked, is denied as regards the West Indies, but admitted and acted upon in the East Indies. Why, my Lord, should the East Indians be thus favoured at the expense of the characters of the West Indians? Why, but that the one is weak and the other strong, and that some of the leading opponents of the latter are interested in the former. It is not in Hindostan alone we find the official authorities stating that labour cannot be obtained without compulsion; we find Sir STAMFORD RAFFLES (page 165) stating, upon the capture of Batavia, that the assistance of slave servants was indispensably necessary; for, says he, "as a proof of the difficulty, IF NOT IMPOSSIBILITY, of keeping up any proper establishment here WITHOUT SLAVES, I may add, that no sooner was Mr VAN BRAAM" (the Dutch minister) "out of the house yesterday, than all the helpers in the stables,

WHO WERE FREEMEN, DESERTED AT ONCE." At page 167 he tells us, that there were 27,142 foreigners, slaves in Java, a number of whom were the property of the Government.

But the advantages to the holders of slaves in the East Indies do not rest here. Not only is the importation of slaves accompanying foreigners into the British territories in Hindostan permitted, see pages 144 and 145, and page 381, but, by the official letter (already quoted) from G. DOWDESWELL, Chief Secretary to Government, dated Council Chamber, 6th March, 1813, and addressed to the Resident at Delhi, it appears that slaves are, as settlers, readily permitted to accompany their masters from one district of India into another; a liberty which is denied to the West Indies.

Not only are slaves legally sold and re-sold, and transferred in India to individuals, but we learn by various passages in the papers before us, that the sale of slaves by Government, and the transfer of them in order to obtain revenue arrears from the wretched population, is quite a common thing. Accordingly, we find (page 344) the Court of Appeal of Bareilly reporting to the Governor General thus:—"The people of Nepaul have often been subjected to a CAPITATION TAX, which has compelled families to SELL THEIR CHILDREN, and often, as I have seen, occasioned deep distress." At page 899, in reference to slavery in the government of Fort St George, we find A. D. CAMPBELL, Esq. Secretary, stating thus:—"Malabar is not the only province where slaves are considered by the native Revenue Officers as tangible property, and entered as such in accounts submitted to the collectors." In the same document, page 898, we find it thus stated:—

Par. 36. "With regard to the practice of selling the slaves of revenue defaulters, for the recovery of arrears due, on which the Board have been directed to report, it appears that in the case which has been brought to the notice of Government, (by the third Judge, or circuit in Malabar, through the Sudder Adawlut,) the seizures of slaves in question, with the view to their being disposed of by public sale, took place without the knowledge of the Collector; that on a petition complaining of the grievance being presented, an

order was issued by that officer, to restore the paddy seed and *chermars* (slaves.)"

Par. 37. "The Board observe with regret, that this order was not obeyed, but that the *four slaves* were sold for 32. 3 rupees." (about £3 sterling!) Under par. 899 we find the Collector, in his report to Government, taking up this matter thus:—"The *third Judge*," says he, "has been long enough in the revenue, and the judicial line, to know that the sale of *chermars*, (slaves,) both in execution of decrees for arrears of revenue, and by mutual and private contracts, is as common as the sale of land; for if the soil is sold, what can be the use of retaining the slaves on it?" Under par. 39, Mr Campbell proceeds to tell us, that in the space of five years 186 cases of the description alluded to had occurred in the Zillah Court of South Malabar alone!

These references establish beyond dispute, the fact that the sale of slaves for revenue arrears in India "is as common as the sale of land;" and that to procure their revenue, the East India Company oblige parents "to sell their children;" thus separating families, and breaking asunder the strongest ties of nature, without consideration or remorse.

I must pass over the observations contained in various parts of the papers before us, particularly pages 872—874, &c., where the authorities in India, describing the state and extent of personal slavery in India, take consolation to themselves in the Pharisæical boast, that East Indian slavery was a much gentler and more pleasing thing than the slavery of Africans (p. 897) in our West Indian colonies. In the same page they, however, resort to an authority in justification of personal slavery amongst the Hindoos and other nations, which enables us to set this boast and this matter in its proper light. The authority to which they have referred certainly is invincible and incontrovertible; it runs thus:—

"Both thy bondmen, and thy bondmaids, which thou shalt have, shall be of the heathen that are round about you; of them shall ye buy bondmen and bondmaids. Moreover of the children of the strangers that do sojourn amongst you, of them shall ye buy, and of their families that are with you, which they begat in your land: and they shall be your possession. And ye shall take them as an inheritance for your children after you, who inherit them for a possession; they

shall be your bondmen for ever: but over your brethren the children of Israel, ye shall not rule one over another with rigour."—*Leviticus*, chap. xxv. v. 44, 45, and 46.

While personal slavery, providing the personal slaves were strangers, that is, individuals from other nations, was recognized and sanctioned amongst the Jews, and slaves constituted property in ABSOLUTE RIGHT by the laws of Moses, the servant of God, it must be remarked, that the same laws denounced the most terrible judgments against the Jews, if they reduced their fellow-countrymen to a state of personal slavery, or kept them in a state of servitude beyond a period limited by positive law, unless with their own consent; and the transgression of this law, and their adopting as part of their code this demoralizing system, namely, reducing their own brethren to a state of personal slavery without limits, formed the last terrible reproof, and produced the last terrible threatening from the Almighty by the lips of Jeremiah the prophet, to Zedekiah, King of Judah, which filled up the iniquities of Judah immediately before Nebuchadnezzar laid Jerusalem in ashes, (*Jeremiah*, c. xxxiv. v. 8—22.) Thus, my Lord Duke, we perceive that the personal slavery anathematized by JEHOVAH is the slavery which prevails in India; that is, Hindoos are made slaves by and to Hindoos. The authorities who attempt to palliate it, by contrasting it with the slavery of Africans in the western world, ought therefore to be silent.

But, my Lord Duke, notwithstanding that Mr Campbell, in the document alluded to, tells us (p. 897) as follows:—"In India, the slaves, where they do now exist, *although they can be sold, transferred, or given away*, cannot be forcibly dragged from their native country, and doomed to a life of bondage in a foreign land;—a traffic in slaves, as carried on with Africa, is entirely unknown in India;"—notwithstanding this boast and this assertion, we find from other passages of the papers referred to, that there are many African slaves in India, and in the Company's territories. At page 203 we are told, (par. 6,) "His Lordship and Council are aware, that there are many *public slaves* (descendants of native Africans imported into this settlement on ac-

count of the Company long since) now here." "A very large body of Caffres were formerly imported by the Company when the settlement (Fort Marlborough) was first established, who had been brought from Madagascar and the coasts of Africa." And at page 344, par. 113, we are pointedly informed, that "there are VERY MANY NATIVES of AFRICA in the provinces under the *Bengal Government*, that have been imported by people now holding them as slaves, or that have been since transferred by *re-sale*, and under the operation of a different system of law."

How African slaves came to India without an African slave trade—without being "forcibly dragged from their country," the wise heads who write on such subjects in India must be left to explain, while I proceed to remark, that at page 929, we find, that so late as 1825 the practice of kidnapping children in the Government of Madras, in order to export them to the eastward as slaves, existed; and page 380 tells us very plainly, that in 1824, not only a slave trade betwixt Africa and India existed, but also a slave trade betwixt India and Africa. The Magistrates of Calcutta, 22d March, 1824, thus address W. B. BAILEY, Esquire, Chief Secretary to Government:—"The Magistrates have received information, that persons are occasionally brought to Calcutta, or removed therefrom, in Arab ships, and SOLD AS SLAVES; and they deem it right to apprise you, and all persons connected with Arab shipping, of the heavy penalties and punishment which will be incurred by a violation of the law."

The great length to which the extracts and remarks have already extended, prevent me from dwelling upon the severities and cruelties which, in the pages alluded to, appear to be practised on the slaves in India; but these amidst the votaries of a barbarous and cruel superstition, and a population so ignorant and so degraded as the population of Hindostan generally are, may readily be conceived to be very great, and, moreover, that but few of the acts of barbarity come to the knowledge of the proper tribunals.

But not only does personal slavery exist in the territories of the East India Company to a great extent, but the East India Company, as a corpo-

rate body, are to this day the proprietors of a great number of slaves. In St Helena, and in some of their Eastern dependencies, we find this the case; and in all the islands and possessions conquered in the Eastern seas during the late war, the Company acquired a great number of public slaves, not one of whom they liberated, but restored to succeeding governments, as the islands and possessions were restored after the general peace. In Java, in Banda, in Amboyna, this was particularly the case; nor is this all; we actually find the East India Company, the lords and rulers of India, not only deriving their revenue from the sale of slaves, and the separation of families to raise it, but we also find them telling us, that without slaves the land cannot be cultivated, and without cultivation, that no revenue could by taxes be raised.

It becomes, therefore, necessary, to the further application of our subject, to enquire what the Government of India and the East India Company really is. The latter is the Government of India, and the Company is again composed of individuals in this (chiefly) and other countries, who hold each a certain proportion, more or less, of stock or capital in this great mercantile concern, which has overrun, and at present overawes, the most populous and extensive region in Asia. This Company of individuals choose a certain number of Directors, resident in London, whose word gives laws to India, and to whom all the Governors, and the authorities thereof, are amenable and subject. In looking over the list of East India proprietors for the year 1829, who are entitled to vote, I perceive that a very great number of them reside in CLAPHAM, and the adjacent parts of Surrey, which parts are the most remarkable for their inveterate hostility against the British West Indies, including, no doubt, in the hostile bands, the East India slave proprietors who are there resident. Although the names of many of the anti-colonial adversaries are unknown to me, still, in looking over the list alluded to, I find several of the more active, together with the names of many persons of rank; and if my personal knowledge of the anti-colonial societies was more extensive, I should

undoubtedly be able to array before your Grace and the country a greater number of the Eastern slave-masters than I at present can, and who evince from ignorance and hypocrisy such bitter hostility against the British West Indian colonies, and who are yet such excellent men in their own eyes, and so entirely clear from the pollution and the gains of personal slavery, as they and their champions believe, or attempt to make this country believe. I extract the following names:—

His Grace the Duke of Wellington.
William Wilberforce, Esq.
Lord Bexley.
Joseph Henry Butterworth, Clapham.
The Earl of Caledon.
Admiral Codrington.
Edward Collins, Esq. Frolesworth, Leicestershire.
Rev. Christ. Rigby Collins, *Lanin*, Wilts.
Robert Downie, Esquire, M.P. Charlotte Square, Edinburgh.
Rev. Edw. Bishop Elliot, Trinity College, Cambridge.
John Forbes, Esquire, M. P. Fitzroy Square.
Admiral James Gambier.
The Right Hon. Charles Grant.
Mr Benjamin Arthur Heywood, Manchester.
The Right Hon. Richard Ryder, Lincoln's Inn.
Mr William Smith, Curzon Street.
Henry Sykes, Esq. Hull.
Daniel Sykes, Esq. Rogwell, Yorkshire, &c. &c. &c.

Every one of these individuals, my Lord Duke—all the individuals composing the East India Company, who are incorporated with it, own its stock, and receive dividends therefrom, are as much slave proprietors as any individuals connected with West India property. It ill becomes any one connected with the East Indies, therefore, to revile their brethren and their fellow subjects in the West Indies, because they cultivate their lands with African slaves, which their countrymen bought in Africa by Act of Parliament, and sold to them; and henceforward it is to be hoped, if common sense and common honesty are attended to, that we shall hear no more boasts about the superior purity of the East Indian sugar, and East Indian establishments—no more such boasts as

that put forth by Mr Clarkson, that Great Britain can obtain sugar from India “not stained with blood!”—that the East India Company “dispel the clouds of ignorance, superstition, and idolatry, and carry with them civilisation and liberty wherever they go.” (*Pumph.* 1823, p. 57.)—Whereas we perceive an enormous mass of personal slavery existing in India, which that Company tell us they cannot, and which they have no right to remove; while of the individuals who compose this mass of personal slavery in India, we are told, by the Papers so often referred to, (see p. 344.) that they are so sunk in mental ignorance, that THEY “SACRIFICE TO THE DEVIL ONLY!”—“they have no priests, performing the ceremonies themselves!”

I do not, my Lord Duke, revert to the subject of personal slavery in the East Indies, neither do I adduce these facts in order to reproach, to revile, to insult, to blame, or to injure any one in, or connected with, that quarter of the British Empire; but I adduce them, merely to undeceive a credulous public, deceived by men who make deception a trade, and to shew that our persecuted and calumniated West Indian Colonies are not the only spots in the dominions of civilized nations, or in the British dominions, where personal slavery is known, established, and recognised by law, as a rank in society. Degraded, however, my Lord Duke, and ignorant as the Hindoo, and the Hindoo slave are, still it must be acknowledged that, in the scale of human nature and human intelligence, the Hindoo slave is a being greatly superior to the rude African savage, who has been carried to the western world, and there placed in a state of slavery. According to the late *Mr Kenneth Macauley*, the Africans brought into Sierra Leone, and emancipated there, were all of them “barbarous natives of barbarous states—enslaved for crimes” in Africa. It was the same description of persons which the people of England tore from Africa and planted in their Western Colonies; but to give your Grace a more correct idea than even Mr Macauley, in the short pithy reference, has done, of what they were when first planted in the Islands of

the Western Archipelago, I shall adduce the delineation given by an actual observer, the able writer of an article, entitled, "*The British Settlements in Western Africa*," and inserted in *Blackwood's Magazine* for September last, and which description, be it observed, refers to the superior classes of Africans, those who have had the greatest intercourse with European civilisation, and who, from their superior morality and intelligence, stand above the reach of the law, which in Africa enslaves criminals "for crimes." After informing us how the Ashantees were beat back by the bravery of the few white troops, who were left to perform every species of labour in that pernicious climate, he adds :

"Not a man of our Allies could be influenced to pursue them ; prayers and rewards were offered in vain ; Mr Wilberforce's '*Brothers*' showed fight against the British when urged to it ; they were too busy in searching the dead for gold dust, and in cutting out the jawbones of the wounded, to decorate their persons, to attend to the representations of those who had saved their lives, and who were anxious they should pursue their inveterate foes for their common safety. The barbarities exercised by the people amongst whom the English had resided for more than two centuries is beyond belief. The heart of an Ashantee chief was taken out, divided, and eaten amongst the 'poor black' chiefs, his jaw-bones were taken out, and hung on the drums ; whilst living, his ears were twisted to the back of his head, and fastened with a skewer, whilst his fingers were cut off at the joints, the flesh eaten, and the bones hung as a necklace, whilst reeking with blood, round their necks. These barbarities were performed by people who had lived long with the English, had attended the schools, and whose children were, at that moment, attending the English school, and frequenting the church at Cape Coast Castle ! All these men, too, who had seen the advantages of education and civilisation—of whom fine paragraphs had appeared in the Missionary Magazines—spoke in the most exulting manner of eating the hearts of their enemies ; squeezed their hands as if in the act of drenching the blood, and smacked their lips with the twang of enjoyment that Mr Buxton might be supposed to feel at a tit-bit of venison the first season, at one of the numerous dinners given for our 'brethren in darkness' in Africa !"

Yet the beings whom we have been contemplating are by no means so brutal and debased as those generally carried from Africa to our Colonies. The latter are the offscourings—the criminals of the former ; and really, my Lord Duke, it is those British subjects, who had been bred and educated in the most unsophisticated and innocent parts of this country, and others, who have been accustomed to the more polished portions of society in it—it is they, my Lord Duke, who, encouraged by their country, forsake their native land, and plant themselves, their capital, their knowledge, their industry, and their civilisation amongst such brutes and barbarians, and the descendants of such savages, and such barbarians—it is these British subjects, my Lord Duke, and not the Africans, who are the slaves in the West Indies ; and, let the Anti-colonists say what they will, their country, and Africa, are positively indebted to them for reclaiming and making such a ferocious rabble peaceable, industrious, and civilized, useful to themselves, and useful to society.

Such as they have been described are the people whom the bloody-minded writer in the *Westminster Review* declares, that he, and the people of England, would lead, and would head, to rob and to butcher the white British subjects in our Colonies. But I must give you the assault in his own words, (p. 287.) "Will these men never know the ground on which they stand ? Can nothing make them find out, that the universal British people would stand by and CHEER ON THEIR DUSKY BRETHREN TO THE ASSAULT, if it was not for the solitary hope that the end may be obtained more effectually by other means ? In other and plainer words, my Lord Duke, if England did not feel herself sufficiently strong to rob her children and her subjects, settled in the Colonies, she would excite their barbarous slaves to assassinate them !" I pass over the bitter libel here uttered against "the universal British people" without further remark, to observe, that the man who could utter such a savage threat, and recommend such brutal proceedings, must be, "according to the flesh," a brother to *Esther Hibner*, whom your Grace may probably remember was,

not very long ago, hanged for the murder of a number of white English pauper children, after acts of unprecedented cruelty, and whose name, acts, and character, are accordingly alluded to with so much propriety, feeling, and effect, by this advocate of bloodshed. That this warrior, "above the rank of a common soldier," if he deserves that honourable appellation, would "cheer on" his "dusky" Hibner "brethren to the assault" is sufficiently obvious; but, for the honour of our country, I trust, that he is the only Englishman whose mind is so far degraded and brutalized as to bring him, either to adopt such a course, or to avow such a ferocious intention. That he would so act were he raised to be Colonel to a regiment of Black Thomsons—that this, we shall suppose, Colonel would so act—so butcher the whites in the West India Colonies—suck their heart's blood, while their hearts yet vibrated with life like his "dusky brethren" the Fantees, or make minced meat of their flesh, as his "dusky brethren" the Ashantees made of Sir CHARLES MACARTHY, is probable, nay, we shall admit, indisputable; but the humble individual who has the honour to address you may be permitted to remind your Grace, that such language and such threats are treason against the laws, the government, and the sceptre of Great Britain, and that my country once had a Government which would have dared to punish, as a traitor to his country, the cold-blooded monster who ventured to insult the majesty of Great Britain with language like this—language, my Lord Duke, even more bloody, frantic, and ferocious than any ever spouted by Marat in the Jacobin Club, or thundered by Robespierre from his carnage-covered tribune, in those days when similar hypocritical villains trampled upon humanity, property, and justice, and when they, as their appropriate deity, worshipped in the character and sex of *Esther Hibner*, the Goddess of Reason—cruelty, and crime—and when they embraced, like the writer in the Westminster Review, and in character, the African savage as a brother, animated with equal intellect, and endowed with similar qualities and feelings as themselves!

The conduct, my Lord Duke, of this country, but more especially of

that portion of the population thereof who are the loudest in decrying the law which constitutes black men the property of men; while this country itself—nay, the very leaders of the part of her population alluded to, are busy, constituting white men—free-born Englishmen and Englishwomen, natives of England, the *property* of men—of their fellow-subjects, in ABSOLUTE RIGHT, without any compensation whatever—the conduct of such individuals is, to say the least of it, very extraordinary. In proof, however, of what I state, I adduce the following Act of Parliament, which is now in operation in New Holland, for the government of the British convicts there settled. It runs thus:

"5th Geo. IV. chap. 84, sect. 8. And be it further enacted, That so soon as any such offender shall be delivered to the Governor of the Colony, or other person or persons to whom the Contractor, or such nominee or nominees, as aforesaid, shall be so directed, to deliver him or her, THE PROPERTY IN THE SERVICE OF SUCH OFFENDER shall be vested in the Governor of the Colony for the time being, or in such other person or persons; and it SHALL BE LAWFUL for the Governor for the time being, and for such other person or persons, whenever he or they shall think fit, TO ASSIGN ANY SUCH OFFENDER to any other person for the then residue of his or HER term of transportation, and for SUCH ASSIGNEE TO ASSIGN over such offender, and so AS OFTEN AS MAY BE THOUGHT FIT; and THE PROPERTY in the service of such offender shall continue in the Governor for the time being, or in such person or persons as aforesaid, or his or their assigns, during the WHOLE REMAINING TERM OF LIFE, or years for which such offender was sentenced or ordered to be transported; Provided always that, for the purposes of this Act, every person administering the Government of a Colony, by whatever name or title he may be denominated, shall be deemed to be the Governor thereof."

When this act was passing through the Legislature without opposition or observation, a gentleman observed to Mr Wilmot Horton, in presence of Mr James Stephen, junior, that this act was a decided commencement of slavery amongst Englishmen, and it was asked of Mr Horton, how, in the midst of the denunciations fulminated against African slavery, the government of the country could venture to establish the system amongst Englishmen. The reply, with a smile,

was,—he might ask Mr Stephen. This was done, and the reply of the law adviser of the colonial office was,—that the matter belonged to the Home Office, and that they in the colonial office had nothing to do with it! Thus the matter passed quietly. Had the objects of the act related to Blacks, Mr Stephen would soon have made the Home Office look into the matter, and as we proceed, we shall see pretty clearly how much Mr Stephen has to do with the government of New Holland.

The fact, my Lord Duke, thus stands confessed, that Englishmen by the laws of England are at this moment constituted and held property—assignable property, in ABSOLUTE RIGHT to their countrymen; and if Englishmen can thus be constituted slaves, why should the same laws and the same lawgivers declaim against Africans being constituted property? I shall be told that these Englishmen are criminals. Be it so. The Africans sold into slavery are also criminals, sold under their laws, with this difference, that the laws of every nation in Africa recognise slavery as legal, while no law exists in England by which free-born Englishmen can be reduced to a state of personal bondage. Yet, by act of Parliament, thousands, males and FEMALES, at this moment are so, without our Buxtons, our Broughams, our Stephens, our Mackintoshes, and our Lushingtons ever raising their voice against it; and how they are worked and how they are treated,—“worked under the lash” in that state, every New Holland newspaper which we take up tells us in the most pointed terms. I hold in my hand the “SYDNEY GAZETTE” of the 23d June, 1828, in which I find an official advertisement, dated “PRINCIPAL SUPERINTENDENT’S Office, Sydney, 20th June, 1828,” announcing the absconding of no fewer than sixty-three white convicts or slaves, and calling upon all the constituted authorities to apprehend them, and “*lodge them in safe custody.*” After describing most minutely every mark, feature, and peculiarity on or about these convicts, composed of English, Scotch, and Irish, the description of each is wound up by stating how frequently he had before run away (*two, three, four, five, and even six times*) from the “Road Gang,” or from the “IRON GANG,” as might be; the greater pro-

portion, however, are from the latter “Gang”—“THE IRON GANG;” and the Gazette of that settlement tells how frequently and how severely these white slaves are flogged, almost at the will and the caprice of their masters!

These references, my Lord Duke, are not adduced either in praise or in support of slavery in the abstract, or of the establishments in New Holland; but these are adduced as facts, in order therefrom and thereupon to observe, that if it is neither illegal nor criminal to punish white *male and female* English criminal slaves in New Holland, it cannot surely, either in reason or in justice, be deemed illegal, dishonourable, or criminal to punish criminal black slaves in the West Indies, in a similar but certainly in a milder manner.

A letter from Mr WARD, British consul at Vera Cruz, to the late Mr Canning, giving an account of the success of sugar cultivation by free labour, as it is termed, in Mexico, has for some time past been making, as invulnerable and invincible, the circle of the anti-colonial press of this country. A more flimsy and vulnerable document, however, has scarcely ever come in my way. It is only necessary to knock the brains of one part of it against the brains of another part of it, in order to shew the absurdity, the error, and the ignorance of the whole. But in doing this my limits compel me to be brief.

Mr Ward became British consul at Vera Cruz, after Mr Canning had called the “New World into existence,” and at the time when that great statesman took it into his head that he could, with ease, facility, and *safety*, change, by the mere substitution of free labour for the compulsory labour, the state of society which Great Britain had established in the West Indies, with advantage to every one in them or connected with them; and when every sort of information which went to support the theory and the views of the British cabinet, was greedily sought after and eagerly credited by that cabinet; and when all such information, no matter how crude or how collected, became the certain passport to praise, to honour, and to reward.

According to Mr Ward, this free labour Garden of Eden is situated about fifty miles distant from the city

of Mexico, on the road to Acapulco. A considerable time ago, (why was not the period stated?) the Spaniards found it so difficult to procure slaves to carry on the cultivation of sugar and coffee in Mexico, that they resolved to substitute the labour of hired servants for the labour of slaves. At the period alluded to, the price of slaves at Vera Cruz was nearly L.100 sterling each, which price was greatly increased by the mortality which took place amongst them when crossing the high cold regions situated between Vera Cruz and the western part of Mexico, and from diseases caught in the journey. To get over this inconvenience, and the consequences of this loss, not, according to Mr Ward's own shewing, because free labour was cheaper than slave labour, but, as your Grace will observe, because slaves could not, for particular local reasons, be got at the rate at which these were obtained in other places, the Spanish proprietors began to propagate, by marriage between their African slaves and the Mexican Indians, a race of freemen to employ as hired labourers. In this project, according to Mr Ward, they so completely succeeded, that in 1808 estates which had previously been cultivated by slaves were wholly cultivated by free labourers. The manner in which the Spaniards accomplished the propagation of such a race is not stated, but their total disregard of the feelings and the rights of the native Indians is so well known, that it is much to be regretted Mr Ward has not been more explicit in stating "*the kind of douce violence*," as the Edinburgh Review would phrase it, by which they enforced the connexions which so rapidly produced the race which they required. On this point, however, it is sufficient to remark, that in our West India colonies (Demerara excepted) there are no free Indians to unite to African slaves, in order to bring forth a similar free labour progeny. Again, it is to be regretted, that Mr Ward has not explained fully the *coercion* by which the Spaniards kept these hired labourers to work. That *coercion* was used, Mr Ward himself explicitly admits, when he informs us, that in the revolution of 1810 the planters who had not adopted this system, "were forced in *many instances* to give up working their estates, as their

slaves took advantage of the approach of the insurgents to join them *en masse*; while those who had provided themselves with a mixed *caste* of free labourers, retained, even during the worst times, a sufficient number of men to enable them to continue to cultivate their lands, ALTHOUGH UPON A SMALLER SCALE." The translation of this passage into the British from the Anglo-Mexican tongue tells us, that the moment the authority and the power of the master was decreased, even the free labourer ceased to work at the rate which he had formerly done, while the emancipated slave and the slave who had emancipated himself, in Mexico, as in every other place, ceased to perform any work, although he could obtain 3s. 9d. sterling per day for his labour! Such are the actual results of slave emancipation in Mexico—a country where, as Mr Ward informs us, free labour "certainly has had a *fair trial*!"

Instead, therefore, of shewing that the emancipation of the slaves in the West Indies is safe and practicable, and which it was the object of the letter to prove, Mr Ward shews us directly the reverse. He tells us, that the moment the slaves become free, they from that moment become marauders and idlers; and further, that such was the effect of the emancipation in 1810, that in 1826, when Mr Ward wrote, "several of the *Haciendas* have not yet recovered the losses which they then sustained, and some which were *quite ruined*, have never been REBUILT." And why not rebuilt, if free labourers could be readily procured, and if the returns from their labour were so great as have been stated? Let Mr Ward answer these questions. But this is not all. Mark, my Lord Duke, what these emancipated slaves became in the moral scale. The sound of the whip, says Mr Ward, in his work upon Mexico, written *after* the letter which is under consideration, "is never heard; but whether freedom will have the effect (as many hold) of raising the workmen in the scale of civilisation, is a question which I cannot pretend to decide. It is much to be desired certainly, for a more *debaunched, ignorant, and barbarous race*, than the inhabitants of the *sugar districts*, it is impossible to conceive. They seem to have engrafted the wild passions of the negro

upon the cunning and suspicious character of the Indian, and are noted for their *ferocity, vindictiveness*, and attachment to *spirituous liquors*. When not at work, they are CONSTANTLY DRUNK; and as they have little or no sense of religious or moral duties, there is but a slender chance of amendment!"

Mr Ward's figures and details are sufficiently marvellous to lead even the most credulous to doubt their accuracy; thus he informs us in one place, that the proprietor of three estates "expends in wages to the workmen and other current charges" at an average 1000 dollars per week, which amounts to L.11,250 sterling per annum on each; and in another place, he informs us that *upwards* of 150 labourers are employed on each of these estates, at a daily hire of 3s. 9d. or restricting the number to 150, L.8775 per annum, which, considering the value of the produce, only leaves about L.2500 for all the other expenses of such an estate; a sum which, to every one acquainted with the expensive nature of a sugar establishment, is scarcely sufficient to pay for mules and machinery to take off the crop, without making any allowance for any other charges whatever!

But I hasten to other more vulnerable points and details. Thus he informs us, that for Mexican sugar, "*for the most part coarse in appearance, and of a bad colour*," the planter receives ON HIS ESTATE FROM 2½ to 3 dolls. (the average 2¾ dolls.) *per arroba*, which is equal to 12½ dolls. or L.2, 13s. 1d. sterling per cwt. And in the name of a Government deceived, and of a country deluded, does Mr Ward, in the face of this, mean to tell us, that his Mexican sugar, "*coarse in appearance, and of a bad colour*," is cheaper than that which is raised either in the possessions of Great Britain, or in the possessions of any other European power? Is it not obvious to the most inattentive observer, that British plantation sugar—certainly superior in quality to the Mexican sugar mentioned—is at this moment selling, *freight, duty, and charges* (together 36s.) included, at 48s. per cwt.; and when Mr Ward's letter was published, that the same sugar was selling at 53s. per cwt.? Either British plantation sugar or Spanish plan-

chased in Great Britain, reshipped and landed at Vera Cruz, for 31s. per cwt. and from the British colonies and the Havannah direct at a still lower rate. These facts and points cannot be denied; and therefore, unless sugar, the produce of slave labour in this and in every other quarter of the world, is either prohibited or loaded with an enormous protecting duty in Mexico, it is evident that the people at Vera Cruz, and in that part of Mexico, would never be such fools as to give 53s. per cwt. for Mexican sugar, exclusive of the land carriage from the quarter where it is produced, which must exceed 20s. per cwt. (if the land carriage did not exceed this sum, foreign sugar, as is obvious from the prices above stated, would reach the interior of Mexico at a lower rate than their own) more, or 73s. per cwt., while they could get Cuba or British plantation sugars, of better qualities, at 30s. per cwt., or about 80 per cent lower than their own! These facts, my Lord Duke, are obvious to the most inattentive man in the commercial world. Yet Mr Ward tells us, that "it is a curious fact, that an *immense quantity* of sugar is yearly remitted to Vera Cruz, *not for exportation*, but for the home consumption of a province which might produce sugar enough to supply all Europe, if it chose to turn to account the advantages with which nature has so richly endowed it." Here Mr Ward knocks down Mr Ward; and let him explain or adduce at his leisure the reason why the province of Vera Cruz does not turn its prodigious advantages to account? why it does not apply free labour to cultivate sugar, in order to supply all Europe? My explanation of the questions is, that sugar is not produced in the province of Vera Cruz, because free labourers there will either not work at all, or will not work at a rate of wages which the cultivator and capitalist can afford to give; and as to the price which the Mexican sugar is said to bring on the estates where it is produced, and at Vera Cruz, where it is brought, at a heavy expense, in land carriage, the amount cannot be correct, because, if the price were there so high, there is no article whatever that would pay so well as shipments of slave plantation sugar to Acapulco.

elsewhere; and your Grace may rest assured, that if what Mr Ward states was really the fact, some of our greatest anti-colonists and declaimers against slavery would, in a few months, have a dozen of ships in the harbour of Acapulco and Vera Cruz, loaded with sugar raised by slaves, obtained from any quarter where they could purchase it cheapest.

Mr Ward tells us, that the sum paid annually on an estate which produces on an average 30,000 arrobas (6500 cwt.) is about L.8900. Your Grace has only to consult the average price of West India sugar in the London Gazette, to find that at this rate a West Indian estate would not defray the expenses of the labour expended upon it, without allowing any thing for capital vested in it, and for supplies purchased for it; and the reason why no Mexican sugar is exported from Mexico, is because it brings such a high price there, that it would be undersold at a rate amounting to one-half in every market in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. In Mexican free-labour coffee the loss upon exportation would be still more severe. The price in 1826 was seven dollars the arroba, or about 134s. sterling per cwt.! Unless, therefore, foreign coffee is prohibited, or loaded with enormous protecting duties in Mexico, it is obvious that the inhabitants of Vera Cruz could get it from St Domingo and other places, at a price little more than *one-third* of what they pay for that which is produced on their own fields! The fitness, indeed, of Mr Ward to give the British nation and the British government proper information upon such important subjects is most strikingly exemplified in the statement which he himself makes in the letter so often alluded to regarding the cultivation of coffee, namely, that "the young coffee plants require great care and attention, and must be PROTECTED FROM THE SUN FOR TWO WHOLE YEARS!!" This extraordinary protection certainly may, in some measure, account for the very high price of Mexican coffee! How a British, a Dutch, a French, or a Portuguese, nay, even the thoughtless Sierra Leone coffee planter must smile at information like this! Yet it is to such counsels and to such counsellors that the British government

and the British nation listen; and it is laws framed upon the crude and erroneous information thus obtained which the anti-colonists in Great Britain call upon the Government to cram down the throats of British subjects settled under the laws of this country in the West Indies! To these remarks I must add, that his rum returns, given as the produce of certain *haciendas*, are clearly the produce of a concentrated distillery for several *haciendas*, and not the returns of any one estate, unless that estate turns the whole of the produce of the canes into rum, instead of making any portion of that produce into sugar. The *haciendo* of *Santa Ines*, he says, produces 4000 to 4500 *barrels* annually, which sell for twenty-four dollars the barrel, or about 2s. 6d. per gallon—that is, if the Mexican barrels are of the same size as English barrels, more than double the price which the West Indian planter receives in the market of the mother country for his rum. The annual produce of this *haciendo* in rum, taking the barrel at forty-two gallons, and the average 4250 barrels, is 188,500 gallons, worth L.23,562 sterling, from 7300 cwt. sugar (taking the average produce of the other *haciendas* as the produce of *Santa Ines*)—a quantity of rum which I assert, without the fear of contradiction, it is impossible to produce from such a return, or even from double the return of sugar—a quantity exceeding by three-fourths the quantity which, from such an extent of cultivation, could be obtained in any quarter of the world.

The misrepresentation, my Lord Duke, which the leading anti-colonists have spread abroad concerning the increased industry and produce of St DOMINGO or HAYTI, since the bloody revolution in that ill-fated island, are well known, and next demand our attention. In vain these false statements, false even upon the face of the documents produced by the enemies of our colonies, were exposed by the voice of truth, and by correct information. The multitude paid scarcely any attention to the refutation; the anti-colonists, detected in one falsehood, had recourse to half-a-dozen more to support their statements; and the Government, beset by their clamours and their influence,

either doubted or shrunk back from acting upon the truth when put into their hands. At last, however, the truth became known through an official channel which cannot be gainsayed. Mr MacKenzie was some years ago sent out by Mr Canning as our consul to Hayti, with particular instructions to obtain and to transmit to him accurate accounts regarding the population, the industry, and the produce of Hayti. That gentleman has fulfilled the task committed to his charge in a very clear and satisfactory manner, and the results of his labours have been, after much delay, and to the dismay of the British anti-colonists, drawn forth from the archives of the Foreign-office, by order of the House of Commons, and printed for the information of the members of that House and of the public. To follow Mr MacKenzie in his multifarious details, statistical and others, would far exceed my limits, and is also, I conceive, unnecessary. The leading points in his statements will, therefore, only be referred to as sufficient to overthrow the statements which all our anti-colonial writers have brought forward regarding Hayti. Much, however, as has been disclosed by the papers referred to, darker and more conclusive information still remains behind, in the Report which Mr MacKenzie was commanded and commissioned to make, and which he did make, but which has been suppressed somewhere, and even a review of the whole transmitted for the Quarterly Review, withheld by, it is believed, the official influence which controls that publication. A day of enquiry may, however, come regarding that Report, the contents of it, and why it has been withheld from the sight of the British nation.

In reply to queries put by Mr Canning, Mr MacKenzie proceeds thus :—

1st. "Whether the sugar plantations have considerably diminished?"

Answer. "They are almost entirely annihilated. The plain of *Cul de Sac*, which was formerly an immense sugar garden, has now upon it only four plantations of any extent. These are considered the best in the island. Generally speaking, no sugar is manufactured on the estates devoted to the cultivation of the sugar cane; the juice is either in-

spissated to a coarse syrup, and sold for common use, or distilled into a very inferior rum called *Tafia*. The actual state of the plantation called *Tor*, which belongs to the only surviving daughter of the late President, and is now under the management of the present President, may be considered a picture of the sugar cultivation throughout the whole country. Formerly 1700 *carreaux* (each containing about 350 square French feet) were in canes, above 1500 slaves were employed upon it; three sugar mills were constantly at work, and excellent clayed sugar was made. Now only seven *carreaux* (about 22½ acres) are in cultivation; not fifty labourers are employed, and the only produce is a little syrup and *Tafia*, which last is retailed in a small shop by the road-side, in front of the President's residence!!" (p. 80.) At page 158, he tells us of the plantation *Laborde*, that it was "one of the most flourishing in the colony, and according to Moreau, *St Mery* had, in 1789, 1400 slaves, and yielded 1,200,000 lbs. of clayed sugar, besides other produce. People of authority at Cayes declare, that at the commencement of the revolution, there were 2000 slaves upon it, and that the produce was 2,000,000 lbs. of clayed sugar.—I visited it during my stay in Cayes, and found the three sugar mills entirely destroyed and unfit for use. All the dwelling houses, which had been of stone, and most substantial as well as elegant, were unroofed. Only one sugar-house retained its roof, and that was rapidly falling into decay. Not a cane was planted; about sixteen labourers were hanging about, cultivating, I was told, only provisions for their own use; and I saw from a dozen to twenty cattle grazing in one of the *Savannahs*!" At page 104 he says, "it is estimated that there are about 500 *carreaux* (1600 acres) in canes, in a wretched state of cultivation, in the whole plain of Cayes. The land is never manured, and scarcely ever weeded, and only a part of each year's produce is converted into molasses. This arises chiefly from idleness; to which may be added, the depredations of cattle, owing to bad fences, and the almost total impossibility of repairing sugar works, from a want of workmen, and the bad faith of all concerned." In the "neighbourhood of Grand Goave, Petit Goave, across the country to St Louis and Acquin; the country," says he, "is as rich and beautiful as nature can make it, but the hand of man is rarely perceptible, except in the immediate neighbourhood of some isolated hut or cabin, where a field of Guinea grass, or a small cane piece, may be met

with. Ruins of former estates occur continually on the road; yet these are frequently the property of the *most powerful men* in the country. From Gonaïves," says he, p. 106, "to *Cape Haitien*, although the road runs through some of the most luxuriant and beautiful parts of the island, *traces of what has been are only to be seen.*" In reference to the fine plain of *Cul de Sac*, he states further, (p. 103,) "I now am warranted by eight months' further experience, to confirm the whole of those statements, and to add that I know several extensive proprietors in the plain of *Cul de Sac*, who cannot derive a dollar from them, from the difficulty, *if not absolute impossibility*, of procuring labourers."

Such is the low state of labour in Hayti; and in answer to one of Mr Canning's questions, we learn (p. 81) that the little labour which is found in Hayti, is produced by the following stimulus:—

"By law, the use of the whip has been long abolished, but military men have the privilege of using a THICK STICK; and as *all* are military proprietors, I apprehend that at present, as it was certainly the case under Toussaint, Dessalines, and Christophe, corporeal punishment of that kind is *very often* inflicted, though in opposition to the law; an opposition of practice to theory, not very uncommon in Hayti. I have no evidence that women are ever punished with a whip; but were I to judge from the general conduct of the men to the women, I should be so inclined to infer, that the latter may suffer from the same violation of the law with the men, to which I have just adverted."

At page 105 he again recurs to the system pursued to enforce labour, thus:—

"The laws recognise no other punishment than fine, and imprisonment with hard labour, although it is no uncommon thing to see the *soldiery*, and the *military police*, use the *plat-de-sabre* and *coco-macae*, (a species of heavy jointed cane,) in a *most arbitrary* and sometimes *cruel manner*; but almost always from the *natural obstinacy* of the negro, WITHOUT THE INTENDED EFFECT!" In the same page, we are informed, that "the *very little* field labour effected, is generally performed by *elderly people*, principally old Guinea negroes. No measures of government can induce the YOUNG CREOLES to LABOUR, or depart from their habitual licentiousness and vagrancy. The whole body of proprietors constantly lament the incapacity

of the government to enforce labour. The few young females that live on plantations *seldom assist in any labour* whatever, but live in a CONSTANT STATE OF IDLENESS AND DEBAUCHERY. This is tolerated by the soldiery and the military police, whose licentiousness is gratified by this means." And he adds, "Hayti, I believe, is the only country IN WHICH CHAIRS ARE PLACED FOR THE SENTRIES ON DUTY; this was introduced in Petion's time, and may be considered a *fair specimen* of the general system!"

It is unnecessary, my Lord Duke, to add another word, or to make another quotation, to shew and to prove the demoralized and disorganized state of Hayti, where "no measures of the government can enforce labour." The result of this state of things is best shewn by contrasting the extent of the produce of Hayti in 1789, before the Revolution, and in 1826, the date of Mr MacKenzie's mission. The latter is extracted from the official communications already referred to, and the former from the official returns submitted to the Legislative Assembly of France, and other authority as afterwards stated.

Produce Hayti.		
	In 1789	In 1826.
Sugar (clayed)		
French lbs.	70,227,703	
—Muscovado, do.	93,177,512	
Coffee, lbs.	68,151,180	32,189,784
Cotton, .	6,286,126	620,972
Indigo, .	930,916	
Cocoa, .	150,000	457,592
Tortoise shell,	5,000	8,622
Campeachy wood, .	1,500,000	5,307,745
Molasses, casks,	29,502	
Tafia, puns. .	303	
Tanned hides,	5,136	64,641
Untanned do.	7,887	
Tobacco, lbs. .		340,588
Mahogany, sup. f. .		2,136,984
Cigars, . . .		179,500
Yellow ware, lbs. .		5,581
Bullocks' horns, .		7,209

Such is the amount and the contrast which the produce of Hayti exhibits at the two periods mentioned! But the returns for 1791, in the autumn of which year the rebellion broke out, exhibit a still superior display of industry and produce. I copy it as given in the *Edinburgh Gazetteer*, a work of great research and authority:—

217,463	Casks of Sugar.
5,636	do. Molasses.
380	do. Gums.
248	Boxes Aloes.
27,312	Barrels Syrup.
1,514	Seroons Cochineal.
6,814	Tons Logwood.
1,865	do. Mahogany.
4,167	lbs. Tortoise shell.
1,346	Boxes sweetmeats.
1,478	Seroons Jesuits Bark.
84,617,328	lbs. (French) Coffee.
11,317,226	Cotton.
3,257,610	Indigo.
1,536,617	Cocoa.
4,618	Bags Pepper.
2,426	do. Ginger.
6,948	Tanned hides.
114,639	Hides in hair.
2,617,650	Spanish dollars.
57,213	oz. Gold in grains, &c.

Such, my Lord Duke, was the produce of St Domingo, and of the French part of it only, be it observed, in 1789 and 1791, and such the produce of the WHOLE OF IT in 1826, as stated by Mr MacKenzie; the value in 1791 being upwards of L.7,000,000 sterling, the value in 1826 not much exceeding (exclusive of export duties) one million! In the former periods also, the produce of every kind stood the first in the market in point of quality, and at the latter period it stands the last and the worst! The taxes, before the Revolution, in the French part, amongst a population much more numerous than at present, were 580,000 dollars, now they amount to (p. 81) 3,551,115 dollars. In 1789, the trade of St Domingo employed 1700 ships, 287,802 tons, and in 1822, only 947 vessels, 102,693 tons of every description, from all nations, and *two thirds* of which were from the United States. The population of the Spanish part of St Domingo was, by the census of 1785, 158,646; and the population of the French part of St Domingo was, in 1789, viz. 40,000 whites, 25,000 people of colour, and 501,000 slaves, the latter class being increased about 30,000 in 1791, brings the population of St Domingo, at the fatal Revolution of 1791, to 754,000. According to Mr MacKenzie, the population of the whole island was, in 1826, only (p. 22) 423,042, less by one half than the government gives it out to be, and not greatly exceeding half the number at the Revolution!

The anti-colonial battery which with Hayti, Mr Macauley and his adherents attempted to raise against the British West Indies, is thus easily and effectually demolished.

Nothing, my Lord Duke, can be more unfair and uncandid than the manner in which the West Indian colonists are treated in this country. Every isolated act of severity, cruelty, and immorality is hunted out, frequently, too, without any regard to truth, and the collection set forth as the general state, features, and conduct of the West Indian community. Were the same system to be resorted to by any foreigner or foe of Great Britain, what a hideous picture of real distress, misery, immorality and irreligion, amongst the population of this kingdom, would the columns of her numerous periodical publications in one month supply and present to the rest of the world! Thus, my Lord Duke, at a public meeting held at Huddersfield on the 11th December last, it was shewn, that, in that place, upwards of 13,000 persons were eking out life upon the miserable pittance of two pence halfpenny per day; that many were dying of hunger; that many declared they were weary of life, that they had neither money nor fire, food, nor raiment; that on Saturday night, the half-famished and toil-worn wife was compelled to sit up and wash the husband's and children's shirts, where they had any, in order to enable them to appear at church next day!! At a meeting held in London on the 15th of the same month, by gentlemen interested in the county of Kent, Lord Teynham declared that the agricultural population were in some places confined "*in pounds like so many head of cattle*," and in other places put into "*gravel pits*," and there watched to prevent their escape; that the "*spirit*" of the British agricultural peasantry "*was now humbled in the dust*"; that the labouring classes in this country were now reduced to such a dreadful state of misery, that he was convinced it was only owing to the want of means of combination that we were spared the horrors of a CIVIL WAR;" and further, as an instance of the decay of morality and pride amongst them, he declared, that, in *twenty-six* parishes in Kent, there was not more

than one female in fifteen who was married, until "*they were ready to tumble to pieces!*" In the *Morning Herald* of October 17th last, I find it stated, that, in the parish of St Nicholas, Worcestershire, containing 500 souls, there is neither church nor clergyman,—“the people in consequence, are wandering in the most deplorable ignorance, both in respect to moral and religious truth;” so much so, that “many of the inhabitants, from never having received a Christian name in baptism, derive their pronomen from an accidental form of person, as Dumpy Wallis, or are named after some of the nobility or royal family, as, *Lord Harvey, Duke of York,*” &c. And of the manner in which the Sabbath, about the disrespect for which so much has been written, and such condemnation has been launched against the West Indies, is observed in the British metropolis, I adduce the following quotation from “*The Record*” newspaper, 26th October, 1829, thus :

“Many of our readers would observe, that at the late alarming fire at Manchester, which destroyed property to the value of £25,000 to £30,000, and which occurred on a Monday morning, it was stated that all the workmen had been at work in the extensive premises during the whole of the preceding day—*Sunday*. They would likewise observe it stated in all the public prints, that so solicitous were the functionaries not to *disappoint* the public with regard to the *exact* day on which the new post-office was expected to open, that all the workmen were labouring during the whole of the Sabbath, and this too in a Government building. And looking at the general profanation in London of the day of rest, what do we behold? All the gin shops open; and, as one is going to church, such herds of drunken debauchees issuing from the pestiferous dens, as to fill the mind with the deepest feelings of mingled pity, disgust, and indignation. Butchers and bakers, cheesemongers and pastry-cooks, and even shoemakers and hatters, are to be seen all busy—buying and selling, *trafficking and cheating*, on the Sabbath. We lately saw a set of fellows very quietly trying on new shoes in a regular shoemaker’s shop, while the bells for church were ringing all around. In more retired places are to be seen watchmakers and other mechanics quietly pursuing their usual avocations. And to ascend to the higher classes, what unnecessary travelling; what luxurious feast-

ing; thousands and tens of thousands of servants, in consequence, instead of resting on the Sabbath, according to the commandment, employed more actively and unintermittingly on that day than on any other, without the slightest occasion.”

I might fill volumes with such references; and while such scenes ought to make us look more at home and less abroad than we do, I observe that I should calumniate my country were I to state these descriptions as her general state and her general character. Why, my Lord Duke, should a system, which every Briton would reprobate with the deepest indignation if applied by any foreigner to his country, be applied by Englishmen with applause against their fellow subjects in the West Indies? The course pursued is wrong, disgraceful, and dangerous. It is shameful—it is sinful, and must be abandoned.

Every thing, however, that is unworthy of the character of men, every thing that is false, calumnious, dangerous, ungenerous, and base, is, it would appear, allowable when directed against our ill-fated colonies. It has already been seen in the case of the

Westminster Review, that men may inculcate treason, and teach, that in the colonies, murder and massacre are praiseworthy deeds, while the British government either dare not or do not punish such desperate profligacy. Nor is this case the only one where the British government have been libelled, insulted, braved, and defied by the Anti-colonists without a whisper being uttered against them. The persecutions which these men have raised against that honest servant of his country, Sir ROBERT FARQUHAR, lately governor of Mauritius, are well known, and, while unpunished, stand a stigma upon our Government and our Legislature. The following atrocious charges not only went to murder his character, but, if they had been true, the character also of the government which employed him. They are stated among others in that lying publication called the *Anti-Slavery Reporter* for January or February last, and are to the following effect. A Frenchman in the Mauritius, who, after exercising great cruelty upon his slave, set pigs to eat his privy parts, in consequence of which he died, was tried for the offence, and condemned to be executed. On the

night, however, previous to his execution, he effected his escape, (connived at, as insinuated,) and after an absence of several months, returned to the island during the government of Sir Robert Farquhar, where he remains, and was suffered to remain unmolested! Another charge was, that during his government, a Frenchwoman had, by some act of cruelty, occasioned the death of a female slave, and for which she was tried; but, as was customary, acquitted, notwithstanding the certainty of her guilt. Such were the charges made. The *Reporters* containing them were sent to Sir Robert Farquhar by the Colonial Office. The result I proceed to state.

Sir Robert Farquhar went immediately to the Colonial Office. He made them draw out from their Stephensonian pigeon-holes his own dispatches relating to these subjects, and which, as concerned the first case, shewed that the man, on the night previous to the day when he was to be executed, tore up a pair of nankeen pantaloons, and made a rope therewith, with which he strangled himself. The dispatch was also accompanied by the full report of the coroner, and the evidence given before the Coroner's Jury, called to sit upon the body immediately after the suicide!! As concerns the next charge, the dispatch shewed that the woman in question had been tried, and escaped death owing to the want of the evidence of a free person against her; but that she had been sentenced to be imprisoned for life; and was actually undergoing her sentence, which was all the punishment that the law, the *Code de Napoleon*, the law of the colony, permitted to be inflicted upon her!

My Lord Duke, if such false charges are not libels against our country and against the government of our country, the word libel must be without a meaning. The government which could pass by such charges made against Sir Robert Farquhar, had these charges been true, deserves to have been impeached; and this being the case, that government ought to have punished the authors of such atrocious charges against the accredited servant of a British king. They not only decline to do so themselves, but they *dissuade* Sir Robert Farquhar from doing it. The reason,

my Lord Duke, for such a course of proceeding is not difficult to find out by those who know the political influence of the authors of the *Anti-Slavery Reporter*. But the inhabitants of the Mauritius—the authorities in that country, there is some reason to believe, will not remain under the stigma, nor be guided by such timid counsels.

While such accusations escape with impunity, honour, truth, and justice must be altogether banished from the government of our colonies, and canting governors, or Jesuitical judges, who can obtain and retain their places by Anti-slavery influence, may rob, oppress, and calumniate the ill-fated British subjects who are subjected to their sway and their judgment, not only with impunity but with applause—the Anti-Slavery Reporters have only to condemn or to praise, as they choose, and the government of England must, it would appear, judging from the past, succumb to their authority. Awake, my Lord Duke, from your slumber—cast a glance from your keen-sighted eye across the ocean, into every British colony, and you will relieve the honest from the grasp of the hypocrite, and the clutches of the knave; and by doing so you will preserve to your country those possessions which Napoleon fought to conquer, and which you successfully combated through triumphs unrivalled to preserve. Without such immediate interference, the whole will be overwhelmed with ruin.

The fierce, the unjust, and the ungenerous attack which Mr Brougham, by command of his Anti-colonial prompters, made upon the Lord Bishop of Jamaica, is not forgotten in the British House of Commons. The British nation required that the British ministers should have defended, as they ought to have defended, the one, and to have silenced the other. It was left to other hands. The Bishop complained of the attack to the Marquis of Cleveland. Mr Brougham was called—Mr Brougham was admonished—Mr Brougham promised, and Mr Brougham has been silent!

In following out my subject, it here becomes necessary to state, and in the most pointed manner, that the circumstances which I am about to bring forward, have come to my knowledge from no violation of any

official confidence, and by no communication with, or from, any individual or individuals, who are, or who ever were, connected with his Majesty's government. I state this, lest innocent men should be, as there is some reason to believe they have been in other instances, blamed. Moreover, as it is necessary to guard against any misconstruction of my object, so it is also proper to state that it is against no individual member of his Majesty's government that censure is applied. Where any of these are named, they are only alluded to in their official capacity, and as the organs of the government, and of that system which the nation, for I am told it is the nation, has thought proper to organize against her colonial possessions. For the private character of the responsible members of his Majesty's government, more especially of those at present more immediately connected with the colonies, I have every respect. They merely perform the duty which the nation requires of them, and the blame, where blame rests, is directed against the nation, and the organs of the nation, not against the individuals.

With these observations I proceed to state, that the pernicious anti-colonial influence extends everywhere, and to everything in the empire. It never rests till it obtains the ascendancy. The power and influence of the party with the executive government of the country have hitherto been as incredible as these have been reprehensible. Take, for example, the choice and the promotion of Mr *John Stephen* and *Colonel Arthur* to the offices which they at present hold. The former individual, brother to Mr *James Stephen*, the Master in Chancery, was formerly an inhabitant of the British Slave Colony of St Kitt's, and previous to the commencement of the emancipation cry, was the owner of slaves and an estate in Trinidad, which he sold to a merchant in Glasgow. In 1825, a Supreme Court was established in New South Wales, consisting of one judge; an attorney-general was appointed; and soon after a solicitor-general in the person of Mr *John Stephen*. In a few months after, a judge for a Court of Requests was commissioned in the person of Mr *J. Stephen*, and within two years, a second judge of the Su-

preme Court in the same person. As vacancies occurred, or as places were created, how properly I stop not to enquire, the brother of Mr *James Stephen*, who is the brother-in-law of Mr *Wilberforce*, was, of course, always found to be the best qualified to fill these, his salary advancing accordingly, commencing with L.600, then L.800, as a judge of the Court of Requests; then L.1000, then L.1500 as second judge of the Supreme Court, and now L.2000 for the same office. With these facts before us, my Lord Duke, it may be asked, has either your Grace or Sir *George Murray* seen and perused the letters from Governor *Darling*, and the remonstrances from other quarters, which, during the last two years, have been addressed to the Colonial Department regarding the judge in question? If so, how will that department answer to the country if any independent member of parliament call for these documents, as I hope they will be called for, and find that no notice has been taken of them, nor any enquiry made in consequence?

With regard to the appointment of *Colonel Arthur* to his present government, *Van Diemen's Land*, his conduct to that gallant officer, *Colonel Bradley*, and his conduct and double-dealing to the inhabitants of *Honduras*, are well known; and notwithstanding the petulance of Lord *Palmerston*, and the errors committed by the member for *Aberdeen* in conducting the case, the facts cannot be altered in the minds of those who are acquainted with the parties and with *Honduras*. *Colonel Arthur* merited no promotion. When his appointment to *Van Diemen's Land* became known, a gentleman expressed his astonishment thereat to Mr *Horton*, then Under Secretary of State. What can we do?—Mr *Wilberforce* has made it a *sine qua non*—it must be—we cannot help ourselves, was the reply which silenced further remark or observation! After this, is it surprising that our Colonies should have calumniators, and that these calumniators can, supported by power, even beard the Government itself?

Ever on the watch to serve its servants, this influence planted as judge in *Van Diemen's Land* Mr *Wyld*, brother to Sergeant *Wyld* of *Caroline* and *Newark* celebrity. His salary

was L.1200 per annum. At the remonstrances of the people, by the report of a Commissioner of Enquiry, and from what, as Mr Horton expressed himself, the Government itself saw in his communications, he was brought from Van Diemen's Land. Employment in Great Britain is not easily obtained. A new system of judicature was recommended for the Cape of Good Hope. The same influence, through Mr Brougham, got Mr Wyld the situation of judge, with a salary of L.3000 per annum; and the same Commissioner, who had recommended his recall from an inferior place, had the pleasure, while engaged in a similar Commission at the Cape, to meet his former acquaintance in a much higher and more difficult station at the latter place!

The case of Lecesne and Escoffery in all its parts, is another and still more striking instance of anti-colonial influence in high places in this country. In this case, Government have not only suffered themselves to be intimidated, but to be misled. These two men were men of colour, who had been deported under the alien law by his Grace the Duke of Manchester when Governor of Jamaica, from that island to Hayti, because they had been "reported" to him "by the magistrates and police of Kingston as persons of a dangerous description."—(*Letter to Earl Bathurst, 12th January, 1824.*) In the face, however, of this, in the face of the report made on their case by the Legislature of Jamaica, and in face of the evidence brought forward and transmitted to Great Britain to confirm the necessity of the measure—in the teeth of the affidavits produced by themselves in defence that they were born in Jamaica, the British Government, from other evidence judged by them to be more entitled to credit, have decided that they were born in Hayti, but still entitled to damages for being deported from Jamaica as aliens, because though born in Hayti, they were born when some parts of that island were in possession of the British. It is hardly necessary to observe, that their deportation from Jamaica took place on the eve of the late rebellion in that island.

The damages which they claim, and which that great dupe, John Bull,

has to pay, are, as I am informed, making up at this moment at the British Treasury, aided by one of their Jamaica friends; and these damages are estimated at £14,000 sterling, the amount, according to a paragraph inserted in the *Morning Chronicle* and *Observer* newspapers of last November 13 and 14; being estimated by the profits which Lecesne states he made by his trade, as a maker of noyeau in Kingston, namely, £2200 sterling per annum! From such damages, Mr George Stephen, their law agent, will, no doubt, get his bill paid; but, my Lord Duke, I would humbly suggest, that before such sums as these are taken for such a purpose from the heavy imposts collected from this suffering nation—taken to compensate men whom a British nobleman, the representative of a British king, considered it necessary, for the safety of the colony placed under his command, to deport from that colony, that the representatives of the British people, who raise the funds, and which representatives are the proper judges and checks in the application of the public money, should see the evidence upon which these men's claims are grounded—see all the correspondence in the originals thereof which has been lodged in the Colonial Office regarding these men and their conduct, before your Grace, as First Lord of the Treasury, issues any cash from that treasury to give to them; and, in a special manner, see that correspondence written from Hayti by Mr MacKenzie, the British Consul there, to the government of Jamaica, concerning them; and when these things are done—when these are looked into, it will then be seen what member, or what Minister, will call for a vote for that sum, or of any sum of British money for such a purpose. These matters, my Lord Duke, whatever you may hear to the contrary, are worthy of your personal enquiry and attention. Justice can neither be done to the country, nor to Lecesne, nor to Escoffery, without it. If they have been wronged, let their compensations be ample; but let those who pay the money be the judges, in order to ascertain if it is justly obtained, and rightly applied; and, if they have not been wronged, why should they receive our money?

To extend anti-colonial influence,

and to increase the means of annoying the colonies, the situation which James Stephen, Jun., now fills, was, it is believed, found necessary, was, it is supposed, created. Formerly, and in those days when Great Britain held many more colonies than she now holds, the duty of Mr Stephen's office was performed, and the peace which every colony enjoyed, shewed that the duty was well performed by the customary government law officers, at an expense not exceeding L.400 per annum. Then, and during the time that Mr Goulbourne held the office of Under Secretary for the Colonies, the law adviser of the Colonial-office was very properly only permitted to come to that office when he was officially sent for, in order to give his opinion upon such colonial papers as might be submitted to him. But things are altogether changed. Mr Stephen is planted in the Colonial-office with apartments, a salary of L.2000 per annum, and with three or four clerks of his own choosing, to assist him, and all paid by this country; while, instead of enjoying peace and security as formerly, we find every colony under the British crown, from east to west, and from line to pole, involved in turmoil and trouble, discontent increasing, and ruin threatening to overwhelm them. For this state of things, every one of them blame Mr Stephen, Jun. They believe, because, my Lord Duke, they feel from acts, from *his* correspondence, and his intimate connexion with the hostile and influential party, arrayed in this country against them, that he and that party have, in reality, long been Colonial Secretary; and the fact is not to be disguised nor contravened, that in his hands, not the hands of their own legislature, or in the hands of his Majesty's representatives resident with them, the inhabitants of every British colony conceive their liberties, their properties, and their characters, to be placed. They may *now* be, and I hope that they are wrong, in believing this; but what has taken place, has most unquestionably given them too much reason to believe that their destinies *were* committed to his hands, and without disparaging his abilities, it is necessary to remark, that never were such mighty interests, my Lord Duke, which, taken together, surpass in importance the

treasures of the Roman empire in its proudest days,—never were such great and important interests, commercial and political, committed to such injudicious hands.

I have no wish, my Lord Duke, to embarrass, to oppose, or to give offence to his Majesty's government, or to any individual member thereof; but as a British subject, interested in, and anxious to see the prosperity of Great Britain, and the prosperity of all her possessions; and feeling as one of those individuals connected with our colonies must feel, whose characters and whose actions are daily and unjustly held up to accusation and reproach, and who perceive their property not merely rendered unproductive, but threatened with extinction, from the effects of a rash, prejudiced, and influential party in this country, it cannot be deemed either contemptuous or imprudent to enquire, if it is true, that when an eminent solicitor in London, a short time ago, carried some accounts in a West India cause, by order of the Court of Chancery, to an anti-colonial *master*, to adjust them, that he tossed them from the table to the floor of his apartment, declaring, with indignation, that he would not look at them, until he was satisfied that the religious instruction of the slaves had been properly attended to!

Further, it may not be deemed irrelevant to ask, if it is true, that Mr Stephen, Jun., acts for the Under Secretaries of State, when they are absent? and even when they are present, if he does not try to assume the direction of many questions? If it is true, that he interferes with every thing that is colonial, whether it relates to the colonies or their affairs, as connected with the commercial or political interests of the country? If it is true, that every colonial paper or dispatch is referred to him, and which reference makes him, in the double capacity in which he stands, (law adviser or clerk to the Privy Council, and law adviser at the Colonial-office,) auditor of his own opinions, given as law clerk to the Board of Trade? If it is true, that the Crown Lawyers at present, and for some time past, have been heard to declare, that they receive from every government office clear and distinct information transmitted to them, regarding cases on which they are called to

give their opinion, except those cases which come from the Colonial-office, which appear involved in such ambiguity, that they find it difficult to give an opinion upon them? If it is true, that Mr Stephen, by the way in which he touches off every subject, and by the advice which he has given, has agitated Canada, and endangered the separation of our North American colonies, ("his evidence," says a writer in *Blackwood's Magazine*, for September last, page 335, "has EXCITED UNIVERSAL DISGUST AND INDIGNATION in the two Provinces,") and sown dissension in every colony which communicates with the office where he is? If it is true, that ever since he has been in the office he holds, that every bill which has been passed by the legislature of every island in the West Indies, has been cavilled at, (by whom, I say not,) in the spirit of metaphysical jugglers, who conceive every person but themselves deficient of honour and sincerity? If it is true, that not only Mr Stephen, but Mr Macauley, have been seen ranging through the office, almost at pleasure,—the latter generally on the eve of any parliamentary debate on colonial subjects, till even inferior clerks trembled to be held as the responsible keepers of colonial papers? And if it be true, that the cause of the deep discontent which spreads in every colony, springs from a belief, that the questions here asked can only be answered in the affirmative; and if things are in this state, then can any thing be more dangerous and reprehensible?

Who, my Lord Duke, was it that gave, or who, I ask, was it that dared to give to Dr Lushington, amongst papers connected with the case of *Lecesne and Escoffery*, the secret and most confidential letter from the Colonial Secretary, Earl Bathurst, to the Governors of the West India Colonies, which, when the discovery was made, that it had escaped from the Colonial-office, made Mr Horton tremble, and induced him to threaten Dr Lushington with his personal resentment, if he ventured to use it, or to disclose it in any manner? Did your Grace, moreover, never hear of a dispute betwixt Mr Stephen and an honourable gentleman in the Colonial-office, named PENN, who had, I believe, the chief charge of all the

correspondence of the office? Is it true, that, indignant and alarmed at the liberties which he saw Mr Stephen taking with public colonial documents, he remonstrated with Mr Horton upon the subject?—that the correspondence grew warm?—that it was referred to Earl Bathurst?—that the result was, that either Mr Horton or Mr Penn must leave the office? Mr Penn certainly retired with his pension, and with the agency of Ceylon, worth L.1200 a-year, and previously held by Mr Huskisson. Mr Stephen certainly was about that time forbidden the office, except when officially sent for. He took an office for about twelve months, somewhere in the neighbourhood of Whitehall; but not long ago, he is found re-seated in the Colonial Office with greater power than ever!

The power which this gentleman assumes, or is permitted to assume, is certainly both dangerous and reprehensible. The unconstitutional letters, which in Earl Bathurst's name accompanied the rash resolutions of the House of Commons in 1823, to the different West India colonies,—letters so unconstitutional, that his Majesty's government, as I am informed, afterwards thanked the Duke of Manchester for the sound discretion which he exercised, in withholding them from the legislature of Jamaica, were, it is well understood, the production of the jaundiced pen of Mr Stephen. The captious, special pleading, tortuous letter, which bore Mr Huskisson's signature, and which at a later period did so much mischief in the same island, emanated from the same head. In Mr Stephen's handwriting, the letter, with corrections and interlineations, was, as I am informed, brought to and placed upon the right honourable Secretary's table. Important papers, connected with an important Eastern and distant colony, were not long ago requested to be submitted to the Under Secretary, an excellent and honourable man, previous to a meeting to consider the case. The papers (not papers such as Mr Stephen liked) were carried to the Colonial-office, by the gentleman who had the charge of the subject to which they related, and by him, in the absence of the Under Secretary, placed in the hands of the proper clerk. The day of

meeting came. The Under Secretary was not prepared to discuss the question, having never seen the papers, and which he complained had never been sent! The clerk to whom they had been given was called. He at once stated he had received them, and that he had given them to Mr Stephen. That gentleman was applied to. He had forgot ever having received or seen such papers. After much delay and rummaging, they were however found. It is but lately, as I have been informed, that Mr Stephen submitted a colonial case to the Attorney-General for his opinion. The opinion was given, and returned. It did not please Mr Stephen. He sent it back, accompanied with some remarks of his own, for the further consideration of the Attorney-General. The latter, indignant at this proceeding, returned the case, with this laconic reply,—“The Attorney-General of England sees no reason to alter his opinion.” Is this the way that colonial business of the first importance is to be transacted?

Since last I had the honour to address you, the charge of being an hired advocate has been renewed by two government organs, characters of “*unsunned snow*,” the *Times* and the *London Courier*. With regard to the former, I observe that Mr O’Connell, in his Letter “to the people of the county of Waterford,” (and your Grace will admit that O’Connell is not an incompetent judge in such matters,) says, that this Journal can

be “hired,” and that in its labours “it affords an instance of the most wretched venality;” and if it is of this stamp, it may have heard of, or may know, that British Journal which received L.1500 of the Catholic rent, in order to revile the brother of your Sovereign. With regard to the second paper, I have to observe, that I war not with the dead; and if the living are wise, they will cease to resort to such miserable weapons as were in an evil hour some months ago resorted to, in order to answer my refutation of their statements. Moreover, while the *Courier* daily informs the world that it supports Government, and quietly receives in return *exclusive* intelligence which its contemporaries must pay high to receive from other sources, even when they can so obtain it, the conductors of the *Courier* ought to be the last persons who stand forward to accuse any one of working for gain, and consequently, in their mode of reasoning, not to be credited in any thing which they may advance. Dismissing, however, the less conspicuous parties, I proceed to bring before your Grace the more notable calumniators, who, through the columns which I allude to, and other mischievous columns, resort—for want of information, facts, and truth, on colonial subjects—to similar accusations. Let us see what pay they or their friends receive for their labours and active hostility carried on against the West India Colonies.

	Salaries.
James Stephen, senior, Master in Chancery,	L.3500
James Stephen, junior, Law Adviser to the Colonial Office and Lords of Trade and Plantations,	2000
Mr Sergeant Stephen, one of the Common Law Commissioners,	800
Mr Geo. Stephen, Solicitor and Secretary to the Anti-Slavery Society, and other African pickings,	uncertain
Mr John Stephen, brother to James, one of the Judges in the Supreme Court in New South Wales,	2000
Mr Alfred Stephen, lately acting Attorney-General in New South Wales,	1000
Mr John Stephen, junior, one of the Commissioners of Crown Lands in New South Wales,	800
Mr — Stephen, Clerk to Supreme Court in New South Wales,	500
Francis Forbes, Chief Justice of Supreme Court in New South Wales, a relative of Mr Stephen’s,	3000
Colonel Arthur, Governor of Van Diemen’s Land, appointed by interference of Mr Wilberforce, say	4000
	L.17,600

This is tolerably well for one family, and only one of their protégés. Let us come to another family, the Leviathan of the band, who do not deal by thousands, but by hundreds of thousands. Mr ZACHARY MACAULEY, as Parliamentary returns shew us, is the *factotum* of every thing in Sierra Leone, and on the coast of Africa. The expenditure in and upon that establishment is admitted in a Parliamentary paper, published last year for the use of the Finance Committee, to exceed six millions sterling; and if the sum had been doubled, it would not have exceeded the truth. The commissions and the agencies for such sums may be estimated by those who dabble in the enormous national debt of Great Britain, but cannot be calculated accurately by individuals who are not accustomed to consider this or similar things. Mr Macauley is also "*navy prize agent*" for the African coast, and has his commission of 5 per cent on all sums paid as bounties for the capture of slaves. According to Parliamentary Paper, No. 399 of 1827 this country has paid, down to 1826, the enormous sum of L.484,344, 6s. 8d. sterling, for that purpose; and the Finance Accounts shew us, that upwards of L.70,000 more have been paid since that period, besides the enormous sums which yet remain to be paid! The commissions on these at 5 per cent are easily calculated, but to these remain to be added the commissions derived from the proceeds of the sale of ships captured in the African slave trade, which are exceedingly great, but which no Parliamentary return that I have ever seen enables me even to approximate. Besides all these good things to himself, we find Mr Macauley's son, J. B. MACAULEY, one of the commissioners for bankruptcy in England, with an income, as I have heard, of L.1400 a-year!

No wonder, my Lord Duke, that all these individuals join in the cry against the West India Colonies, and turn up their eyes with contempt, and their noses with disdain, at the trifling remuneration which they could obtain in that quarter, while they can reach power, crowned with such emoluments, by constituting and supporting Englishmen and *English-women* as slaves, and PROPERTY IN ABSOLUTE RIGHT, in New South Wales,

and the most abject, and helpless, and degrading of all slavery, under the mask of liberty, on the western coast of Africa. In that quarter fortunes are readily made out of John Bull's gullibility.

Before concluding, it is necessary to turn to the impudent remarks of the black-hearted writer in the Westminster Review. This "blustering" bully, speaking in the name of the people of England, (what presumption!) dares to denounce the British subjects in the West Indies as "*BLUSTERING PAUPERS*," whom England supports on a "*Pauper's list*." The real "*Pauper's list*" of England, my Lord Duke, is, in one description or other, now become a lengthened and an awful roll; but let your Grace look at and into the periods of distress and calamity, which have of late years so frequently pressed heavily upon the people of Great Britain, and say when, and where, and how often, any one connected with the West Indies, their property and their commerce, at home or abroad, either applied to the hand of British charity for relief, or required it? I dare this "blustering" writer to contradict me, when I state, that on every occasion when distress visited the population of Great Britain, or the population of any other part of the British Empire, the West Indian proprietors, and all those connected with the West India trade, were always amongst the foremost and the most liberal contributors to afford relief. Besides this personal charity, it is notorious to every one, the writer of the article alluded to alone excepted, that so jealous was the mother country of the value and importance of these colonies (we shall presently see what these are) to her most valuable interests, that she, till within the last four years, compelled them to send all their produce to her shores, and to take every article of supply which they required from herself, although they could frequently have got most of the latter cheaper elsewhere, and a better price for the former in the markets of foreign countries. The appellation of "*paupers*," therefore, my Lord Duke, is grievously misapplied by this advocate of tyranny, the most savage that ever disgraced the European Press, or European Legislation.

"The West Indians," says this au-

dacious libeller, "have sometimes threatened to transfer their allegiance to America. If the Americans would take them on such terms, it would be policy for Great Britain to offer the Americans a *million sterling a year* to consent to the arrangement; and she would be a great gainer by the bargain after all. A collection of paupers who should utter a threat that they would quit the parish, would not be half so welcome to put their threats in execution. THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND ARE TIRED OF THE WEST INDIANS." Your Grace knows much better than this raving enthusiast, that the people of England have not got in their national treasury an annual overflowing "million" to give away to the Americans for any purpose, and still less to give it away for such a purpose as that here recommended. Moreover, it is necessary to observe, what this malevolent writer either does not know, or cannot comprehend; namely, that whenever "the people of England" make such a declaration as he makes, that then "the West Indians," or any other class of British subjects, are justified in transferring their allegiance to America, or to any other state which may offer to receive it—to welcome any flag but the flag of their country. What honour and advantage England would acquire by such an event, may puzzle wiser heads than any of those who write anti-colonial rhapsodies in the Westminster Review, or any other anti-colonial publication, to determine. The Americans, or some other nation, would willingly receive their allegiance, and afford them protection. For the information of this anti-colonial "tiger," it is also necessary to state, that the world lately had in it an individual, named Napoleon Bonaparte, and that the said Napoleon Bonaparte was Emperor of France, about the time, it is presumed, when this hero of the Westminster Review set out to worship Juggernaut, and to bayonet Hindoos. When the former first set out in his character of Emperor, in order to rivet his galling chains upon the nations of Europe, he told General Mack, who surrendered to him with 33,000 Austrians, at Ulm, on the memorable 21st of October 1805, that he "wanted nothing on the Continent, he wanted only SHIPS, COLONIES, and COMMERCE;" these very colonies which

this wicked anti-British writer despises, and loads with such venomous abuse—these very colonies—nay, even a small proportion of them, was then the utmost height of his ambition, and to gain which he continued for ten years to sweep Europe, from the mountains of Andalusia to the banks of the Moskwa, with despotism, oppression, injustice, and all the terrors of war! His declaration, my Lord Duke, made at a still later period—at the moment when he was about to proceed to his fatal Russian campaign, is even still more remarkable, and ought to be remembered, if not by every European, at least by every British statesman. Then he declared, that he held, and would continue to hold against the remonstrances of Russia, all the Prussian fortresses from the Elbe to the Niemen, as an equivalent to compel the restoration of the Tropical Colonies which during the war Great Britain had captured from France, from Spain, and from Holland, when he came to make peace with this country. He did not even require one of those which are technically known as British Colonies; but if any portion of these so much despised possessions had been offered to him, it is obvious that the war from 1803 downwards, might have been avoided; and this being the case, it is also obvious, that either Bonaparte, or the writer in the Westminster Review, must be set down as an arrant blockhead.

In order to shew from figures, and from facts, whether Bonaparte, or the bravo who apes him in the Westminster Review, was the wisest statesman and the ablest politician, an abstract of the whole Colonial trade of Great Britain, for a very long period, drawn up from the particular and the official returns, as these were copied from the Journals of the House of Commons, is here placed before your Grace and the public. Look at it, my Lord Duke, and let the country look at it, as politicians and as merchants, and then say if such advantages are to be thrown away or endangered; or if the immense interests which are connected with these possessions, ought to be left exposed to the rude attacks of prejudice, of error, and of ignorance; or committed to these anti-British hands, who want to assume the arbitrary control or disposal of them.

BRITISH COLONIES—WEST INDIES.

CAPITAL vested in Agriculture,	L.150,000,000
Ditto Commerce,	20,000,000
Ditto Ships,	3,000,000
Total,	L.173,000,000
TRADE, present annual imports, nearly	L.9,000,000
Ditto, exports,	5,000,000
exclusive of freights and charges.	
SHIPPING, direct trade,	260,000 tons.
SEAMEN, do.	No. 17,000
exclusive of trade with British America.	

TRADE from 1760 to 1826.

	Imports.	Exports.
1760—1792	L.100,698,756	L.47,713,642
1793—1826	251,404,599	155,466,761
Official value,	L.352,103,355	L.203,180,403

But how much it is underrated in the official returns, the following reference to official documents will shew. It is here, however, proper to remark, that this value is exclusive of freights and charges, (about *one-third* more,) and exclusive of the imports from, and exports to, foreign islands conquered and restored. These imports were nearly L.50,000,000.

1797—1803, declared value of Imports, Sugar, Cotton,	
and Rum, only,	L.70,116,020
Ditto, Ditto, by official value, every	
article,	46,114,421

Difference, or under-estimated about *one-half*, L.24,001,599

British Produce and Manufactures exported.

	Official value.	Declared value.
1798—1802,	L.120,772,916	L.210,830,420

Declared value still underrated, because a convoy duty was paid, and the estimate given in low accordingly. The real exports in value were *one-half* more than the value given by the official scale.

Sugar imported into Great Britain.

	Cwts.	Gaz. av.	Value.
1793—1827	127,619,864	L.2, 4s. 2d	L.305,539,684

exclusive of imports into Ireland. From 1793 to 1821, the imports from the East Indies, included in the above, were 2,878,628 cwt. value L.7,006,904. Including freights and charges, therefore, the value of imports from the West Indies from 1793 to 1827 inclusive, certainly exceed L.600,000,000, and the exports L.300,000,000.

TRADE—British North America.

	Imports.	Exports.
1760—1785	L.3,052,679	L.14,052,593
1786—1826	19,935,263	60,217,903
	L.22,987,942	L.74,270,496

TRADE—East Indies and China.

	Imports.	Exports.
1760—1785	L.41,634,128	L.25,281,063
1786—1826	220,867,614	104,845,249
	L.262,501,742	L.130,126,312

Official value, exclusive of freights and charges; the real value was a great deal more.

The value of our Colonial Trade is best shewn by the following official reference.

Foreign and Colonial Produce exported.

9 years	1785—1793	official value	L.48,823,569
9 do.	1794—1802	ditto	124,661,370!!

Revenue.

Sugar	net duty	1808—1822	L.50,622,426
Goods, India and China,	13 years, 1827		61,042,570

My Lord Duke, it is—it must be—knowledge, wise laws, civilisation, capital, and industry, not terror, tyranny, and oppression, which produce the invaluable commerce, more valuable far than the mines of the precious metals in Mexico and Peru, just adverted to. You may also rely upon the following truth, namely, that the oppression and ruin of the master will never tend to advance the African savage and barbarian in the scale of civilisation; and as a British warrior and a British statesman, I would conjure your Grace to remember the counsel which Talleyrand gave to Bonaparte, when the latter sought the immedi-

ate destruction of Great Britain. He told him firmly, and he told him truly, that on the shores of the British Channel he might assemble in hostile array Europe at his back, but that “there would be the limits of his enmity” against Great Britain. “But to secure this object,” said he, “deprive her of her colonies, or render them useless and unproductive unto her, and with this accomplished, YOU BREAK DOWN HER LAST WALL, YOU FILL UP HER LAST MOAT!” How nearly have we *with our own hands*, and by our own acts, accomplished that which Bonaparte attempted, but attempted in vain!

I am, &c.

JAMES M'QUEEN.

GLASGOW, 7th January, 1830.

TO CHRISTOPHER NORTH, ESQ.

MY DEAR SIR,

-As you consented in so flattering a manner, to insert my desultory reminiscences of Miss O'Neill, I am emboldened to commit to your kindness the complaints of an old-fashioned mortal, on what are called the *improvements* of modern times. I dare swear, that if you publish my lucubrations, your readers will call me an illiberal old fellow; but, dear Mr Editor, only consider how startling must be the effect upon a quiet aged gentleman, of such rapid changes as I have lived to see in the world. Invention succeeds invention with such haste,

"That unbelief has scarce a space to breathe."

The face of society and of nature has actually been less changed through all the centuries that have elapsed since the Norman Conquest, than in this. Innovation is making gigantic strides, and things, that but to dream of, would have seemed insanity to our grandsires, are to us become the common elements of every-day existence. Already we wash by steam, print by steam, hatch eggs by steam, manufacture in every possible way by steam. Steam-boats startle the waves and rocks of the Swiss Cantons, and convey the fat dames of

England to melt over the footsteps of Julie and St Preux. Soon we are to ride by steam, drive by steam, plough by steam. Heaven preserve us! What shall we *not* do by steam? Such things are perfectly alarming. Changes, which one would have thought it must have taken centuries to bring about, are effected in the compass of one short life. I often ask myself whether I stand upon my head or my heels. Why, I remember Norwood a gipsy-haunted forest, and have been robbed on Finchley Common! I have made my will before going a journey, and it seems but yesterday since the solitary waggon-like coach was three weeks between London and Edinburgh! Oh, that ever I should have lived to see the day, when libraries and night-lamps for the studios are provided for our coaches, and their doors proclaimed by advertisements to be wide enough to admit a fashionable bonnet! I sometimes think that I must be near my latter end, and could almost die, out of sheer astonishment. But, as my essay is tolerably long, I must not write a lengthy letter. Believe me, then, with much esteem and respect,

Dear Sir,

Your faithful, though amazed servant,
TIMOTHY CRUSTY.

COMPLAINT OF AN ANTEDILUVIAN ON THE DECAY OF THE PICTURESQUE.]

THE picturesque will soon vanish entirely from the dwellings and from the scenery of England. Look at yonder tight square mansion, higher than it is broad, with a very low pyramid for its roof, the bright slate of which crowns the red brick walls, even as Mrs Firkin's bonnet of blue forms the capital to her scarlet pelisse! You behold, alas! a fair sample of nine-tenths of our present houses. In the meantime, the venerable relics of our forefathers' taste and magnificence are daily removed, to make way for the upstart excrescences of modern meanness. Possessed with a rage, alike to create and to destroy, we multiply deformity, and blot out all beauty, until scarce an object remains to reward the indefatigable searchings of a Syntax. Turn to

what yet remains to us, in some remote and happy Goshen, of our primeval architecture. How beautiful are all its forms,—how congenial to the painter's art! Its very humblest work is as much imbued with an imaginative spirit as its noblest. How admirably an old cottage, with its pointed gables, twisted chimneys, and carved porch, harmonises with the varied outlines of nature! I allow that its colouring, mellowed by time, its vines and mosses, which make it appear rather a spontaneous production of the earth, than a structure raised by man, contribute in no small degree towards its picturesque effect. But then one may ask, can even Time, the beautifier, consecrate yonder tea-caddy of a cottage, or, except by an entire process of decay, prevent its

stiff proportions from injuring the surrounding landscape? An old market-cross still pleases the eye from a distance, even through its coat of parochial white-wash; but nothing short of an absolute pall of ivy could render bearable the square brick column with a pine apple at the top, to make room for which the noblest oak in our vicinage, which had been for centuries the village play-room, and the traveller's hospitium, was destroyed root and branch. If we rise to the domestic architecture of antiquity, we shall still find the same broken outline, and variety of form, repeated on a larger scale—ever beautiful—ever harmonious; while the “hovels of a larger growth,” namely, the country mansions of our own day, in preserving their resemblance to the modern cottage, do but magnify the defects of a vicious system, and glare upon the eye,—ever frightful—ever out of place. How well does the nobleman's house of Queen Elizabeth's time crown some rising ground, and peer above its coeval woods! The projecting buttresses, and irregular gables, finely vary its lights and shades, and forbid that any front of it should be ever one glare of sunshine, as is the citizen's box,

“—— with windows in a blaze,
Beneath a July sun's collected rays.”

And here let me observe, in order to vindicate the wisdom, as well as the taste, of our ancestors, that these same gables are of real unromantic service in our variable climate; for they break the violence of the unruly winds, which rock old November upon his cloudy throne, and temper the heat of summer, by opposing so many surfaces to the action of the elements. They also give great stability to the building, which, being broken into separate portions, can never decay all at once. The ruin of one part may still leave another habitable; while, if one rafter in our single-jointed roofs were to give way, I would risk very little upon the safety of any head in any part of the dwelling beneath, unless indeed (as might very well be) the skull were thicker than the walls. If you would know the superiority of ancient palaces over those of modern date, go and survey that mighty pile which lives for ever in the description of Burke, as “the proud Keep of Wind-

sor, rising in the majesty of proportion, and girt with the double belt of its kindred and coeval towers;” and then turn to behold the finest edifice which the taste, the wealth, the genius of our age can construct for its monarch. Advancing higher still, let us compare the religious edifices of our forefathers with our own.—A Cathedral!—What a stupendous piece of work is a cathedral! The mind can scarcely grasp it. The gorgeous richness of detail; the noble simplicity of effect; the infinite variety of decoration; the wonderful unity of purpose; the lavish invention, which seems to riot in its own exhaustless and spendthrift profusion, crowning every column with a different wreath, and enriching every window with new tracery—who can behold these wonders without exclaiming, “There were giants in those days!” Truly the march of mind is not that of imagination. A poverty of creative genius characterises all our edifices, and of no kind more than our churches. Copies of Grecian, copies of Dutch, copies of Saracenic architecture meet our eye—but always copies; and by their minute proportions (especially in the attempted Gothic) they forfeit all the excellence which a faithful imitation would possess. Even the last century puts ours to shame, for, though I cannot admire the mixture of impure Grecian, and heavy German, which came over to us with the House of Hanover, still there is a solidity about the buildings of that period, which bespeaks a more sterling generation. In that day, men yet built for their sons, grandsons, and great-grandchildren—we only build for ourselves; yet in this we certainly shew wisdom—that making our edifices hideous, we also make them perishable. The principal feature (if it have any feature) of the present style of architecture, is a servile adherence to the Grecian school. We err greatly in this, for there is nothing classical about us. The new gateway into Hyde Park (beautiful, I allow, in itself,) is a perpetual satire on the forms that trip or lounge through it. Women in *seduisantes*, and men in moleskin trowsers, make but a bad basement to the battle of the Lapithæ and Centaurs.

The architectural vagaries of China would assort better with the genius

of the place. But if we wish to consult the genius of our cloudy *clime*, we should adhere to the dark and solid towers, the massive pillars, and vaulted roofs of Saxon or Gothic origin. The loveliest Grecian temple, could it be transported hither by Aladdin's lamp, from its own Athenian groves, would less embellish our metropolis, than be itself disfigured by its new situation. It should be backed by cypress trees, or by a cerulean sky, not by sooty elms and a November fog. Above all, a Grecian edifice should be erected where it could be kept clean. A Gothic building may bear to have its frowning aspect still further darkened by the smoke of a city—but the sooty hue is destructive to the beauty of a classical structure, one of whose greatest charms is purity of colour, and whose native tints the hand of Time alone can successfully enrich or vary; for example, which has suffered least from the application of London blacking—Westminster Abbey, or St Paul's? The latter, with its sculptured loops of dingy flowers, looks like a lady in an old court dress that wants scouring:—the former resembles a giant of the preadamite world, clad in a majestic robe of darkness—and who but a churchwarden would think of white-washing it? Believe me, by the comparison of the two buildings, I intend no disrespect to the ghost of Sir Christopher Wren, who, notwithstanding his diminutive name, had the spirit of an eagle. St Paul's is, undoubtedly, a fine fabric, even from its size—for, without a pun, size is a great constituent of sublimity. Were its proportions less exquisite than they are, still their very vastness would command astonishment; for the same shape which disgusts in a pig, looks noble in an elephant. Seen from afar, the dome of our metropolitan cathedral rears itself aloft, the Chimborazo of London's congregated spires;—yet few could feel, on a near view, the same sensation of awe which a sight of Westminster Abbey is calculated to inspire. Notwithstanding all that later ages have done to injure the effect of this magnificent pile,—the wretched church immediately in front, wherewith men have dared to cramp its wide circumference—the

gilt clock and vile Grecian ornaments on the western tower—Westminster Abbey still remains one of the grandest objects that can fill the eye and soul. Who can behold it, and not feel that he stands in the presence of a fragment of an earlier and a colossal world? When we look at structures such as this, the mind enquires with astonishment—who were the architects of the era that produced them? How could they die and leave no name behind? Was, then, Imagination, in the lusty youth of Science, a dower as common as the light and air? Did there exist a master-mind, the Michael-Angelo of its compeers, to create and harmonize the elements of grandeur and of beauty;—or, were the very builders touched with fire from Heaven? Survey throughout Britain the broken shreds, which barbarians have suffered to remain, of a period which they call barbarous—the cathedrals—the castles—the ancient houses—the carved work in stone, and the carved work in wood—must it not have required thousands—yea, tens of thousands—of *minds* as well as of hands, to have devised such glorious specimens of human power? Is the mould in which such intellects were cast, utterly broken? Or what mean the hideous and flimsy fabrics reared by the descendants of such wondrous beings? A solution of the riddle has been sought in the influence which the Roman Catholic religion exercised at that period. Each individual, concerned in the erection of a sacred edifice, felt that he was working out a part of his own salvation, and hence the mighty result responded to the mighty motive. Besides, it may be suggested that the fables of superstition were favourable to the production and growth of a wild and exuberant fancy, and, above all, that the habit of money-getting had not as yet confined the thoughts to one mean track. Men laboured for another world rather than for this; and, if the tree be indeed known by its fruits, there was in the devotion of that time a fervour and sincerity, which, whether our own displays at the present period, it may be as well not over curiously to enquire. These reasons, however, do not, I confess, satisfy my mind as to the causes of the amazing superiority

which ancient buildings manifest over modern. As far as they go, they may assist us to trace to its source the Pactolus of ecclesiastical splendour—but they leave still unexplained the universality of a fine and magnificent taste in *every* species of ancient architecture. What sort of persons must even the burghers of those days have been, who left behind them no

“Suburban villas, highway-side retreats,”

but specimens of domestic architecture, which are to this hour the painter's delight, and the modern citizen's shame? It is singular that we can detect in the manners of the olden time little of what, in our own, we emphatically call vulgarity. With all our boasted diffusion of refinement, I suspect that the high-breeding of the heart was far more genial in the time of our Henries, and of our Edwards, than it is now. Every thing, then, was of a piece: now-a-days there is a base mixture of low and high life, which, like a Brummagem half-penny gilt, disgusts by its counterfeit glitter. The shoe-black of the last century, even, who carried about his little tripod through the streets, inviting the shoe of the be-pattered passenger to rest thereon, might be uneducated—but he was not vulgar: the shoe-black of our day, who tells his comrade that he is “going to a consart at the Argyll-rooms,” is vulgar, because he passes beyond his sphere, without possessing the manners which would decorate the sphere above him. It is, then, to the *manners* of the past that we must look for an explanation of the sterling works of the past. There was no cockneyism in the era of the house of Tudor; there was a sort of legal spirit flowing from the throne over all the land. A merchant of those days, with his costly argosies at sea and in port, with his gold chain and velvet cloak, was very different from our modern merchant, vibrating between Bond Street and Stamford Hill. The Exchange of London was a real emporium of nations in their various costume—not a beast market, where little men in black stocks are jostled by tall yellow-faced men in long white neckcloths. The very law of antiquity was quite a different sort of animal to the modern money-

changer, on whose withered visage the hereditary effects of three centuries more of extortion are written and endorsed so legibly. “Dear sir,” said my old simple-hearted housekeeper to me, after her first visit to London, “the first place I went to was the Royal Exchange, for I thought I should see Armenians in their long robes, and Spaniards in their cloaks—but I saw nothing but some dirty-looking Jews.” We are accused of being a nation of shopkeepers. It is our own faults if we are so. We have, by birthright, imagination enough, generous feeling enough, talent enough, but

“The world is too much with us. Late and soon,

Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers.”

It is my firm belief that those powers are as great as ever, but they are smothered and suppressed beneath the manners of the age. Taste and talent still exist, but they have changed their direction, and waste themselves on sordid things. We no longer invent new combinations of form to enrich the walls of a religious edifice; but is not the same imagination at work, under a humbler modification, to trace figures upon plates, or devise patterns for carpets? Increasing luxury makes us demand ornaments for objects of comfort rather than for objects of taste. In a work recently published, called “*Exemplars of Tudor Architecture adapted to Modern Habitations*,” by T. F. Hunt, Architect—a work which I hope may be as influential as it is admirable in motive and in design—I find the following passage corroborative of what I have advanced above: “In the course of last year, the very elaborately carved monument of Thomas West, Lord de la Warre, in Downwater Church, Sussex, was completely restored by ordinary country masons, who had never before attempted any thing beyond plain mouldings. On the eastern side of the county, the author met with carpenters of the same order, carving in oak with all the character and feeling of our old artisans.” To this testimony may I be allowed to add my own? In fitting up an ancient mansion lately for my own residence, I met with country workmen, who were able to repair elaborate carvings in the very spirit

of the originals. We should seem, therefore, only to need the *will*, in order to find a *way* to recall the faded glories of ancient architecture; but, alas, time and labour are become too valuable to admit of any, but leviathans of wealth, gratifying their eye and their fancy. We can no longer see such a comfortable bill as Mr Hunt affords us of the prices of artificers' work in the time of Henry Eighth.

"Item—paid to Esope the sawyer and his fellow for iij days—iij s.

"Item—paid to John Haddenham for sarving of the Mason for ii days, at iij d. the day—viij d.," &c. &c.

We must now be satisfied, if we can see four weather-proof walls about us, let them be ever so bare and poverty-stricken. Well, then, I will no longer declaim against raising new abominations. Let utility and ugliness be the order of the day; but let us reverentially abstain from disfiguring and destroying the glorious remains of antiquity. Erect, if you will, a trim marble tablet to the memory of J. Figgs, overseer, with weeping Cupids bedewing his pug nose, in your own square chapel, but do not, for pity's sake, adorn in this outrageous way the church of St Mary Redcliffe, Bristow's boast, only second in beauty to King's Chapel, Cambridge, and hallowed by the shades of Rowley and Chatterton. Restore to its sacred office in the noble pile the ancient stone font, the carving of which is worth a king's ransom, and which now lies in a dusty corner; and carry hence the marble wash-hand basin, which has usurped its place, to some trim temple in the vicinity of Bethnal Green. Build a Pimlico palace (worthy of its name), and welcome, but do not lay the last relic of the old royal abode at Eltham—now used as a barn—level with the dust. Stand in awe of posterity. What will be said to a people who can so little regard their great national monuments as to suffer one of the most stupendous and most ancient works of their ancestors, to be broken up to mend the roads? I speak of the wonderful stones at Avebury in Wiltshire, supposed to be of Celtic origin. A century ago their circle was complete—the two avenues that led to it, (each a mile in length,) con-

sisting of enormous upright masses of rock placed opposite to each other, at regular distances, were yet standing untouched in the mysterious solemnity of a thousand years. Now, only a solitary giant, here and there, looks over the field, and frowns upon the spoilers of its brethren. A little longer, and even they will not be left to tell the shameful tale of desolation. Last winter, two of the largest remaining masses were broken up to make a stone fence. Thus perishes all that is great and elevating, not subdued by time, but by man. I sometimes think, when I look at what has been destroyed, calculated as it seems to have been for a race of immortals that human power is as much manifested in having cast down such works, as in having raised them.

"Even now is half the business of destruction done."

One after one, the mighty relics that connect us with the past disappear from the face of the earth, and the places thereof know them no more. Some of our finest old churches, which a little timely repair would have preserved, have been stripped of their roofs for the sake of the lead; as if the perpetrators of such acts could have stood in need of more than was lodged in their precious skulls! Every newspaper informs us of some new spoliation. The fiat is gone forth to pull down the curious old church of St Dunstan in Fleet Street. The saint once took Beelzebub by the nose. I wish he would serve the progeny of the Evil One in the same manner. By this time the Queen's head at Marlborough, the finest specimen of our early domestic style of building to be met with in the neighbourhood of London, is razed to the ground. There are traditional reports that this curious old house was once honoured by the temporary residence of Queen Elizabeth. Obscure rumour also mentions other distinguished tenants of its walls. Possibly they may have sheltered all the grave wisdom of our Lord Burleigh, the insinuating grace of the Earl of Essex, or the magnificent beard of Sir Walter Raleigh. At any rate, there was enough of historical conjecture, and enough of historical uncertainty about this ancient dwelling, to excite and to leave room for the operations of fancy. Wh

but must regret the vanished glories of its large low parlour, "wainscoted with oak in small pannels, well preserved by constant polishing," wherein, according to long-established usage, the good ale, for which the Queen's Head was celebrated, was served in earthen jugs? No more shall Elia (who is himself, I believe, only a transmigration of the ghost of Sir Thomas Browne) resort thither to converse with the shades of Sir Walter and my Lord Burleigh, while, visible to *his* eye alone,

"The grave Lord Keeper led the brawls,
And seals and maces danced before him."

I should feel much more sorrow for the loss of this and other such buildings, were I not convinced that no one of them can altogether die. There surely must be another world and a future existence for them. In the same manner that the faint images and imperfect shadows of things to be are by some supposed to occupy some vast magazine of unborn elements; so I suppose that the spiritual essences of objects, whose material form has perished, fly to the great repository of things past, used, and gone with. Modern houses have no souls, so they cannot attain this paradise of spiritual brick and mortar; but all that is the express creation of the human intellect shall be found here, as imperishable as its parent. The beings of the mind are not of clay; but are "essentially immortal." Comfort yourself, therefore, sympathizing reader, with this truth, which was revealed to me in a dream twelve at noon on the 10th of August last, just as I began to nod over Revelation of Emanuel Swedenborg, and his description of the desks at which the angels write articles for their Review. In the meantime, they are to be honoured (I mean not to include such desultory scribblers as myself) who preserve to us, while still on earth, all that their minds and pens can keep alive of the olden time and its productions. Reader, did you ever see Hone's *Every-Day Book*? You cannot do better than buy it directly. Do not be afraid! You will meet with neither blasphemy nor radicalism, but with spirit-stirring descriptions of old customs, delightful wood-cuts of old buildings, as well as many a fine secret learned

amongst the woods and fields, and whispered by the "seasons' difference." Heaven forbid that I should agree with Hone either in principles or politics! Yet not the less must I declare that he has deserved well of the naturalist, the antiquarian, and the poet, by his "*Every-Day*," and also by his "*Table-Book*." Other and greater spirits have occasionally roused themselves to call back the age to a purer taste and nobler feeling. The poet Wordsworth, in his little work on the scenery of the English Lakes, has forcibly touched the subject of congenial architecture. His remarks are generally such as might be expected from a man who possesses a poet's eye and heart; but I cannot approve of his recipe for the colour of a house—"something between a dust and a cream colour." Houses I have seen apparently tinted in exact accordance with the above direction—and they put me in mind of gooseberry-fool. Sir Walter Scott, also, has not only by precept, but by example, demonstrated, that

"Nor rude nor barren are the ways
Of hoar antiquity, but strewn with
flowers."

The productions of his pen testify his love of antiquarian lore, and the creation of his architectural skill—his own house at Abbotsford—is the best proof that he admires the old style of building. The writings of such men of genius, added to such professional works as Hunt's *Specimens of Tudor Architecture*, have certainly, at the present time, induced a faint dawn of a better era. Some English gentlemen have begun to build old English houses. But, unfortunately, modern Gothic, unless guided by the purest taste, is the most detestable of things; and, though we should imitate ancient forms ever so happily, still we cannot give antiquity. A real ancient building is not for the eye only, but for the imagination. It is the atmosphere of other days which hallows it—and this we cannot bestow. When we look at a venerable structure, Time seems to reign master over its walls and towers. The very elements only seem to have been his devoted ministers. The mellow colouring, the picturesque decay, scarcely appear to have been produced by the slow action of the

sun and wind—they are but the footprints of Time, who, like a visible power, sits upon the hoary battlements, and makes his voice heard in every breeze that waves the long thin grass beneath. Wonderful Antiquity! Thy minutest fragments triumph over the most perfect achievements of the modern world! Crumbled, rent, and overthrown, as are thy works, enough yet remains to tell what their full stature must have been! What were England without her relics of the past? How much interest they possess exclusive of the charms of nature, we may judge by the reflection, that the flats of Norfolk are redeemed by the grandeur of its ecclesiastical remains, and that the absence of all old buildings, creates a sensible want, even amidst the exquisite scenery of Cumberland and Westmoreland. Look at America: With all her pathless forests, and unhistoric plains, she insults her settlers of yesterday. Where are their ancestors, where are the works of their forefathers? Cut off from their parent country, they have neither. They are without tradition, and without dignity. Memory, the precious birthright of an Englishman, is to them a blank; and the Past, with all its riches, is severed from them by a gulf as deep as the ocean that rolls between their shores and ours. Heaven forbid that we should ever obliterate those land-marks of bygone time—our old halls—our castles—our cathedrals! that we should leave a posterity without a record of their forefathers—a nation of newly rich, of new nobility, and of new villas! Yet this consummation, so devoutly to be deprecated, must inevitably be, if we continue to remove all that is noble, and leave nothing in its place. Would that a spirit might awaken, which should urge us, as a body, as a nation, to preserve all that we can of the past, and add all that we can for the benefit of the future! A very small attention and expense would keep our finest ancient remains, from age to age, in their present state;—for consider how little alteration a whole life can see in any of those old buildings, which only appear to be hardened, by progressive seasons, to the consistency of natural and primeval rock. I have seen fragments detached by violence from some Saxon

or Roman wall, and the solid stones, incorporated with the mass, have rent asunder, rather than the substance which bound them together. I will not despair of my country, as long as the ancient frescoes and national tapestry are permitted to frown grimly upon the crimson benches and gorgeous gilding of the House of Lords. Of this latter, Allan Cunningham, in his *Lives of the British Painters*, says—"The great Earl of Nottingham, whose defeat of the Armada established the throne of his mistress, employed Cornelius Vroom, a native of Haarlem, to draw the designs of his successive victories over the Spaniards, and the whole was wrought in tapestry by Francis Spiering. It is a noble and national work. It is divided into ten battles, and contains the portraits of twenty-seven naval commanders. These portraits have the air of real likenesses; indeed, as the tapestry was wrought while the original persons were living, the artist could not well indulge in imaginary features." To this account, Allan Cunningham adds, that even in that day, the cost of this great work amounted to upwards of seven thousand pounds. I suppose that it is now the mere ghost of what it was, for the noble commanders whom it commemorates, can scarcely look less like humanity in their coffins, than their colourless forms upon the tapestry. Yet it does a man good to see such ancient relics preserved amidst the magnificence of improved art and science. They may teach a lesson as important as did the straw-roofed cottages of early Rome, which, during the time of her real prosperity, were still permitted to preach humility to her marble palaces, and to remind her modern sons, that all they enjoyed or valued was bought for them by their rude and pleasure-spurning ancestors.

The old tapestry of the House of Lords may also hint that there is many a national monument far better worth preservation than its faded self, and that, to be consistent, we should stop the hand of spoliation from farther ravage upon the buildings of our forefathers. To be sure we have not permitted York Cathedral to remain a ruinous record of fanaticism and madness—yet I must say that it would have refreshed my

spirit to see subscriptions for its re-edification pouring in as from one hand and one heart, and not by tardy dribblets—the gentle squeezings of appeals and advertisements. There should have needed but one appeal—the fact that a part of York Cathedral was destroyed. I have said that there does appear to be a faint dawn of a better architectural era. May it increase more and more unto the perfect day! At any rate, by building noble edifices now, although we cannot invest them with antiquity for ourselves, we prepare antiquity for our sons' sons. A future race may still point to some relic of this time, and say, "See what our fathers were!" Not that I desire that we should recoil to primitive discomforts as well as primitive grandeur. I do not quarrel with what Sir John Cullum, in the fervour of antiquarian zeal, has stigmatized as the "age of st, sand-bags, and carpets." List, sand-bags, and carpets, are very excellent things, and not to be despised; but Mr Hunt, in his admirable work, has well shewn that such modern comforts as these can co-exist with the forms of ancient magnificence. A house needs not to be a windmill, because its exterior is rendered pleasing to the eye of taste. Again, with respect to internal equipment, I maintain that we should rather gain than lose by reverting to the fashions of former days. Adorers as we are of *comfort*—that talismanic word—I cannot conceive how we tolerate the modern chair. If we lean back without accommodating our persons to the sinuosities of the chair-back, we have a sharp ridge cutting us just under the shoulders; if we follow the curve of the chair, we are thrown forward into the deformity of Prince Hunchback, while our necks and chins protrude like the fore-parts of so manyanders; our spines, moreover, are fretted by all the little balls and prominences which upholsterers call ornaments. In addition to these inconveniences, the penurious seat threatens to hamstring us with its razor-like edge, and the whole machine, although an efficient instrument of torture, is of such frail construction, that a good stretch or yawn from any lit a dandy shatters the whole in pieces, and consigns us to the more merciful hospitality of the floor. Have

we not ill exchanged for such stools of repentance, the firm, roomy, back-supporting, leg-resting chairs of our ancestors? In ancient furniture, as in ancient architecture, there is a degree of thought and design always to be traced; while, on the other hand, any atoms fortuitously jostling together would at length unite into something quite as good as the abortions of modern manufacture. I was particularly struck with the construction of an old chair which happened to fall under my observation, of a time so far back as the reign of Henry the Sixth. It displayed the application of a mathematical principle to the commonest purposes; the back and the supporters being joined at such an angle, and in such a manner, that the greater the pressure, the more firm was their union. But I would almost give up the application to large towns, or even to populous neighbourhoods, of the principles I have endeavoured to inculcate, if I could preserve the country, the real country, from the pollution of metropolitan brick and mortar. "God made the country, and man made the town," said Cowper. Accordingly, let man deform the town as much as he pleases. Let Incongruity and Tastelessness stare out on every side, as fit emblems of the many-headed multitude; but, in the country, let the works of man assimilate with those of his Creator, or, at any rate, be restrained from injuring them. I dwell fifty miles from the great Babel, and once I could have said of our neighbouring village, as Gray of the vale of Grasmere, "Not a single red tile, no gentleman's flaring house, or garden walls, break in upon the repose of this little unsuspecting paradise." This eulogium is ours no longer. Hitherto, indeed, we have escaped the "gentleman's flaring house"—(Heaven be praised!)—but our fine old, grey, weather-tinted cottages, are fast giving place to red miniatures of London boxes.

But man does not only disfigure, he actually lays waste, the creations of the Almighty Architect, with the same remorseless rage which goads him to destroy the works of his fellow-beings. Not only the antiquities of art, but the antique forms of Nature, perish before him. Her ancient gar-

ment of mighty forests is rent away by his savage grasp. Even the solid fortresses of rocks are no protection to her violated majesty. These are still deeper outrages than any before enumerated; for men may seem to have some right over the works of their mortal predecessors; but by what charter do they rend and disfigure the fair dwelling-house which God has given them for their service, and not for their abuse? The love of money is the root of *all* evil, says the voice of Wisdom. Certainly it is the origin of *this*;

"Thou art the cause that levels every tree,
And woods bow down to form a way for thee."

Every thing now-a-days must be turned to *account*. There is no generous consecration of even the most worthless elements of natural loveliness—no flinging in of the meanest dole for beauty's sake. Wherever a farthing can be made, the plough-share of ruin is driven. The ghost of Paley rejoices in the Elysian shades, as each new-comer to Hades reports the progress of his doctrine of expediency. We are all for utility; and it would be well that it should be so, if, like the boar of the forest, which delves up the flower to get at the root, we had no instincts beyond those of self-sustenance. But, as we have the immortal power of imagination, we are bound to provide nutriment for that celestial part of us, not less than for that which we hold in common with the brutes. Why then is the mere money-getter become an animal so common? Why do we meet with whole districts full of mean wretches, who estimate every landscape by the number of productive acres it contains, and admire all trees according to the loads of timber into which they will cut up? These are men, who, if half-a-dozen elms, which had for years been the delight of a whole neighbourhood, could produce half-a-dozen pounds, would sentence them without remorse. The destruction of growing timber throughout our island is a serious subject. Where are the oak forests, the chesnut groves, which once supplied England with rafters for her cathedrals, and gave stability to her yet enduring churches? Wealth itself cannot now build as our forefathers built; for the material is

wanting. Modern architects laugh at the vast beams, the solid framework, of an ancient dwelling; but will their edifices last as long? or do they possess the same enduring principle? It is wise to undervalue what one cannot attain. The great cause of the scarcity of fine timber is, that like the impatient possessor of a goose with golden eggs, we cannot endure to wait for slow and future profit. With the short-sighted eagerness of cupidity, we cut down the thriving timber before it has attained a quarter of its growth. I have travelled much over England of late, and except in the preserved parks of the wealthy aristocracy, I have scarcely met with a single large tree. The timber should be cut for use, is right and fit; that woods should be thinned is, indeed, essential to their well-doing; but I own that it makes our sexagenarian blood boil as it did twenty, when I see a whole county swept with the besom of desolation—like the champaign about Reading, for instance, the sole beauty of which consisted in the noble trees that once concealed its flatness. In proportion as the luxuries of life are worshipped, the beauties of nature are sacrificed. The modern improvement, the most noble science of road-making, is one immediate cause of the decay in picturesque scenery. Not to getting money, rapid travelling seems to be the great passion of the English. To save half a mile in distance of fifty, the graceful curve must be controlled into the formal straight line, the grassy slope is broken up, the wild glen disfigures the fair enclosure violated, and the vicinity to be strewn with wreck over which it will take years for nature to throw her pitying mantle. Roads were once pleasant to be travelled, not only by the rich, whirling along in their air-tight chariots, but by the poor wayfaring man; for trees arose in the hedge-row to defend him from the spring shower, the summer sun, the capricious autumn gale, and the piercing winter blast. But modern wisdom has decreed that roads must be stripped as bare as the ax and the shears can make them. Even the poor solitary beech, which overhung the rocky declivity at the entrance to our village, stretching its gnarled roots along the mossy bank

(the violet's cushion), was given over to the zeal of the enemy. Unfortunate tree! Being indicted and put upon thy trial, thou wert found guilty of the unpardonable crimes of sheltering the houseless wanderer, of forming a seat for the musing poet, of protecting the sports of the village children; and further, and above all, of costing the parish a shilling a-year by injuring the road beneath with the drip of thy luxuriant leaves! To this last article in the catalogue of treason I should have begged leave to put in a demurrer; for if we had set against the moisture which it dropped upon the road, all the hail, rain, and snow which it kept away from it, I think the tree must have come off with flying branches. There is no doubt that roads are injured by too close a border of foliage, but I should think that large trees here and there would be rather beneficial than otherwise. At any rate, we might surely contrive to combine utility, agreeableness, and beauty, by making our roads wide enough (as in France) to admit of bordering trees for shelter and adornment, and yet to leave a free passage for the air and light. Agriculture also goes to the extreme of a good principle, in almost extirpating the hedge-rows of our wide domains, or at best diversifying them only by reversed brooms, mis-called elm-trees. Let me not be mistaken. I am not contending for a preference to beauty before utility,—I would have them mutually lay into each other's hands, as I devoutly believe they might be made to do. Being a bit of a farmer myself, though I daresay, gentle reader, you have taken me all this time for mad poet, I do affirm, *foi de connoisseur*, that a judicious attention to picturesque appearance will never make twopence a-year difference to my body. But even supposing that the small sacrifice were demanded, tell me, who give so much to obtain the luxuries of art, contribute nothing towards procuring the luxuries of nature? Thus far I will own to a touch of romance—that, when I see laid prostrate before its prime the branches and leafless trunk of a young tree, which I have but lately beheld standing erect in all the pride of its new foliage, (for nature's festival is the season for such atrocities,) wan-

toning with the vernal breeze, and holding up its rejoicing hands to catch the vernal shower, I look upon the poor denuded thing as sadly as if it were the corpse of a once glorious and living object. Moreover, I would give—I will not say how much—to see, even in the fine poetic frenzy of Wordsworth, England in all its pomp of primeval forests—

“ When stalk'd the Bison from his shaggy
lair,
Thousands of years before the silent air
Was pierced by whizzing shafts of hunter keen.”

Sonnets on the Duddon.

If Cumberland be now so grand in the barren majesty of its mountains, so beautiful in the silver loveliness of its lakes, what must it have been when every vale was replenished with the giants of the vegetable creation, when every expanse of water was the mirror to rich and ample woods? I have heard it said, that, even within the memory of man, a squirrel could have gone from some one lake to another without touching the ground. That a change so striking should have taken place in so short a period makes one tremble for the future. Goldsmith says that Arabia Petraea is only a desert from exhausted fertility. Once rich in groves and corn-fields, its vegetable matter being consumed by an overpopulation, left no material of reproduction. Such, possibly, may be England's fate, (though I own that I do not expect to live to see it), when every least relic of her once glorious forests shall have disappeared, when the treeless soil, being robbed of its natural support, shall have parched away into an iron-bound and inhospitable wilderness.

I said that rocks even were no certain barriers to our destructive rage. If any one doubt the reality of this assertion, let him go to Clifton. He will hear the hourly explosions of the gunpowder which is destroying one of the finest pieces of natural scenery in England; he will see the majestic rocks, that once impended over the Avon, thrown back into comparative insignificance, while their venerable tints, rich from the lichens of many centuries, give place to the red hue of the soil beneath—the only barrier to the spoiler's hand;

and he will be told that all this havoc is caused by a man of twenty thousand a-year, for the sake of an accession of forty pounds to his annual income! This is another sin, for which our Macadamized roads have to answer. Our coaches bowl along in triumph over the pulverized remains of the sublime and beautiful, which (as Southey says) are sold by the boat-load, and measured by the ton. On a smaller scale these injuries are common; and even I, in my generation, have had to follow, as a mourner, the desolating footsteps of what is called *Improvement*—Improvement! Oh how I hate the term! After an absence of ten years, I revisited my birth-place. The house, in which I first drew this mortal breath of sighs and laughter, had passed into other hands, and with a sorrowful foreboding as well as a sorrowful remembrance, I turned from the neighbouring village (little altered except in an accession of some square brick lodgements) towards the road which conducted to the mansion. Here I rubbed my eyes and asked if I was awake. The road was in very deed a road, smooth and open enough to have gladdened the heart of Macadam as much as it depressed mine. I remembered it a romantic lane, bordered by a high rock, half-way up which twined a path for foot-passengers, now seen through, now hidden by fantastic foliage, while frequently from amongst the boughs would peep the red cloak of the peasant girl returning from market, or the light laugh of the bounding band of children just let loose from school would come merrily upon the ear. The rocky footpath had been thrown down to make and to widen the road beneath, and there was an end of it. As I emerged from the avenue leading directly to the house, my heart beat quick, and a mist came over my eyes. I stopped for a moment at the turn beyond which the dear old mansion would, I knew, break upon the sight. During that pause, thought, with her wonted rapidity, had anticipated every possible alteration; the destruction of favourite trees; the erection of hideous summer-houses; the converting of lawn into water, and of water into lawn:—but I advanced, and it was none of these. The rock, the solid rock, the perpen-

dicular rock, that rose to the height of a hundred feet above the house, with all its fretted surface, its alpine fir-trees, its tresses of drooping ivy, and its silvery birches, was gone—absolutely gone like a summer mist, and in its place was the very minikin slope of a grassy hill, smooth and bald as the forehead of a Chinese, save that certain zig-zag paths conducted to a sort of turn-about sentry's box on the summit. Surely the dislike, manifested in this one particular instance of bad taste, to the rough, the rude, and the majestic, is become epidemic. Wherever we go, we find the face of nature, as much as lies in man's power, "shaven with the scythe, and levelled with the roller." Even a poor countryman said to me the other day, while I was admiring a cottage backed by a fine rock, "Aye, sir, it would be a nice place if the rock were made a bit smooth." In that entertaining late publication, the *Journal of a Naturalist*, the author relates the following anecdote: "A ruin in the west of England once interested me greatly. The design of revisiting it and drawing it was expressed at the time. A few days only elapsed; but the inhabitant of a neighbouring cottage had most kindly laboured hard in the interval, and pulled down all the nasty ivy, that the gentleman might see the ruin." Apropos of ivy. I cannot forbear, in compassion to the author of the *Naturalist's Journal*, endeavouring to enlighten him as to the "cause and basis of his regard" for the ivy-mantled ruin, with respect to which he seems more puzzled than beseems so sensible a writer. As I doubt not that he is wise enough to take in Blackwood, I beg to suggest, through this medium of communication, that ivy pleases the eye because it gives variety of outline, and variety of colour. Although it may be true (as he affirms) that "the main body of the ivy is dark, sombre, massy," yet let him remember, that dark masses are the grand producers of pictorial effect. Moreover, the ivy, although "deuil de l'été," is also "parure des hivers." It is, in fact, the most summer-like green of winter, and looks like a youthful bride beside the antique fir, and the funereal yew. Ivy pleases the heart, because it

seems to connect the living with the dead. It may be "a modern upstart, a usurper," (hard terms, Mr Naturalist,) but it links the present to the past with its glossy tendrils. Then, as to its effect upon the imagination. Think of the similes it has furnished:—the broken heart concealed by a smiling face; all green and wildly fresh without, but worn and grey beneath; Constancy, faithful in misfortune—dying where she entwines herself; Benevolence casting a mantle over distress; Gratitude repaying the support it has received by the support it bestows, &c. &c. &c. What signifies a pin our *knowing* that the ivy "delights in waste and ruin," and is harmful to our trees, when we *feel* that it is beautiful? Pray, Mr Naturalist, how long, or in how many particulars, have our likes and dislikes been governed by reason? In common gratitude for my having set your mind at rest upon this painful topic, I trust that you will resolve to me a darker riddle, which puzzles even *my* organs of ratiocination. Since the line of beauty is a curve, and as acute angles are almost unknown in nature, why should the form of the pointed gable, employed in old buildings, be so agreeable to the eye? A letter addressed to me at — Hall, near —, will be sure to find me, or, if you shape your reply in the form of an article to Mr Blackwood, I dare say that he and the public will be equally delighted. Pray lose no time, for soon, I imagine, neither ivy nor gables will be left to please or to perplex you or myself. Ivy is too wanton, too rambling, too picturesque for this generation. It is disorderly enough to come under the late Police Act, and is surely too much of a vagrant to be suffered to wander abroad over the *tabula rasa* of civilised England. With what perseverance we labour to subdue nature, the very success of our efforts sufficiently indicates. For she hath a rebellious will, a reclaiming force within herself, an antidotal power, whereby, if at all left to her own operations, she repairs the ravages of man. See how she enamels even the formal stone wall with her many-coloured lichens; how her rains, her winds, displace a stone here, and a stone there, until she has some sort assimilated it to her do-

minion! See how she hangs her ivy veil over the shame of the lopped tree, and persists in thrusting out her boughs, in defiance to all rule, with the dews of each returning spring! Observe how she scatters her principles of life wherever a seed can float, or a root can cling, and adds a plume to the helmeted rock, or a banner to the roofless ruin! Yet man continues to counteract her! Even her gushing, bounding heritage of waters is not her freehold. The indignant stream, that leaps from crag to crag in the wildest and most sequestered glen, may be tasked to turn the dizzying wheels of some polluted and polluting manufactory. Nay, the loveliest spots are most frequently so profaned, as if man delighted, with his own hand, to fulfil the original curse upon this earth and upon himself, and to prevent the eye or heart from forgetting, for a moment, the primal malediction. Amongst the modern deformities that disfigure the pure element of water, the steam-boat claims pre-eminence. Every variety of ship, boat, or vessel, is beautiful, except this. There is no grander object than a leviathan of the brine, with all her sails set, and her spars and rigging in the exquisite order of naval discipline: the power of man appears in none of his works more conspicuously; such mighty daring is there in the very thought of subduing the tremendous ocean to his purposes, and of making his path upon the unfathomed deep. Beautiful, again, is the light symmetry of the vessels that skim before the gale, and catch the summer sunshine upon their glancing wings; glad and joyous are the little boats that dance, like sea-birds, from wave to wave. But what beauty, what gladness, is there in yonder shapeless hulk that carries the smoke, together with the vulgarity of the metropolis, into the dominion of the awful ocean? What vision of grace or grandeur can such a moving St Giles's raise in the mind? What thoughts but those of a culinary nature can the savour of the passengers' beef and cabbage, wafted on shore—while

"Sicken'd by the smell,
For many a league old ocean frowns,"—
produce in the most imaginative? It is a pity that our recent improvements upon old inventions should all

most universally be displeasing to the eye, especially since a little attention to outward appearance might have obviated this defect. For instance, in substituting the Semaphor for the Telegraph, it would have been easy to have given its tower and pointed rod a picturesque effect. Crowning the distant hill, and often rising from a mass of woods, it would, if built in the Saxon or Gothic style of architecture, impart to a landscape that peculiar charm with which an appropriate work of man invests the tranquillity of nature. But, as it is, the light fabric of wood, which used to hang its moving panes against the tinted sky, has been ill-exchanged for the stumpy brick column whereby modern dispatches are conveyed from hill to hill. A stage-coach and four horses, spanking along, may not exactly come under the head of the picturesque, but at any rate they are more glorious to behold than a steam-coach with its boiler, if one may be permitted to judge by the engravings of that invention. The poet Wordsworth has likened the smoking horses of a waggon to Apollo in a cloud; but unto what should he liken the smoking tubes of a steam-coach? There has been a whisper of a steam-plough. How future commentators will rack their brains over the first stanza of Gray's *Elegy in a Churchyard*! "The ploughman homeward plods his weary way!" What in the world could that mysterious personage, "the ploughman," have been? There is, moreover, the Omnibus—but I abstain. Enough has been said to convince the most incredulous that the inevitable hour is on its way, which shall consummate the triumph of Art over Nature, of Deformity over Beauty. Then shall the horse, becoming useless, betake himself to the forests. I forget myself,—we have no forests. Cranbourne Chase (the last true forest) is disfranchised; and as the deer there have been wantonly slaughtered, and sold for five shillings a-head, so shall our horses be all put to death as cumber-grounds, and broiled down for dog's meat. Then shall every relic of antiquity utterly disappear. Our cathedrals will mend the roads, and our ancient buildings help to erect snug villas. Then shall every road be laid bare, every hill shall be made low, and all the rough places

ized,—every stream turned into a New River,—every lake drained into marshy meadow land. And then shall the Picturesque vanish entirely from the dwellings and scenery of England!

To avert so dire a catastrophe, I, Timothy Crusty, Esq., A.M. and F.P.S. propose that Parliament should appoint a select committee, to be called the Board of Taste; (they will be at no loss to find members amongst their own body;)—that this committee should again elect sub-committees in every county of England;—that the functions of these corporate bodies should be,—*Imprimis*, (as nothing can be done without money,) to raise subscriptions for a fund, and, in the next place, to see that this fund be applied to the following purposes. First, to purchase, standing, such trees as are public ornaments, or conduce to public enjoyment. [It often happens, that a group of trees is as much a feature in a country, as the everlasting rocks themselves. Should not such be preserved, and, by timely planting, perpetuated? There is a law in France, that whoever cuts down one tree, must plant two. As laws that are framed for the public benefit can never be called despotic, I (though a friend to liberty) propose that the Board of Taste should petition Parliament for a similar enactment, and not to mind the stuff about "free-born Englishmen," &c.] In the second place, the Board should buy up such land as is necessary for the preservation of such remains as the giant stones of Avebury. They should also apply a part of the fund to the purchase or repair of fine old buildings, such as the Hall of Altham Palace in Kent, or Tonbridge Castle, which was actually on sale a short time since. They should redeem the towering rocks of Clifton from being trampled under foot, in the shape of turnpike roads. In short, they should cater in every possible way, for the taste and the imagination, as zealously as the board of aldermen provide for the grosser appetites. And each society should have a secretary, as well as treasurer, to report the proceedings of the committee, to convince the sceptical that the funds are properly appropriated, and to publish to an admiring world, the taste, the judgment, the munificence

THE YOUNG LADY'S BOOK.*

It must be a heavenly life—wedlock—with one wife and one daughter. Not that people may not be happy with a series of spouses, and five-and-twenty children all in a row. But we prefer still to stirring life—and therefore, oh! for one wife and one daughter! What a dear delightful girl would she not have been by this time, if born in the famous vintage of 1811—the year, too, of the no less famous comet! But then—in spite of all her filial affection, speaking in silvery sound, and smiling in golden light, she would, in all human probability, have been forsaking her old father this very month; without compunction or remorse, forgetting her mother; and even like a fair cloud on the mountain's breast, cleaving unto her husband! Such separation would to us have been insupportable. Talk not of grand-children, for they come but to toddle over your grave;—as for sons-in-law, they are sulky about settlements, and wish you dead;—every Man of Feeling and every Man of the World, too, knows that his last day of perfect happiness is that on which he sees his only daughter a bride.

But let us not run into the melancholics. We wish—notwithstanding all this—that we had now—one wife—one single wife—and one only daughter. Ourselves about fifty—My Dear some six summers farther off heaven—and My Darling, “beautiful exceedingly,” on the brink of her expiring teens! Aye, we would have shewn the world “how divine a thing a woman might be made.” Our child would have seemed—alternately—Una—Juliet—Desdemona—Imogen; for those bright creatures were all kith and kin, and the angelical family expression would, after a sleep of centuries, have broken out in beauty over the countenance of their fair cousin, Theodora North!

“And pray, sir, may I ask how you would have educated your sweet scion of the rising sun?”—whispers

a dowager now at her third husband, and therefore at present somewhat sarcastically inclined towards bachelors of a certain age. We answer susurringly. “Think not, madam, though we have hitherto been the most barren, and you the most prolific of the children of men, that, therefore, were a daughter yet to be borne to us, we should shew ourselves ignorant of the principles of female education. There was Miss Hamilton—and there is Miss Edgeworth, who never had a child in their lives—though you have had a score and upwards—yet each of them writes about children as well or better than if she had had bantling after bantling annually, ever since the short peace of 1802. So are we—to our shame be it spoken—childless; that is, in the flesh, but not in the spirit. In the spirit we have had for nearly twenty years—an only daughter—and her Christian and Scriptural name is Theodora—the gift of God!”

Some day or other we intend publishing a poem with that title, which has been lying by us for several years—but meanwhile, let us, gentle reader, as if in a “*tw-a-haun'd crack*,” chit-chat away together about those ideal daughters, of whom almost every man has one—two—or three—as it happens—and whose education he conducts, after a dreamy mode it is true, yet not untrue to the genial processes of Nature, in the school-room of Imagination.

The great thing is, to keep them out of harm's way. Now, surely that is not hard to do, even in a wicked world. There is a good deal of thieving and robbing going on, all round about villages, towns, and cities, especially of flowers and vegetables. Yet, look at those pretty smiling suburban gardens, where rose-tree and pear-tree are all in full blossom or bearing, not a stalk or branch broken;—nor has the enormous Newfoundland-er in yonder kennel been heard barking, except in sport, for a twelve-

* *The Young Lady's Book*; or, *Manual of Elegant Recreations, Exercises, and Pursuits*. London: Vizetelly, Branston, and Co., Fleet street, 1829.

month. Just so with the living Flower beneath your eye in your own Eden—

No need for you to growl,
Be mute—but be at home.

Not a hair of her head shall be touched by evil; it is guarded by the halo of its own innocence; and you will feel *that* every evening when you press it to your heart, and dismiss the pretty creature to her bed with a parental prayer. It is, then, the easiest of all things to keep your rose or your lily out of harm's way; for thither the dewy gales of gladness will not carry her; in sunlight, and moonlight, and in utter darkness, her beauty is safe—if you but knew what holy duties descended upon you from Heaven the moment she was born, and that the God-given must be God-restored out of your own hand at the Last Day!

But we are getting rather too serious—so let us be merry as well as wise—yet still keep chatting about Theodora. She has, indeed, a fine temper. Then, we defy Fate and Fortune to make her miserable, for as long a time as is necessary to boil an egg—neither hard nor soft—three minutes and a half; for Fate and Fortune are formidable only to a female in the sulks; and the smile in a serene eye scares them away to their own dominions. Temper is the atmosphere of the soul. When it is mild, pure, fresh, clear, and bright, the soul breathes happiness; when it is hot and troubled, as if there were thunder in the air, the soul inhales misery, and is aweary of very life. Yet there are times and places, seasons and scenes, when and where the atmosphere, the Temper of every human soul, is like the foul air or damp in a coal-pit. The soul at work sets fire to it, by a single spark of passion; and there is explosion and death. But Religion puts into the hand of the soul her safety-lamp; and, so guarded, she comes uninjured out of the darkest and deepest pit of Erebus.

You have kept your Theodora, we hope, out of harm's way; and cherished in her a heavenly temper. The creature is most religious; of all books she loves best her Bible; of all days most blessed to her is the Sabbath. She goeth but to one church. That

one pew is a pleasant place, hung round by holy thoughts, as with garlands of flowers, whose bloom is perennial, and whose balm breathes of a purer region. The morning and the evening of each week-day has still to her something of a Sabbath feeling—a solemnity that sweetly yields to the gladness and gaiety of life's human hours, whether the sunlight be astir in every room of the busy house, or the "parlour-twilight" illumined by the fitful hearth, that seems ever and anon to be blinking lovingly on the domestic circle. Humble in her happiness—fearful of offence to the Being from whom it is all felt to flow—affectionate to her earthly parents, as if she were yet a little child—pensive often as evening, yet oftener cheerful as dawn—what fears need you have for your Theodora, or why should her smiles sometimes affect you more than any tears?

Can a creature so young and fair have any *duties* to perform? Or will not all good deeds rather flow from her as unconsciously as the rays from her dewy eyes? No—she is not the mere child of impulse. In her bosom—secret and shady as is that sacred recess—feeling has grown up in the light of thought. Simple, indeed, is her heart, but wise in its simplicity; innocence sees far and clear with her dove-like eyes; unfaltering where'er they go, be it even among the haunts of sin and sorrow, may well be the feet of her who duly bends her knees in prayer to the Almighty Guide through this life's most mortal darkness; and "greater far than she know herself to be," is the young Christian Lady, who sees a sister in the poor sinner that in her hovel has ceased even to hope; but who all at once on some gracious hour, beholds, as if it were an angel from heaven, the face of one coming in her charity to comfort and to reclaim the guilty, and to save both soul and body from death.

Yes, Theodora has her *duties*; on them she meditates both day and night; seldom for more than an hour or two, are they entirely out of her thoughts; and sometimes does a faint shadow fall on the brightness of her countenance, even during the mirth which heaven allows to innocence, the blameless mirth that emanates in the voice of song from her breast,—even as a bird in Spring, that

warbles thick and fast from the top-spray of a tree in the sunshine, all at once drops down in silence to its nest. A life of duty is the only cheerful life; for all joy springs from the affections; and 'tis the great law of Nature, that without good deeds, all good affection dies, and the heart becomes utterly desolate. The external world, too, then loses all its beauty; poetry fades away from the earth; for what is poetry, but the reflection of all pure and sweet, all high and holy thoughts? But where duty is, "Flowers laugh beneath her in their beds, And fragrance in her footing treads;—She doth preserve the stars from wrong, And the eternal heavens, through her, are fresh and strong."

And what other books, besides her Bible, doth Theodora read? History, to be sure, and Romances, and Voyages and Travels, and—POETRY. Preaching and praying is not the whole of Religion. Sermons, certainly, are very spiritual, especially Jeremy Taylor's; but so is Spenser's Fairy Queen, if we mistake not, and Milton's Paradise Lost. What a body of divinity in those two poems! This our Theodora knows, nor fears to read them,—even on the Sabbath day. Not often so, perhaps; but as often as the pious spirit of delight may prompt her to worship her Creator through the glorious genius of his creatures!

And what may be the amusements of our Theodora? Whatever her own heart—thus instructed and guarded—may desire. No Nun is she—no veil hath she taken—but the veil which nature weaves of mantling blushes, and modesty sometimes lets drop, but for a few moments, over the reddening rose-glow on the virgin's cheeks. All round and round her own home, as the centre, expand before her happy eyes, the many concentric circles of social life. She regards them all with liking or with love, and has showers of smiles and of tears too to scatter, at the touch of joys or sorrows that come not too near her heart, while yet they touch its strings. Of many of the festivities of this world—aye, even of this wicked world—she partakes with a glad sympathy—and, would you believe it?—Theodora sometimes dances, and goes to concerts and plays, and sings herself like St Cecilia, in a drawing-room in a city, with a

hundred living people, is as hushed as a tomb full of skeletons in some far-off forest beyond the reach of the voice of river or sea!

Now, were you to meet our Theodora in company, ten to one you would not know it was she; possibly you might not see any thing *very* beautiful about her; for the beauty we love strikes not by a sudden and single blow,—but—allow us another simile—is like the vernal sunshine, still steal, steal, stealing through a dim, tender, pensive sky, and even when it has reached its brightest, tempered and subdued by a fleecy veil of clouds. To some eyes such a spring-day has but little loveliness, and passes away unregarded over the earth; but to others it seemeth a day indeed born in heaven, nor is it ever forgotten in the calendar kept in common by the Imagination and the Heart.

Would you believe it?—our Theodora is fond of dress! Rising up from her morning prayer, she goes to her mirror; and the beauty of her own face—though she is not philosopher enough to know the causes of effects—makes her happy as day-dawn. Ten minutes at the least—and never was time better employed—has the fair creature been busy with her ten delicate fingers and thumbs in tricking her hair;—ten more in arranging the simple adornment of her person; and a final ten in giving, ever and anon, sometimes before the mirror, and sometimes away from it, those skilful little airy touches to the *toute-ensemble*, which a natural sense of grace and elegance can alone bestow—of which never was so consummate a mistress—and of which Minerva knew no more than a modern Blue. Down she comes to the breakfast-table; for a spring-shower has prevented her from taking her morning walk;—down she comes to the breakfast-table, and her presence diffuses a new light over the room, as if a shutter had been suddenly opened to the East.

"And pray, Theodora, what book have you got in your hand?"—"The Young Lady's Book, sir." And the old gentleman, putting on his spectacles, peruses the contents, while the urn keeps simmering its matin song, and his watch lies yellow on the white cloth, by which, to a nicety, he boils the gallinies. "The Young

Lady's Book, love! and a very pure, pretty, and pleasant book it seems to be—apparently not unworthy a kind word or two from Maga's self, who delighteth in all that is pure, pretty, and pleasant, and proves that such is her delight, by a monthly offering to her friends of fruits and of flowers."

The Young Lady's Book has indeed a prepossessing exterior,—

"A countenance such as Virtue ever wears,
When gay good nature dresses it in smiles."

Why, here are Forty-Five Wood-Cuts, representing as many elegant Recreations, Exercises, and Pursuits! They are feelingly designed, and skilfully executed—by what artists we know not—for we see no names—but assuredly by artists who know what is worth looking at, indoors or out—in brown studies or blue parlours; in grove or garden; in "Fancy's gay parterre," or Imagination's shadowy forest; on trim sheltered lawn, flower-bordered,—or on rough, breezy hill-side, gorse-encircled; by flowing river-side, or still fountain-well; in secret nook, where through the old umbrage the poet scarce sees one blue glimpse of sky, or on open plain like that of Salisbury, where bends overhead the whole bow of heaven, as we are journeying towards Stonehenge. Bad wood-cuts are the unkindest cuts of all; their blackness is terrible, haunted as it is by the ghosts whom they have slain—"all murdered." One looks on them with an earnest desire for retributive justice; and anticipates the day when, "for the deep damnation of their taking off," the assassins, who perpetrated deeds at which the sun hides his face behind a cloud, will pay the forfeit of their lives to the offended laws of their country, nature, and perspective. But good—truly good wood-cuts—such as these—it does one's heart good to look upon; Nature stands so prominently forward, with her lights and shadows in such bold relief, and so perfectly reconciled to her sister, Art, that you would swear they were twins who had never quarrelled, benefited by the self-same early education, and grown up to equal beauty in mature womanhood.

"Oft in the pleasant villages of France
Some high-born lady crowns the rustic maid
With floral emblems of her modest worth."

And such is the motto to the very beautiful emblem or device to the article entitled "MORAL DEPORTMENT." Accomplishments without virtues, are worse than worthless—poisonous weeds; but accomplishments with virtues are like a wreath of flowers round the brow or on the bosom of beauty.

The truth is, that there are some accomplishments—such as dancing, and we fear music—of which vice often becomes mistress; and then, indeed, she is a syren. But we must not call her accomplished, who has learnt the art of fascination by two or three powerful spells—a Thais, or an Herodias. Many must be the accomplishments of a Christian lady—and they must all be imbued with the gentleness—the delicacy—of the female character. Not mere sleight-of-hand, or sleight-of-foot, or sleight-of-eye, or sleight-of-tongue tricks; but all eloquent of the spirit within, of feeling and of fancy, and at all times guarded from wrong by the innocence of the virgin's, or the wisdom of the matron's heart. Curse Aspasia, Cleopatra, and Madame du Deffand; bless Una, and Juliet, and Mrs Tighe. Home! sweet Home! is the song that for ever murmurs within the bosom whose beauty deserves being not merely desired but beloved. All bosoms else are meretricious, and unworthy, however fair they may be, of ever feeling the touch of other lip, or pressure of other hand, than of some doting and drivelling French *philosophe*, who, on the brink of the grave, will keep dandling the wanton Wit, who erelong laughs aloud as he tumbles out of her embrace down among the slime of his wiser brethren—the worms.

The editor of "The Young Lady's Book" is, we have no doubt of it—a Lady—not a gentleman. Or let us rather believe a wedded pair—one spirit and one flesh—husband and wife—nothing feminine about him, and nothing masculine about her. No wish, however evanescent, in their breasts, ever to wear each other's lower garments even at a masquerade; so that while she would rather die a

thousand deaths than drop her petticoats in public,—he, rather than relinquish his inexpressibles for one hour of exchange, would give the world assurance, not only of a man, but of a martyr.

We no sooner dipped into "Moral Deportment," than we liked the volume. We despise your brilliant people—your bead-stringers—your pickers up of bits of sparkling but broken or cracked glass. Commend us, say we, to those who love not a flower the less for being sprinkled plentifully and openly over the green braes and hedgerows, and within reach of all persons who have eyes, hands, and feet, to pluck and form into a sweet-scented nosegay. We suspect that the heart is always in an ungenial mood, when it is intolerant of common-places—of simple sayings and true, concerning its own best enjoyments. Who wishes to be *original on the subject of domestic happiness*, with his feet on the fender, and only himself and a single friend, or perhaps two, within the hearth? A pickpocket, perhaps, with an eye to your snuff-box; or a person of no particular profession, who never dines out without a pack of cards.

But with such exceptions, people in ordinary conversation aim at no novelties about old things, but talk on topics as old as the hills, and as green too, with a sort of simple vanity, that shews how sincerely they love them, and that they would not lose them for the world. In this spirit, and in this strain, speaks the editor of the *Young Lady's Book* about Home and Woman. "Home," says he, "has justly been called her empire; and it is certain, that to her it is a hallowed circle, in which she may diffuse the greatest earthly blessings, or inflict the most positive misery. It is never so narrow, but from it may stream many a benignant ray, to illumine a neighbour's dwelling; and it may be wide enough to give light to thousands. The virtues of a woman of rank and fortune, extend far beyond the mansion where she presides, or the cottage which she protects, by the example she offers, even in the most unostentatious manner, and in the most trivial actions; to those around her and below her. Gently, imperceptibly, but most certainly, will she imbue, with her

own purity and beneficence, the atmosphere in which she moves, softening the obdurate, correcting the depraved, and encouraging the timid. Those who are not placed by Providence in so brilliant a sphere, may by their conduct produce the same effects, in a more limited circle and in a less degree, but with equal honour and satisfaction to themselves." Observations equally pertinent and unpretending occur on Integrity—Fortitude—Charity—Obedience—Consideration—Curiosity—Prudence, and Cheerfulness. We have nothing high-wrought or fine-spun; but both web and woof are at once of solid material, and elegant workmanship, fit for every-day wear, either to gentle or simple, and either for morning or afternoon. As a specimen, we give the very excellent passage on—Piety.

"Piety includes faith, devotion, resignation, and that love and gratitude to God, which stimulates us to enquire his will, and perform it, so far as the weakness and imperfection of our nature permit. It offers the best foundation, not only for solid happiness, but for that serenity of temper, and disposition to innocent gaiety, which is at once the charm, and the privilege of youth. No idea can be more fallacious than the supposition, that the refined and rational pleasures of society are incompatible with those acts of devotion, and that occasional abstraction of the mind from worldly pursuits, practised by every pious person. The lofty aspirations, the deep humility, and unshrinking confidence of a Christian, in those moments when the soul may be said 'to commune with her God,' can have no other effect on any well-regulated mind, than that of adding sweetness to the usual intercourse, and interest to the common incidents of life. It increases the endearing submission of the daughter, the fond affection of the sister, the kindness of the friend, and the generous forbearance of the superior, by a perpetual sense of the abiding presence of Him from whom we have received the blessings, or by whom we are exercised by the trials, these dear connexions may impart, and extends our sympathy to the whole human race. I lately had the pleasure of witnessing the deep interest taken by two amiable sisters in two younger branches of the family, at the period of their confirmation, and shall not soon forget the peculiar tenderness, the lively attention, with which each party regarded the other

the remainder of the day—a new and holy tie seemed added to their former bonds; a sweet seriousness, by no means allied to sadness, sat on the face of the younger; whilst smiles, as of welcome to new blessings and enlarged affections, illumined the countenance of the elder, who were both still under nineteen—most elegant and accomplished young women, moving in the first circles of society. I am well aware, that all high-wrought emotions, however pure and exalted, must subside; but they leave, like the rose, a fragrance when their bloom is faded; and I am justified in believing, that these sisters played their next duet together, contrived a new dress for their mother, or engaged in any of the common occupations of life, with increased attachment and more lively interests, in consequence of the sympathy in devotional feelings they had experienced for, and with, each other.”

The next article is entitled the Florist—and is adorned with a great number of the most beautiful plants, exquisitely cut in wood. Indeed, what plants are not “most beautiful?” All young ladies should be botanists. That study takes them out into the open air—and gives them all clear complexions. What a shame—what a sin, to know nothing of the sweet names and the sweet natures of the lovely existences scattered round our feet! No need to be looking up always to heaven—let our eyes be fixed often on the earth. Is not the earth all one garden? and may not every girl be a Proserpine now-a-days, without danger of being carried off by Pluto? Some bright Apollo will, perhaps, become enamoured of the fair Flora; but he will woo her reverently in the shade, and ere her gathered garland withers, be transformed before her eyes into Hymen. All hearts love flowers; but the understanding heart loves them far more deeply, and feels the silent leaf-language through all its hieroglyphics. The study of flowers is, of all studies of Nature's works, the most feminine. What exquisite tenderness may be shewn in their care! For are not blossoms like butterflies—and regarding them, may we not say with Wordsworth of Esmeline—

“She—God love her—fear'd to brush
The dust from off their wings.”

It is scarcely possible for any heart

that has within it a spring of feeling, ever to get indifferent to flowers, provided only it acts towards them in a spirit of appropriating love. “I can conceive,” says our amiable friend, “a possibility, that being constantly surrounded by a variety of fine flowers, in the garden, in the greenhouse, and in every part of the dwelling-house, which no one seems to regard, which are tended and watered by servants, and of which she knows not, perhaps, half-a-dozen even by name,—may render a young lady careless, and altogether indifferent about them, who, under other circumstances, would have shewn a taste for their beauties, and an inclination for their culture. A different disposition might be otherwise influenced by the same habits; and might imbibe a taste for seeing, rearing, or studying them, by her long and intimate familiarity with their beauty and fragrance.” Too true, that “familiarity begets contempt”—a maxim we never liked, often as we used to put it into round-text under our writing-master. Familiarity produces that effect only among contemptible people; but who could in his or her heart feel contempt for the daisy—

“Sweet flower, whose home is every
where?”

But neglect or indifference is nearly as sinful as contempt of things worthy of our love; and we are all, alas! guilty every hour we breathe of such base ingratitude. Suppose a young lady turning up her nose at flowers, as if they were rotten eggs? Or crushing them as if they were eggshells? Would she not by such an act shew, that there would be no great harm “in flinging her like a loathsome weed away,” without having taken the trouble of previously “rifling all her sweetness?”

“Should a young lady profess a total disregard of flowers, I should yet be unwilling to admit that she was incapable of feeling their sweet influence, though circumstances might have rendered her insensible to them; and should be inclined to propose to her a few questions, by way of ascertaining the cause of so (as it would seem to me) unfeminine an insensibility. I would ask her, If she had ever, during her infancy or childhood, been permitted to run, sit, walk, or gather wild-flowers

in the green meadows? If she had ever waded, breast high, in the long grass, to gather buttercups and sorrel? If she had ever filled her frock with daisies, priding herself in finding the reddest lipped? If she had ever pelted her young companions with balls, made on the instant, with fresh-gathered cowslips, or silyly adorned them with cleavers, (*Galium Aparine*, fig. 2.) and laughed to see their repeatedly vain endeavours to escape from their tenacious hold? If she had been permitted all these sports, and yet loved not these pretty toys of her childhood, I should, indeed, fear that her distaste were a deficiency of taste in general. I should conjecture, that she who loved not the lovely dress and various ornaments in which Nature and the Seasons are attired, would have little relish for the delightful scenery of Spenser; that she who failed to treasure up these early associations of innocent pleasures, would but ill appreciate the human sympathies of Shakspeare."

It is not, however, recommended by our judicious author, that a young lady should handle the spade and dig up the earth like an Irishman; or that she should purchase dung, preside over compost, and be initiated into all the mysteries of manure. But she may sow the seeds in the fit season; transplant, trim, and train; overlook sun and shade; and be herself the Naiad of the garden fountain. A garden, quoth our friend prettily, affords many light and graceful occupations to a young lady; as the removal of decayed leaves and flowers—raising and tying up roses, or other flowers, bending beneath the weight of their own beauty—training the convolvulus, sweet-pea, or other light climbers to their frames or lattices; uprooting the lighter weeds; and in some few instances, lightening them of their superfluous blossoms; or preserving strength to the roots, by removing the flowers ere their seed be ripened. But we must give a larger extract.

"Oh! those beautiful white lilies are out! How elegant is their form! How pure their whiteness! How delicate their texture! How majestic their height! This is the flower of Juno; and is, perhaps, the only one that could have saved that jealous goddess from grudging to Venus the possession

Of the rose, full-lipp'd and warm,
Round about whose riper form,
Her slender virgin train are seen,
In their close-fit caps of green.

Some other of the lilies shew well, side by side, with this white one: that fine red lily, called *Jacoea*, (*Amaryllis formosissima*, fig. 3,) for instance. The lilies are a noble family, and splendid in their attire. We see them glowing in the most dazzling colours—crimson, vermilion, and fire-colour; some dropped with gold; all large, rich, and elegant; yet we doom the rest of these fine flowers to oblivion, in favour of the white lilies. Though no flowers boast of finer, and of a greater variety of colours, we persist in considering them as emblems of the very perfection of whiteness and purity. It is remarkable, that with the exception of these bridal flowers, the lilies are particularly warm-coloured: they affect no pale pinks, blues, or lemon-colours,—but be it red, blue, or yellow, assume each hue in all its strength and power. The white lily has some colour, just enough to make it appear the whiter: the six large golden anthers play in the centre like flame in a lamp of alabaster. It has been observed of flowers, that many of the more fragrant are the least handsome; as birds of the homeliest plumage are mostly gifted with the sweetest song; but the white lily has a perfume equal to its beauty."

Our author is equally good upon roses and many other flowers. His love of them is sincere and deep; and he betrays his familiar knowledge of all he speaks of in fond and affectionate phrases, warmed and tinged by his innocent passion. Here is a pretty little anecdote for virgins.

"I remember somewhere to have read a story of a youth, who hesitating in his choice between two young ladies, by both of whom he was beloved, was brought to a decision by means of a rose. It happened one day, as all the three were wandering in a garden, that one of the girls, in a haste to pluck a new-blown rose, wounded her finger with a thorn: it bled freely; and, applying the petals of a white rose to the wound, she said, smilingly, 'I am a second Venus; I have dyed the white rose red.' At that moment they heard a scream; and fearing the other young lady, who had loitered behind, had met with some accident, hastened back to assist her. The fair one's scream had been called forth by no worse an accident than had befallen her companion. She had angrily thrown away the offending flower, and made so pertinacious and fretful lamentation over her wounded finger, that the youth, after a little reflection, resolved on a speedy union with the least handsome, but more amiable, of the two young friends. Hap-

py would it be for many a kind-hearted woman, did she know by what seeming trifles the affection of those whom she loves, may be confirmed or alienated for ever !”

We are so fond of seeing ourselves—in MS. and in print—that we are chary of extract. We do not wish to have our lustre as reviewer eclipsed by that of the reviewed. Yet this is not so bad as the same thing in conversation. In a party of flesh-and-blood people sitting at a mahogany table, each individual is as well entitled to let out his share of articulate sounds, as to take in his share of edible substances ; and you may as reasonably help yourself with your own spoon out of my plate of Yorkshire pudding, or whip off my glass of Rhenish ; as take the English or Scotch words out of my mouth, and seal my lips in silence for the rest of the evening. Were you an S. T. Coleridge, you might perhaps be suffered to monopolize that trade which alone ought to be free ; but instead of a Phoenix, you happen to be a goose—and nature abhors an eternal quack as she does a vacuum. You roar and you reason, till we, who have long been dumb, envy the lot of the deaf, and sigh for an Asylum. But now for an extract.

“ A very pretty flower garden may be formed of native plants only. When living in the country, I have frequently transplanted roots from the neighbouring lanes and meadows ; some into the open garden, others into the house, as a resource when weather-bound. To those who reside in London, and love the country, there is a charm in our native plants that is wanting to exotics, however beautiful ; they are associated with a variety of rural objects ; and bring before the imagination, the fields, woods, hills, and dales, where they were taken. A bunch of wild-flowers is a gallery of landscapes : daisies and buttercups represent fields and meadows ; germander, speedwell, herb Robert, and hawthorn, are thick bushy hedges, and grassy banks ; blue-bells and primroses are shady woods ; the water violet and yellow iris, are standing pools ; the marsh marigold is a running brook ; and the forget-me-not, a gentle river ; the blue-bottle and corn-champion, are fields of rising corn ; and the delicate vervain is a neighbouring village. Some flowers, by association, take the form of mills or hay-stacks : and I have known them even to portray the features of a

friend. Were I condemned to an eternal residence in the metropolis, the sweetest jasmine, the finest moss-rose, the noblest camellia, the rarest, handsomest, and most odorous of exotics, would have less value in my eyes, than a common field-daisy ; and a pot of these, when in London, I generally contrive to have, counting the coming buds as a miser would count his guineas. The pretty heath-bell (*campanula*, fig. 30) is also a favourite ; some young botanists are puzzled by the specific name, *rotundifolia*, which is applied to it,—the upper leaves being linear, and the lower decaying very early ; but if several be drawn up by the roots, some will be found to retain the lower leaves, which answer to the appellation. To those who study plants botanically, the rearing of them has an additional charm : it gives us an opportunity of observing them in every stage of their growth, and seeing the changes made in wild plants by cultivation. If a plant prove handsomer than we had reason to anticipate, it seems to reflect a sort of credit on ourselves, which heightens our sense of its beauty.”

The next two hundred pages are occupied by animated treatises, full of very accurate details, on Mineralogy, Conchology, Entomology, and Ornithology. Shells, minerals, insects, and birds are described both popularly and scientifically ; and the young lady who is up to these five articles (the Florist included), will have no contemptible knowledge of natural history, and be prepared to proceed to the study of more complete and difficult works. Painting, Music, Dancing, are all treated after the same fashion, in separate articles, and so is Riding and Archery—female accomplishments all—and none more healthful and graceful than the last—Hygeia being sister to Maid Marian, and Apollo brother to Robin Hood.

Besides these interesting and useful articles, there are four entitled the Toilet, the Escritoire, Embroidery, and the Ornamental Artist. Let us take a glance at the Toilet :

“ It will be a laudable ambition in her to curb those excesses of ‘ each revolving mode,’ with which she is in some measure obliged to comply ; to aim at grace and delicacy rather than richness of dress ; to sacrifice exuberance of ornament (which is never becoming to the young) wherever it is possible, to an admirable neatness, equally distant from the prim and the negligent ; to learn the valuable art

of imparting a charm to the most simple article of dress, by its proper adjustment to the person, and by its harmonious blending, or agreeably contrasting, with the other portions of the attire. It is a truth which should ever be borne in mind, that a higher order of taste is often displayed, and a better effect produced, by a paucity or total absence of ornament, than by the most profuse and splendid decorations."

That is sound doctrine. A discreet, but not a servile, observance of fashion is then inculcated, and all young ladies warned against extremes. It is rash to adopt every new style immediately as it appears; for many novelties in dress prove unsuccessful, being abandoned before even the first faint impression they produce is worn off; and a lady, it is well observed, can scarcely look much more absurd than in a departed fashion, which, even during its brief existence, never attained a moderate share of popularity. It seems to be a fancy of her own. She is thought to be self-willed at all times; when the wind is due east—mad.

On the other hand, they who cautiously abstain from a too early adoption of novelty, often fall into the opposite fault

"of becoming its proselytes at the eleventh hour. They afford, in autumn, a post-obit reminiscence to their acquaintance of the fashions which were popular in the preceding spring. Such persons labour under the farther disadvantage of falling into each succeeding mode when time and circumstances have defamed and degraded it from its high and palmy state; they do not copy it in its original purity, but with all the deteriorating additions which are heaped upon it subsequent to its invention. However beautiful it may be, a fashion rarely exists in its pristine state of excellence long after it has become popular. Its aberrations from the perfect are exaggerated at each remove; and if its form be in some measure preserved, it is displayed in unsuitable colours, or translated into inferior materials, until the original design becomes so vulgarised as to disgust."

The great first principle of dress is—adaptation. Fashion imperiously upsets it, and reduces half her subjects to dowdies. For what but a dowdy can a dumpy woman be, condemned to dress in a mode especially invented for some tall, slender

arbitress of taste? We differ from Lord Byron, who said,

"Now, on my soul, I hate a dumpy woman."

You may, indeed, so intensify to your imagination the meaning of "dumpy," that neck and legs, and every thing but face and body are lost; and you see, in your mind's eye, only a smiling waddle of female fatness. But that is not fair; and you might as well spindle up a tall woman into a May-pole, all one thinness from ankle to collar-bone. Place the two together—each at her very worst—and, for our single selves, we prefer the dumpy woman.

Dress a dumpy woman, then, as a dumpy woman ought to be dressed, according to the first great principle of dress—adaptation—and you tenderly squeeze the hand of a very comely body—with a bosom white as a drift of snow. How, indeed, a dumpy woman ought to be dressed is another-guess matter; but we may answer the question so far by negatives. She must not have on her head a cap two feet high; for then, besides that men are afraid of catching a tartar, instead of thereby adding two feet to her stature, she takes two off, and thus measures to the eye exactly two feet on her high-heeled shoes. But such cap extends her laterally beyond all customary or reasonable bounds—and you wonder how she got in at a drawing-room door of the usual dimensions. Her neck being short by hypothesis, Dumpy ought not to wear a necklace of great breadth, if for no other reason than that it gives the spectators pain to see jaw-bone and collar-bone suffering under the same instrument of torture. Neither ought our fat friend to heap a quantity of drapery upon her shoulders; for she ought to remember that they are already in the immediate neighbourhood of her ears; and that her ear-rings (which, by the way, had better be left at home) will be lost in the muslin. Nothing more perplexing to a naturalist than the apparent union of the head-gear and the shoulders of something in white. Six flounces on such a figure ought assuredly not to be; for supposing all our negatives to be affirmatives, and a dumpy woman to dress herself against us by the rule

of contraries, and who could tell whether she were a dumpy, a dowdie, or a dodo?

Taste and judgment are apt to bewilder in—hair. What must a young lady do who has a head of it fiery-red? Why, she must take a lesson from the sun behind a cloud. Let her cover it partly with some eclipsing net-work, that subdues the colour down to that of the coat of the captain who whirls her in the waltz.

By such judicious treatment, and by gown of corresponding and congenial hue, red hair may be tamed down into what, by courtesy, may be called a bright auburn. A fair skin and a sweet smile aid the delusion—if delusion it be—thus Danish locks do execution—and the “Lass wi’ the gowden hair” is by many thought the beauty of the night. But,

“whatever be the reigning mode, and however beautiful a fine head of hair may be esteemed, those who are short in stature, or small in features, should never indulge in a profuse display of their tresses, if they would, in the one case, avoid the appearance of dwarfishness and unnatural size of the head; and, in the other, of making the face seem less than it actually is, and thus causing what is thereby petite to appear insignificant. If the hair be closely dressed by others, those who have round or broad faces should, nevertheless, continue to wear drooping clusters of curls; and, although it be customary to part the hair in the centre, the division should be made on one side if it grow low on the forehead, and beautifully high on the temples; but, if the hair be too distant from the eyebrows, it should be parted only in the middle, where it is generally lower than at the sides; whatever temptations Fashion may offer to the contrary. As it would be in bad taste for a fair young lady, who is rather short in stature, however pretty she may be, if irregular as well as petite in her features, to take for a model in the arrangement of her hair, a cast of a Greek head; so also would it, for one whose features are large, to fritter away her hair—which ought to be kept, as much as possible, in masses of large curls, so as to subdue, or at least arrange with her features—into such thin and meagre ringlets as we have seen trickling, ‘few and far between,’ down the white brow of a portrait done in the days of our First King Charles. There are but few heads which possess, in a sufficient degree, the power to defy the imputation of looking absurd, or inelegant, if

the hair be dressed in a style inconsistent with the character of the face, according to those canons of criticism which are founded upon the principles of a sure and correct taste, and established by the opinions of the most renowned painters and sculptors in every highly-civilized nation for ages past.”

Young ladies ought never to wear many flowers in their hair, or many leaves, whatever be the fashion. If a bud, it should just peep out, now and then, while the lovely wearer, with a light laugh, sweetly waves her ringlets to some pleasant whisper; if a full-blown rose, let it—as ye hope to be happily married—be a white one. York for the hair, Lancaster for the bosom.

We are partial to pearls. They have a very simple, very elegant, very graceful, very innocent look; with a certain pure, pale, poetical gleam about them, that sets the imagination dimly a-dream of mermaids and sea-nymphs gliding by moonlight along the yellow sands. Be that as it may, we are partial to pearls, even though they be but paste—provided all the rest of the fair creature’s adornments be chaste and cheap, and especially if you know that her parents are not rich,—that she is a nurse to several small sisters, and that her brothers are breeding up to the army, navy, bar, and church.

Nothing in art more beautiful than—Lace!

“A web of woven air!”

as it has been charmingly called by one who knows how to let it float charmingly over brow or bosom. How perfectly simple it always seems, even in its utmost richness! So does a web of dew veiling a lily or a rose! It imparts delicacy to the delicate forehead, from whose ample gleam it receives a more softening fineness in return; it alone seems privileged, in its exquisite tenuity, to float over the virgin bosom, whose moving beauty it veils, without hiding from Love’s unprofaning eyes!

So much—yet but little, indeed—for head and breast. The whole figure has yet to be arrayed; but has old Christopher North become a tirewoman, even to his own Theodora? What then? Corporeal—spiritual!—Oh! heaven! and oh! earth! which is which, asketh some-

thing, as we gaze on and down the clear wells of Theodora's eyes! Materialism—Immaterialism! What mean words like these? Does clay think, feel, sigh, smile, weep, agonize in bliss and bale, go mad, and die? Be it even so,—or be the thought called impious,—what then? For, is not Virtue the beauty of our being; and are we not all—the children of Heaven!

We verily believe, that of all pleasures on this earth, the most innocent is that which flows from the love of dress. A weak young woman, who has neither husband nor children, but much time on her hands, would weary her own life out in solitude, and the lives of others in society, were it not for dress. What would be the use of needles and pins, thimbles, scissors, &c., but for dress? The weak young woman in question, is perpetually lingering away at some article or other of wearing apparel, from cap or petticoat; and thus has a refuge from idleness, the most dangerous of all conditions, in which she can be left alone with even a militia officer.

Young ladies, with intelligent and well-cultivated minds, again, draw the same delight from dress as from poetry, or painting, or sculpture. It is by far the finest of the Fine Arts. One young lady is distinguished for taste, another for feeling, and another for genius; and now and then, the gifted being possesses them all in union irresistible. Her happiness must be perfect. Wherever she moves, her steps, noiseless though they be, are yet heard through the rush of admiration. She feels that she wins all hearts, and charms all eyes; and for that feeling do you think it at all probable, that Satan will get her into his clutches, and off with her to the bottomless pit?

Only think of a Slattern? Nay, do not shudder: we are not going to describe one,—but do just for a moment let one glide greasily before our imagination, along with the thought of—marriage. Would you not rather marry twenty tidy girls, than one single slattern? Yet, perhaps, she sits with a religious tract in her hand—a whity-brown religious tract on regeneration, almost as nasty as her own flannel petticoat,—and is on the way to Heaven,—so

she has been assured,—impervious to a shower, as if in an oil-skin wrapper. Who preaches against dirt? Nobody in Scotland. But the virgin who, morning, noon, and night, is arrayed like the lily of the field, to which Solomon in all his glory was indeed a most absurd-looking animal, is preached at from many pulpits as on the road to perdition; whereas after adorning the earth for a few fleeting years, she goes, as certainly as that the Bible is true, straight up to heaven. Where the Slattern goes it would be improper to mention to ears polite; but if a Catholic, at the very least to purgatory. And you, who preach against the vanity of female decorations—gloating all the while on bib and tucker, with a peculiar expression of eye, so sly and sinister, how long were you occupied, sir, this very Sabbath morning, with these whiskers? Ay, whiskers! What do you mean to insinuate by them, sir? Why are they not shaved? Are they wholly senseless, or have you an aim, object, and end in cherishing that loathsome lair? A ring too, amidst the hair of your red fingers! and a brooch on your breast, broad and brawny enough for a Leith porter! Your whole body stinks of the most odious personal vanity—vulgar hound though you obviously and obtrusively be—and yet you rail at Theodora's self in drapery bright and beautiful as ever Iris wore, yet chaste and simple too as the cloud-robcs of Diana!

A young lady consists of body and of soul. Now the soul—such is its divine origin—can take care of itself; but the body—such is its earthly origin—cannot; but requires frequent purification and perpetual adornment. Forget it—slight it—despise it—cut it—and it will have its revenge. The soul will soon rue the day it insulted the body; for the body will lose no opportunity, before the world and in the face of day, of grievously and grossly insulting the soul—till the soul prays that its sickness may end in death. To spite the soul, the body grows ugly as sin. Its dirt and its diseases eat into the soul; and the seven senses enter into a horrid conspiracy against her, for they are corporeal, and feel the wrong done by the spirit to the flesh.

Dress—therefore—is a religious duty. But young ladies may be religious over much. They ought to be at their toilette—at least one hour every day—at serious needle-work two—and their thoughts chiefly occupied by dress three,—that is to say, mentally devising various pretty fancies wherewithal to beautify their persons, and now and then producing a pattern into practice. Plenty of time left in the twenty-four hours for reading and writing, and also for thinking about the next world. Whatever you do with the next world, never forget this; you were placed here to be pleasant and pretty, neat and tidy, to dance and sing, paint and embroider. Also, “still the house affairs will call you hence, which, ever as you can, with speed perform. You’ll come again, and, with a greedy ear, devour up my discourse;” that is to say, “read Blackwood’s Magazine;” in which, Heaven forbid, that any maiden should ever let fall her eye on one single syllable that may awake a painful blush; on many, Heaven grant, that it may bring round the dear little cozey corners of her yet untasted lips the mantling of an inexpressible smile!

And now “sweets to the sweet,” a short farewell. We fear not for our article—for its spirit is ethereal—though gliding along the earth—nor fearing to touch the daisies with the playful tip of its wings, even like a swallow hunting insects above a pool. Be not—after all—too much given up to dress—any more than to any other decoration. “Gay, but not gaudy,” is an admirable rule both for soul and body—only to be equalled by another, “Grave, but not gloomy.” Get a copy of the “Young Lady’s Book,” for it is a perennial—a manual of many innocent and useful arts;—and when you have mistressed all that it gives instructions about, why, then in feminine accomplishments you may almost take your place side by side on the same sofa with our own Theodora.

In conclusion of this little rambling article, let us beseech the Editors of those Annuals, which time and

space prevented us from comprehending in the Review in our December Number, not for one moment to dream, that we intended any slight to them, or to their works. In proof of the contrary, we now disclose our determination to speak of their new Christmas Presents—first in order. Meanwhile, be our Public assured that the Gem is indeed a gem of the first water,—“of purest ray serene;” that the Winter’s Wreath is beautiful with its evergreens and its Christmas roses, and fit to adorn the brows of the Lancashire witches; that the Bijou may grace the most elegant drawing-room, the most ornamental library in England; and that the Comic Annual is out of all sight the most witty in all our *Neighbourhood* so distinguished for wit. As for the four Juvenile Annuals, they run in beautiful quaternion. Mrs Watts’s is all that might have been expected from a poet’s wife, and breathe throughout a true maternal spirit, which, above all other emotions “the high and tender muses love.” Mr Hall seems equally happy in a spouse, whose taste and feeling are often coloured by the hues of genius. Mr Shoberl has, we hope, children of his own, growing up into boyhood and girlhood, for so amiable and enlightened a man deserves a happy household, ringing with merry voices from morn to dewy eve. As for Thomas Roscoe, his little book will be loved even for his father’s sake, who, in his honoured old age, must enjoy the purest of all delights in contemplating the virtues and genius of his sons. Thomas Roscoe we know, possesses in private life the love and esteem of many friends; and his powers as a writer have made a most favourable impression on the public mind. The Landscape Annual, edited by him, is indeed a most splendid work—and better than splendid; for in it the exquisite genius of Prout has pencilled to the eye and to the imagination, many of the noblest scenes in nature and in art; and the written illustrations are worthy of the son of the author of Leo and Lorenzo.

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PART II.

DAYS DEPARTED; OR BANWELL HILL.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.*

DESCRIPTIVE Poetry is either the most dull or the most delightful thing in the united kingdoms of Art and Nature. To write it well, you must see with your eyes shut—no such easy operation. But to enable you to see with your eyes shut, you must begin with seeing with your eyes open—an operation, also, of much greater difficulty than is generally imagined—and indeed not to be well performed by one man in a thousand. Seeing with your eyes open is a very complicated concern—as it obviously must be, when perhaps fifty church-spires, and as many more barns, some millions of trees, and hay-stacks innumerable, hills and plains without end, not to mention some scores of cities, towns, villages, and hamlets, are all impressed—tiny images—on each retina—whilst tiny images the mind must see as in reflection within these miraculous mirrors. She is apt to get confused amidst that bewildering conglomeration—to mistake one object for another—to displace and disarrange to the destruction of all harmonies and proportions—and finally, to get, if not stone—at least, what is perhaps worse, sand-blind. The moment she opens her mouth to discourse of these her perceptions, the old lady is apt to wax so confused,

that you unjustly suspect her of a bad habit; and as soon as she winks, or shuts her eyes, begins prosing away from memory, till you lose all belief in the existence of the external world. Chaos is come again—and old John Nox introduces you to Somnus. The poem falls out of your hand—for we shall suppose a poem—a composing draft of a Descriptive Poem to have been in it—but not till you have swallowed sufficient of one dose to produce another doze that threatens to last till doomsday.

We really cannot take it upon ourselves to say what is the best mode of composition for a gentleman or lady of poetical propensities to adopt with respect to a Descriptive Poem—whether to sketch it, and lay the colours on—absolutely to finish it off entirely—in the open air, sitting under the shade of an elm, or an umbrella; or from a mere outline, drawn *sub dio*, to work up the picture to perfect beauty, in a room with one window, looking into a back-court inhabited by a couple of cockless hens, innocent of cackle. Both modes are dangerous—full of peril. In the one, some great Gothic Cathedral is apt to get into the foreground, to the exclusion of the whole county; in the other, the scenery too often retires away back by much too far

* Days Departed, or Banwell Hill; a Lay of the Severn Sea: including the Tale of the Maid of Cornwall, or Spectre and Prayer-Book. By the Rev. William Lisle Bowles. Murray, London, 1829.

into the distance—the groves look small, and the rivers sing small—and all nature is like a drowned rat,

The truth is—and it will out—that the Poet alone sees this world. Nor does it make the slightest difference to him whether his eyes are open or shut—in or out—bright as stars, or “with dim suffusion veiled”—provided only the Iris of each “particular orb” has, through tears of love and joy, been permitted for some twenty years, or thereabouts, to span heaven and earth, like seeing rainbows. All the imagery it ever knows has been gathered up by the perceiving soul during that period of time—afterwards ’tis the divining soul that works—and it matters not then whether the material organ be covered with day or with night. Milton saw without eyes more of the beauty and sublimity of the heavens than any man has ever done since with eyes—except perhaps Wordsworth;—and were Wordsworth to lose his eyes—which heaven forbid—still would he

“Walk in glory and in joy,
Following his soul upon the mountain-side.”

The sole cause of all this power possessed by the Poet over Nature, is the spirit of delight, the sense of beauty, in which, from the dawning of moral and intellectual thought, he has gazed upon all her aspects. He has always felt towards her “as a lover or a child”—she hath ever been his mother—his sister—his bride—his wife—all in one wonderful Living Charm breathed over the shapings of his brain and the yearnings of his blood;—and no wonder that all her sights dwell for ever and ever in the fountains of his eyes, and all her sounds in the fountains of his ears—for what are these fountains but the depths and recesses of his own happy yet ever agitated heart?

A Poet, then, at all times, whether he will or not, commences with the skies, and with the seas, and with the earth, in a language of silent symbols; and when he lays it aside, and longs to tell correctly of what he sees and feels to his brethren of mankind not so gifted by God, though then he must adopt their own language, the only one they understand, yet from his lips it becomes, while still human,

an angelic speech. Aye—even their homeliest phrases—their everyday expressions—in which they speak of life’s dullest goings-on and most unimpassioned procedure—seem kindled as by a coal from heaven, and prose brightens into poetry. True, that the poet selects all his words—but he selects them in a spirit of inspiration, which is a discriminating spirit—as well as a moving and creating spirit. All that is unfit for his high and holy purpose, of itself fades away; and out of all that is fit, genius, true to nature, chooses whatever is fittest—out of the good—the best. Not with a finer, surer instinct, flies the bee from flower to flower—touching but for a moment, like a shadow, on the bloom where no honey is—and where that ambrosia lies, piercing with passion into the rose’s heart. Poetical language, indeed—who may tell what it is? What else can it be but poetry itself? And what is poetry—we know not—though “our heart leaps up when we behold” it—even as at sight of a Something in the sky—faint at first as a tingling dream, cloud-born—but growing gradually out of the darkness of the showery sky—child of the sun—dying almost as soon as born—yet seeming to be a creature—a being—a living thing that might endure for ever—and not a mere apparition, too, too soon deserting the earth and the heaven it has momentarily glorified with—a Rainbow!

But is Poetry indeed thus evanescent? Yes—in the Poet’s soul. For it is produced upon the shadowy and showery back-ground of the imagination, by genius shining upon it sun-like; that visionary world fades away, and leaves him “shorn of his beams,” like a common man in this common world; but words once uttered may live for ever—in that lies their superiority over clouds; and thus poetry—when printed by Bensley or Ballantyne—becomes a stationary world of rainbows. And there are ways—sacred ways which religion teaches—of preserving in the spirit of men who read Poetry—even till their dying day—that self-same ecstasy with which Noah and his children first beheld the Arch of Promise.

There was a long period of our poetry, during which poets paid, apparently, little or no devotion to ex-

ternal Nature; when she may be said to have lain dead. Perhaps, we poets of this age pay her—we must not say too much homage—but too much tribute—as if she exacted it—whereas it ought all to be a free-will offering, spontaneous as the flower-growth of the hills. It is possible to be religious overmuch at her shrine—to deal in long prayers, and longer sermons, forgetting to draw the practical conclusions. Without knowing it, we may become formalists in our worship; nay, even hypocrites; for all moods of mind are partly hypocritical that are not thoroughly sincere—and truth abhors exaggeration. True passion is often sparing of words; compressedly eloquent; not doting upon and fondling mere forms, but carrying its object by storm—spirit by spirit—a conflict—a catastrophe—and peace. There is rather too long a courtship—too protracted a wooing of Nature now by shilly-shallying bards; they do not sufficiently insist on Her, their bride, naming the nuptial day; some of them would not for the world run away with her to Gretna-Green. They get too philosophical—too Platonic; *amicitia* seems their watchword rather than *amor*; and the consequence is, that Nature is justified in jilting them, and privately espousing a mate of more flesh and blood—Passion, who not only pops the question, but insinuates a suit of saffron, and takes the crescent honey-moon by the horns. Nature does not relish too metaphysical a suitor; she abhors all that is gross, but still loves something in a tangible shape; no cloud herself, she hates being embraced by a cloud; and her chaste nuptials, warm as they are chaste, must be celebrated after our human fashion, not spiritually and no more, but with genial embraces, beneath the moon and stars, else how, pray, could she ever be—Mother-Earth? Unfruitful communion else,—and the fairy-land of Poetry would soon be depopulated.

But observe—that if true poets are sometimes rather too cold and frigid in their tautological addresses to Nymph Nature, those wooers of hers who are no poets at all, albeit they espouse her in numbers, carry their jigmoroling beyond all bounds of her patience, and assail her with sonnets as cold as icicles. Never was there

a time when poetasters were more frigid in their lays than at present; never was there a greater shew of fantastic frost-frost; instead of a living Flora, you are put off with a Hortus Siccus. And therefore it was, that in the first sentence of this article we said that Descriptive Poetry might be the dullest—and we now add—the driest and deadest thing in the united kingdom of Art and Nature—or the most delightful—just as the true Poet is wedded to Nature, or the true proser keeps dallying with her, till he with a flea in his ear is ordered out of her presence, and kicked by Cupid and Hymen into the debateable land between Imagination and Reality, where luckless wights are, like fish without fins, or fowls without wings, unable either to swim or fly, and yet too conceited to use their feet like either walking, creeping, or crawling creatures. Never—never was there such a multitude of pretenders elbowing themselves into notice among the inspired; and one and all of them it is our intention to take—monthly during the next ten years—by the nape of the neck—and after exhibiting them in writhing contortions for a few minutes, to duck them—for evermore—into the Pool of Oblivion.

But tremble not—gentle reader—whoever you be—at such denunciation of our wrath; for sure we are that no friends of Maga can ever be brought under that ban. Perhaps we may relent and spare even the dunces; for our wrath is like that of a summer-wave, rising and falling with a beautiful burst and break of foam, that frightens not the sea-mew, nor even the child sporting on the shore. And thou—thou art a Poet—whatsoever be the order to which thou mayest belong—and there are many orders, believe us, among the true Sons of Song. Mediocrity indeed! Where may that line be drawn? How many ranks—degrees of glory—between William Shakespeare and Allan Ramsay! Between Allan Ramsay and the humblest shepherd that ever tuned the rural pipe to love on Scotia's pastoral hills! Nature is not such a niggard to her children—but scatters her blessed boons wide over life. Each nook has its own native flower—each grove its own songster—and methinks the daisy, “wee, modest,

crimson-tippit flower," is little less lovely than the imperial rose ; to our hearing, when the nightingale is mute, most sweetly doth the linnet sing ;

" One touch of Nature wakes the whole world of kin."

Surely touches of Nature are not so rare as to be thought miraculous ; her harp gives forth music to many a hand ; and though highest genius is the endowment but of a few, yet genius—that is, *geniality*—dwells in unnumbered bosoms, and its breathings are heard wide over all the world on a thousand airs. Its voice is always recognised at last, let it whisper as humbly—as lowly as it may ; and the brow that misses the laurel, or merits it not, may be encircled with the holly or the broom, emblems both, in their greenness, of immortality. 'Tis not much of the divine spirit, after all, that is needed to give a name its magic. One song—one verse of a song—has consecrated a peasant's name, who cared not for fame the phantom ; and unborn ages have wept over the pathos of some tune which flowed almost unconsciously from the shepherd's heart, at the " Wauken of the fauld," or when waiting by moonlight at the Trysting Thorn. Now, much of the poetical literature of every people is of this character. Is not Scotland full of it—and all Scottish hearts ? Not the work of intellect, surely—but the finer breath of the spirit, passion-roused and fancy-fired by the hopes, joys, and fears of this mortal life !

Surely this must be the spirit in which all poetry—high or low, humble or ambitious—ought to be read ; for only in such a spirit can its spirit be fully, fairly, and freely felt ; and in any other mood, inspiration itself will be wasted and thrown away on even the most gifted mind. True, that in states of society exceedingly cultivated and refined—that is to say, artificial—when the most exquisite and consummate skill of execution is necessarily aimed at, and therefore expected, nothing short of the most faultless perfection of style will secure to any poet the highest honours of his art—and at such a period did Horace deliver his celebrated anathema against mediocre bards. But poetry in the modern world has rare-

ly been so trammelled ; and Genius and Feeling have been allowed their triumphs, in spite of the accompanying defects, deficiencies, and faults in taste. It is far better so ; and indeed the cause of this lies deep in human nature, which seems to have had depths opened up in it altogether unknown in the world of old. The very perfection of the Greek drama proves its inferiority to that of Shakspeare. His materials are not in nature susceptible of being moulded into such shapes and forms as were required on the Greek stage. And as of Shakspeare, so in due degree, in the cases of all true poets, down to those of even the lowest order—all of them, without exception, have excelled, not so much by the power of art as of nature, in whose free spirit they had their being as poets. An indefinable feeling is excited by their productions—imperfect, mediocre in execution, nay, even in design, as many of them are—a feeling which rises but beneath the breath of genius, and a certain proof, therefore, of its existence. So noble—so sacred an achievement is it to give delight to the spirit through its finer emotions ! So that glory is his who so moves us, and gratitude ; though he has done no more than present to us a few new images, round which, by the mysterious constitution of our souls, we can gather some dearly-cherished thoughts and feelings, and, when they are so gathered, know that they are for ever embalmed, as it were, in words which it was genius for the first time to utter, and which, but for genius, could never have been for our delight or our consolation.

Thus explained, Mediocrity in poetry appears at once to be a height to which, though many aspire, but few attain—and which can be reached only by genius. There are at present in this island, hundreds, aye thousands, nay, millions, of writers in verse, who would disdain to accept the palm of mediocrity, who turn up their noses at senior and junior Ops, and dream of nothing less than being high Wranglers. Yet, among the *οὐ πολλοί* will they remain while they consume crops. It is not in them to beautify—or to embalm beauty ; and therefore, as Cowley says, they "like beasts or common people die ;" and their

Christian and surnames get confused among a vast multitude of the same sound, engraved on tombstones or printed in Directories. The moment a man mounts up on the scale of mediocrity, he is safe from oblivion, and may snap his fingers at time. A mediocre Poet may be shortly defined—a man of a million. In poetry, about a devil's dozen of celestial spirits stand in the first order of the seraphim or cherubim. The second and third orders contain about fifty lesser angels—but all of them radiant creatures, with wings. All "the rest," who have names on earth and in heaven, in number about a hundred, are marshalled in the Mediocre phalanx—and constitute the main body of the Immortals; and a pretty fellow for impudence you would be, to refuse the gold guinea put into the palm of your hand by Apollo enlisting you as a young recruit into the battalion. We verily believe that the numbers of the grenadier company—though there be no positive law against it—will never go beyond the devil's dozen—so high is the standard to which the men must come up, on their stocking-soles and with shaved heads. The Light-bobs—now a smart company of fifty—may, perhaps, on some future day, amount to three-score—and the battalion, it is probable, may yet reach the number of those who died at Thermopylæ. But were Apollo to constitute us his recruiting sergeant, and allow us ten gallions of Glenlivet on each poet's head, we are free to confess that the mountain-dew would not lie heavy on the land, for we do not know above a couple of mediocre young gentlemen to whom we should offer the king's bounty—and one of them, we believe, would go off in a huff, and the other hesitate to enlist into the service, for fear of angering his mother.

We therefore love all poets, and all poetry; and the rank of the man having once been ascertained—which is done by the human race holding up its hand—we never thenceforth dream of making odious comparisons—but enough for us to know from his uniform—green and gold—from the stars on his breast, and the sun on his standard—that such or such a hero belongs to the Immortals. But when the whole regiment deploys

into line, on some grand review day—hundreds of thousands of spectators glorying in the sublime spectacle—Heavens! what a rabble of camp-followers! Of gillies pretending to be real soldiers—in green corduroys—with wooden muskets—and paper-caps—treading down the heels of each other's shoes—or marking time, like so many "hens on a het girdle," to a band of instrumental music, consisting of three penny trumpets, and six sonorous small-teeth combs, playing "*Hey tutie tatie*," in a style far superior to that in which it ever could have been skirled up to the

Scots wha had wi' Wallace bled,
Scots wham Bruce had aften led—

at the battle of Bannockburn.

Such being the nature of true Poets and true poetry, and such the light in which they are regarded by the race whom they elevate—what, pray, it may be asked, did Mr Jeffrey mean, t'other day, by saying that all the Poets of this Age are forgotten? There are few people whom we love and admire more than Mr Jeffrey—though we believe he does not know it; but why will he, in his elegant and graceful way, speak such nonsense? Scott, Byron, Southey, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Moore, are, he assures us, already all forgotten—or nearly so—fading away—mere specks on the distant horizon of men's clouded memories! Why, our dear sir, you might just as well affirm that the stars are forgotten, because thousands of coachfuls of people, coming and going to and from evening parties, are not at the time aware that the heavens are full of them—that shepherds are watching by them on the hills—and sailors sailing by them on the seas—and astronomers counting them in observatories—and occasionally discovering one that had been invisible to the mole-eyes of men since the creation.

Yet in all the nonsense Mr Jeffrey ever spoke, or may speak, you always may find some grains of sense—for who doubts his sagacity and his genius? True it is that much admiration do gaping people ejaculate for things that are admirable, without knowing why or wherefore they admire; their jaws get wearied—they begin to yawn—they doze—they sleep—they snore, and the stars, which are the poetry of heaven, and poetry, which is the

flowerage as well as herbage of earth—are of course forgotten by their loud-nosed worshippers. But “millions of spiritual creatures” are awake amid that snore; they forget not the stars of heaven nor the Poets of earth. They hear still the music of the celestial spheres and the terrestrial singers. In their memories all the hymns have an abiding place—while they live, think not

“That heaven can want spectators—God want praise!”

The distinction at which we have now pointed, seems to us to be one which deserves to be attended to by those who might be disposed to bow to the authority of the most accomplished Ex-Editor of the Edinburgh Review, and, without thought, to adopt the shallow dictum which lately dropped from his ingenious pen. Your great and good living Poets are indeed forgotten by thousands who are incapable of remembering what they never felt nor understood,—the creations of inspired genius. All such despicable idolaters drop away from their own superstitions; and soon cease to worship at shrines built only for those who belong to the true religion. But the true religion stands fast—such secession strengthens the established faith—nor will the Poets we have named—and others little less illustrious—ever be forgotten, till Lethe bursts its banks and overflows the globe.

Not one of our great or good living Poets is forgotten at this hour by Mr Jeffrey himself—nor any of those critiques of his own either, in which he did noble justice to some of them, and ignoble injustice to others, according to the transient or permanent moods by which his taste, feeling, and judgment were swayed. Nor are his critiques themselves likely to be forgotten—soon or ever; for many of them belong, we verily believe, to our philosophical literature. But they hold the tenure of their existence by the existence of the poetry which they sought to illustrate or obscure; from the “golden urns of those Poets” did he “draw light”—the light in which he is himself conspicuous—and were it extinguished, his literary life would be a blank. But if the name of Francis Jeffrey will not be forgotten, till those of

Scott, Crabbe, Wordsworth, Byron, and the Rest, are dark or dead, he may be assured of immortality; nor, without ingratitude, can he assert present, or predict future oblivious doom to Luminaries, who, whatever be its own native lustre, have certainly showered over his genius a small portion of the brilliance with which it now burns.

Nothing that blockheads are so proud of as to retail the paradoxes of some distinguished man. To other evening we allowed one to bother a company for some minutes with a preachment of the above; and having got him fairly to entangle himself in the net, out of which Mr Jeffrey would have nibbled himself in a moment, and made his escape with all the agility of a squirrel, we wrapt it so round his body from snout to tail that he literally seemed one bunch of small-twine, and had not left in him so much as the squeak of a mouse. On being let out of the toils, he took his toddy in silence during the rest of the evening, and prated no more about the oblivion of Byron.

Two living Poets, however, it seems there are, who, according to Mr Jeffrey, are never to be dead ones—two who are unforgettable, and who owe their immortality—to what think ye?—their *elegance*! That “*Gracilis Puer*,” Samuel Rogers, is one of the dual number. His perfect beauties will never be brought to decay in the eyes of an enamoured world. He is so polished, that time can never take the shine out of him—so classically correct are his charms, that at the end of time they will be among the principal Pleasures of Memory. Jacqueline, in her immortal loveliness, seeming Juno, Minerva, and Venus all in one, will shed in vain “tears such as angels weep,” over the weeds that have in truth “no business there,” on the forgotten grave of Childe Harold! Very like a whale. Thomas Campbell is the other pet-poet—“the last of all the flock.” Aye—he, we allow, is a star that will know no setting; but of this we can assure the whole world, not excluding Mr Jeffrey, that were Mr Campbell’s soul deified, and a star in the sky, and told by Apollo, who placed him in the blue region, that Scott and Byron were both buried somewhere between the Devil and the

Deep Sea, he, the author of *Lochiel's Warning*, would either leap from Heaven in disdain, or insist on there being instantanè one triple constellation. What to do with his friend Mr Rogers, it might not be easy for Mr Campbell to imagine or propose at such a critical juncture; but we think it probable that he would hint to Apollo, on the appearance of his Lordship and the Baronet, that the Banker, with a few other pretty poets, might be permitted to scintillate away to all eternity as their—Tail.

We have long been indulging the hope of getting at Mr Bowles—and, through the golden mist of the last six paragraphs, we have occasionally had a glimpse of him at the end of a long vista—standing in sables, and with a shovel hat—beckoning us onwards to Banwell Hill. Well—we have neared him at last, and must accompany him to that respectable eminence, as to the top of Fesole, to “descry new lands”—“rivers and mountains”—not, however, in the “spotted globe” of the moon—but in merry England.

Mr Bowles has been a poet for good forty years—and if his genius do not burn quite so bright as it did some lustres bygone—yet we do not say there is any abatement even of its brightness—it shines with a mellower and also with a more cheerful light. Long ago, he was perhaps rather too pensive—too melancholy—too pathetic—too woe-begone—in too great bereavement. Like the nightingale, he sung with a thorn at his breast—from which one wondered the point had not been broken off by perpetual pressure. Yet though rather monotonous, his strains were most musical as well as melancholy; feeling was often relieved by fancy; and one dreamed, in listening to his elegies, and hymns, and sonnets, of moonlit rivers flowing through hoary woods, and of the yellow sands of dim-imagè seas murmuring round “the shores of old Romance.” A fine enthusiasm, too, was his—in those youthful years—inspired by the poetry of Greece and Rome; and in some of his happiest inspirations, there was a delightful and original union—to be found nowhere else that we can remember—of the spirit of that ancient song—the pure classical spirit that murmured by the

banks of the Eurotas and Ilissus, in “music sweeter than their own”—with the spirit of our own poetry, that, like a noble Naiad, dwells in the “clear well of English undefiled.” In almost all his strains you felt the scholar; but his was no affected or pedantic scholarship—intrusive most when least required—but the growth of a consummate classical education, of which the career was not inglorious among the towers of Oxford. Bowles was a pupil of the Wartons—Joe and Tom—God bless their souls—and his name may be joined, not unworthily, with theirs—and with Mason’s, and Gray’s, and Collins’s—academics all; the works of them all shewing a delicate and exquisite colouring of classical art, that enriches their own English nature. Bowles’s muse is always loath to forget—wherever she roam or linger—Winchester and Oxford—the Itchin and the Isis. None educated in those delightful and divine haunts will ever forget them, who can read Homer, and Pindar, and Sophocles, and Theocritus, and Bion, and Moschus, in the original. Rhedicyna’s ungrateful or renegade sons are those alone who pursued their poetical studies—in translations. They never knew the nature of the true old Greek fire.

But we are forgetting what we are about,—that we are along with Mr Bowles,—each with an oaken towel in his hand, ascending Banwell Hill, from the summit of which we shall sing a duet, called by him a Lay of the Severn Sea. No; we are hoarse as any crow;—therefore, now for the Rector’s Solo.

But, stop a little. There is no occasion to hurry ourselves; for we have just breakfasted, and ’tis six hours till dinner. Let us sit down, then, on the turf, and discuss Mr Bowles’s Preface. In it, he informs us that “Shakspeare and Milton are the great masters of the verse (blank verse) I have adopted.” True; but besides Shakspeare, there are all the old dramatists; and besides Milton, there are Thomson, Armstrong, Dyer, Wordsworth, Southey, and many others who must be nameless. Now, Mr Bowles’s versification seems to us to bear much more resemblance to that of several of those other writers, than to that of either Shakspeare

or Milton, which, in fact, it does not resemble at all; and, therefore, he needed not to have mentioned Shakespeare and Milton. That they are the great masters of blank verse, as well as of every thing else belonging to poetry, all the world knows; but here they are brought in by the head and shoulders, for no purpose whatever, and instantly make their exeat. For this, then, we blame—we find fault with Mr Bowles. He admits his error,—apologizes for it,—is forgiven, and restored to one of the highest places in our favour. He then facetiously and justly remarks, that in his poem the reader will find no specimens of sonorous harmony, ending with such significant words as, “of,” “and,” “if,” “but,” of which we have lately had some splendid examples. We remember, so far back as the first appearance of Manfred, shewing the absurdity of such lame and impotent conclusions; yet all the blockheads have since that drama imitated those crying sins of its versification, and a few who are not wholly blockheads. Of blank verse of the kind alluded to, Mr Bowles—by way of quizz—is tempted to give the following specimen:—

“ ’Twas summer, and we sail’d to Greenwich in
A four-oar’d boat. The sun was shining,
and
The scene delightful; while we gazed on
The river winding, till we landed at
The Ship,” &c.

Mr Bowles next defends in his Poem an intermixture of “images and characters from common life,” which might, he opines, be thought at first sight out of *keeping* with its higher tone of general colouring; but the interspersions of the *comic*, provided the due mock-heroic stateliness be kept up in the language, has often the effect of light and shade,—saith he well,—as will be apparent, on looking at Cowper’s exquisite *Task*,—“though he has *often* offended against taste.” The only difficulty is, “happily to steer” from grave to gay. All this is very true; but then it is so very true, and the exceeding truth of it is denied by such a scanty remnant of the race, and that remnant entirely tailors, that it was not worth our excellent bard’s while to vindicate it against the fractions. We

must likewise be once more severe on Mr Bowles, for saying, that Cowper *often* offends against taste in the *Task*. He does not,—but very rarely indeed,—if ever. You might cut out a few expressions here and there, and by serving them up, one by one on a plate, to a critic, might thereby induce him to exclaim,—“Shocking—bad taste, indeed!” but both you and the critic would be fools for your pains,—and the expressions would continue, long after you were both dead and buried, to be in good taste, and in perfect accordance with the strong, rough raciness of Cowper’s style, surpassed in such essential by that of no poet in any language. Let Wordsworth and Bowles let Cowper alone, and mind their own points, which are frequently so loose, that we wonder their breeches do not fall down among their heels,—which would be awkward any where out of the profoundest solitude. Our readers will recollect the gentlemanly castigation which the author of the “*Essay on the Theory and Writings of Wordsworth*” gave the Great Laker, for his senseless criticism on a beautiful stanza in Cowper’s “*Alexander Selkirk*.” Wordsworth had said, that the lines were so bad as poetry, that they could not be worse as prose. Now, what will the world, or Mrs Grundy, say to the following lines of Wordsworth’s own? Are they bald, or not—as the palm of your hand,—the crown of that old gentleman’s head,—the surface of this table?

“A barking sound the shepherd hears—
A sound as of a dog or fox,—
He stops, and searches with his eyes
Among the neighbouring rocks.
And now he thinks he can discern
A stirring in a brake of fern,
From which immediately leaps out
A dog, and, yelling, runs about!!!”

We do love rarely to have a slap at the “sole King of rocky Cumberland,”—for not unfrequently,—as in the above instance,—he writes like a demi-man; though, in general, it delights us to say, like a demi-god. This by the by,—and turn we again to Mr Bowles. He informeth us, that “the estimation of a poem of this nature must depend, first, on its arrangement, plan, and disposition; secondly, on the judgment, pro-

priety, and feeling, with which,—in just and proper succession and relief,—picture, pathos, moral and religious reflections, historical notices, or affecting incidents, are interwoven.” True again,—true as steel,—true as blue,—true as Toryism,—true, as that the *Noctes Ambrosianæ* are most entertaining and popular dialogues. But Mr Bowles’s lips are not formed for the enunciation of truisms; they are too thin, and have too much of the fine downward Ciceronian curve of genius and eloquence about them—even, we suspect, for a sermon. But perhaps he is to be pardoned for such axioms, on the ground of their containing a sly insinuation, that his Poem, if so estimated, will be found first-rate. Eh? If so, we acquit him of stupidity, but convict him of an organ of self-esteem almost Wordsworthian.

Mr Bowles would have done well had he, in his Preface, informed the ignorant where Banwell Hill lifts its head, instead of having prosed away at such length about the plan and execution of his Poem. No doubt it is highly celebrated in its own neighbourhood; and probably in its own county—certainly in its own parish—it would frown upon the present writer in Blackwood, who nevertheless contributed some matter to *Malte Brun’s System of Geography*. Moreover, Banwell Hill, fortunately for itself and Mr Bowles, stands within sight of the Sea—possesses a cave of fossil remains—looks over no inconsiderable extent of well-wooded, well-watered, and by no means cross-grained country, abounding in villages, granges, thorpes, mansions, halls, abbeys, churches, farm-houses, cottages, and what not,—the haunts of Pan, Apollo, and Priapus, of Flora, Pomona, and Ceres, and prodigal of food to poet, man, and beast, throughout all seasons of the year.

Such a Hill deserved a poem from Mr Bowles, just as well as Lewesdon Hill deserved one from Mr Crowe. Old Crowe was a fine fellow—a noble creature. He was indeed a scholar; but, hang him, he was no poet. He knew the power of language—the English language—and could also use it; but he wrote it coldly and stiffly, though correctly and classically, just as if he had studied it as he had studied Latin

and Greek, as a dead tongue. Therefore, his poem is read by nobody but college-men, who knew or have heard of his fame in Oxford as a public orator, as the glory of New-College, and at learned banquets, the tamer of Dr Parr. Not that it has not uncommon merit. It is often exceedingly picturesque; and throughout all the reflections with which it abounds, you see the man of talent and observation; but—the Pedant. He wants ease, and nature—of pathos he has not one single grain. There is affectation in his simplicity; and his manliness—for he is manly—is rather that of the Fellow of a College, than the Citizen of the World.

If he has little smoke, it is because he has less fire. Crowe loved the country, and lived much in it; but though with his cudgel in his hand he trudged about the fields, and roads, and lanes, to please himself,—with his pen in his hand he thought too much of pleasing the Fellows’ Common-rooms in Oxford. And he did please them; there he is quoted as one of the English classics; and let it be so, for with all his coldness, quaintness, and conceit, he was immeasurably superior to all the Cockneys that are now crowing among the rural villages and farms where Parnassus hill slopes down to the plain, and where the meadows are often sorely parched with long long drought. His Poem will live; but only as a book locked up in a library, not as a volume lying at liberty on tables, and sofas, and chairs, and even on the carpet, tripping up grown boys and girls at play at blind-man’s buff. Mr Bowles’s Banwell Hill will have a far more lively life, because Mr Bowles, though inferior to Mr Crowe as a scholar, and perhaps as a man of general talents, as a poet is his superior far; and, in virtue of the divine gift of song, will hold a far more conspicuous place among the Immortals.

Banwell Hill—we are speaking now of the two poems—is inferior to Lewesdon Hill—in conception. It wants the compactness and compression—and graphic proportions of Crowe’s *chef-d’œuvre*. It is a lumbering and sprawling and shapeless poem, as ever rejoiced in the name of Descriptive. As a work of art, it is worthless—and offensive to

taste and judgment. Yet, as a work of art, we fear, it must be tried; for Mr Bowles, we have seen, is proud of it as a great achievement. Who supposes that in any long blank verse poem, however inartificial, one passage follows another, as entirely without reason as without rhyme? We do not say so; but something more is necessary to constitute "A POEM," than merely a connexion of parts. The whole must be—a building. We care not what order of architecture, be it Grecian or Gothic—but it must be a shape—a form, with dimensions, obeying certain laws lying in the nature of things and of the mind. There must not be a little wretch of a blind window close upon the cheek of the "East Oriel;"—no hole-in-the-wall only fit for the admittance of cats or kittens, beside the great gate of the Cathedral; no niches like cabins to swing hammocks in, beside the Altar. Yet, here is a Poem, a regular Descriptive Poem, in blank verse, in Five Parts or divisions, the whole of the Third being in rhyme, and consisting of one tale—the Tale of a Cornish Maid, of itself a Poem, though not one of the best in the world!

But a truce to criticism. Let us mount Banwell Hill with Mr Bowles—and, delighted with the fine enthusiasm of most of his poetry, we must forget or care not for the plan of his Poem. Mr Bowles looks on nature with a poet's eye, and listens to nature with a poet's ear, and speaks of nature with a poet's tongue, and writes of nature with a poet's hand; and what more would ye have from a beneficed clergyman of the Church of England, standing side by side with Christopher North, on the summit of a hill, immediately after breakfast, on a fine blowy forenoon that sets all the windmills agoing, to the delight of all beholders having in their composition a grain of Don Quixote?

We care not one farthing whether Banwell Hill be a good Descriptive Poem or not; but Mr Bowles does care many farthings, and is as proud of its plan as Milton was of *Paradise Lost*. Therefore, we are angry with Mr Bowles, not with his Poem. But we fear the world may be angry with his Poem too, reading it as a—Work. Whereas it is a series of descriptions, some bad, many indifferent,

more good, and not a few altogether admirable; and that is more than can be said with truth of any other volume of verses published since last spring, either in town or country. We very much doubt if one truly good Poem, of any weight in the world, say as heavy as the *Excursion*, has been produced this century. But good poetry, without stint or measure, has been poured forth in overflowing abundance during that period; and by few poets with more prodigality than Mr Bowles. Had he absolutely written a good poem on the top of Banwell Hill, we should have had a very bad opinion of him as a man. But, thank Heaven, he has committed no such enormity; and our opinion is as high as ever, both of his head and his heart. That man, clerical or lay, who composes a poem, regularly constructed, and duly proportioned in all its parts, in his brown study, and then gives it to the public as a work written on a green hill, is a liar, if not of the first—certainly of the second magnitude; but such is the force of habitual veracity, that Mr Bowles, though, like other poets, he does fib a bit now and then, makes it plain as a pike or a flag-staff, that though he has ascended Banwell Hill a hundred times, (generally on a punch of a pony,) he composed his poetry about it in as snug a parsonage as is in all England. It is easy to see at what places—paragraphs—he took a cup of tea or a glass of wine; here he was called away to breakfast—there to lunch—yonder to dinner—a little farther on to supper—and at more than one critical juncture—to bed. This gives a variety which no Poem written on the top of a hill could possess; no poem written in imitation of a poem produced in such a predicament.

But we must cease our funning,—which Mr Bowles, we fear not, will take in good part,—and quote a passage from the Preface, worthy of all consideration and acceptance.

"As to the sentiments delivered in this poem, and in the notes, I must explicitly declare, that when I am convinced, as a clergyman and a magistrate, there has been an increase of crimes, owing, among other causes, to the system pursued by some 'nominal' Christians, who will not preach '*these three*,' (faith,

hope, and charity,) according to the order of St Paul, but keep two of these graces, and the greatest of all, out of sight, upon any human plea or pretension; when they do *not* preach, 'add to your faith virtue;' when they will *not* preach 'Christ died for the sins of the world, and not for ours only;' when, from any pleas of their own, or persuaded by any sophistry or faction, they become, most emphatically, '*dumb dogs*,' to the sublime and affecting moral parts of that gospel which they have engaged before God to deliver; and above all, when crimes, as I am verily persuaded have been, are, and *must* be, the consequence of such public preaching,—leaving others to 'stand or fall' to their own God; I shall be guided by my own understanding, and the plain Word of God, as I find it earnestly, simply, beautifully, and divinely set before me, by Christ and his Apostles; and so feeling, I shall as fearlessly deliver my own opinions, being assured, whether popular or unpopular, whether they offend this man or that, this sect or that sect, they will not easily be shaken.

"I might ask, why did St Paul add so emphatically 'these three,' when he enumerated the Christian graces? Doubtless, because he thought the distinction *very important*. Why did St Peter say, 'add to your faith virtue?' Because he thought it equally important and essential. Why did St John say, 'Christ died for the sins of the whole world, and not for ours only?' Because he thought it equally important and necessary.

"Never omitting the atonement, justification by faith, the fruits of the spirit, and never separating faith from its halloved fellowship, we shall find all other parts of the gospel unite in harmonious subordination; but if we *shade* the moral parts down, leave them out, contradict them by insidious sophistry—the Scripture, so far from being 'rightly divided,' will be discordant and clashing. The man, be he whom he may, who preaches '*faith*' without *charity*; who preaches '*faith*' without *virtue*,' is as pernicious and false an expounder of the divine message, as he who preaches '*good works*,' without their legitimate and only foundation, Christian faith.

"One would suppose from the language of some preachers, the '*civil*,' '*decent*,' '*moral*' people, from the times of Baxter to the present, want *amendment* most! We all know, that mere *morals*, which have no Christian basis, are not the gospel of Christ; but I might tell Richard, with great respect notwithstanding, for I respect his sincerity and his heart, that, at least '*decent*,' and '*civil*,'

and '*moral*' people, are not *worse* than *indecent*, *immoral*, and *uncivil* people; and when there are so many of these last, I think a word or two of reproof would not much hurt them, let the '*decent*,' '*moral*,' and '*civil*,' be as *wicked* as they may.

"I hope it is not necessary for me to disclaim, in speaking of *facts*, the most remote idea of throwing a slight on the sincerely pious of any portion of the community; but, if religion does not invigorate the higher feelings and principles of moral obligation;—if a heartless and hollow *jargon* is often substituted, in place of the fundamental laws of Christian obedience;—if ostentatious affectation supercedes the meek, unobtrusive character of feminine devotion;—if a petty peculiarity of system, a kind of conventional code of godliness, usurps the place of the specific righteousness, visible in its fruits, 'of whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are lovely;'—if, to be fluent and flippant in the *jargon* of this petty peculiarity of code, is made the criterion of exclusive godliness;—when, by thousands and thousands, after the example of Hawker, and others of the same school, Christianity is represented as having neither '*an if*,' or '*but*,' the conclusion being left for the innumerable disciples of such a gospel-school;—when, because none—'*no not one*,' is *without sin*, and none can stand upright in the sight of Him whose eyes are too pure to behold iniquity; they who have exercised themselves to 'have a conscience void of offence towards God and man,' though sensible of innumerable offences, are considered, by implication, before God, as not *better* than Burkes or Thurtles, for the imputation of utter depravity must mean this, or be mere hollow *verba et voces*;—when amusements, or recreations, vicious only in their excess, are proclaimed as national abominations, while real abominations stalk abroad, as is the case in large manufacturing towns, with '*the Lord*,' '*the Lord*,' on the lips of some of the most depraved;—when, from these causes, I do sincerely believe the heart has been hardened, and the understanding deteriorated, the wide effects being visible on the great criminal body of the nation,—I conceive I do a service to evangelical religion, by speaking, as I feel, of that ludicrous caricature which so often in society usurps its name, and apes and disgraces its divine character."

The truth is, that full as this volume is of Poetry, it is still fuller of Religion. At all times, in the hands of men of genius, they go well together, as we have proved over and

over again, to the dumb-foundering of all the Dunces. Pity, and grief, and shame, that the poetry of Religion should of late have been brought into disrepute, in spite of some of the Muses' sons, who

"Have built their Pindus upon Lebanon,"

by versifiers who have manifestly never been able to say their prayers for counting of their fingers. But Mr Bowles is a privileged poet in that holy walk; and there is more divinity in Banwell Hill than in many a volume of very fair sermons.

Let us now, in good earnest, climb, with Mr Bowles, Banwell Hill.

"But awhile

Here let me stand, and gaze upon the scene,

That head-land, and those winding sands, and mark

The morning sunshine,—on that very shore

Where once a child I wander'd—'Oh! return,'

(I sigh) 'return a moment, days of youth, Of childhood,—oh, return!' How vain the thought,

Vain as unmanly! yet the pensive Muse, Unblamed, may dally with imaginings; For this wide view is like the scene of life,

Once traversed o'er with carelessness and glee,

And we look back upon the vale of years, And hear remember'd voices, and behold, In blended colours, images and shades Long pass'd, now rising, as at Memory's call,

Again in softer light.

I see thee not—

Home of my infancy—I see thee not, Thou Fane that standest on the hill alone, The homeward sailor's sea-mark; but I view

Brean Down beyond, and there, thy winding sands,

Weston, and, far away, one wand'ring ship,

Where stretches into mist the Severn Sea. There, mingled with the clouds, old Cambrinia draws

Its stealing line of mountains, lost in haze;

There, in mid-channel, sit the sister Holms,

Secure and tranquil, though the tide's vast sweep,

As it rides by, might almost seem to rive The deep foundations of the Earth again, Threat'ning, as once, resistless, to ascend

In tempest to this height, to bury here Fresh-weltering carcasses!"

That is very picturesque, and also pathetic. But, lo! the cave—the cave of bones—Dr Buckland's cave—the cemetery of creatures swept into it by the flood! We willingly descend into it by steps rudely cut in the rock, under the guidance of Mr Beard, "that erudite professor," while

"The very candle, as with sympathy, Glares, as he speaks, in glimmering sentiment."

Here Mr Bowles speaks like a true poet.

"But who can mark these visible remains,

Nor pause to think how awful, and how true,

The dread event they speak! What monuments

Hath man, since then, the Lord—the Emmet—raised

On earth! He hath built pyramids, and said,

'Stand there!' and in their solitude they stood,

Whilst—like the camel's shadow, on the sands

Beneath them—years and ages pass'd. He said,

'My name shall never die!' and like the God

Of Silence, with his finger on his lip, Oblivion mock'd, then pointed to a tomb, Mid vast and winding vaults—without a name.

Where art thou, Thebes? The chambers of the dead

Echo, 'Behold!' and twice ten thousand men,

Ev'n in their march of rapine, and of blood,

Involuntary halted, at the sight Of thy majestic wreck, for many a league—

Spynxes, colossal fanes, and obelisks—Pale in the morning sun! Ambition sigh'd,

A moment, and pass'd on. In this rude isle,

The Druid altars frown'd; and still they stand,

As silent as the barrows at their feet, Yet tell the same stern tale. Soldier of Rome,

Art thou come hither, to this land remote,

Hid in the ocean-waste? Thy chariot wheels

Rung on that road below!—Cohorts, and turns,

With their centurions, in long file, appear,
Their golden eagles glitt'ring to the sun,
O'er the last line of spears ; and standard-
flags

Wave, and the trumpets sounding to 'ad-
vance,'

And shields, and helms, and crests, and
chariots, mark

The glorious march of Cæsar's soldiery,
Firing the grey horizon !—They are pass'd !
And, like a gleam of glory, perishing,
Leave but a name behind !—So passes
man,

An armed spectre o'er a field of blood,
And vanishes !—and other armed shades
Pass by, red battle hurtling as they pass.
The Saxon Kings have strew'd their pa-
laces

From Thames to Tyne. But, lo ! the
sceptre shakes :

The Dane, remorseless as the hurricane
That sweeps his native cliffs, harries the
land !

What terror strode before his track of
blood !

What hamlets mourn'd his desultory
march,

When on the circling hills, along the sea,
The beacon-flame shone nightly ! He has
pass'd !

Now frowns the Norman Victor on his
throne,

And every cottage shrouds its lonely fire,
As the sad curfew sounds. Yet Piety,
With new inspiring energies, awoke,
And ampler polity : in woody vales,
In unfrequented wilds, and forest-glens,
The tow'rs of the sequester'd Abbey shone,
As when the pinnacles of Glaston-Fane
First met the morning light. The Parish-
Church,

Then too, exulting o'er the ruder cross,
Up-sprung, till soon the distant village
peal

Flings out its music, where the tap'ring
spire

Adds a new picture to the shelter'd vale.
Uphill, thy rock, where sits the lonely
church,

Above the sands—seems, like the chro-
nicler

Of other times, there left, to tell the tale !"

Let us reascend into the light of
day, and gaze on the panorama. Mr
Bowles's spirit expands, and spreads
her wings beautifully in the fresh
air and sunshine. The following
passage is, indeed, poetry ; yet the
thoughts, feelings, fancies, images,
are all as in-the-way as possible ; but
delightful, because conceived and
described in the spirit of delight.

But issuing from the cave—look round
—behold

How proudly the majestic Severn rides
On to the Sea,—how gloriously in light
It rides ! Along the solitary ridge—

Where smiles, but rare, the blue Campa-
nula,

Among the thistles, and grey stones that
peep

Through the thin herbage—to the highest
point

Of elevation, o'er the vale below,
Slow let us climb. First, look upon that
flow'r—

The lowly heath-bell, smiling at our feet.
How beautiful it smiles alone ! The Pow'r,
That bade the great sea roar—that spread
the heav'ns—

That call'd the sun from darkness—deck'd
that flow'r,

And bade it grace this bleak and barren hill.
Imagination, in her playful mood,

Might liken it to a poor village maid,
Lowly, but smiling in her lowliness,

And dress'd so neatly, as if ev'ry day
Were Sunday. And some melancholy
Bard

Might, idly musing, thus discourse to it :—
' Daughter of Summer, who dost linger
here,

Decking the thistly turf, and arid hill,
Unseen—let the majestic Dahlia

Glitter, an Empress, in her blazonry
Of beauty ; let the stately Lily shine,

As snow-white as the breast of the proud
Swan,

Sailing upon the blue lake silently,
That lifts her tall neck higher as she views

The shadow in the stream ! Such ladies
bright

May reign unrivall'd, in their proud par-
terres !

Thou would'st not live with them ; but if
a voice,

Fancy, in shaping mood, might give to
thee,

To the forsaken Primrose, thou would'st
say,

Come, live with me, and we two will
rejoice :—

Nor want I company ; for when the sea
Shines in the silent moonlight, elves and
fays,

Gentle and delicate as Ariel,
That do their spiritings on these wild
holts—

Circle me in their dance, and sing such
songs

As human ear ne'er heard !—But cease
the strain,

Lest Wisdom, and severer Truth, should
chide."

" Behind that windmill, sailing round
and round, like days on days revol-
ving"—(a good *like*)—the poet be-
holds Bleadon's secluded parsonage,

where, under the good Mr Norman, he long ago "pondered on the grammar-lore, sad as the spelling-book"—"Brean-Down, emerging over the edge of Hutton-Hill, just seen in paler light"—Weston, shining with its tower, as if in conscious beauty—and Steep Holms, and Flat Holms, those little isles that sit in the mid-channel.

"Look how calm they sit,
As list'ning each to the tide's rocking roar;
Of different aspects!—This, abrupt and high,

And desolate, and cold, and bleak, uplifts
Its barren brow! Barren; but on its steep
One native flow'r is seen—the Piony.
One flow'r, which smiles, in sunshine or
in storm,

There sits companionless, but yet not sad:
She has no sister of the summer-field,
None to rejoice with her when spring re-
turns,

None that, in sympathy, may bend its
head,

When ev'ning winds blow hollow o'er the
rock,

In autumn's gloom!—So Virtue, a fair
flow'r,

Blooms on the rock of care, and though
unseen,

So smiles in cold seclusion, while remote
From the world's flaunting fellowship, it
wears,

Like hermit Piety, one smile of peace,
In sickness, or in health, in joy or tears,
In summer-days, or cold adversity;

And still it feels Heaven's breath, re-
viving, steal

On its lone breast—feels the warm bless-
edness

Of Heaven's own light about it, though
its leaves

Are wet with ev'ning tears!"

Our poet then speaks of a Light-house on Flat Holms—of three unknown graves, supposed to be those of three of the murderers of Thomas à Becket—and of the treachery of the smiling sea—alluding to the loss of a packet-boat, and the most afflicting accident that occurred at Weston to the children of Charles Elton, Esq., who has himself most pathetically recorded it in a poem, over which we remember weeping years ago. We cannot say that Mr Bowles has produced any thing remarkably good on these melancholy topics; but so it often is with writers of genius; they unaccountably fail when suc-

cess seems to be easiest and most certain.

A true touch of poetry, however, soon puts us in a genial mood with Mr Bowles and with ourselves; nothing so refreshing to soul and body as a shower.

"A show'r, even while we gaze, steals
o'er the scene,

Shrouding it, and the sea-view is shut out,
Save where, beyond the Holms, one thread
of light

Hangs, and a pale and sunnystream shoots
on,

O'er the dim vapours, faint and far away,
Like Hope's still light beyond the storms
of Time.

Come, let us rest awhile in this rude
seat."

This rude seat commands a far and wide prospect of the sea; and Mr Bowles recalls to mind his infantine delight of wonder at his first sight of the world of waters. From these reminiscences he is led along some fine lines of association into a dream of the house in which he was born—of his father and mother, brothers and sisters—and all his childish sports and plays in the paradise encircling Uphill parsonage. The picture is finished thus:—

"But never will that day pass from his
mind,

When, scarcely breathing for delight—at
Wells,

He saw the Horsemen of the Clock ride
round,

As if for life: and ancient Blandifer,
Seated aloft, like Hermes, in his chair,
Complacent as when first he took his seat,
Some hundred years ago—saw him lift
up—

As if old Time was cowering at his feet—
Solemn lift up his mace, and strike the
bell,

Himself for ever silent in his seat.

How little thought I then, the hour
would come,

When the loved Prelate of that beauteous
fane,

At whose command I sketch, might pla-
cidly

Smile on this picture, in my future verse,
When Blandifer had struck so many hours
For me, his poet, in this vale of years,
Himself unchanged and solemn as of
yore!"

There is something delightful in the egotism—or egoism—or what you will—of men of genius. They can-

not speak too much of themselves—and they never please us better than when they prose and prattle like grown children. There ought to be, and there is, much *bonhomie* in the character of all poets. Mr Bowles has his proper share of it—without that he might be still Rector of Bremhill and Archdeacon of Bath and Wells, but no longer the Reverend William Lisle Bowles. In a former part of the poem, he spoke, as we have seen, of his old tutor, the Reverend Mr Norman, who was, he tells us in a note, the Parson Adams of the county. The note is a rich one—here it is.

“I find, in a letter to my father, dated Bleadon, 1779, this passage, expressing his surprise at some juvenile indifferent verses, which my father, at the time, thought prodigious:

“Master Bowles appears *already* to have acquired, under his incomparable master, a fund of learning and humour, visible in his representation of Sir Tobit; and if the *blossoms* are so fair at his early age, what unparalleled *fruit* may we not hope for, when he is *got* on the Top of *arnassus*! A prospect grand enough to make so dull a mortal as your humble servant proud!”

“Master Bowles laid his hand by accident on this passage, looking over some old letters to his father, while this poem was in the press; and he extracts it, thinking the reader might possibly smile, as he did, when, after forty years communing with the Muse, he concludes this poem on the same scenes, with recollections of that best good old schoolmaster, who in the *cond-sight* of prophecy, among the hills of the lonely village of Bleadon, prophesied for him a *prospect* of the hill of Parsonage, which undoubtedly meant this poem on Banwell Hill!!

“One little incident, which has been huddled up by these recollections, had very early destroyed the prophecy; for, coming through Bristol, from Northamptonshire, he changed horses. Having never before been in a place greater than Ayno in Northamptonshire, the moment we got out of the chaise, I took advantage, and instantly wandered away. The carriage was waiting, scouts were sent in every direction; and it was not long before ‘Master Bowles,’ the future Bard of Banwell, was found, sitting composedly, on the steps leading to Redcliffe Church!

“These verses on Sir Tobit were most fortunate for me; for, in consequence, my father, lest ‘my *humour*’ should be

lost, set me, when I came home, to turn ‘Joe Miller’s selected Jest’ into verse! And this was not the worst; for, whenever company came, my translation of the Jest was brought forth. Whether this gave me a turn to *Elegy*, I cannot say.”

In a subsequent part of the poem, he speaks of his having been proud of Wintonian scholarship—and here is another note amusingly illustrative of the simple and single-heartedness of the amiable bard.

“To the circumstance which had nearly proved fatal to the writer’s future poem on Banwell Hill, I might add another circumstance which nearly proved *fatal* to his progress ‘in *humour*,’ and ‘*scholarship*,’ at Winchester; and this I shall record for the use of parents.

“Every boy in the school had a whip, and pair of boots, which they were particularly fond of displaying—comparing the cost, workmanship, neatness, &c. The Author was sent from Shaftesbury, on a little pony, with a servant, *not* with a pair of new boots, but *ingloriously* in a pair of *worsted boot-stockings*, which, my father observed, would keep my under-stockings from the dirt, as well as the *best pair of boots* in Shaftesbury! I said nothing, but *wofully* proceeded thus to equip myself, having a *guinea* as pocket-money.

“In my equestrian character, with a heavy heart, I set out to *cross* the downs to Salisbury, under conscious humiliation at my equipment in the odious *boot-stockings*! In passing over the downs, as I was not seen by any one, I bore up tolerably well, but deigned not a syllable to the servant, who assured me, in vain, that *boot-stockings*, in summer, were just as good as *boots*. I was, as is expressively called in Wiltshire, ‘*stomachy*!’

“The moment I dismounted, at the White Hart, I had determined on making *my escape*, and never return to school or home. I had a guinea in my pocket: I set out from the inn ‘on my forlorn hope.’ I passed by the Cathedral churchyard, looked at the beautiful spire, little thinking what would be my future connexion with that interesting edifice, though, had the bells struck out, I might have thought they said to me—as to another Whittington—

‘Turn again, Whittington!’

“By the farther gate of the Close, just in the corner, was a handsome shoe and boot shop, and the same shop is there at this day, with the same articles. As good luck would have it, a tempting pair of *new*

boots, which I thought would fit me, hung at the door. I walked backwards and forwards for twenty minutes, first looking at the boots, then feeling my money—then looking again at the boots. At last I went boldly into the shop, and said to the shopman, ‘What is the price of *these boots*?’—‘The price of these boots, young gentleman, is just twenty shillings!’ I had a guinea in my pocket, so that if I bought them, I should have only *one* shilling, with which to go to school; and that was almost as bad as wearing *boot-stockings*! I therefore walked out of the shop, and with my first intention, got as far as old Easton’s shop, when, though I heard no bells, like *Whittington*, I thought I would return and look at the *boots* again. In fact, I had made up my mind. I went into the shop again:—‘You could not let me have those boots a shilling cheaper?’—‘No! they are *back-strapped*!’ (*φαναρτα σουβτασιον*.) ‘Will they fit?’ I asked. I sat down to try: they fitted delightfully! I looked at one leg in the new boot, and the other with the *boot-socking* on. They fitted as if made for me; and, heavens, what a difference! I put down the guinea; took the shilling; felt a *triumph* at heart, which, in all my changes in life, I have never felt since; and was just *strutting* out of the shop, when I spied the inglorious stockings. I took them up with some loftiness of scorn, threw them into the canal, and stood to see them swim *gloriously* down the canal, with other *inglorious* substances, till they were completely out of sight; and then returned, with *one shilling*, and my new boots, to the inn.”

It would not do for every man to publish anecdotes like this of his boyish days; but as “the child is father of the man,” it is interesting to be made acquainted, in this way, with a poet’s father; and Mr Bowles’s appears to have been, as might have been conjectured, a nice little fellow—a spirited lad—none of your grave, sedate, dull, studious, dress-despising, dusty-haired, bubbly-nosed, grimey-faced urchins, at once the pride and opprobrium of his parents—the dux in school, and the booby out of it—who, as he grows up, keeps degenerating and degenerating, till he ends, perhaps, with being buried as Chairman of Quarter-sessions.

But look again to the poem—and to the best passage in it—a passage pregnant with important truths, most eloquently enforced. With pleasure

we saw a few lines from it quoted by one of the ablest writers in the *Quarterly Review*, who entertains, however, different sentiments and opinions respecting some of its positions. A perfectly fair and full estimate of the influence of the commercial and manufacturing system on the character of the people of England is yet a desideratum in Moral and Political Philosophy. Mr Bowles, as a poet, cannot, perhaps, be expected to give it; he here takes one side, and let us hope that he may have coloured it too darkly; but, however that may be, he poetizes on a subject of paramount interest to the statesman who loves his country and his kind.

“A village, then,
Was not as villages are now. The hind,
Who dived, or ‘jocund drove his team
afield,’
Had then an independency of look,
And heart; and, plodding in his lowly
path,
Disdain’d a parish dole, content, though
poor.
He was the village monitor: he taught
His children to be good—and read their
book,
And in the gallery took his Sunday place,—
To-morrow, with the bee, to work:—
‘So pass’d
His days of cheerful, independent toil!
And when the Pastor came that way—
at eve,
He had a ready present for the child,
Who read his book the best;—and that
poor child
Remember’d it, when treading the same
path
In which his father trod, he so grew up
Contented, till old Time had blanch’d his
locks,
And he was borne—while the bell toll’d
—to sleep
In the same churchyard where his father
slept!
His daughter walk’d content and innocent,
As lovely, in her lowly path:—She turn’d
The hour-glass, while the humming wheel
went round,
Or went ‘a-Maying,’ o’er the fields, in
spring,
Leading her little brother, by the hand,
Along the village-lane, and o’er the stile,
To gather cowslips; and then, home again
To turn her wheel, contented, through the
day.
Or, singing low, bend where her brother
slept,

Rocking the cradle, to 'sweet William's grave!'

No lure could tempt her from the woodbine shed,

Where she grew up, and folded first her hands

In infant prayer; yet oft a tear would steal

Down her young cheek, to think how desolate,

That home would be when her poor mother died—

Still praying that she ne'er might cause a pain,

Undutiful, to 'bring down her grey hairs, With sorrow, to the grave!'

Now mark this scene!—

The fuming factory's polluted air

Has stain'd the country! See that rural nymph,

An infant in her arms! She claims the dole

From the cold parish, which her faithless swain

Denies: he stands aloof, with clownish leer,—

The constable, behind, and mark his brow, Beckons the nimble clerk,—the Justice, grave,

Turns from his book a moment, with a look

Of pity, signs the warrant for her pay, A weekly eighteen pence,—she, unabash'd,

Slides from the room, and not a transient blush,

Far less the accusing tear, is on her cheek! A different scene comes next:—That village maid

Approaches timidly, yet beautiful; A tear is on her lids, when she looks down

Upon her sleeping child. Her heart was won,

The wedding-day was fix'd, the ring was bought!

'Tis the same story—Colin was untrue!—He ruin'd, and then left her to her fate.

Pity her—she has not a friend on earth, And that still tear speaks to all human

hearts,

But his, whose cruelty and treachery caused it to flow!! So crime still fol-

lows crime—

Ask we the cause?—See, where those engines heave,

That spread their giant-arms o'er all the land!

The wheel is silent in the vale! Old age and youth are levell'd by one parish law!

Ask why that maid, all day, toils in the field,

Associate with the rude and ribald clown, Ev'n in the shrinking pudency of youth?

To earn her loaf, and eat it by herself. Parental love is smitten to the dust—

Over a little smoke the aged Sire Holds his pale hands—and the deserted hearth

Is cheerless as his heart:—But Piety Points to the BIBLE! Shut the book again: The Ranter is the roving Gospel now, And each his own Apostle! Shut the book,—

A locust-swarm of tracts darken its light, And choke its utterance; while a Babel-rout

Of mock-religionists—turn where we will—

Have drown'd 'THE SMALL STILL VOICE,' till Piety,

Sick of the din, retires to pray alone. But though abused Religion, and the dole

Of pauper-pay, and vomitories huge, Of smoke, are each a STEAM-ENGINE OF CRIME,

Polluting, far and wide, the wholesome air, And with'ring Life's green verdure underneath,

Full many a poor and lowly flower of want

Has Education nursed, like a pure rill, Winding through desert glens, and bade it live

To grace the cottage with its mantling sweets.

There was a village girl—I knew her well, From five years old and upwards—all her friends

Were dead, and she was to the workhouse left,

And there a witness to such sounds profane

As might turn virtue pale! When Sunday came,

Assembled with the children of the poor, Upon the lawn of my own parsonage,

She stood among them: they were taught to read

In companies, and groups, upon the green, Each with its little book; her lighted eyes Shone beautiful, where'er they turn'd; her form

Was graceful; but her book her sole delight!

Instructed thus, she went a serving-maid, Where fumed the neighb'ring town—ah!

who shall guide

A friendless maid, so beautiful and young, From life's contagions? But she had been taught

The duties of her humble lot—to pray To God, and that one Heavenly Father's eye

Was overrich and poor! On Sunday night

She read her Bible, turning still away From those who flock'd, inflaming and inflam'd,

To nightly meetings; but she never clos'd

Her eyes, or raised them to the light of
morn,
Without a pray'r to Him who 'bade the
sun
Go forth,' a giant, from his Eastern gate!
No art, no bribe, could lure her steps astray
From the plain path, and lessons she had
learnt,
A village child. She is a mother now,
And lives to prove the blessings and the
fruits
Of moral duty, on the poorest child,
When duty, and when sober Piety,
Impressing the young heart, go hand in
hand."

This is worthy of Cowper or Wordsworth. It is in their very best spirit—yet it is all over original—and Bowles. Set ever so many men of genius to work on the same subject, and they will say ever so many the same things—but in what various lights will they place them—as they fall in different positions under the sun of truth? It is the glory of much of the best poetry of this age, that, full of imagination though it be, it deals nevertheless with man's homeliest interests—because that our best poets "have all one human heart." They do not take wings to themselves to soar away into the far-off skies, forgetful of the agitated bosom of their mother-earth; but high as they float above her, with eagle-eyes they see all that is passing on that moving surface—and never are they happier than when they fold their wings, and drop down beside the cottage-door, and walk, no ways distinguished from its humblest inmate, towards the cottage hearth. Therefore,

" Blessings be with them, and eternal
praise,
The poets who on earth have made us fain
Of Truth and pure delight by heavenly
lays!"

We have seen from his Preface that Mr Bowles is friendly to the inter-spersion of the *comic*, provided the due mock-heroic stateliness be kept up in the language, thinking justly that it has often the effect of light and shade. We do not exactly know whether his *comic* be very good or not, yet we feel it to be amusing, and therefore are inclined to believe that it is meritorious. Here is a specimen:

" No villager was then a disputant
In Calvinistic and contentious creeds;

No pale mechanic, from a neighbouring
sink
Of steam, and rank debauchery, and
smoke,
Crawl'd forth upon a Sunday morn—
with looks
Sadd'ning the very sunshine—to instruct
The parish poor in Evangelic lore:—
To teach them to cast off—'as filthy rags'
' Good works!' and listen to such mi-
nisters,
Who all (be sure) 'are worthy of their
hire,'
' Who only preach for good of their poor
souls,
That they may turn "from darkness up
to light,"
And—above all—fly, as the gates of Hell
Morality! and Baal's steeple house,
Where, without "heart-work," Doctor
Littlegrace
Drones his dull requiem to the snoring
clerk!
True: he who drawls his heartless ho-
mily
For one day's work, and plods, on wading
stilts,
Through prosing paragraphs, with 'In-
ference,'
Methodically dull, as orthodox,
Enforcing sagely, that 'we all must die
When God shall call,'—Oh! what a pul-
pit-drone
Is he!—The blue-fly might as well preach
' hum,'
And 'so conclude!'

But save me from the sight
Of Curate-fop, half jockey and half clerk
The Tandem-driving Tommy of a town
Disdaining books, omniscient of a horse,
Impatient till September comes again,
Eloquent only of 'the pretty girl
With whom he danced last night!' Oh
such a thing
Is worse than the dull doctor, who per-
forms
Duly his stunted task, and then to sleep,
Till Sunday asks another Homily
Against all innovations of the age—
Mad Missionary zeal, and Bible Clubs,
And Calvinists and Evangelicals!"

The difficulty is, as he says, to
steer happily from grave to gay—and
back again; and certainly his return
from that playful to the following se-
rious passage is felicitous.

" Yes! Evangelicals! Oh glorious
word!
But who deserves that awful name? Not
he,
Who spits his puny Puritanic spite
On harmless recreation: who reviles
All who, majestic in their distant scorn,

Bear on, in silence, their calm Christian course.

He only is the Evangelical,
Who holds in equal scorn dogmas and dreams,

The Shibboleth of saintly Magazines,
Deck'd with most grim and godly visages;
The cobweb sophistry, or the dark code
Of Commentators, who, with loathsome track,

Crawl o'er a text, or on the lucid page,
Beaming with heavenly love and God's own light,

Sit, like a night-mare! Soon a deadly mist
Creeps o'er our eyes and heart, till angel forms

Turn into hideous phantoms, mocking us,
E'en while we look for comfort at the spring

And well of life, while dismal voices cry,
'Death!—Reprobation!—Woe! eternal Woe!'

He only is the Evangelical,
Who from the human commentary turns
With tranquil scorn, and nearer to his heart

Presses the Bible, till repentant tears,
In silence, wet his cheek,—and new-born Faith,

And Hope, and Charity, with radiant smile,

Visit his heart,—all pointing to the Cross.

He only is the Evangelical,
Who, with eyes fix'd upon that spectacle,
'Christ and him crucified,' with ardent hope,

And holier feelings, lifts his thoughts
from Earth,

And cries, 'My Father!' Meantime, his whole heart

Is on God's Word: he preaches 'Faith,'
and 'Hope,'

And 'Charity,'—'these three,' and not
'that one!'

And 'Charity,' the greatest of 'these three!'

Give me an Evangelical like this!"

Mr Bowles has, we understand, by his righteous boldness in the cause of Christianity, enraged against him a set of sanctified wasps and hornets, whose stings, though not deadly, cause swellings and irritation in the face and hands, wherein they have darted their venom. But the Muse herself, whom Religion loves, will drop honey on such slight wounds, and assuage their smart. The cant of Evangelism (what hideous profanation of a holy word!) can be written down in no way more effectually than by genius such as his, kindled at the altar of religion. He does well to be angry—to be scornful—on such

a theme—and here his satire is strong indeed—it smites and withers. Yet through its darkness he "scatters gleams of a redeeming tenderness!"

"But now,

The blackest crimes, in tract-religion's code,

Are moral virtues!—Spare the prodigal,—

He may awake when God shall 'call';
but Hell,

Roll thy avenging flames, to swallow up
The Son, who never left his father's home,
Lest he should trust to Morals when he dies!

Let him not lay the unction to his soul,
That his upbraiding conscience tells no tale
At that dread hour—bid him confess his sin,

The greatest that, with humble hope, he looks

Back on a well-spent life! Bid him confess

That he hath broken ALL God's holy laws,
In vain hath he done justly,—loved, in vain,

Mercy, and hath walk'd humbly with his God!

These are mere Works!—but Faith is every thing,

And all in all! The Christian code contains
No, 'if,' or 'but!' Let tabernacles ring,
And churches too, with sanctimonious strains

Baneful as these; and let such strains be heard

Through half the land; and can we shut our eyes,

And sadly wondering, ask the cause of crimes,

When Infidelity stands low'ring here,
With open scorn, and such a code as this,
So baneful, withers half the charities
Of human hearts?—Oh! dear is Mercy's voice

To man, a mourner in the vale of sin
And death: how dear the still small voice of Faith,

That bids him raise his look beyond the clouds

That hang o'er this dim earth; but he who tears

Faith from her heav'nly sisterhood, denies
The Gospel, and turns traitor to the cause
He has engaged to plead: Come, Faith,
and Hope,

And Charity! how dear to the sad heart,
The consolations and the glorious views,
That animate the Christian, in his course!
But save, oh! save me from the tract-mad Miss,

Who trots to every Bethel-club, and broods
O'er some black Missionary's monstrous tale,

Reckless of want around her!"

"Let the gall'd jade wince." Some of his notes are equally cutting. How well does he observe that the effects of certain creeds may be traced in the *visages* that adorn sundry godly magazines, and which speak more than volumes of the feelings which could produce such effects on the *human* countenance! shewing the analogy between the conformation of features and the creed-ruling passions of the mind. And difficult it is to say whether the effect is more hideous or ludicrous in some of these certainly not human, and yet not altogether diabolical aspects! Mr Bowles says, that, among a thousand others, he can avouch for the following fact, illustrating the effects of an abhorrence of morals characteristic of some sects. A young woman, of most respectable character, taught the children in a clergyman's village-school to read. After some time, she told the lady of the clergyman she should no longer superintend the school, as she had found, *too late*, she had been bred up herself in "a *sad moral way*!" She was soon put out of this *sad moral way*, Mr Bowles adds, and brought before the magistrate to *affiliate* the *first fruits* of her new *anti-moral* creed.

But though we do, from the very bottom of our hearts, agree with Mr Bowles *in the main*, in his most eloquent and powerful denunciations of the wicked and fatal creed, against which he launches the lightnings of his indignation, he treads, in a few instances, on dark and difficult ground, where we are unwilling to follow him, and where it is probable we should part company in the haunted gloom of metaphysics. There is a Calvinism, we believe, which is a dreadful and a fatal faith; but there is a Calvinism which, though dark, is, we believe, not dangerous;—witness moral and religious Scotland. But at present no more of this.

Mr Bowles, in exposing the folly—and worse than folly—of those knaves or idiots who speak of that "*wicked sinner*" Shakspeare, says truly, that the drama is far more effective as a corrector of crimes, in many instances, (in *many instances* think you, sir?) than *some* places of worship where anti-moral doctrines of different shades are preached. Mr

Corder, the murderer of Maria Marten, to whom he was betrothed, rose from his knees *in a chapel*, and hastened to dip his hands in her blood. What hideous work must *some* preaching make among all the thoughts produced on the mind by conscience! What utter confusion and reversal of all the sanctities of nature! Minds so disturbed have not unfrequently rushed to the perpetration of the most horrid crimes. It is—to make use of perhaps a vulgar expression—*touch and go* with all weak and ignorant—to which add vicious and savage minds—who sit *under some* anti-moral expounders of God's holy word. So far we agree with all Mr Bowles has said, or can say, on such a dreadful subject; but he goes much too far, we cannot help thinking, when he says, speaking of the dialogue between Macbeth and his wife after the murder of Duncan, that if Corder could have endured that heart-rending scene, let him have waited till he saw that terrible picture of remorse, when Lady Macbeth appears in her sleep, and "I would venture to say, that this deed of blood would not have been done!" That is too much to venture to say; for, in the first place, the ignorant blockhead might not have understood it; and, in the second place, the callous monster might not have felt it; and, in the third place, the infatuated wretch might have been even stimulated to the crime by the very picture of its acting before his eyes, for God only knows all the mysteries of wickedness; and, fourthly, had the murderess struck him with kindred passions of fear and remorse, such passions are an agony to endure; and the lisp or leer of some prostitute on the street might have driven them out of his head, and let in upon it again the determined dream of blood.

The evils of conventicles are great to the wicked; but the blessings of theatres are to the wicked, we suspect, but small; while to the good, they serve, even at the best, chiefly to please and improve the taste and the imagination, and through their agency, to elevate, no doubt, our moral feelings, and to awaken our enthusiasm for virtue. But then it is to be remarked, that with all the inevitable corruptions—and ine-

vitale they seem to be—of the drama, in a state of great wealth and high civilization, theatres may be to many places rife with danger,—and that we allow, notwithstanding the senseless jeremiads against playhouses, of the Master-Tailor of The Age, a Poem. The influence of literature in general—the drama included—is benignant and beneficent; but it may be overrated; and the strength and stability of the moral soul of a people, is in the Christian religion, and in the Bible. This, Mr Bowles indeed knows as well as we do; and how gloriously he expresses it!

“Therefore, without a comment, or a note,
We love the Bible, and we prize the more
The spirit of its pure unspotted page,
As pure from the infectious breath, that
 stains,
Like a foul fume, its hallow'd light, we
 hail
The radiant car of Heav'n, amidst the
 clouds
Of mortal darkness, and of human mist,
Sole, as the Sun in Heav'n!”

We know not a more certain symptom of hypocrisy in religion, than in minds, themselves obviously worldly in the extreme, an exaggerated condemnation of all little worldlinesses in all other honest people, gravely ogging, or gaily skipping along their path of life. Those people are often the least worldly, on whom they who make the loudest boast of their unworldliness, seek basely to affix that opprobrious epithet. For they walk the world with a heart pure as it is cheerful; they are, by that unprejudiced purity, saved from infection; and as there are as many fair and healthy faces to be seen in the smoke and stir of cities, as in the rural wilds, so also are there as many fair and healthy spirits. The world—the wicked world—has not that power over us Christians, that the canterers say; and as for the mere amusements of the world,—frivolous as they may too often be,—little or no power have they over that which is “so majestic.” Yet, to listen to some folks, you would think that all the boys and girls one sees, “like gay creatures of the element,” dancing under a chandelier pendant from the roof, like some starry constellation, were quavering away to the sound of music, into the bottomless pit. Is it not, for

example, most disgusting and loathsome, to hear some broad-backed, thick-calved, greasy-faced, well-fed, and not-badly-drunk caitiff, of some canting caste, distinguished in private and public life for the gross greediness with which they gobble up every thing eatable within reach of their hairy fists,—preaching, and praying, and exhorting young people, full of flesh and blood of the purest and clearest quality, to forsake and forswear the world,—to quell within them all mortal vanities, and appetites, and lusts? To whom is the hound haranguing? What means he by lusts, while the sweet face is before him of that innocent girl of fifteen or twenty? For what are years to her, into whose eyes God and the Saviour have put that light angelical?—that ineffable loveliness, as pure from taint, as the beauty of the rose blushing on her lily breast, which she gathered in the dewy garden a few hours ago, among the earliest songs of birds, while yet the pensive expression had not time to leave her countenance, still lingering there from the piety of her soul-breathed prayers? Shocking, to hear the ugly monster coarsely canting to such a creature of her—corruption! She knows that she belongs to a fallen nature. Oftentimes her tears have flowed to think how undeserving she was of all the goodness showered on her head from Heaven. Often hath she looked on the lilies of the field, and envied their innocence. Meek and humble is she, even in her most joyful happiness; contrite and repentant even over the shadows of sin, that may have crossed her spirit, as the shadows of clouds suddenly over “a stationary spot of sunshine.” Even for her sake, she knows that “Jesus wept.” With what a reverent touch do these delicate hands of hers turn over the leaves of the New Testament! Her father and her mother intensely feel themselves to be Christians, while she reads to them the story of the crucifixion. She remembers not the time, when she knew not Him who died to save sinners. For her parents were instructed by these words,—“Suffer little children to be brought unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of heaven.” Fine are all the threads of holy feeling, by which her pure

thoughts are linked and allied, as the lines of gossamer floating with their dew-drops all over the flower-garden, from which she culls garlands for those she loves,—her young companions, and her aged friends! The clown breaks through them all, with the slang of his tongue and his eye; and frightens her as with the bellowing of some wild and unclean beast in the bowers of paradise. And why will parents suffer such hoofs within their gates? Is not his rank smell sufficient to sicken the family? Are not the roses and the lilies insulted by his fetid breath? And Flora put to flight as by a Satyr?

Forsake the world, indeed! Who made it?—who fitted us for it?—who placed us in it?—what duties lie out of it? Not one. For love to our fellow-creatures is of God, and love to God is of our fellow-creatures, and both alike draw breath from “this bright and breathing world.” We must not forsake the world, even though it should have been darkened by the sins of ourselves and others; birds of calm are often seen in storm; the primrose smiles on the brow of the windiest hill, nor cares for sleet or snow; and hath not a Christian soul the same power to preserve itself from scathe, which has been given to insensate and inanimate things? And then what sort of a world is to be substituted for the one we are wickedly bid to abandon? A dark, narrow world, indeed,—yet, narrow as it is, haunted by thoughts that can, and too often do, debase and terrify into idiocy or madness. For nature thwarted, must dwindle into decay or distortion,—the very shape of the soul becomes deformed,—its lineaments ghastly, as with premature age; the spring is struck out of life; the gracious law of her seasons is disobeyed; and on the tree of knowledge we are to look for fruits before blossoms! Bad philosophy, and worse religion.

Commend us to such Christianity as Mr Bowles preaches so eloquently in this poem. To use his own words, no priest is he,

“Who deems the Almighty frowns upon
his Throne,
Because two pair of harmless Dowagers,
Whose life has lapsed without a stain,
beguile

An evening hour with cards; who deems
that Hell
Burns fiercer for a Saraband.”

We dare say Mr Bowles, like ourselves, has long given up dancing—and that though he may occasionally join in a rubber of whist for six penny points, he is, like ourselves, not very assiduous card-player. To other evening we laid aside our crutch, and tried, not unsuccessfully, to stand up in a quadrille, rather than that fifteen young people should be disappointed of their *dos-à-dos*—and we acquitted ourselves like a Lancer. Same evening, we faced an old lady at whist—and with the exception of a single revoke, which had like to bring down an old house about our ears, we played to the delight of Hoyle’s ghost, who kept looking all the while over our shoulder, pointing to each victorious card in our irresistible hand. Surely there was no sin in that, Dr Cantwell? Mr Bowles truly says, that the two great crimes of a professed Puritan, most truly the “NOMINAL” Christian, are, and have been, from the time of the Manicheans, the DRAMA and the DANCE. To these abominations, such Christians constantly add CARD-PLAYING, without distinguishing whether accompanied with the spirit of gaming. It is easy, he adds, to conceive the reason why the old Fathers were so horror-struck at *dancing*, considering the licentious character of the Eastern dance. But what resemblance is there in a social meeting of this kind, to which a father and a mother bring their sons and daughters, and of which in their youth they have taken part, without one evil thought or feeling? He who can view such a meeting with impure feeling, certainly had better stay away; but what must be the impurity in his heart to confess such ideas? The spirit of Puritanism, he concludes, is as much like the spirit of Christianity, as the mermaid, which was carried about for a show, consisting of an ass’s head and fish’s tail, is like a beautiful woman.

The worthy Rector waxes uncommonly facetious on the idolatrous practices laid by the Cantwells to the charge of the youths of this age.

“There is a certain wicked and most idolatrous machine, called a Round-about; and though we are commanded not to

make 'the likeness of any thing above the earth, or under the earth,' this machine has a number of idolatrous images, in wood, representing *horses*! But, far worse than this, boys and girls—instead of precocious edification, in the mysteries of destiny and decrees (to the horror of this age, of the '*march of intellect*,' be it spoken)—boys and girls together are found riding round, with the most impious tranquillity, and apparent sedate satisfaction, one after the other, on the same wooden likenesses of little *horses*!"

In pleasant accordance with such views of the perfect harmlessness of many of the gaieties of this life, humble or high, Mr Bowles sketches a beautiful picture of a little rural festival, which ended, as we know, though we were not there to see, with a choral flower-dance:—

"If we would see the fruits of charity,
Look at that village group, and paint the scene.

Surrounded by a clear and silent stream,
Where the swift trout shoots from the sudden ray,

A rural mansion, on the level lawn,
Uplifts its ancient gables, whose slant shade
Is drawn, as with a line, from roof to porch,
Whilst all the rest is sunshine. O'er the trees

In front, the village-church, with pinnacles,
And light grey tower, appears; while to the right;

An amphitheatre of oaks extends
Its sweep, till, more abrupt, a wooded knoll,

Where once a castle frown'd; closes the scene.

And see, an infant troop, with flags and drum,

Are marching o'er that bridge, beneath the woods,

On—to the table spread upon the lawn,
Raising their little hands when grace is said;

Whilst she, who taught them to lift up their hearts

In prayer, and to 'remember, in their youth,'

God, 'their Creator,'—mistress of the scene,

(Whom I remember once, as young,) looks on,

Blessing them in the silence of her heart.
And we too bless them.

Against what sins, then, ought the Christian preacher to denounce the judgments of offended Heaven? Listen to our Christian Poet:—

"Cry aloud!"—speak in thunder to the soul

That sleeps in sin! Harrow the inmost heart

Of murderous intent, till dew-drops stand
Upon his haggard brow! Call Conscience up,

Like a stern spectre, whose dim finger points

To dark misdeeds of yore! Wither the arm
Of the oppressor, at whose feet the slave
Crouches, and pleading lifts his fetter'd hands!

Thou violator of the innocent,

Hide thee! Hence! hide thee in the deepest cave,

From man's indignant sight! Thou Hypocrite,

Trample in dust thy mask, nor cry 'Faith—Faith,'

Making it but a hollow tinkling sound,
That stirs not the foul heart! Horrible wretch,

Look not upon the face of that sweet child,
With thoughts which Hell would tremble to conceive!

Oh shallow, and oh senseless!—in a world
Where rank offences turn the good man pale—

Who leave the Christian's sternest code, to vent

Their petty ire on petty trespasses—

If trespasses they are—when the wide world

Groans with the burden of offence, when crimes

Stalk on, with front defying, o'er the land,
Whilst, her own cause betraying, Christian zeal

Thus 'swallows camels, straining at a gnat!'"

That is fine vigorous writing; but the Poet rises into yet a loftier flight, and he takes us along with him on his wings:—

"Oh! whilst the car
Of God's own glory rolls along in light,
We join the loud song of the Christian host,

(All puny systems shrinking from the blaze,)

'Hosannah, to the car of light! Roll on!
Saldanna's rocks have echoed to the hymns
Of Faith, and Hope, and Charity! Roll on!

Till the wild wastes of inmost Africa,
Where the long Niger's track is lost, respond,

'Hosannah, to the car of light! Roll on!—

From realm to realm, from shore to farthest shore,

O'er dark Pagodas, and huge Idol-Fanes,
That frown along the Gangé's farthest stream,

Till the poor widow, from the burning
pile
Starting, shall lift her hands to heaven,
and weep
That she has found a Saviour, and has
heard

The sounds of Christian love !—Oh ! hor-
rible,

The pile is smoking !—the bamboos lie
there,

That held her down when the last strug-
gle shook

The blazing pile ! Hasten, oh ! car of light !
Alas ! for suffering nature ! Jaggernaut,
Arm'd, in his giant car, goes also forth—
Goes forth, amid his red and reeling priests,
While thousands gasp and die beneath the
wheels,

As they go groaning on, 'mid cries, and
drums,

And flashing cymbals, and delirious songs
Of tinkling dancing girls, and all the rout
Of frantic Superstition ! Turn away !

And is not Jaggernaut himself with us,—
Not only cold insidious sophistry,
Comes, blinking with its taper-fume, to
light,

If so he may, the Sun in the mid Heaven !
Not only blind and hideous blasphemy
Scowls in his cloak, and mocks the glo-
rious orb,

Ascending, in its silence, o'er a world
Of sin and sorrow,—but a hellish brood
Of imps, and fiends, and phantoms, ape
the form

Of Godliness, till Godliness itself
Seems but a painted monster, and a name
For darker crimes ; at which the shudder-
ing heart

Shrinks ; while the ranting rout, as they
march on,

Mock Heaven with hymns, till, see—pale
Belial

Sighs o'er a filthy tract, and Moloch marks
With gouts of blood—his brandish'd Ma-
gazine !

Start, monster, from the dismal dream !
Look up !

Oh ! listen to the Apostolic voice,
That, like a voice from Heaven, proclaims,
' to Faith

Add Virtue ! there is no mistaking here ;
Whilst moral Education, by the hand,
Shall lead the children to the House of
God—

Nor sever Christian Faith from Christian
Love."

From this high flight the Muse
stoops her wing, and winnows her
way with softly-gliding plumes along
"the beautiful fields of England," as
Southey so simply and truly calls
them ; in the neighbourhood of Ban-
well Hill, visiting the residences of

some of the worthy Rector's most es-
teemed friends ; and deservedly prai-
sing "Generous Hoare," the owner
of the "Elysian Temple of Stourhead"
—the Reverend Mr Skurray,

" distributor

Of bounties large, yet falling silently
As dews on the cold turf"—

the excellent Earl of Cork and Or-
rery at Marston—Mrs Heneage of
Compton-House,

" who never turn'd her look

From others' sorrows—on whose lids the
tear

Shines yet more lovely than the light of
youth"—

Mrs Methuen of Corsham-House,
"fair as Charity's own form," and the
Rev. Charles Hoyle, vicar of Overton,
near Marlborough, of whom our Poet
speaks with more than common af-
fection and esteem ;—a man, we be-
lieve, of genius, learning, and virtue.
And so endeth Part Second of Ban-
well Hill.

Part Third is entitled *The Spectre
and Prayer-Book, a Tale of a Cornish
Maid*, versified from an extraordinary
and striking fact in Mr Polwhele's
History of Cornwall. It has many
touches true to nature, and is
throughout elegantly written ; but it
is overlaid with ornament, and does
not storm the heart through the ima-
gination. Crabbe could have told
the story far better in far fewer words ;
by merely keeping to it—grasp-
ing the soul of it—and scorning all
unessential adjuncts. But no man—
no Poet can at once be a Bowles and
a Crabbe—any more than a Coleridge
and a Wordsworth—a Campbell and
a Moore—a Byron and a Scott. Let
every man and poet stand on his own
legs—a single pair ; but let him take
warning by Mr Atherstone, and be-
ware of stilts.

Mr Bowles (we charged him some
pages back with an occasional fib)
would fain make us believe that it
had been raining all the while he
was telling a Tale of a Cornish Maid.
That was a plumper. Yet we for-
give the fib for his beautiful way of
telling it. Part Fourth thus opens :

"The show'r is pass'd—the heath-bell, at
our feet,

Looks up, as with a smile, tho' the cold
dew

Hangs yet within its cup, like Pity's tear
Upon the eyelids of a village-child !

Mark ! where a light upon those far-off
waves

Gleams, while the passing show'r above
our head

Sheds its last silent drops, amid the hues
Of the fast-fading rainbow,—such is
life !—

Let us go forth—the redbreast is abroad,
And, dripping in the sunshine, sings
again."

Pity indeed, that one who thus
loves nature, and is by nature thus
beloved, and rewarded by inspira-
tion, should occasionally have so little
regard to truth ! This shower, how-
ever, so exquisitely described in its
death, has not only refreshed earth
and sea, but Mr Bowles's genius, till
it glows as " green as emerald." We
cannot, at this late hour of the
night, (" ae wee sma' hour ayont the
twal,") accompany him in all his
rambles along sea-shore, and through
inland wood. But during all those
descriptions, never has the influence
of that shower—real or ideal—been
out of his imagination, till at last it
absolutely causes another Deluge.
To be serious—we know not where
to look in Modern Poetry—in Words-
worth, Southey, or James Montgo-
mery, for a descriptive passage, fuller
of feeling and fancy, than the follow-
ing " Vision of the Deluge."

" The Vision of the Deluge ! Hark—
a trump !

It was the trump of the Archangel ! Stern
He stands, while the awak'ning thunder
rolls

Beneath his feet ! Stern, and alone, he
stands

Upon Immaus' height !

No voice is heard

Of revelry or blasphemy so high !

He sounds again his trumpet ; and the
clouds

Come deep'ning o'er the world !—

Why art thou pale ?

A strange and fearful stillness is on earth,
As if the shadow of th' Almighty pass'd
O'er the abodes of man, and hush'd, at
once,

The song, the shout, the cries of violence,
The groan of the oppress'd, and the deep
curse

Of Blasphemy, that scowls upon the
clouds,

And mocks the deeper thunder !

Hark ! a voice—

' Perish ! Again the thunder rolls—the
Earth

Answers—from North to South, from
East to West—

' Perish !' The fountains of the mighty
deep

Are broken up—the rushing rains descend,
Like night—deep night, while momentary
seen,

Through blacker clouds, on his pale
phantom-horse,

Death, a gigantic skeleton, rides on,
Rejoicing, where the millions of man-
kind—

(Visible, where his lightning-arrows
glared)—

Welter beneath the shadow of his horse !

Now, dismally, through all her caverns,
Hell

Sends forth a horrid laugh, that dies away,
And then a loud voice answers—' Vic-
tory !

' Victory, to the rider and his horse !

' Victory, to the rider and his horse !'

Ride on :—the Ark, majestic and alone
On the wide waste of the careering deep,
Its hull scarce peering through the night
of clouds,

Is seen. But lo ! the mighty deep has
shrunk !

The Ark, from its terrific voyage, rests
On Ararat. The Raven is sent forth,—
Send out the Dove, and as her wings far
off

Shine in the light, that streaks the sev'-
ring clouds,

Bid her speed on, and greet her with a
song :—

Go, beautiful and gentle Dove,—

But whither wilt thou go ?

For though the clouds ride high above,
How sad and waste is all below !

The wife of Shem, a moment to her breast
Held the poor bird, and kiss'd it. Many
a night

When she was listening to the hollow
wind,

She press'd it to her bosom, with a tear ;
Or when it murmur'd in her hand, forgot
The long, loud tumult of the storm with-
out.—

She kisses it, and at her father's word,
Bids it go forth.

The dove flies on ! In lonely flight

She flies from dawn till dark ;

And now, amid the gloom of night,

Comes weary to the ark.

Oh ! let me in, she seems to say,

For long and lone hath been my way ;

Oh ! once more, gentle mistress, let me
rest,

And dry my dripping plumage on thy
breast.

So the bird flew to her who cherished it.
She sent it forth again out of the ark ;

Again it came at ev'ning-fall, and lo,
 An olive-leaf pluck'd off, and in its bill.
 And Shem's wife took the green leaf from
 its bill,
 And kiss'd its wings again, and smilingly
 Dropp'd on its neck one silent tear for joy.
 She sent it forth once more; and watch'd
 its flight,
 Till it was lost amid the clouds of Hea-
 ven:
 Then gazing on the clouds where it was
 lost,
 Its mournful mistress sung this last fare-
 well:—

' Go, beautiful and gentle Dove,
 And greet the morning ray;
 For lo! the sun shines bright above,
 And night and storm are pass'd away.
 No longer drooping, here confined,
 In this cold prison dwell;
 Go, free to sunshine and to wind,
 Sweet bird, go forth, and fare thee
 well.

' Oh! beautiful and gentle Dove,
 Thy welcome sad will be,
 When then shalt hear no voice of love,
 In murmurs from the leafy tree:
 Yet freedom, freedom shalt thou find,
 From this cold prison's cell:
 Go, then, to sunshine and the wind,
 Sweet bird, go forth, and fare thee
 well.'

And never more she saw it; for the
 Earth
 Was dry, and now, upon the mountain's
 van,
 Again the great Archangel stands! the
 light
 Of the moist rainbow glitters on his hair;
 He to the bow up-lifts his hands, whose
 arch
 Spans the whole Heaven; and whilst,
 far off, in light,
 The ascending dove is for a moment seen,
 The last rain falls—falls gently and un-
 heard,
 Amid the silent sunshine! Oh! look up!
 Above the clouds, borne up the depth of
 light,
 Behold a Cross!—and round about the
 Cross,
 Lo! Angels and Archangels jubilant,
 Till the ascending pomp in light is lost,
 Lift their acclaiming voice,—' Glory to
 thee,
 Glory, and praise, and honour be to thee,
 Lord God of Hosts; we laud and magnify
 Thy glorious name, praising thee ever-
 more,
 For the great Dragon is cast down, and
 hell

Vanquish'd beneath thy cross, Lord Jesus
 Christ.'

Hark! the clock strikes!—The sha-
 dowy scene dissolves,

And all the visionary pomp is pass'd!
 I only see a few sheep on the edge
 Of this aerial ridge, and Banwell tower,
 Grey in the morning sunshine, at our feet."

"The subject is stale—old—worn-
 out—threadbare—soiled—pawed up-
 on"—ever and anon exclaims yon
 blockhead on opening a poem—or
 passage of a poem, thereby libelling
 the Great Globe itself, and all that
 it inherits. What does the blockhead
 mean? The age of the world is known
 to a nicety—which is more than you
 can say of that of many an elderly
 young lady, who was no chicken at
 the era of the French Revolution. The
 world is neither young nor old—but
 middle-aged; nothing about her is
 stale; she is as fresh, without being
 flat, as a flounder. But if she were as
 old as the hills, what would that sig-
 nify to a Poet. He could wash six
 thousand years off her grey head,
 and restore her to a youthful Pa-
 ragon. To genius, all creation is
 for ever new—in immortal youth.
 Towers and temples decay; but the
 "innocent brightness of the new-
 born day" that shall rise to-morrow,
 will be as lustrous to his eyes as the
 first morn that dawned on Eden.

"Seas will row and rivers flow" till
 time sinks in eternity; but seas and
 rivers will never be old—that is to
 say, older than they ought to be—as
 long as there is one Poet's eye left
 to look on them, undimmed by dust.
 When all mankind are dead and
 buried—the last man perhaps in the
 same spot with the first—Peter Tom-
 linson, junior, with Father Adam, then
 this world will feel herself getting
 too old—will groan through all her
 skeleton, and disappear in Chaos.
 But while the soul of man lives, she,
 the mighty mother, will never com-
 plain of old age. Cybele will nurse
 her children at her thousand breasts,
 still flowing with milk and honey.
 There may be some truth in what
 Solomon said, "there is nothing new
 under the sun;" but there is far more
 truth in what *we say*, "there is no-
 thing old under the sun." Nature is
 preserved by her elements in a per-
 petual youth, far more wonderful
 than that of Ninon D'Enclos—and

her favoured lovers are the Poets. Proserps tell her to her face, that she is waxing old—that her charms—O fie!—are stale; and for their pains get instantly kicked out of her presence by a foot whose dexterity would do credit to a youthful Newhaven fishwife. Yet to the old all things seem old; and blockheads are aged at thirty, as you may perceive from the exaggerated drivel and dotage of their drawing speech. But Genius is ever young, like the star of Jove, “so beautiful and large;” and therefore this earth—this world—shall never want her worshippers. The Deluge—though not perhaps in point of fact—certainly in point of feeling—happened last autumn—the Creation of the world last spring. At least, Mr Bowles writes of the Deluge as if he thought and felt so; and therefore doth that passage of his poem rise and subside like the flood he describes,—’tis green in its beauty as the re-appearing hills. What heart could see again that dove without blessing her, and loving the olive more and more for her sake? “Songs of the Ark!”—wherefore are the lips mute that essayed to sing the hymns re-echoed from Mount Ararat?—Our poet now bids farewell to Banwell Cave, and Banwell Hill, and Banwell Church—

“And farewell to the shores
Where, when a child, I wander’d; and
farewell,
Harp of my youth!”

The close of the poem is so very beautiful—that long as our quotations have been—we do not fear but that our readers will thank us for such a strain.

“Yet, whilst the light
Steals from the clouds, to rest upon that
tow’r,
I turn a parting look, and lift to heaven
A parting prayer, that our own Sion,
thus,—
With sober splendour, yet not gorgeous,
Her mitred brow, temper’d with lenity
And apostolic mildness—in her mien
No dark defeature, beautiful as mild,
And gentle as the smile of Charity,—
Thus on the rock of ages may uplift
Her brow majestic, pointing to the spires

That grace her village glens, or solemn
fanés

In cities, calm above the stir and smoke,
And list’ning to deep harmonies that swell
From all her temples!

So may she adorn—

(Her robe as graceful, as her Creed is
pure)—

This happy land, till Time shall be no
more!

And whilst her grey cathedrals rise in
air,

Solemn, august, and beautiful, and touch’d
By time—to shew a grace, but no decay,
Like that fair pile, which, from hoar
Mendip’s brow,

The traveller beholds, crowning the vale
Of Avalon, with all its tow’rs in light;—
So, England, may thy grey cathedrals lift
Their front in heav’n’s pure light, and
ever boast.

Such Prelate Lords—bland, but yet dig-
nified—

Pious, paternal, and belov’d, as he
Who prompted, and forgives, this Severn
song!

And thou, oh Lord and Saviour, on
whose rock

That Church is founded, tho’ the storm
without

May howl around its battlements, preserve
Its spirit, and still pour into the hearts
Of all, who there confess thy holy name,
Peace,—that through evil or through
good report,

They may hold on their blameless way.”

We pretend not to be prophets; but we predict a storm—a hurricane—about ere long to break upon the Church of England. Many of her dignitaries have lately disgraced themselves beyond redemption in this life; but she has still a thousand champions, in her own holy order, whose cheeks will not blench, nor knees succumb, in any tempest. To them she must trust when the trial comes;—and in the van they will be seen, in the Battle of the Standard, while the cowardly apostates will be cowering in the rear, and perhaps plundering the baggage-waggons. Virtue, Genius, Learning, and Piety, will all be on her side; and therefore the issue of the battle cannot be doubtful; but better far to terrify the enemy into flight before he has dared to advance against her Holy Altars.

DIBDIN'S TOUR IN FRANCE AND GERMANY.*

WHEN the learned, amiable, and lively writer of these volumes was exploring the bibliographical treasures of the library of St Genevieve at Paris, he informs us, that "frequently, during the progress of his examinations, he looked out of window upon the square or area below, which was covered at times by numerous little parties of youths, (from the College of Henry IV.,) who were partaking of all manner of amusements characteristic of their ages and habits. With and without coats, walking, sitting, or running—there they were! All gay, all occupied, all happy!—unconscious of the alternate miseries and luxuries of the *Bibliomania*!—unknowing in the nice distinctions of type from the presses of *George Laver*, *Schurenere de Bopardia*, and *Adam Rot*—uninitiated in the agonising mysteries of rough edges, large margins, and original bindings! But—

'Where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise.'

In a somewhat similar state of blissful ignorance we profess ourselves to be, so far as relates to Bibliomaniacal miseries, agonies, and luxuries. We have not, certainly, arrived at that degree of sensibility in these matters, that our nerves would thrill with responsive delight to the sound of a "crackling copy" of Virgil, printed by Sweynheym and Pannartz, or our blood run cold at the sight of a lovely Wynkyn de Worde, "cruelly cropped," by some bibliopegistical barbarian; neither should we faint, at discovering that our *PSALTERIUM Latine*, printed by *Fust and Schoeffer*, 1457, (if we had one,) measured only thirteen inches, five-eighths, by nine and three-eighths; while that in the Royal Library at Paris, measured exactly fourteen inches by nine and a half. We have no pretensions, we freely admit, to these refined susceptibilities of either rapture or misery; and therefore we shall give ourselves no bibliomaniacal airs; but, at the same

time, we mean strenuously to assert our *capabilities* for becoming a genuine ROXBURGHIER, a true BIBLIOPHILE, and an ardent devotee of FIFTEENERS. We know what it is, to enter a goodly room, filled with books, and to luxuriate in the aromatic bliss of their bindings—or to gloat upon the outward charms of well-stored shelves, with an antepast of their inward treasures. We cannot look unmoved upon a FIRST EDITION, or feel no kindling emotions in our bosoms at the sight of black-letter and time-honoured pages. We love to gaze upon the autographs of the illustrious dead—and our hearts would pant almost to suffocation, if we *could* hold in our hands an *undoubted* MS. of Shakspeare; we can examine with pensive delight the words and letters traced by fingers that once recorded the noble thoughts of a noble mind; and we have stood many an hour, equally regardless of an August sun, or a December wind, rummaging over the dusky heaps of book-stalls in courts, alleys, and narrow lanes. With these propensities, which we thus freely acknowledge, not even the Vice-President of the Roxburghe Club himself should convince us we were not intended by nature for bibliomaniacs, though circumstances may have prevented us from becoming so; in the same way that "village Hampdens" and "mute inglorious Miltons" have been doomed, by fortune, to remain ploughmen and farmers all their lives.

We have thought it necessary, at the risk of having more egotism laid to our charge than we deserve, to set forth these our qualifications, before we proceeded to notice a work, which can be properly noticed only by a critic so qualified; though we are willing to confess, our author writes with so much bibliomaniacal *unction*, when describing bibliographical gems and rarities—*editiones principes*—UPON VELLUM, &c. that he inspires the reader with his own feelings, and communicates a portion of his own enthusiasm to those who

* A Bibliographical, Antiquarian, and Picturesque Tour in France and Germany. By the Rev. Thomas Frognall Dibdin, D.D. 3 vols. 8vo. London, 1829.

are not so deeply initiated in the mysteries of bibliomania as himself. We doubt, indeed, if there can be found a duplicate Dibdin; another copy, equally tall, uncut, uncropped, rough-edged, large margined, and crackling. No! Among the rarities of the *Bibl. Spenceriana* must unquestionably be ranked our bibliographer himself, of whose labours we shall now discourse.

In the outset, we have to say, that we heartily rejoice at meeting with these labours in their present form. Our readers need hardly be told, that the *first* edition of this work appeared some eight or nine years ago, with a splendour of graphic embellishment, and a beauty of typographical execution, which necessarily fixed such a price upon it, that it was accessible only to the more opulent purchasers of books. Upon this subject, Mr Dibdin "tells a tale," in a note at p. 34 of vol. i., which we have read with regret. "The expense," says he, "attending the graphic embellishments alone, of the previous edition of this work, somewhat exceeded the sum of FOUR THOUSAND SEVEN HUNDRED POUNDS. The risk was entirely my own. The result was the *loss* of about L.200, exclusively of the expenses incurred in travelling about 2000 miles. The *copperplates* (notwithstanding every temptation, and many entreaties, to multiply impressions of several of the subjects engraved) were DESTROYED. There may be something more than a mere negative consolation, in finding that the work is RISING in price, although its author has long ceased to partake of any benefit resulting from it." Another of these negative consolations is dwelt upon with some complacency, in a note at p. 41 of the Preface. "It is more than a negative consolation to me," he observes, "to have lived to see the day, that, although comparatively impoverished, *others* have been enriched by my labours. When I noticed a complete set of my lucubrations, on LARGE PAPER, valued at L.250, in a bookseller's catalogue, (Mr Pickering's,) and afterwards learned that this set had found a PURCHASER, I had reason to think that I had deserved well of the literature of my country; and I resolved to have '*mihi carior*' in con-

sequence."—"If my reward has not been in *wealth*," he exclaims, in the text to which the above note is appended, "it has been in the hearty commendations of the enlightened and the good—'*mea me virtute involvo*.'" We could have been well pleased, and so we doubt not could Mr Dibdin, had he gathered "golden opinions," as well as laurels; had he enriched his pocket, while he adorned his brows; but sure we are, judging of him by his own words, had the alternative been offered him, his choice would have coincided with his actual position.

Before we notice some portions of the *new* matter contained in this second edition, we feel it will be doing an acceptable service both to the author, and to the general reader, to describe what are the leading features which distinguish it from its predecessor. And this we cannot do in fewer words than are employed by Mr Dibdin himself.

"It will be evident," he observes, "at first glance, that it is greatly 'shorn of its beams,' in regard to graphic decorations and typographical splendour. Yet its garb, if less costly, is not made of coarse materials; for it has been the wish and aim of the publishers that this impression should rank among books worthy of the distinguished press from which it issues, (the Shakspeare press of W. Nicol.) Nor is it unadorned by the sister art of engraving; for, although on a reduced scale, some of the repeated plates may even dispute the palm of superiority with their predecessors. Several of the *groupes*, executed on *copper* in the preceding edition, have been executed on *wood* in the present; and it is for the learned in these matters to decide upon their relative merits. To have attempted portraits on wood, would have inevitably led to failure. There are, however, a few *new plates*, which cannot fail to elicit the purchaser's particular attention. This edition has also another attraction rather popular in the present day, which may add to its recommendation even with those possessed of its precursor. It contains fac-similes of the *autographs* of several distinguished literati and artists upon the Continent."—"So much respecting the *decorative* department of this new edition of the Tour. I have now to request the reader's attention to a few points more immediately connected with what may be considered its *intrinsic* worth. In the first place, it may be considered to be an edition both

abridged and enlarged; abridged, as regards the lengthiness of description of many of the MSS. and printed books, and enlarged, as respects the addition of many notes; partly of a controversial, and partly of an obituary description. The 'antiquarian and picturesque' portions remain nearly as heretofore; and upon the whole, I doubt whether the amputation of matter has extended beyond an *eighth* of what appeared in the previous edition. It had long ago been suggested to me, from a quarter too high and respectable to doubt the wisdom of its decision, that the contents of this Tour should be made known to the public through a less costly medium; that the objects described in it were in a measure new and interesting; but that the high price of the purchase rendered it, to the majority of readers, an inaccessible publication. I hope that these objections are fully met, and successfully set aside by the work in its *present form*. To have produced it *wholly divested* of ornament, would have been as foreign to my habits as repugnant to my feelings. I have, therefore, as I would willingly conclude, hit upon the happy medium, between sterility and excess of decoration."

In a preceding page, Mr Dibdin observes,—

"I may confidently affirm, from experience, that two-thirds of the expense incurred (in getting up the *first* edition) would have secured the same sale at the same price. However, the die is cast; and the voice of lamentation is fruitless."

Such are the pretensions with which these volumes are now presented to the world; and while we repeat, that we heartily rejoice at seeing them in their present form, we feel ourselves justified in adding, that their *reduced* graphic embellishments, and typographical elegance, correspond with all that the author has claimed for them.

In the "Preface to the Second Edition," Mr Dibdin enters the lists with two or three French critics, (MM. Licquet and Crapelet, the latter a Parisian printer, the former chief librarian of the public library at Rouen, and a person named Lesné, a bookbinder at Paris,) who had animadverted upon some portions of his Tour; and this warfare is continued in those controversial notes, of which he speaks above. We are decidedly of opinion, that, with a very few exceptions, he would have acted more judiciously by abstaining from the controversy alto-

gether. We do not mean by this to say, that he has the worst of the argument. On the contrary, as far as we can judge from the insulated portions of his adversaries' attacks, which he selects for reply, (and he seems to have selected them fairly, for many are sharp and stinging enough towards himself,) we think he comes off triumphantly; while he never once suffers their acrimony and occasional coarseness, to move him from the vantage ground of perfect courtesy and good breeding. But the truth is, nine-tenths of the matters in dispute between him and his critics, relate to things about which the reader cares not one straw, and about which Mr Dibdin himself ought not to care so much as he evidently shews he does. The very facility with which he confutes his opponents should have reminded him, that such opponents were not worthy of confutation. Where they proved him wrong, he did right in adopting their corrections, and acknowledging the source. This was fair, and dignified, and manly. But there he should have stopped, and left them to rail and cavil unnoticed.

There is, by the by, an amusing typographical error in a note at p. xvi of the Preface, where Mr Dibdin has quoted a passage from the remarks of one of these opponents, M. Crapelet, the printer. The quotation ends with these words—"la *vivacité* de son esprit l'egare presque toujours."—"A careful perusal of the notes in this edition," adds Mr Dibdin, "will shew that my *veracity* has not almost always led me astray." We more than suspect, also, a strange mistake at p. xxxi. Another of our author's critics, M. Licquet, (the Rouen librarian,) accuses him "of an insidious intrusion into domestic circles, a violation of confidence, and a systematic derision of persons and things." This accusation is grossly overcharged, and in the most offensive manner; and Mr Dibdin repels it with becoming spirit, as well as with strong argument; though he will forgive us when we say, that we have ourselves *sometimes* thought—only on one or two occasions—that he has exercised a very doubtful privilege, in describing individuals and conversations, where the parties at the time could hardly have

anticipated they were to be thus transferred to his pages. "M. Licquet," continues Mr Dibdin, "says, that I 'create scenes; arrange a drama; trace characters; imagine a dialogue, frequently in French,—and in what French,—Gracious God! in assigning to postilions a ridiculous language, and to men of the world, the language of postilions.'—These be sharp words;* but what does the reader imagine may be the probable 'result' of the English traveller's inadvertencies? A result (gracious heaven!) very little anticipated by the author. Let him ponder well upon the awful language which ensues. 'What,' says M. Licquet, 'will quickly be the result, with us, of such indiscretions as those of which M. Dibdin is guilty? The necessity of SHUTTING OUR PORTS, or, at least, of placing a GUARD UPON OUR LIPS!'" We have not the original before us—but the context—the obvious meaning of the writer, every thing seems to assure us, that M. Licquet must have written "shutting our doors"—and not a closing of the French ports against travellers of all nations.

Before we quit this preface, however, we beg leave to introduce to the notice of our readers a personage of the name of Lesné, a bookbinder.—We beg his pardon!—a Parisian bibliopegist!—or what we still call a bookbinder. He, following the example of M. Crapelet, printer, and of M. Licquet, librarian, entered the arena of controversy, and published a letter to Mr Dibdin, to which was prefixed the following metrical introduction:—

"Lesné, Relieur Français, à Mons. T. F. Dibdin, Ministre de Religion, &c.

"Avec un ris moqueur, je crois vous voir d'ici,

Dédaigneusement dire: Eh, que veut celui-ci?

Qu'ai-je donc de commun avec un vil artiste?

Un ouvrier français, un *Bibliopegist*?

Ose-t-on ravalier un Ministre à ce point?

Que me veut ce *Lesné*? Je ne le connais point.

Je crois me souvenir qu'à mon voyage en France,

Avec ses pauvres vers† je nouai connaissance.

Mais c'est si peu de chose un poète à Paris!

Savez vous bien, Monsieur, pourquoi je vous écris?

C'est que je crois avoir le droit de vous écrire.

Fussiez-vous cent fois plus qu'on ne saurait le dire,

Je vois dans un Ministre un homme tel que moi;

Devant Dieu, je crois même être l'égal d'un roi!"

After these heroics, M. Lesné begins in plain prose to empty the vials of his wrath upon our author's head. His first accusation is, that Mr Dibdin is sadly deficient in delicacy, refinement, and so forth. The consolatory argument, by the help of which he accounts for this defect, is deliciously French. "MAIS VOUS ETES ANGLAIS!"—and *therefore*, continues our bibliopegist, "released from that politeness which so happily distinguishes our nation from yours, and which the greatest part of your countrymen acquire, only after a long residence in France!" Is not this a very Chesterfield of a bookbinder?

Mr Dibdin had thrown out, by way of pleasantry, a gratuitous supposition that Mr Charles Lewis "was going over to Paris to establish there a modern school of bookbinding." It was no pleasantry to Monsieur Lesné. He is indignant at the presumption of Mr Lewis—predicts his failure if he should persist in "making his descent,"—and, after asking, "do you think, or does Charles Lewis think, that there exists no longer a national spirit in France?" exclaims,

"Allez, le sang Français coule encore dans nos veines;

Nous pourrions éprouver des malheurs et des peines,

Que nous devons peut-être à vous autres Anglais,

Mais nous voulons rester, nous resterons, Français!"

The concluding passages in this letter, as quoted by Mr Dibdin, are

* "Sharp as they may be," observes Mr Dibdin in a note, "they are softened, in some measure, by the admission of my bitterest annotator, M. Crapelet, that 'I speak and understand the French language well.'"

† This bibliopegist had written a poem upon his "Craft" in 1820, which was copiously quoted and commended in the first edition of this Tour.

too long for our purpose; but we cannot take leave of the superb bibliopagist without copying the last three or four lines.

"I shall finish this long letter in two ways;—à l'Anglaise, by wishing you good day, or good night, according to the hour at which you receive it;—à la Française, by begging you to believe me, Sir, your very humble servant,

LESNE."

The ire of this booby was no doubt equally provoked by the unqualified superiority which Mr Dibdin assigns (and he is a high authority upon such a subject) to English bookbinding over French. Speaking of the elder Bozerian, whom he styles the "father of modern bookbinding in France," he says, "his volumes open well, and are beaten—too unmercifully. It is the reigning error of French binders. They think they can never beat a book sufficiently. They exercise a tyranny over the leaves as bad as that of Eastern despots over their slaves. Let them look a little into the bindings of those volumes before described by me in the lower regions of the Royal Library, and hence learn, that to hear the leaves crackle as they are turned over, produces *nearly* as much comfort to the thoroughbred collector, as does the prattling of the first infant to the doating parent!" Is our bibliographer a competent judge of the two states of felicity? If he be not, he is comparing known with imagined delights; and if he be, we call upon him, in the name of all mothers, in all countries, to alter, in future editions, the above sentence; substituting "a doating bibliomaniacal *father*," for "doating parent."

It is almost a work of supererogation to speak of the general merits of a work which has been so many years before the public, and which has found such favour, not only with the reading, but the buying portion of that public, as to come before us now in a second edition, notwithstanding the awful price of the first. Great and various merits it certainly has; for if every line of its bibliographical details were expunged, there would still remain a book of travels of no ordinary pretensions. The style is simple, concise, perspi-

cuous, and agreeable, adapting itself to the various matters described; rarely offending by negligence, and never by affectation. Mr Dibdin describes well, not merely castles, cathedrals, and landscapes, but characters and persons; and the latter in a way which shews that he knows how to read men, as well as books, with the mind of an acute critic. He has been charged with too great a minuteness of detail; but this is a quality with which *we* are by no means disposed to quarrel. It is quite true that he does tell us, most faithfully, the precise hour when he leaves one place, or arrives at another—the very number of a house where a particular individual lives—specifies whether you should turn to the right or the left in seeking a church or the ruins of a monastery—and gossips now and then about beds, breakfasts, dinners, postilions, and chamber-maids. But we like all this in *such a work*, where it is avowedly the object of the author to make the reader accompany, not follow him; and he *does* do so in the pleasantest way imaginable. It is in "fine keeping," as the phrase is. We do not read, as it were,—we chat with the writer—listen to him—walk with him—ride with him—and eat with him. Let us add, such a companion is not to be found every day.

In his descriptions of scenery, and more especially of mouldering turrets, monastic ruins, dilapidated chateaux, venerable religious edifices, &c., Mr Dibdin frequently reminds us of Mrs Radcliffe. There is, too, throughout these volumes, a tone of calm moral feeling, a kindly and benevolent spirit, pervading it from beginning to end, which are neither assumed for display, nor indulged from any morbid sensibility of character. Take, as an example, selected at random, the following, which is the conclusion of the eighth letter in the first volume.

"Farewell now to Rouen! I have told you all the tellings which I thought worthy of communication. I have endeavoured to make you saunter with me in the streets, in the cathedral, the abbey, and the churches. We have, in imagination at least, strolled together along the quays, visited the halls and public buildings, and gazed with rapture from Mount St Catherine, upon the enchanting view of the city, the river, and the neighbour-

ing hills. We have from thence breathed almost the pure air of heaven, and surveyed a country equally beautified by art, and blessed by nature. Our hearts, from that same height, have wished all manner of health, wealth, and prosperity, to a land thus abounding in corn, and wine, and oil, and gladness. We have silently, but sincerely, prayed that swords may for ever be turned into plough-shares, and spears into pruning-hooks;—that all heart-burnings, antipathies, and animosities may be eternally extinguished; and that, from henceforth, there may be no national rivalries but such as tend to establish, upon a firmer footing, and upon a more comprehensive scale, the peace and happiness of fellow-creatures, of whatever persuasion they may be;—of such who sedulously cultivate the arts of individual and of national improvement, and blend the duties of social order with the higher calls of morality and religion. Ah, my friend! these are neither foolish thoughts nor romantic wishes. They arise naturally in an honest heart, which, seeing that all creation is animated and upheld by ONE and the SAME POWER, cannot but ardently hope that ALL may be equally benefited by a reliance upon its goodness and bounty."

It is not our purpose to make copious extracts from these volumes. If it were, there are a multitude of passages we could select, which would exhibit Mr Dibdin's powers as a writer, where they derive no adventitious aid from his enthusiasm as a bibliomaniac. But we cannot resist transferring to our pages the following amusing anecdote from the new matter of this second edition:—

"Those of my readers who have visited Paris, will have constantly observed on the outsides of houses the following letters painted in large capitals:

M A C L

implying, as the different emblems of our fire-offices imply,

M[aison] A[ssurée] C[ontre] L['incendie]

in plain English, that such houses are insured against fire. Walking one afternoon with M. Barbier (head librarian of the King's private library), I pointed to those letters, and said, 'You who have written upon *anonymes* and *pseudonymes*, do you know what those letters signify?' He replied, 'Assuredly, and they can have but one meaning.'—'What is that?' He then explained them as I have just ex-

plained them. 'But,' rejoined I, 'since I have been in Paris, I have learnt that they also imply another meaning.'—'What might that be?' Stopping him, and gently touching his arm, and looking round to see, that we were not overheard, I answered in a suppressed tone,

'M[es] A[mis] C[hassez] L[ouis].'

"He was thunderstruck. He had never heard it before; and to be told it by a stranger! 'Mais,' says he, smiling, and resuming his steps, 'voilà une chose infiniment drôle!'

"Let it be remembered, that this heretical construction upon these initial capitals was put at a time when the *Bonaparte fever* was yet making some of the pulses of the Parisians beat 85 strokes to the minute. Now, his Majesty Charles X. will smile as readily at this anecdote as did the incomparable librarian of his regal predecessor."

Let our author next tell an amusing little auto-biographical anecdote, relating to his own early life, which also forms part of the new matter.

"Twenty-eight years have passed away since I kept my terms at Lincoln's Inn, with a view of being called to THE BAR; and at this moment I have a perfect recollection of the countenances and manner of Messrs Bearcroft, Erskine, and Mingay, the pitted champions of the court of King's Bench, when I was in the repeated habit of attending within that bustling and ever-agitated arena. Their wit—their repartee—the broad humour of Mingay, and the lightning-like quickness of Erskine, with the more caustic and authoritative dicta of Bearcroft, delighted and instructed me by turns. In the year 1797, I published in one large chart, an *analysis of the first volume of Blackstone's Commentaries*, called, 'THE RIGHTS OF PERSONS.' It was dedicated to Mr (afterwards Lord) Erskine; and published, as will be easily conceived, with more zeal than discretion. I got out of the scrape by selling the copper-plate for fifty shillings, after having given forty guineas for the engraving of the analysis. Some fifty copies of the work were sold, and 250 were struck off. Where the surplus have lain and rotted, I cannot pretend to conjecture; but I know it to be a VERY RARE production."—Vol. I. p. 217.

We have expressed our opinions of the varied and eminent merits of these volumes, as a book of travels—as a tour through some of the most interesting districts of France and Germany, where picturesque scenery and architectural antiquities present-

ed themselves in rapid succession to the writer's notice. But what would be said of a critic who should write a dissertation upon Milton's works, and pass over *Paradise Lost*? And what would Mr Dibdin say of us, if we said nothing of his bibliographical researches? What could we say for ourselves, indeed, were we capable of such a heinous sin of omission? He may believe us when we affirm, that we think there are many who could write, even as well as he does, upon all the miscellaneous subjects of his tour; but few, if any, who could stand the comparison with him when he begins to discourse of "paper, ink, books, printing-offices," &c. It is then that he is all enthusiasm, full of enduring energy, ardent, indefatigable, profound, laborious, and magnificent. It is then that he shews that he is not a mere book-collector—learned alone in title-pages and dates—but a book explorer; and we forgive all his little ebullitions of rapture (which would be black-letter foppery if excited only by title-pages and dates) as we would pardon the ecstasies of a lover at seeing his mistress attired in the dress he most approved, when we knew his love was founded upon the intrinsic qualities of her mind and heart. And what is there, we ask, soberly and deliberately, in this passion for rare and splendid literary memorials of past ages, for ridicule to fling at? If it be thought meritorious in kings, princes, and nobles to collect and preserve them; if we speak with just veneration and gratitude of those by whose means noble libraries have been founded and enlarged; if we are eager to celebrate their praises, and acknowledge the benefits they have conferred upon mankind; if we approach them as hallowed treasures, and survey them with emotions kindled at the sacred shrine of learning; if these be the sentiments which such depositories inspire, can it be deemed frivolous or absurd to describe them? or, in describing them, to catch somewhat of that enthusiasm which led to their acquisition, and influenced their preservation? Such enthusiasm at least borrows dignity from its subject. It is not awakened by any of the ignobler pursuits or ignobler passions of men. Books are the living progeny of immortal minds, which have had

their sojourn upon earth, and have passed away, but with which we still hold communion; they are the legacies of the benefactors of mankind; the voice that speaks as from the tombs of the wise, the pious, the learned, and the ingenuous; and that zeal, call it by what name you will, which, in its effect, tends to their better conservation, to a larger estimate of their value, and an increased knowledge of their contents, may partake of the excess incident to all zeal, but can never be justly derided as insignificant, or condemned as useless.

We are as ready as any one can be to admit what may be called the weak points of Bibliomania; but our admission involves none of the vulgar and ignorant ribaldry with which we occasionally see it bespattered by a class of railers, who claim it as their privilege to laugh at every thing they do not understand, and who are consequently never without something to laugh at. In the bibliographical portion of the work before us, however, there are few, very few, of those weak points. We will not say there are none; and we doubt exceedingly whether Mr Dibdin would consider it a compliment, if we did; for we shrewdly suspect, were we to produce our proofs, he would be at once convinced we called them so only because we lack that initiation into the more profound mysteries of Bibliomania, which would instantly convert us from our heresies. We shall, therefore, pursue the more agreeable task both to ourselves and our readers, of selecting one or two striking and interesting specimens of the manner in which our author prosecuted his researches amid the splendid collections he visited on the Continent.

Among the illuminated manuscripts in the Royal Library at Paris, Mr Dibdin found the following rare gem:—

"HOURS OF ANNE OF BRITANNY.—The order of this little catalogue of a few of the more splendid and curious ILLUMINATED MANUSCRIPTS in the Royal Library of France has at length, my worthy friend, brought me in contact with the magical and matchless volume usually designated by the foregoing title. You are to know, in the first place, that of ALL the volumes in this most marvellous library, the present is deemed the MOST PRECIOUS. Not even the wishes and re-

gulations of royalty itself allow of its migration beyond the walls of the public library. There it is kept, there it is opened, and shewn, and extolled beyond any limits, fixed to the admiration of the beholder. It is a rare and bewitching piece of art, I do assure you; and so, raising your expectations to their highest pitch, I will allow you to anticipate whatever is wonderful in FRANCESCO VERONESE, and gorgeous in GIROLAMO DEI LIBRI. Perhaps, however, this is not the most happy illustration of the art which it displays.

"The first view of this magical volume is, doubtless, rather disheartening; but the sight of the original silver clasps (luckily still preserved) will operate by way of a comforter. Upon them you observe an ornament, denoting by the letter and the ducal crown that the book belonged to Anne Duchess of Brittany. On the reverse of the second leaf we observe the *Dead Christ* and the *Three Maries*. These figures are about six inches in height. They are executed with great delicacy, but in a style somewhat too feeble for their size. One or two of the heads, however, have rather a good expression.

"Opposite to this illumination is the *truly invaluable* PORTRAIT OF ANNE herself, attended by two females, each crowned with a glory; one is displaying a banner, the other holding a cross in her hand. To the left of these attendants is an old woman, hooded, with her head encircled by a glory. They are all three sweetly and delicately touched; but there are many evident marks of injury and ill usage about the surface of the colouring. Yet, as being *ideal* personages, my eye hastily glided off them to gaze upon the illustrious lady by whose orders and at whose expense, these figures were executed. It is upon the DUCHESS that I fix my eye, and lavish my commendations. Look at her, as you here behold her.* Her gown is brown and gold, trimmed with dark brown fur. Her hair is brown. Her necklace is composed of coloured jewels. Her cheek has a fresh tint; and the missal upon which her eyes are bent displays highly ornamented art. The cloth upon the table is dark crimson.

"The *Calendar* follows, in which, in one of the winter months, we observe a very puerile imitation of flakes of snow falling over the figures and the landscape below. The *Calendar* occupies a space of about six inches by four, completely en-

closed by a coloured margin. Then begins a series of the most beautiful ornaments of FLOWERS, FRUITS, INSECTS, &c., for which the illuminators of this period were often eminently distinguished. These ornaments are almost uniformly introduced in the fore-edges, or right side-margins of the leaves, although occasionally, but rarely, they encircle the text. They are from five to six inches in length or height, having the Latin name of the plant at the top, and the French name at the bottom. Probably these titles were introduced by a later hand. It is really impossible to describe many of them in terms of adequate praise. The downy plum is almost bursting with ripeness; the butterfly's wings seem to be in tremulous motion, while they dazzle you by their varied lustre; the hairy insect puts every muscle and fibre into action, as he insinuates himself within the curling of the crisped leaves; while these leaves are sometimes glittering with dew, or coated with the finest down. The flowers and the vegetables are equally admirable, and equally true to nature. To particularize would be endless. Assuredly these efforts of art have no rival of their kind. Scripture subjects, saints, confessors, &c., succeed in regular order, with accompaniments of fruits and flowers more or less exquisitely executed—the whole a collection of peculiar, and, of its kind, UNRIVALLED ART. This extraordinary volume measures twelve inches by seven and a half."

Take now a different and still more interesting specimen of Mr Dibdin's powers of description as a bibliographer. It is of another illuminated manuscript in the same library.

"A BOOK OF TOURNAMENTS, No. 8351, folio.—This volume is in a perfect blaze of splendour. Hither let PROSPERO and PALMERIN resort to choose their casques, their gauntlets, their cuirasses and lances; yea, let more than one half of the Roxburghers make an annual pilgrimage to visit this tome! which developes in thirteen minutes more chivalrous intelligence than is contained even in the mystical leaves of the *Fapt of Armes* and *Chibal* of our beloved Caxton. Be my pulse calm, and my wits composed, as I essay the description of this marvellous volume. Beneath a large illumination, much injured, of Louis XI. sitting upon his throne, are the following verses:—

*'Pour exemple aux nobles et gens d'armes,
Qui appetent les faitz d'armes hautes,
Le sire de Gremthumse duyxt es armes,
Volut au Roy ce livre presenter.'*

* A finely-executed engraving of this portrait faces the title-page of the second volume of the Tour.

"Next ensue knights on horseback, heralds, &c., with a profusion of coat-armours—each illumination occupying a full page. On the reverse of the ninth leaf is a most interesting illumination, in which is seen the figure of *John Duke of Brittany*. He is delivering a sword to a king-at-arms, to carry to his cousin, the Duke of Bourbon, as he learns, from general report, that the Duke is among the bravest champions in Christendom, and, in consequence, he wishes to break a lance with him.

"The illumination where the Duke thus appears is quite perfect and full of interest; and I make no doubt but the countenance of the herald who is kneeling to receive the sword is a faithful portrait; it is full of what may be called individuality of character. The next illumination represents the *Duke of Bourbon accepting the challenge*, by receiving the sword. His countenance is slightly injured. The group of figures behind him is very clear. The ensuing illumination exhibits the herald offering the Duke de Bourbon the choice of eight coats of armour, to put on upon the occasion. A still greater injury is here observable in the countenance of the Duke. The process of conducting the tourney, up to the moment of the meeting of the combatants, is next detailed; and several illuminations of the respective armours of the knights and their attendants next claim our attention. On the reverse of the thirty-second, and on the recto of the thirty-third leaf, the combat of the two Dukes is represented. The seats and benches of the spectators are then displayed; next, a very large illumination of the procession of knights and their attendants to the place of contest. Then follows an interesting one of banners, coat-armours, &c. suspended from buildings—and another, yet larger, and equally interesting, of the entry of the judges.

"I am yet in the midst of the emblazoned throng. Look at yonder herald, with four banners in his hand. It is a curious and imposing sight. Next succeeds a formal procession, preparing for the combat. It is exceedingly interesting, and many of the countenances are full of natural expression. This is followed by a still more magnificent cavalcade, with judges in the foreground; and the 'dames et demoiselles,' in fair array, to the right. We have next a grand rencontre of the knights attendant, carried on beneath a balcony of ladies,

'Whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and decide the prize.'

"These ladies, thus comfortably seated in the raised balcony, wear what we

should now call the *couchoise* cap. A group of grave judges is in another balcony, with sundry mottos spread below. In the rencontre which takes place, the mace seems to be the general instrument of attack and defence. Splendid as are these illuminations, they yield to those which follow, especially to that which immediately succeeds, and which displays the preparation for a tournament to be conducted upon a very large scale. We observe throngs of combatants, and of female spectators, in boxes above. These are rather more delicately touched. Now comes the mixed and stubborn fight of the combatants. They are desperately engaged with each other, while their martial spirit is raised to the highest pitch by the sharp and reverberating blasts of the trumpet. The trumpeters blow their instruments with all their might. Every thing is in animation, bustle, energy, and confusion. A man's head is cut off, and extended by an arm, to which, in the position and of the size we behold, it would be difficult to attach a body. Blood flows copiously on all sides. The reward of victory is seen in the next and last illumination. The ladies bring the white mantle to throw over the shoulders of the conqueror. In the whole, there are only seventy-four leaves. This is unquestionably a volume of equal interest and splendour; and when it was fresh from the pencil of the illuminator, its effect must have been exquisite."

One more extract, and we have done—the description of a gem in the King of France's private library.

"'Now that I am in this magical region, my good friend, allow me to inspect the famous PRAYER-BOOK of Charlemagne?' was my first solicitation to Mons. Barbier. 'Gently,' said my guide; 'you are almost asking to partake of forbidden fruit. But I suppose you must not be disappointed.' This was only sharpening the edge of my curiosity,—for 'wherefore this mystery, good M. Barbier?'—'That you may know another time. The book is here, and you shall immediately inspect it,' was his reply. M. Barbier unlocked the recess in which it is religiously preserved, took off the crimson velvet in which it is enveloped, and springing backward only two feet and a half, exclaimed on presenting it, 'Le voila—dans toute sa beauté pristine!' I own that I even forgot *Charles the Bold*, and eke his imperial brother, *Lotharius*, as I gazed upon the contents of it. With these contents it is now high time that you should be made acquainted.

"EVANGELISTARIUM OF PRAYER-BOOK, once belonging to CHARLEMAGNE—folio.

The subject-matter of this most precious book is thus arranged:—In the first place, there are five large illuminations of the entire size of the page, which are much discoloured. The first four represent the *Evangelists*, each sitting upon a cushion, not unlike a bolster. The fifth is the figure of our SAVIOUR. The back-ground is purple; the pillow-like seat upon which Christ sits is scarlet, relieved by white and gold. The upper garment of the figure is dark green; the lower purple, bordered in part with gold. The footstool is gold; the book, in the left hand, is red and gold; the arabesque ornaments in the border are blue, red, and gold. The hair of our Saviour is intended to be flaxen.

“The text is in double columns, upon a purple ground, within an arabesque border of red, purple, yellow, and bluish green. It is uniformly executed in letters of gold, of which the surface is occasionally rather splendid. It consists of a series of gospel extracts, for the whole year, amounting to about two hundred and forty-two. These extracts terminate with ‘*Et ego resuscitabo eum in novissimo die. Amen.*’

“Next comes a Christian Calendar, from the dominical year DCCLXXV. to DCCCXVII. On casting the eye down these years, and resting it on that of DCCLXXXI., you observe in the columns of the opposite leaf, this very important entry or memorandum, in the undoubted writing of the time: ‘*In isto Anno irit Dominus, REX KAROLUS, ad sem Petrum et baptistatus est filius eius PIPPINUS a Domino Apostolico;*’ from which, I think, it is evident, (as is observed in the account of this precious volume in the *Annales Encyclopediques*, vol. iii. p. 378,) that this very book was commanded to be written chiefly to perpetuate a notice of the baptism, by Pope Adrian, of the Emperor’s son Pippin.* There is no appearance whatever of fabrication in this memorandum. The whole is coeval, and doubtless of the time when it is professed to have been executed. The last two pages are occupied by Latin verses, written in a lower-case cursive hand; but contemporaneous, and upon a purple ground. From these verses, we learn that the last scribe, or copyist, of the text of this splendid volume, was one GODESCALE or GODSCHALCUS, a German. The verses are reprinted in the *Decades Philosophiques*.

“This MS. was given to the Abbey of St Servin, at Thoulouse, and it was religiously preserved there, in a case of massive silver, richly embossed, till the year 1793; when the silver was stolen and the book carried off, with several precious relics of antiquity, by order of the President of the Administration (Le Sieur S****), and thrown into a magazine, in which were many other vellum MSS. destined to BE BURNED! One’s blood curdles at the narrative. There it lay, expecting its melancholy fate, till a Monsieur de Puymanrin, then detained as a prisoner in the magazine, happened to throw his eye upon the precious volume; and, writing a certain letter about it, to a certain quarter, (which letter is preserved in the fly leaves, but of which I was denied the transcription, from motives of delicacy,) an order was issued by government for the conveyance of the MS. to the metropolis. This restoration was effected in May 1811.† I think you must admit, that in every point of view, THIS MS. ranks among the most interesting and curious, as well as the most ancient, of those in the several libraries of Paris.”

These, then, are among the treasures of past ages, which the spirit of *Bibliomania* leads us to preserve and value with an almost idolatrous veneration! Who is there bold enough to deny that they are worth preserving, or captious enough to quarrel with the veneration they inspire? No one, we will venture to affirm, who is susceptible of delight from any thing which does not relate to the selfish enjoyment of the immediate present; and as these, fortunately, constitute a large class among the most enlightened of every country, Mr Dibdin may safely consider the whole of them as the competent admirers of his bibliographical labours. We shall only add, in conclusion, that the supplement to the first volume of *this* edition, contains an account of a curious old English poem on our fifth Henry’s siege of Rouen, recently discovered in the exhaustless treasures of the Bodleian Library, which, we regret, our limits will not permit us to extract.

* This conclusion is questioned with acuteness and success by M. Barbier’s nephew. It seems rather, that the MS. was finished in 781, to commemorate the victories of Charlemagne over his Lombardian enemies in 774.

† This restoration, in the name of the city of Thoulouse, was made in the above year, on the occasion of the baptism of Bonaparte’s son. But it was not placed in the King’s private library till 1814. —BARBIER, jun.

HENRY THE LION; AN HISTORICAL TRAGEDY.

By Augustus Klingemann.

If the natural object of Tragedy be still—notwithstanding the discredit into which the axiom has fallen since its adoption by the erudite Bayes—to “elevate and surprise,” there are few subjects in ancient or modern history more calculated to accomplish both than the character and fortunes of Henry the Lion—a prince at the very sound of whose name, as at the opening trumpet-call of some proud tournament, emperors, and princes of the empire, crusaders and chivalry, come sweeping before our mind’s eye in all the picturesque array of the middle ages. Who shall command our admiration, or challenge our sympathy, if not this noble ancestor of the house of Brunswick, the scourge of Mahomet, and stay of Christendom, at one time invested by his sovereign with the fairest portion of Germany, and yet so much more loftily endowed with the inherent greatness of valour and ability, as to see that sovereign, the renowned Frederick Barbarossa, a kneeling suppliant at his feet for his aid in arms? At another, despoiled by the treachery of his enemies, and the ban of the empire, of all save his petty hereditary dominions of Brunswick; and yet, when thus “left alone with his glory,” greater, if possible, than ever, in magnanimity and self-conquest.

Who, also, among the dames of that stirring and chequered period, can more deeply claim, or strongly divide our sympathies, than Clementina, the early bride of the noble Henry, torn from his side by ecclesiastical decrees, yet cherishing, in spite of church and canons, devoted and inextinguishable affection: or our own Matilda, of England, the pious daughter of Henry II., now a mourner for the supposed death of her lord in Palestine, now exulting in his unexpected return, yet even, spite of piety and pride, feeling the hourly jealousy of her unhappy rival’s memory, so natural to the human, and especially to the female heart?

With these elements, even a sor-

rier playwright than Klingemann might have erected a showy edifice. But this poet, one of the nearest—though still at immeasurable distance—whom Germany has produced, to the spirit and power of Schiller, has had higher and juster views of dramatic character. His personification of Henry is neither a gigantic antique Colossus, robbed by time and distance of human lineaments and individuality of expression, nor a hero of modern romance, blending with reckless improbability the rude virtues and doughty deeds of the 13th century with the refinement and liberality of our own. Henry the Lion, to be admired and appreciated, had only to be fairly drawn; in some things raised far beyond his age by the omnipotence of talent, in others remaining enchained on a level with all around him. Devout, even to superstition, as he must needs have been, who abandoned his extensive dominions to the mercy of the spoiler to embark in the Crusade, and divorced a beloved bride from ecclesiastical scruples, Henry is all the more dramatically interesting from this contrast of adventitious weaknesses with a character proverbially lofty and unbending, even where interest and prudence would have dictated compliance. Mistaking the appeals of feeling and nature against an unnatural divorce for the unappeased clamours of conscience; capable at times of seeing in the disguised and devoted wife of his youth, hovering around him as a guardian angel, a minister of hell to ensnare him; yet remaining, amid these conflicting elements, still true to the claims of gratitude and justice; failing, through wounded pride, and the elation almost inseparable from a long course of personal greatness, in his duty and fealty to his liege lord the Emperor, yet ready, at the suggestion of his better feelings, and the consideration of the miseries of others, to humble that pride in the dust, the Henry of the poet only differs from the Henry of history in being more of the man, without for-

feiting one jot of his claim to the well-earned name of hero.

Having said thus much of a play which seems constructed on the happy neutral ground between the much-disputed provinces of the *Classicists* and *Romanticists*, we shall leave the thread of the action to develop itself, and our readers to form their own judgment of the author's success.

The play opens in a gothic hall at Augsburg, hung round with arms and trophies, where appears, seated on his throne, the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa, surrounded by several of his chief nobles. Philip, Archbishop of Cologne, Margrave Bernhard of Ascania, Landgrave Lewis of Thuringia, and the Palatine

Otto of Wittelsbach, of whom, be it remembered, all, save the last, are enemies, open or concealed, of the absent Lion, reported, though erroneously, to have fallen in the Holy Land.

The Emperor is in the act of receiving grievous news from Italy, viz. the successful revolt of the Milanese, and his own threatened excommunication by Alexander, the most powerful of the two rival Popes. The former misfortune the messenger mainly attributes to the non-attendance of the chief nobles of Germany, who, contenting themselves with sending their contingents, had declined combating personally in Italy. To this the deeply-mortified Emperor thus assents:—

Fred. Aye, Knight! there lies the evil! one we lack;
One in himself a host—

Knight (hastily.) Henry the Lion?

Fred. Even he—'tis he I mean. What would I give
For the bare possibility he lived!

Otto (aside.) Aye! now he's miss'd! and he would fain awake him.

Fred. Give me but him, and I'll defy the Lombards!

(To Philip of Cologne.) Ye brought me tidings of his death—full
well

I know ye were not slow to give them credence!

Philip. In Syria did he fall, by Paynim hands;
So says a pilgrim from that Holy Land—
Eckbert of Wolfenbittel.

Fred. Wer't but false
I'd give my all!

Philip. Your Grace hath given so deep
Already, that there but remains behind
The imperial purple, to endow the Duke
Withal, should he survive.

Bernhard. 'Tis even so!
Nought but the imperial crown is unbestow'd;
The Lion lords it over Elbe and Rhine,
Even from the German Ocean to the Hartz,
Stretching o'er Germany his red right hand,
Till all her princes shrink to nought before him,
Till the time-honour'd name of Emperor
Itself is grown an empty hollow sound.

Philip. He hath invaded too the Church's rights,
Infringing on her powers—himself investing
Bishops with ring and crosier.

Lewis. All Bavaria
Forswears the Emperor's sway—in Saxony
No resting place the imperial foot retains
Save Goslar. If yet Henry lives, he'll straight
Proclaim himself Archduke; unless, indeed,
The wily Alexander wave before him
A loftier crown.

Fred. Count Palatine! thou'rt silent
Mid this full tide of eloquence:

Otto. It comes
Like a strange language on mine ear, my liege!
Our good old German hath another sound.
I honour Henry—heroes such as he
Are few, and far between; such lordly spirits
Will have free scope—spite of themselves, they burst
The narrow bounds of fate.

Bern. The empire needs
No heroes such as this, whose wayward will
Would bear down every thing. I do not ask
What in his sight are princes? What's the Emperor?—
Did he not summon from his vassalage,
When against Italy the imperial banner
Last waved, a prouder army than his lord's?
The Vandals tremble at his name. The Danes
Have bow'd before his greatness. Such a Duke
Will scarce remain one, while there's empires going!

Fred. If thus the dead appals, how had ye shrunk
Before him living?

Otto. Oh! awake him not
From his still grave; there might be danger in't.
Already Saxony abjures all rule,
All ties are rent—vassals forswear their oath,
And many a fortress opens to the Emperor.
'Tis rash, methinks, to carry things thus far
Ere yet 'tis certain that the dreaded Lion
Hath slept his last. Had Saxony been given,
Ev'n as Bavaria, to my faithful keeping,
By Heaven, no jot of this had come to pass!

Fred. Ye're in the Emperor's presence—Palatine!

Otto. Yes! and I therefore truly speak, as fitting,
Before a monarch. Henry, ere he went
To Palestine, gave me in trust Bavaria;
And, by my faith, no fort shall open there
Till of his death we're sure!

Fred. Bold words, Count Otto!

Otto. I've lived among bold deeds, my liege; and words
Weigh lightly in that scale—'Tis yours to deal
In these, my Lord Archbishop! (*to Philip.*)

Fred. (to himself.) As here opinions clash—so in my breast
Conflicting feelings rise alternately,
For and against this Henry. Ties of blood
Closely unite us—gratitude hath bound
Me closer still—yet sober judgment tells me
It's dangerous—warns me that the Lion's star
Must pale the Emperor's—unless—'Tis well,
His death hath cut the knot!

(*Aloud.*) Enough! my lords;
Our purpose holds for Italy—all ye
Who own the Emperor's sway, prepare to follow.

[*Exit, attended by most of the Princes.*]

Bern. (detaining Philip.) A private word, Lord Bishop.

Phil. 'Tis no place
For secrets—

Bern. Pardon me, suspicion lurks
Less amid light than darkness. Know ye nothing?

Phil. What mean ye, Margrave Bernhard?

Bern. All is lost!
Duke Henry is in Germany!

Phil. Duke Henry!
Then woe betide us—we must to the ground.

Bern. 'Tis ev'n too true.

Phil. How hath he 'scaped all perils?
I hoped that Death, that mighty leveller,
Had been our ally.

Bern. Nay, though ev'n he lived,
Had he not *now* return'd—now, ere our work
Was fully ripe! The chief of Saxony
Still owns his might—Oh! had more holds surrender'd,
And been to us made o'er, by Heav'n, no Lion
Had rent them from our grasp!—Fair Saxony!

Phil. Well may it touch thine heart! Methinks thy father,
Albert the Bear, bore rule there, ere his fortunes
Gave way to Henry's?

Bern. Oh! remind me not
Of what now brooks no remedy. The Emperor,
Again bewitch'd, again will grasp the hand
That gives him victory, and o'er the Lombards
Triumphant raise him. I see the mighty
Grow mightier still—the pillars of the empire
Crumbling before him, till he stands alone
And turns his sword, unquestion'd—to a sceptre!

Phil. Wer't not for Lombardy, the Emperor's ear
Were lightly gain'd—he quails before the Duke,
And fear and hate are ever near allied.

Bern. I count not upon Fred'rick, mingled streams
Flow in his veins—Now, by the mother's side,
A Guelf in thoughts and feelings—now his father
Prevails—and he is all a Hohenstaufen!

The worthy pair, after mutually renewing former engagements to co-operate in the Duke's destruction, resolve to achieve it by means of suborning the already perjured Eckbert of Wolfenbittel, to accuse his lord of secret practices with Milan and Pope Alexander, to dethrone and supplant the Emperor.

We are next introduced to Matilda of England—the pious and dutiful wife, and now supposed widow, of the Lion, in his castle of Dankwerder-oda, at Brunswick, attended by a waiting-woman, leading her little step-daughter Gertrude.

Gert. Mother! these sable weeds become you not.

Mat. They wear my life's dark livery, Gertrude! Come,
Look on me, child.

Gert. Thou look'st not lovingly.

Mat. Aye, but I do!—I see in thee his features—
His lofty brow, dark eye, and raven hair,
Thou giv'st me back, and these have won my love.
Would thou hadst been a boy!

Gert. Then had I borne
A sword beside my father—and his loss
Thou ne'er hadst wept, dear mother!

Mat. Men alone
Were Henry's worthy heirs—he should have left
Another youthful Lion in his son!
No German lives that could his plans fulfil,
And with him dies his greatness!

Adela. Wake not, lady,
Anew, subsiding griefs.

Mat. Thou'rt right, my Adela!
'Tis fitting Henry's widow should sustain
What others sink beneath. And then my pangs
How light, to his first bride's! that Clementina,
From his still living side by church decrees

For ever sunder'd ! Strange it is to say,
While Henry lived, 'twas pain to think on her ;
His death hath made us sisters in affliction,
Who needs must weep in sympathy.—Thou knew'st her ;
Thou didst attend her when a dweller here.
Spoke rumour truly, when such wondrous strength
It lent her love ?

Adela. I knew her well—nor e'er
Can I forget the time when holy men
Rent bonds asunder which they deem'd too nigh
By ties of blood before !—Like a pale ghost
Wander'd Duke Henry through these stately halls,
While love and piety, each strong alike,
Waged doubtful war within.—But Clementina !
Her sufferings I but guess'd—they lay too deep
In the heart's darksome caves, to see the light.

Matilda, moved by this artless picture of her rival's sorrows, exclaims that it has explained to her many occasional bursts of uncontrollable emotion in her usually kind and firm-minded husband. These softer reminiscences are interrupted by the entrance of Henry of Lunenburg, (governor of that district under the Lion,) indignant at the marks of treachery which on all sides accompany the belief of his master's death, especially on the part of his once trusty retainer, Eckbert of Wolfenbittel, who has been detected seducing garrisons to desert to the Em-

peror. The complaints of the honest-hearted deputy are again cut short by a messenger announcing that a pilgrim, escorted by a strange knight in sable armour, claims admittance to the Duchess. The Palmer is, of course, her husband, and the scene in which she recognises him, though ably managed, has been too often introduced to be repeated here.

One expression alone may be quoted, as finely discriminative of the blended elements of devotion and conjugal affection in Matilda's character.

Mother of God ! if in this hour of bliss
I breathe no vow—'tis because nought occurs
Costly enough to mark my thankfulness !

The news of their lord's arrival having transpired, the burghers of Brunswick, with their wives and children, flock in to congratulate a beloved sovereign. While they engross and surround the Duke, Baldwin, the dark knight before mentioned, steps forward, his visor not only closed, but secured by a chain, denoting a vow of secrecy. His eye rests suddenly on the child Gertrude, whom he stoops to embrace, remaining long in that position unobserved. The child at length escapes from his arms, exclaiming,

Gert. Man ! I'm afraid of thee !

Mat. (To Henry.) Who's yon unknown one,
Mingling so strangely with his sable armour
Amid our joys ?

Duke. Baldwin.

Mat. The name I know not,
And yet I shudder as I gaze——

Duke (hastily.) Matilda !
Him only may'st thou thank that I am with thee.
But for his arm, thy Henry, long ere now,
Had bid Heaven's light adieu.

(To Baldwin.) Look on thy work ;
See, here I stand, unharm'd, amid mine own :
Wert thou the Emp'ror—we could be but quits.
I owe thee life ! Be then unknown no longer !
E'er since, when struggling mid the Danube waves
By Paynim swords surrounded, thou didst rise

An unexpected saviour at my side,
 I've burn'd to thank thee—but been still repell'd
 By yonder envious visor, darkly shrouding
 The features of my friend, denying me
 Free converse with his eye. But here at length,
 On mine own hearth, long hoarded gratitude
 Becomes a painful burden—Oh, remove it,
 Let me behold thy face, and gladly thank thee.

[*Baldwin steps back with gestures of denial.*

Duke. Hard art thou as the steel that doth enfold thee!
 Go thou to him, Matilda! Knightly duty
 To woman yields obedience.—See! my wife
 Implores thee with her eye—stand not among us
 Like a cold monument of joys departed!

[*Baldwin gazes a moment at Matilda, and then rushes hastily to the back of the stage—all shew surprise.*

Mat. What means this? speak!—Who is the dark one there?

Duke. A guardian angel, he appear'd to me
 In Palestine—unmark'd by all around me
 As though earth bare him, at my side he stood
 In utmost peril. By a vow 'twould seem
 His visor's closed, so doth yon chain denote.

Hen. of Lun. I've still misgivings of these sons of mystery!
 Man's brow was made to look Heaven in the face,
 Not to be hid. But chief from yonder East
 Where reigns Mahoun, and where through holiest spots
 The adversary prowling roams—I dread
 Such shrouded ones—and deem them nothing good.

Duke. Nay, nay, if features were the test of deeds,
 We'd have no smiling foes.—Suffice't, I know
 Well—(save his face)—yon stranger: Nearer thoughts
 Press on me now—my children's faith—and when
 With them I've joy'd, a reckoning with my foes!

We must pass over, for the sake of brevity, a large portion of the second act, consisting of a characteristic scene between various plebeian actors, engaged in preparations for the approaching ceremony of laying the foundation of a church to be erected by Henry, in gratitude for his safe return. The parties, viz. the master-mason, the armourer, and an old burgher, named Wolf, first dispute about the origin of the statue of a lion, which ornaments the square. This the armourer, in the true spirit of the times, believes to commemorate the good offices of a lion to his lord, while engaged with a dragon in the Holy Land, while the more sagacious mason sees in it an allegory, (not of the Nile,) and only the favourite badge or device of his lion-hearted master. The two worthy craftsmen mutually laud him as a patron of their respective arts; a munificent architect in time of peace, and a no less excellent customer to the *Waffenschmidt* in his frequent wars.

This encouragement, it must be confessed, the forger of armour but indifferently repays by forging; or at least repeating, a slander. He more than hints that the good Duke owes his extraordinary success to a compact with the devil, in the shape of the Black Knight, which the mason again judges to be wholly inconsistent with his known piety, and actual endowment of a splendid church.

While these knotty points are discussing, Tedel of Walmsden (surnamed the Fearless), a faithful and upright follower of the Duke, crosses the stage in earnest conference with a knight of Milan, who has been sent—in high estimation of Henry's power and talents, but gross ignorance of his staunch and lofty character—with unlimited powers to purchase his neutrality in the approaching campaign. Tedel anticipates an indignant refusal, but marshals the envoy to his destination.

The mason, in the meantime, prepares the foundation-stone, and while

engaged on it, exults in the future glories of his edifice, sees already, in his mind's eye, the stately dome and proud belfry towering to the skies, and hears, in fancy, the bell's solemn peal, and choristers' melodious chaunt, proclaiming his finished work. The Duke now approaches, attended by a magnificent procession, consisting of the Duchess, the Abbot Henry of Brunswick and his clergy, Henry of Lunenburg, Walmsden, and others; and while a crowd of spectators cluster on the pedestal of the Lion's statue, places himself next the master-mason with the stone.

The ceremony proceeds; and some marks of deep emotion which escape the Duke and his consort, on his allusions to the edifice, which he prays may not only afford his mortal remains their last shelter, but speak peace even now to his burdened and

agitated soul,—confirm the sage conjectures of the spectators, as to the nefarious compact above-mentioned.

In the subsequent scene, however, between the Duke and his confessor, the Abbot Henry of Brunswick, these emotions are more naturally accounted for, by lingering attachment to his early bride, and that inextinguishable sense of wrong and cruelty in the separation, which not all the sanctions of the church, or the sacrifices of devotion, have been able to assuage. The Abbot, like a true priest, though a well-meaning one, cuts the knot he cannot loosen, and promises that absolution shall remove the burden from his conscientious prince.

A less spiritual conference succeeds, in which the Milanese Envoy, Etico, is thus indignantly dismissed by the upright, though impetuous Duke:—

Etico. My Lord, I must depart.

Duke.

Then God go with thee.

Etico. Hast thou nought further to reply to Milan?

Duke. Nought further.—Yet I am not wont to hide My heart's free dictates. Long I've disapproved The Emperor's harshness towards your hapless city; Long, also, have I given to Alexander My voice, as Pope,—he's pious, and deserved it.

Etico. Why, then, deny my mission's weightier aim, Which would deprive the Emperor of thine aid Against poor Italy?

Duke. Perchance I'd granted, Had ye not basely sought to buy it from me.— I ne'er loved foreign wars,—nor hath the Emperor Been such a faithful steward in mine absence, That I should care to leave again my lands The spoiler's prey;—but gold shall never buy Neutrality from Henry!

Etico. 'Twas never meant so. Methinks, Lord Duke, thy judgment, like thy sword, Makes headlong work. Pause ere ye send me from ye!

In answer to the wily Italian's insinuations, that by means of Pope Alexander and the Milanese, Henry may supplant the Emperor, and procure the Crown for himself, the Lion thus indignantly bursts forth:—

Duke. What! have I heard aright? Do I not dream? The Emperor has mine oath; and ye would bid me Trample it under foot, branding mine honour With infamy, until the Lion's name Be razed in horror from his country's story? By the great God, were I convinced each Lombard Thought thus of me, I'd march with all my power, And leave no stone of Milan on another!

Etico. If thus it be—if thus my mission fails— German simplicity must bear the blame.

Duke. Simplicity!—the German thanks thee, Knight!

As long as there's one faith—one God—one heart,
 And in that heart one staunch integrity,
 Be our simplicity its guard!—Go, shake
 From off thy feet our country's dust—begone! *[Exit Etico.]*
Duke (alone.) It chafes my blood! Is Germany so sunk,
 That strangers taunt us thus?

How goes it, Henry?

(Enter HENRY of LUNENBURG.)

Henry. Saxony's rid of all imperialists.
 Each fort displays thy banner. Oversight
 The past is styled, and a decree gone forth
 For swift evacuation of thy lands.

Duke. Aha! the Lion then hath come among them
 More swiftly than they look'd for.

Henry. *Barbarossa*
 In person hath alighted at thy gates.
 He waits thy coming in the hall, no doubt
 To make up all.

Duke (ironically.) The Emperor to the Duke!
 Unwonted grace!—

Ah! Eckbert! art thou there?

[Sees Eckbert standing aloof, and conscious.]

I've miss'd thee long. Since we were brother-pilgrims
 I've never seen thy face. Yet had I much
 To say to thee!—Was it not thou that spread
 Through Germany the rumour of my death?
 Eckbert, I've trusted thee, ev'n with my life.
 Why wert thou then my death's glad harbinger?

[Eckbert falls on his knees.]

Which of us, Eckbert, then most truly died?

[Duke casts on him a contemptuous glance, and exit.]

Eckbert. He's gone! O never more I'll see his face.
 Would that the earth could hide me from myself!

Henry of L. Rise, Eckbert, man thyself!

Eckbert (slowly rising.) No, never more!
 Cursed be their gold, the purchase of my soul!

[Exit.]

The next scene is one which might well tax to the uttermost the poet's energy of language, and discrimination of character,—being the celebrated one in which the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa, yielding to a momentary impulse—somewhat pusillanimous, it must be confessed, as well as selfish—kneels to implore the aid of his inflexible cousin in his Italian campaign. Whether Henry was as justifiable in refusing as the

Poet has made him, we leave Guelf and Ghibelline historians to settle between them; few situations, however, can be imagined more intensely dramatic than the head of the Germanic empire prostrate before the omnipotence of valour and talent in the person of his own vassal. Mutual relationship, and former obligations, enhance the interest, and these are thus alluded to in a soliloquy by the Emperor, in his kinsman's ancestral hall.

Fred. 'Tis the first time I've met him, since his blood
 Redden'd for me the Tiber!—In these halls
 Whose trophies echo me, methinks old times
 Rise fresh before my soul! Here do I stand
 Circled with foes, my ablest generals baffled,
 Defeat and death impending. Glancing spears
 Rise like a forest round, and bar escape!—
 While of mine own, there's none dares Death confront,
 To keep him from me.—I've a kinsman here
 (Could I but trust him) needs but shew himself
 To force through ruin's self a glorious path,
 And right and left, annihilate my foes!—
 Can he forsake his Emperor, who bled

To save him?—Calumny! I'll not believe it.
'Twas he firm fixed the crown upon mine head—
Is't likely *he* conspires to steal it thence?—

[*Walks up and down the hall.*]

But have I recompensed him? Hath the Emperor
Dealt with him royally? Ah, no!—I even rejoiced
To learn his death!—Unhappy fate of kings,
Which severs hearts, and leaves no princely ties
Leisure to ripen—Thou'st been busy here,
Waking suspicion—whispering to the Emperor,
“Henry's too great to stand beside thy throne!”

Enter the Duke.

Fred. God greet thee, cousin, on thy native shores.

Duke. Thou'rt welcome, too, in Brunswick—from my heart
This unexpected visit do I hail—

Would that the Emperor were alike sincere!

Fred. The Emperor!—Lay aside that pompous title—
We are alone.

Duke. Shall I then call thee Frederick?
'Tis well!—so may I enter my complaint
Against the Emperor to my coz.—By Heaven,
The Emperor hath ill-used me, cousin Frederick!

Fred. 'Tis a harsh word!

Duke. 'Tis not my fault if in ye
Two rival natures strive—('tis of the Emperor
I speak)—his Hohenstaufen blood—
My race's ancient foe—prevail'd, and bade him,
When I was absent, practise on my vassals,
Make traitors of my garrisons, and plant
Austria's banner on my walls—aye, more,
Bade him by secret machinations—

Emperor (angrily interrupting him.) Duke!

Duke (coldly unmoved.) By secret machinations gain the ear
Of my late uncle Guelf, and purchase from him
My rightful heritage, which to redeem
I ne'er had power—and why?—My stores were drain'd
By foreign wars, embark'd in to advance
That very Emperor's cause!—Oh! I have much
To urge against him to my-cousin Frederick!

Fred. Duke Henry is unjust—

Duke. Unjust?—I'll ask
My cousin Fritz—to him I dare appeal;
He's on the mother's side a Guelf, by Judith
My father's sister—Dearly do I prize
The blood that makes us one—I'm sure 'twill give it
Against the Emperor.

Fred. Ye traduce me, Henry!

Duke. Not thee!—I know that Frederick would have grieved
Had I in truth died in the Holy Land—
The Emperor triumph'd—to his ear my death
Was music—and how readily he gave
The tidings credence—Saxony can tell!

Fred. There's reason in thine anger. I confess
Myself not blameless. I was wrong to lend
Mine ear thus lightly to an unvouch'd tale.
But let this frank acknowledgment disarm thee—
Give me thine hand, and be the past forgotten!

Duke. Not thy right hand—a Guelf must have the left—
'Tis straightest from the heart, and bids him think
Upon thy mother!

Fred. 'Twas the imperial right
Gave thee Bavaria!

Duke (holding up his right hand.) In the Tiber's flood
That debt was cancell'd. Cousin Fritz, methinks
Our two right hands are quits!—'Tis no reproach—
By Heaven, I mean thee well, and will believe
It was my foes that taught thy heart to think
Evil against me, and thine hand to do it!
I bear no grudge—I promise to forget it.

Fred. (embracing him.) We're reconciled!—my confidence shall be
Our new-born friendship's pledge. Thou know'st, Lord Duke,
Proud Milan hath resisted still our sway,
And even defied our arms. We needs must therefore
Strengthen our hands in Italy. To thee
The Empire looks—The Lion's sword of old
Is known, its wounds are yet but lightly scarr'd.

Duke (after a pause.) It gives me pain that in this my home
I see thou'st need of me. Would that good will
Alone had led thee hither!

The dialogue is continued with renewed asperity, Henry, not unnaturally, declining to leave his German possessions so soon again to the open violence of his enemies, and questionable protection of his cousin; and tendering in lieu of personal service his contingent in arms and gold; while, on the other hand, the Emperor feels, and bitterly expresses, how inadequate are such succours to supply his imminent need of so renowned a warrior.

Henry persists in ascribing the idea

of his expatriation to the arts of his secret foes; and when Frederick, in all the agony of real supplication, sets forth the necessity of the case, and the honour of the empire which hangs on the Lion's consent, the latter turns upon him with the picture of his own perilous position, the unsettled state of his possessions, and the precarious faith of his vassals; for all which untoward circumstances he has, he observes, the Emperor himself to thank.

Fred. Is not the Emperor surety for thy lands?

Duke. I'm wont to be mine own,—but now I think on't,
I'll gladly trust thee, if thou'lt in return
Give me a pledge. I will go forth of Germany,
And set my lands once more upon a cast,—
If ye'll deliver me the key ye hold
Of Saxony?

Fred. What mean ye?

Duke. Goslar! Frederick,
While 'tis another's, Saxony his open
And fierce sedition's flame may spread from thence
To desolate the land. I know that Goslar
Lies near thy heart. 'Tis thine imperial stronghold,
Thy lances gleam there, in the very kernel
Of my fair lands;—but confidence will have
Its fair equivalent. Yield me but Goslar,
Myself and all my power are then thine own!

Fred. By Heaven, ask somewhat greater,—since the less
Thou canst not have,—thou know'st not—

Duke. Cousin Emperor!
Ye dare not trust the Duke;—then how should he,
Without an hostage, yield him?

Fred. Henry! crave
Aught else save—

Duke (firmly.) Goslar!

Fred. No! it cannot be!
Impossible! What! shall I give up all
Because too much I've yielded? Who'll defend
The Emperor, should Lombardy succeed

In making thee my foe? Pope Alexander
Already tampers with thee.

Duke (proudly.) I'll defend thee!
Henry the Guelf!—Dissembling Hohenstaufen!
Deeming me faithless thus, thou breakest faith
With thine own self, and with thy mother's blood,
Flowing in both our veins. Oh! Germany!
Renown'd in foreign lands for stainless truth,
Thine Emperor himself hath slander'd thee!

Fred. Whither doth rage transport thee? Henry, listen
To reason's voice. By Heaven, I mean thee fairly!
But Goslar,—Goslar I can never give thee—
At least not now—remind me on't hereafter.

[*Duke shakes his head.*]

Fred. Ye will not yield, proud Duke? I do implore thee,
By our land's honour—by our ties of blood,
To go to Italy. Let her not be
The Grave of Germany's renown; to thee—
To thee alone, is the bright pledge confided—
'Tis thine to peril, or redeem it!

Duke (coldly.) Goslar!

Fred. Ask not the impossible. By God in Heaven,
I would bestow it were it in my power;
Be not thus iron and unbending; slay not
Our country on the altar of thy pride!
Thine Emperor prays thee—'tis one Guelf implores
Another,—turn not from me, Henry!
Germany's at thy feet.

[*He kneels.*]

Duke (hastily raising him.) Emperor, Emperor!
The Duke hath but one course!

[*He rushes out.*]

Fred. (glancing hurriedly around.) Ha! who o'erheard us?
'Twas but these lofty domes and trophied walls
Shuddering in indignation at such outrage!
Was I infatuated, thus to lay
The crown before yon overbearing Duke?
Or was't a dark presentiment that placed
It there, ere from my head the Lion rends it?
By the great God of Heaven, this scorn of his
Shall have its fearful vengeance! I forswear
My mother, and the kindred blood of Guelf.
Within me all the Hohenstaufen rises!
Woe to the scornful Duke! I made him great,
And I will humble him—nor know repose
Till, like myself, I've seen him kiss the dust!

[*Rushes out.*]

The power of this scene, as true to history as to nature, must, we think,
be acknowledged by every one.

The next act transports us, with an almost Shakspearian license as to time and distance, to an antechamber in the imperial fortress of Goslar, within which the Diet is assembling, before whose tribunal Henry the Lion has been twice before summoned in vain. The old enemies of the Duke are engaged in busily speculating on

his approaching outlawry—as his well-known pride affords little chance of his appearing to plead in person—while the wrath of the Emperor, exasperated almost to frenzy by his recent humiliation before Pope Alexander, is ready to fall with unmitigated severity on the head of his refractory vassal. During these mali-

cious anticipations, a first and second trumpet blast are heard, the effect of which, as connected with the awful fiat of the assembled empire, must, in representation, be very effective. A third solemn summons is alike disregarded by the absent Henry, strong in his own tried prowess, and his in-

nocence of the base accusations which are about to be brought forward against him by the Archbishop of Cologne, and the unwilling but now inextricable victim of his seductions—Eckbert of Wolfenbüttel. The wretch thus writhes under the sense of utter unworthiness.

Enter PHILIP of COLOGNE—unwillingly followed by ECKBERT.

Ph. Why dost thou tremble thus? Must force be used To drag thee yonder?

Eck. Wouldst have me go Of mine own will to perjury? I tell thee, Were it but possible the Duke once more Should give me his esteem, by God in Heaven, Before the Diet and the Emperor, I'd give ye cause to blush! But that is past. Villains must e'en remain so. I've been one—Lost self-respect, and now I'm fit for any thing!

Ph. No more of this—you've but to shew the papers Ye wot of, between Lombardy and Henry Duly exchanged, which bind him to his cause. Ev'n Heaven must hold the deed a righteous one, Since from the Church the Duke is excommunicate.

Eck. Not all your sacraments or absolutions, Not all the excommunications hurl'd By such as you, upon Duke Henry's head, Can make it aught save shameless perjury, Fit for a wretch like me! But I have lost All good men's countenance since your damn'd gold Dazzled mine eyes! It shall be said at least, I was no puny villain! Reverend lord, I'll marshal ye the way. [Exit hastily.]

Otto of Wittelsbach soon after rushes in, constrained by indignation to quit the Diet—shame for his country combining with regard for Henry, to make him disclaim such manifest injustice. He is met by the brave Tedel of Walmsden, fresh from Brunswick, where he says his master is tranquilly abiding the result, trusting his cause to his well-earned and spotless fame.

Otto. His fame! 'tis melting fast before their blows, Within there—Cunning foxes have prevailed Against the lordly Lion! Priests and princes Pluck at his mane—while 'tis the Emperor's task To break those teeth whose sharpness he hath proved!

Eckbert the traitor here rushes pale and staggering from the hall. Tedel is in the act of calling him to account for his appearance there, when the lords enter and announce the ban of the empire upon Henry, and the forfeiture and partition of his lands—of which Bavaria has, in his absence, been assigned to Otto. On being told that this iniquitous sentence is consequent on the testimony of Eckbert, Tedel, regardless of all opposition, draws his sword upon him. The Princes exclaim—

Here, in the Emperor's hall!

Ted. Before the altar I'd deem it pious to avenge such outrage!

Eck. Outrage! Ye hear him, lords! Methinks ye call'd it A hallow'd deed!

Ph. And so it is—

Ted. (to those who would disarm him.) Keep back!

Eck. Let him come on! O that his knightly sword
Could make again an honourable man!

Bern. Ha! tumult in the Emperor's halls!

Lew.

Yon knight

Is the Duke's follower—

Phil. Separate them!

Eck. (to *Tedel*.) I'll run upon thy sword
Straightway to heaven!

[*Falls wounded.*

[*Dies.*

Bern. Seize him!

Ted. What, ho! I am a Brunswicker,
And laugh to scorn your halberds.

Lew. 'Tis the Diet

Must be the murderer's judge.

Ted. My name is *Tedel*,

Men add, the fearless—To my rightful judge
I will surrender; but while life remains,
No hireling soldier shall lay hands on me!

Otto. Knight, I'll go with thee—I disclaim all part
In what hath here been done—nor would for worlds
Thy Duke so meanly thought of Wittelsbach!

[*Exeunt hastily.*

Phil. (alone.) Aye, a bold deed! and since his witness stands,
'Twas not amiss yon babbler should be silenced.

We have next the pious Matilda in earnest conference with the good Abbot Henry, on the painful mystery of the Black Knight, since whose ill-omened re-appearance in a recent battle between her husband and Bishop Uldarich of Halberstadt, (which ended in the excommunication of the former by the Prelate,) all has gone wrong with the Lion, while his usu-

ally calm and fearless mind has been inexplicably agitated and depressed. The Abbot is disposed to see the matter in the same preternatural light—and half succeeds, by his subsequent interrogatories, in persuading his noble penitent to do the same—yet he for a while thus indig-
nantly repels the dark suggestions of superstition.

Abb. But then, who is this knight?

Duke.

Oh, gratitude

Enquires not names—'tis satisfied with deeds!

I know him not, I ne'er look'd on his brow,

He ne'er appear'd but in my utmost need.

All have their secrets—by some pious vow

Doubtless he's bound to mystery. I honour

His faithfulness—what boots it to know more?

Abb. And say it were an evil spirit, leagued
With thine own heart to ruin thee? Thy wife
Broods in deep anguish on such thoughts as these.

Duke. Oh, 'tis not possible! I've seen him pray,

He shrunk not from the holy sepulchre,

Nor shunn'd the church's rites—and yet I marvel

What secret fascination draws me towards him!

Oft have I ask'd myself, and still it seem'd

A something supernatural! Nay, ev'n

When deeper probed, my heart hath whisper'd me

I loved him more than all the world beside—

Aye, even—

Abb. (hastily.) Than God?

Duke.

Him silent I adore!

No! 'twas Matilda's name was on my lips,
Which falter'd to pronounce another dearer.

Abb. Probe thy heart farther, Duke.

Duke.

Oh what a tumult

Thou'st raised within!—Leave me—yet take mine oath,

Th' unknown shall be unveil'd—To my poor wife
Speak peace. I'm innocent.

[Exit Abbot.

Yet wherefore then
Should thoughts of him thus stir me?

Omens of a different nature begin
to thicken around the Lion's devoted
head. His faithful old deputy, Henry
of Lunenburg, indulges in boding
anticipations of the sentence of the
Diet, which the Duke, as yet a no-
vice in misfortune, and strong in
conscious rectitude, laughs to scorn.

They are sadly verified by the en-
trance of Otto and the brave Tedel,
the former of whom vainly endea-
vours to prepare the sceptical Henry
for the tidings of his own outlawry
and Germany's disgrace. The Lion at
first treats it as a jest on his too fear-
ful retainer.

Duke (to Henry of L.) See, old man,
The Palatine is sporting with thy fears—
Otto! his colour changes—

Otto. Manhood's cheek
The deed hath blanch'd,—no wonder age grows pale!

Duke. Enough! he's so attach'd—

Otto. Hast thou yet doubts?
By Heaven! by Otto's honour! by thine own!

By Germany's shame! I spoke but truth, my lord!

Duke. By thine own honour, saidst thou? Wittelsbach
The Palatine's, that never trifled with it?—Tedel?
And thou?

Ted. Henry, thou know'st my word of old,—
He spoke the truth.

Otto. The ban and outer ban
Are on thy head.

Ted. Because thou art a traitor
To Empire and to Emperor—leagued with Milan
To rob him of his crown!

Duke (confused.) His crown!—to rob him?
(*Collaring Tedel.*) O lying knave!

Ted. (gently.) Henry, 'tis I!

Otto. On Eckbert's testimony

The sentence rests—and on thy very letters—

Duke. Letters! my very letters!

Ted. Aye, to Milan!

Duke (bewildered.) Who, I to Milan?—Conscience must be dead!
Crime upon crime they heap upon mine head,
Of which my heart knows nothing!—Give me time
That I may understand—

Otto. All lawful forms
The Diet hath observed—examined proofs—
Heard witnesses—and thou'rt an outlaw'd man—
Thy lands partition'd, and thyself proscribed!

[*Duke sinks powerless into a chair.*

Henry of L. (kneeling by him.) Oh! my dear lord!

Otto (grasping Tedel's hand.) Would it had been in fight!

Henry (shrinking.) O, heavenly powers—he weeps!

Duke (slowly recovering.) It ill becomes me;

Ye'll say it is unmanly!—yet I loved him,
And from the heart. I made my breast a shield
For his. Was't then his part thus basely
To stab me from behind?

Tedel (grasping his sword.) O, for a meeting
With this same Emperor!

Duke. Ye have seen my weakness:
Forget the tax I've paid humanity,
Ingratitude ne'er press'd on me till now.

Tedel. Be a man, Henry!—see, there's men around thee.

Duke. I will—Yet tell me—I scarce understood
Who was't that lied?

Otto. Eckbert of Wolfenbittel.

Tedel's good sword hath paid thy reckoning there.

Duke. 'Twas a base office for it, *Tedel.*

Ted. Blood so base

At least ne'er stain'd it.

Duke. And the Emperor's brow

Who saw it—as he spake the word?

Otto. I quitted

The Diet, lest into our country's grave

I had gone down with it. Thy lands are forfeited;

Bernhard hath Saxony. Bavaria's sceptre

To me is tendered.

Duke. Thee?

Otto. Aye—but to lay it,

With my good sword, before its rightful lord.

Duke. No! from the heart I honour thee, Count Otto.

'Twas ne'er dominion's idle thirst that made

Henry a conqueror—I only sought

To give good rulers to a happy people.

Freely do I once more intrust to thee

My loved Bavarians, I can be no more

Their stay and shield—be thou their worthy lord,

Ere wasting wolves dispute the sceptre with thee!

Otto. Nay, Duke.

Duke. No more!—I do think well of thee,

But cannot talk on't—'twere a flatterer's office

To praise thee to thy face. My Saxon subjects

Shall mine own sword protect—Bernhard's a caitiff

Unfit to be a father to that land

I've made so prosperous.—Speak no more of Frederick,

He's dead—and I've wept o'er him!—The Emperor

Must hear from Henry only through his sword.

The wailings of Matilda, who sees in this utter ruin only the completion of her evil auguries, close this scene of touching yet dignified sorrow.

The fourth act discovers Duke Henry asleep in a forest in Thuringia—his soldiers bivouacking around him. The Black Knight Baldwin, in complete armour as usual, stands at his side gazing on the slumbering Lion. It will be seen how naturally the dialogue tends to confirm the Duke's suspicions.

Duke (waking suddenly, and seeing Baldwin.) Ha! is it thou?—
how cam'st thou here?—art born

Of Night, that thus thou risest at my side?

Bald. When peril menaces, I must be nigh thee.

Duke. How didst thou reach me? I am circled round

By guards, whose lances in the thicket make

A second forest?

Bald. Staunch fidelity

That led me to thee, taught me secret paths.

[*Duke steps back annoyed.*]

Bald. Thou art an outlaw, Henry!—Germany

Hath dealt untruly with thee. Dost thou hate

Her therefore?

Duke. Is she not my country?

Do I not owe to her my faith?

Bald. There, too,

She hath been hard upon thee. Thou'rt an outcast
Even from the bosom of thy mother church,
Her ban hath seal'd the Empire's.

[Duke seems shocked.]

Holy temples
Are closed against thee—not an altar's steps
Thy prayers may desecrate.

Duke (*resignedly*.) The earth is God's:
Each verdant bank an altar, where the Cross
I may erect, and still beneath its shade
Prayer must find grace.

[A pause.]

Bald. My very footsteps spurn
This perjured land, where men play false with Heaven!
Methinks in yonder burning Araby,
Where heathens dwell, I'd find a better home!
Still mid its rare and verdant spots, that lie,
Like blessed isles, the desert waves among,
My wishes linger—like a fatherland.

Duke. Thy fatherland?—where reigns th' apostate faith?

Bald. The true, alas! hath been to me a foe!

Duke (*shuddering*.) Almighty God!

Bald. What ails thee, Henry?

Duke. Oh!

It is then true!—and I've no weapon here
To shield me from thy power.—Yes! praised be God!

[Feels for his sword.]

Bald. What have I done to thee? Wouldst kill me, Henry?

Duke (*holding up the cross at the hilt of the sword*.) Look here,
and tremble! 'tis that Cross's image
Which brought salvation!—oft as dying men
Have on it gazed in hope, gaze thou in fear!

Bald. Thou'rt sure distraught!

Duke. Go, seek again the womb
Of Night that bare thee!—to my fated steps
Thou'rt riveted the curse—since first I saw thee,
Peace hath forsworn my breast. Get thee from hence—
My curse on thee, and thine unhallow'd arts!

Bald. Thy curse?—And hath nought whisper'd what I am?

Duke. I have seen through thee! Hope no more to hide
Thy purpose—By the Triune God,
On whom I trust, I curse thy works and ways!

Bald. Thou cursest me?—then kill me!

Duke. Hence! avaunt!

We've nought in common—

Bald. (*in an altered voice*.) Nothing then in life
Shall drag me hence! O be a man, and kill me!

Duke. Alas! whence came those altered tones?—that voice
Stirs like a dream my soul.

Bald. Slay me!

Duke. O take away then
Yon voice—that silenced, I'm a man, and dare
Ev'n hell defy, were its abyss before me.
But yonder accents have unmann'd me quite!

Bald. (*tenderly*.) And canst thou, notwithstanding, curse me still?

Duke. I know not—though thou'rt sure an evil thing,
Once was yon voice an angel's!—if to her
Ye lure me thus, there must be paths to heav'n,
Through hell itself!

Bald. God! do I understand thee?
Who waked such dark misgivings in thy soul?

Duke. Unclose thy visor.

Bald. (*after a pause*.) No! there's none on earth
May gaze upon my brow.

Duke. Avaunt then, hence!

Bald. Nay, I must follow thee—a mightier power
Hath link'd our fates in adamant chain.
In vain the church may fulminate—thy soul
I'll ne'er resign—'tis mine! I'll hold it fast,
Ev'n through eternity!

Duke. Good angels! be my shield!

Bald. They shall not tear me from thee.

Duke. Dost believe them?

Bald. Aye, that I do! and in that blessed Mary,
The Queen of heav'n, and holiest fount of love!

Duke. Believ'st thou God?—Day dawns in yonder east,

[Baldwin kneels.]

Heaven's blessed light dispels the murky clouds.

By yon bright orb, the creature of his hand,
Dost thou believe in Him that rules the world?

Bald. (*laying his hand on the hilt.*) I own him in the dust!

[A pause, during which the daylight suddenly illumines the theatre.]

Duke (*firmly.*) Then do I trust thee!

At this critical moment, Henry of Lunenburg enters with tidings of the extreme peril of the Duke's hereditary dominions of Brunswick, and a message from Matilda, closely besieged there, imploring succours from her husband. While the Duke is sorely divided between fears for his wife and children, and the impossibility of leaving Saxony, at that moment surrounded on all sides by hosts of invaders, Baldwin, after a visible struggle, steps forward, and requests to be sent to Brunswick, pledging his knightly word for the

safety of Matilda and her offspring. The Duke hesitates amoment—then, in spite of his old servant's evident horror and dismay, gives Baldwin the desired commission, in these terms—

Twice hast thou saved my life—with more
than life

I'll trust thee; choose thy band well—
save my wife—

God speed thee!

Repeated trumpet-calls are now heard in the distance, and Tedel of Walmsden bursts in, announcing the approach of the confederates.

Tedel. Henry! they come!—like a fast-swelling sea,
The hostile squadrons spread across the plain!

Duke (*gazing keenly on the scene without.*) Come on! come on!—
see yonder glittering helms

And corslets flashing in the morning ray!

See what an iron rampart closing shields

Have made! Hark how the hollow earth resounds

Beneath the moving wood of spears that heaves

Slowly towards us!—Swords are clashing too;

And in the morning wind from many a casque

Streams the dark pennon!—Oh! how free and light

Is my heart now! Life seems again a boon

Since it hangs on a die.—Hail, trumpet blast

And battle cry! On! for the rightful cause!

[Grasps his shield and sword.]

(A military song, with martial music, is heard.)

Duke (*as inspired.*) That strain was from our own!—all wakes to
life,

On foaming steeds impatient riders bound!

The sun, like a bright banner, marshals us!

[He kneels, holding up his sword with clasped hands,

(*Rising.*) God be with us! our fortress and our shield!—

Now, friends, let's on—Victory here or yonder!

Into the lists let fearless warriors pour,
Henry, at least, will ne'er forsake nor fail them!

[*Exeunt with drawn swords.*]

After a short martial symphony, the back of the stage opens, and discovers a wild scene of conflict, the prominent features of which are the taking prisoner of Lewis of Thuringia by the brave Tedel, and the flight of the cowardly new Duke of Saxony, Bernhard of Ascania, before its rightful lord, in whose power the caitiff leaves his dishonoured sword; which, however, Henry contemptuously returns by the hands of the discomfited Landgrave, whom he declines retaining captive.

The triumph of the Lion in these successes, and the entire re-occupation of Saxony by his troops, is cruelly damped by the sight of the burning villages of his beloved subjects in every quarter; while his already wounded feelings are further awakened to the full horrors of war by an interview with Kurd, an old attached peasant, who, in the true spirit of a clansman of that feudal age towards his chief, seems actually to feel as if criminal in not being able loyally to exult in a victory of his lord's, which has laid in ashes his own flourishing dwelling, and cost him the lives of his only sons—the latter, too, not having afforded him

the consolation of falling in their master's quarrel, but perishing in consequence of their simple-minded resistance to the measures of devastation carried on in his name.

Henry, moved by the old man's suppressed grief, and the sight of a migrating band of houseless women and children, afflictively appeals to Heaven for his innocence of such desolating intentions; yet, since these are the inevitable consequences of civil war, he implores from the Power which had raised him so high above contemporary princes, the strength to humble himself by suing for peace.

The brave Tedel, albeit unused to the relenting mood, admires a resolution which he could not have imitated; while old Henry of Lunenburg attests with unwonted tears, his sense of a self-conquest which he hesitates not to place above all the Lion's former victories.

We are next transported to the Emperor's camp, where he is bitterly reproaching his imbecile commanders, Bernhard and Lewis, with the disastrous result of so decisive a campaign.

Fred. Speak on't no more!—But this one victory,
And Saxony was ours,—now is that hopeless.
O, wherefore did ye lose *this* battle for me?

Bern. 'Twas evil destiny! Besides, 'tis known
The Duke hath made a compact with the devil.
The troops believe it to a man.

Philip of Cologne. 'Tis ev'n
As Bernhard says. I vouch for it, my liege.

Fred. (*ironically.*) That's high authority, most reverend sir.
Ye needs must know the devil,—'tis your office.
Devil or none, to me it matters little,

If thus the Lion lays our forces prostrate.
(*To Lewis.*) For you, Count Lewis, I am bound to blush
Especially, seeing my doughty general
He would have none of for a prisoner.

Lewis. The fate of war is ever changing thus.

Phil. Damp not our courage, good my liege. I hold
Brunswick in closest siege. The burghers' ardour
Will quickly cool. Ere long, both town and castle,—
Aye, Henry's wife and children, will be ours;
And, by the Lord, their ransom shall be princely!

The unworthy counsellors who surround the throne, continue to practise on the Emperor's conflicting passions of shame, and fear and in-

dignation, at his recent humiliation in Italy,—all of which he ascribes to Henry's contumacy—to extort from him an oath confirmatory of the Diet's sentence, by which, in case of its revocation, they may be secured against

the reviving power of the Lion. The Emperor, while his pride scorns to minister directly to the base views of others, adopts the suggestion as a safeguard against his own relentings. He exclaims,

Fred. What! swear upon your hands!
The Emperor's cause hath nought with yours to do.
But, by mine own imperial hand, I swear,
Frederick, the Hohenstaufen, ne'er shall lay
His head in slumber down, ere Lion Henry
Be sunk as deep as once he proudly tower'd.
By Germany's imperial throne, I swear,
And bid ye of his vow remind the Emperor.

Phil. Enough.

A Knight (entering.) Duke Henry comes!

Bern. (alarmed.)

And with his army?

Fred. Henry!

Lewis. All's lost! This sudden re-appearance
Will ruin all!

Fred. Perchance a false alarm.

Knight. It is the Duke. I've seen him.

Bern.

With his army?

Knight. He is alone.

Bern. Alone?

Lewis (reviving.) Didst say alone?

Phil. If he's alone, we are a match for him!

Lewis. And then, our troops are under arms.

Fred. (ironically.)

Oh, aye!

I did not think of them. We're safe, Count Lewis.
Methinks our troops can face a single man.

DUKE enters, calm and dignified.

Fred. Thou Henry!—in the camp?

Duke.

Well may ye wonder,

Considering what's past.

Fred. 'Tis daring in ye,

Without safe conduct, to confront your Emperor.

Duke. I'm better used within these states to grant,
Than ask safe conducts,—least of all of thee!

Fred. The ban hangs o'er thine head. Thou art an outlaw.

Duke (coldly.) I bear a sword.

Fred.

Where hast thou left thine host?

Duke. I've one no longer.

Fred.

How?

Duke.

Doth this surprise ye!

Ye had been more astonish'd, had I stood

Before ye at an army's head,—one, too,

With recent laurels flush'd. I am alone,—

I have no troops,—but I'm the Lion still!

Fred. And what, if waving all thy bold demands,
The Emperor seized on this propitious moment
To yield a traitor to his country's justice?

[*Duke looks enquiringly around.*]

Fred. What dost thou seek?

Duke.

I seek a monk, whose pen

May note what now ye speak,—'twill fill a blank
In the proud Hohenstaufen's history!

Fred.

Speak!

What brings thee to me?

Duke.

Peace I would conclude.

Fred. Art humbled, then?

Duke.

What doth that mean, Lord Emperor?

Bern. (*ironically.*) The vassals of the Duke are falling off.
It means, that he'd preserve his Ducal crown
Henceforth by foreign swords.

Duke (*hastily.*) Ah! that reminds me.
Got ye back yours? I gave it to yon Landgrave,
In charge for ye.

[Bern. turns away ashamed.]

Fred. (*gloomily.*) Come to the point at once.

Duke. I pity these the unhappy lands our feuds
Have wasted, cousin Frederick. Not to them,
But us, the cause belongs. Yet theirs the suffering.
Therefore, methought, 'twere better to decide
Our quarrel, man to man.

Fred. Ye do at least

Surprise me. Speak,—but no digressions.

Duke. First, as regarding my complaint at Spire,
Preferr'd against these lords, I do retract it.
I'll settle that myself.—I do confess
My non-attendance on the imperial banner
In Saxony, hath render'd me a debtor
To whatsoe'er amount my liege imposes.—
As for the accusations raised against me
By a base knave, my cousin Frederick's self
I know acquits me, now his anger's past.

Phil. Mine was that accusation.

Duke. Hallerfeldt,
Methinks, hath paid it richly. Eh! my Lord?
Thou'st not forgotten Hallerfeldt?

Fred. I marvel

Whither this leads.

Duke. To reconciliation, Frederick
I break the ice. I offer thee mine hand;
And in acknowledgement of errors past,—
If such there be,—I render up Bavaria,
As to brave Otto I've already promised.
Leave me in peace, and I'll content myself
With Saxony, and mine own heritage

Fred. (*pointing to Bernhard.*) Saxony's Duke stands here.

Duke. What! He?—I thought
I'd taught him better.

Fred. Nay, his right's confirmed—
Thy vassals have revolted.

Duke. I can conquer
Without their aid—yet spite of broken oaths,
Let them but hear my battle-trumpet's blast,
All Saxony will to my banner flock;—
And why?—I govern'd justly that fair land.

Fred. 'Tis at least strange an outlaw'd man should dare
Impose conditions—yet unwonted grace
I'll show thee, and will call another Diet—
A fourth—to judge thy cause.

Duke. No! 'tis with thee,
And not with any Diet, I've to do!
Diets and Emperors are burdened yet
With Quidlinburg's deep debt of infamy;
There died my father—poisoned by an Emperor!

Fred. (*interrupting.*) How, Henry?

Duke. Aye, the race of Guelf hath much
To thank the Emperors for!—My cousin Frederick!
Once did I think thou'dst make all up—because
Thy mother was a Guelf—and from the heart
I gave thee then my hand.

Fred. (after a pause.) I know thee, Duke.

Duke. Aye—e'er since Italy?—'twas there my faith
Was manifested—would ye knew it still!
There for thy life I freely gave my blood.
Had ye forgotten when your faithful Henry
Ye outlawed?

Fred. (seeming to resolve.) Well!

[*Philip and Bernhard both step forward and seize his hands—he stands irresolute.*]

Duke. Have these men earn'd the right

To speak, even with thy life?

Philip (in a whisper.) Thine oath, my Liege.

Fred. (irritated by the recollection.) Who called the Emperor
into court!—Ha! thou

Thyself, Duke Henry! Wouldst thou have thy sentence
From me alone? 'Tis well—I'm ready—Since thy fiefs,
Kneeling, thou from the Emperor didst receive,
Kneeling once more be't thine to lay them down
Before his throne—Banish thyself the empire,
And humbly wait for what imperial grace
May further in thy case decide upon.

Duke. Is this our Emperor's speech?—How am I fall'n
When in my presence Frederick can speak thus!

Fred. 'Tis fix'd—the traitor's hope must rest alone
Upon imperial favour.

Duke (grasping his sword.) Ha! the traitor!
Who spake that word?

Several Voices. Help! help! the Emperor's threaten'd!

Fred. What hast thou dared, misguided one?

Duke. To thee

The name belongs—and yet, by Heav'n, thy heart
Knew not thy lip's transgression!—Give me justice,
I do adjure thee by th' Almighty power
That lent thee thy great office—Wipe the stain
From the imperial crown.

Fred. (beside himself.) I will!—lay hands on him.
He is your prisoner.

Duke (after hastily drawing, he lays it down and kneels.) Me?—
have I no sword then?

Well, well!—'tis fate's decree! Once in the dust
Thus didst thou lie before me—now we are quits,
I've eased thee of that load—and now I dare
More boldly crave for justice; for by Heav'n,
'Tis not Duke Henry at this moment kneels
Before the Emperor—Frederick himself
Is his own suppliant—In thy name I kneel,
Imploring justice, that thy crown may 'scape
Dishonour.

Fred. (moved.) Rise!

A Knight rushes in. Brunswick is our own!

Philip. Ha! victory then is ours!

Bern.

Seize on the Duke!

Lewis. Guards, seize him!

Duke.

Brunswick! God! my wife and children!

Philip. Will no one stop him?

Duke.

He's a corse that tries!

[*Rushes out.*]

The fifth act finds the pious Matilda prostrate in her oratory, imploring from Heaven that succour, in her besieged and perilous condition, which she now scarce expects from man. The good Abbot in vain endeavours to inspire hope. The waiting woman, Adela, (in a scene, which,

though shorter and far inferior, may remember the reader of a similar one in *Ivanhoe*,) announces from a window the unexpected arrival of the Black Knight, and his almost superhuman efforts to achieve the rescue of Matilda, who scarcely knows whether to prefer deliverance by such questionable aid, to the utmost rigour of her enemies.

The poor Black Knight (alas! with-

out much sympathy from those whom he dies to save) falls mortally wounded in the very moment of a victory whose completion is assured by the sudden appearance of the Lion himself in the *mêlée*. While Henry is yet detained below, the Knight Baldwin is slowly borne in on a bier formed of shields, and placed on the front of the stage, while the Duchess and Abbot step back in horror.

Duchess. Good angels be my guard!

Abbot (taking the crucifix from the altar.) Before this sacred symbol be it thine

To tremble.

Baldwin (taking it, and clasping it to his bosom.) Let me grasp salvation's pledge!

Enter HENRY, hastily.

Duke. My wife! my child!—(to Baldwin)—O, God of Heav'n! and thou?

Is there no hope?

Baldwin. None!

Duke. Through thy corslet seams

The blood fast oozes—Can it not be staunch'd?

Baldwin. 'Tis from the heart!—There's help in God alone!—I've kept my promise, Henry!—there's thy wife—Receive her from mine hand unharm'd.

Duchess.

What voice

Was that?

Duke. It stirs my inmost soul,
Piercing its folds.

Baldwin. O! rid me of this helm!—
Sinless may my last glance upon thee rest,
The very last that seeks the loved on earth,
My next must meet my judge!

[A Knight unclasps the helmet, and long fair hair falls over a female countenance.

Duke. O, Clementina!

Adela. Heav'ns! my dear mistress, Clementina!

Gertrude.

Mother!

Duchess. Have I heard right?

Clem. Yes, I'm that Clementina,

Henry's beloved—by the Church's curse
Torn from his heart—it never could make mine
Forget him!—Turn not thus away, Matilda,
'Tis but the dying Clementina comes
To bid thy lord adieu!

Duke. Is't thee? and spite
Of frowning priests, is thy heart faithful still?

Clem. I've struggled long, but in my breast the flame
Still conquer'd—still my erring passion glow'd
Purer and brighter. In this solemn hour,
When judgment's nigh, when Heav'n's decree impends
Over mine head, my love is firm as ever!

Duke (to Abbot.) O give that erring soul deliverance, Henry!

Abbot. Take courage, Clementina, and abjure
The ties that, disallow'd by holy canons,
Once made thee Henry's.

Clem.

God be gracious to me!

In vain I'd conjure my rebellious heart,
'Twill love him still.

Abbot. Such love is sacrilege.
The Church condemns it.

Clem. To a mightier footstool,
With my last breath, 'twill follow me.

Abbot. Be firm!—
The Church's curse hangs o'er ye.

Clem. May I find
More mercy from my Judge. I cannot quench it,
But with my life's last spark!

Duke. Oh, heavenly powers,
Shall we never meet above!

Clem. (raising herself suddenly.) We shall! we shall!
Whate'er men's canons say—for God is love!
He'll ne'er disown the spark himself hath kindled
In plighted hearts. I chose thee, Henry, chose thee
For time, and for eternity! I follow'd thee
In peril, for thy life was my soul's home,
And Heaven itself seem'd powerless to annul
What Heaven first sanction'd.

Mat. She blasphemes her God!

Clem. I honour him, Matilda! Death is nigh,
And Truth waits on him still! Methinks Heaven opens,
And on this darksome earth a smiling ray
Beams from eternity! Is not the heart
The noblest temple? there's a fane within
Where God is honour'd, when mid love he dwells;—
An earthly altar may mine homage spurn—
A nobler, purer flame is kindling here!

[*Clasps the crucifix to her breast.*]

Duke. (alarmed.) Thou'rt pale, my Clementina!

Clem. (to Matilda.) One request
Ere I depart, good sister! To her mother
Lead my poor Gertrude. Let not piety
So steel thine heart, as to deny my hand,
That hand which must my Henry lead through life,
To clasp in dying pressure!

Duke. Oh, go to her!
She was so true, Matilda!

Duchess (conducting the weeping Gertrude.) Here, my sister!

Gertrude. O, mother!

Clem. I do thank thee from my heart,—
I know what this hath cost thy pious soul!
Let me press to my dying heart thy hand,
And bid it guide my Henry soft through life.
He doth deserve it;—he's the first of Germans,
And most ill-starr'd! I shed for thee my blood,—
Oh, count not thine too dear for him to flow!
The time's at hand when he will stand alone,
Of all forsaken! when a loving heart
Alone can be his stay. Give me my child,
Matilda!—Henry, fare thee well! Oh, God!
Be merciful!

[*Dies.*]

Abbot. Amen! she is no more.

Duke. Speak, ghostly man! Shall I rejoin her yonder?

Abbot. Heaven's rich in grace! and she who pass'd e'en now,
Barring her sinful love for thee, resembled
An angel upon earth.

Duke. Let solemn masses,
And all the Church's holiest rites, be twined
Ev'n like a roseate chain to bear her soul
To realms of bliss!

(To Matilda.) Matilda! I do feel

For thy deep wounded breast.

Duchess. Alas! like her
I ne'er can love thee—in a holier love
I've still been nurtured.

Duke. Say not so, my wife!
I know thy faithful heart, and in it read
Foretaste of Heaven.

Duchess. At last 'tis now relieved
From one deep source of anguish—thou wert clear
From the unhallow'd bond our fears imputed.

Duke (hastily.) Bring her before the altar—let its incense
Embalm her mortal part. [*Takes Matilda's hand.*]

Thou wilt pray for her,
For she was faithful, and for thee she died!

Duchess. O my dear husband!

Duke. 'Twill be sisterly,
Thus to remember her —

A Knight (entering.) The Emperor waits
Before the castle for safe conduct from ye.

Duke. The Emperor?—how my memory fails—till now
I'd quite forgotten him!

Knight. It sure betokens
Much good, when thus Imperial Majesty
Waits on a vassal!

Duke. What it may betoken
Is worthless to me now.

Knight. And the safe conduct?

Duke. Of course, 'tis granted—but methinks the form
Might have been spared.—[*Exit Knight.*—What would the Emperor
now?

I once for him, and for the German Empire,
Felt true devotion—but the time is past,
It ne'er can come again;—betwixt our hearts
There yawns a dread abyss. One hour, and then
We meet on earth no more!

[*Exit.*]

Our specimens having already swelled to a great length, we must leave to the imagination of the reader the scene (perhaps a superfluous one) in which the Emperor, touched by regret for the humiliation of the once mighty Lion, and remorse for his own share in it, sues in his turn for the lost friendship of his cousin, and tenders a revision of his sentence, which Henry calmly but inexorably declines, though, softened by recent events, and by his recollection of their common ancestry, he abjures resentment, and pardons where he cannot esteem.

A more pleasing termination is given to the piece, by the entrance of a deputation of the Burghers of Brunswick, who, swearing eternal and unalienable fidelity to the native Prince, whom misfortune has only endeared to them, implore of him henceforward to dwell among them,

and consecrate his future life to the well-being of his children. Henry replies by a responsive vow of paternal government and solicitude, for the prosperity of Brunswick, in his own name and that of his latest posterity—and, amid shouts of loyalty and tears of mutual affection, the curtain falls.

This play has derived an additional and melancholy interest in the eyes of Germany, (and we should think of Britain also,) from the circumstance of the cruel contrast between a prologue with which it is ushered in, spoken in the character of Henry the Lion, and full of prophetic allusions to the happier fate and brighter fortunes of his remote successors, and the reverses of his brave descendant in our own days, who was in the act of taking refuge in Hamburgh from his vindictive enemy, at the very moment when

this popular piece was representing in the theatre there. The determined valour and unconquerable spirit of this Prince, and his equally gallant but unfortunate son, serve to prove, that with the Lion's blood they inherited his lofty character.

Leaving this fine play to claim for itself the popularity we think it entitled to challenge, it may perhaps be allowable to appeal, on the score of its austere simplicity, and almost exclusive reliance for success on delineation of character—(qualities still more conspicuous in the *Martin Luther* of the same author)—against

a recent award of criticism, which has ranked Klingemann as a prominent offender in what it styles the paper-lantern and iron-door school of Tragedy, indebted to the machinist alone for effect and situations. While we admit that the specimens adduced from some of his other plays in support of this assertion, lend it countenance, let us hope that the sober majesty of *Henry the Lion*, now for the first time presented to the world in English, may redeem from so sweeping a condemnation the fame of one of the most esteemed Dramatists of Germany.

THE BASS ROCK.

BY DELTA.

I.

'Twas Summer, and a more enlivening sun
Never drank up the gelid morning dews,
Or lighted, with its glow, the July flowers,
Than that on which our boat left *Canta Bay*,
And through the freshening tide, with eager prow,
Bore onward to thy base, horrific *Bass*!

II.

'Mid clouds of sea-fowl, whose unceasing screams
Uncouth, fill'd all the empty heavens with sound,
Forward we row'd: at times the solan's wing,—
As if to shew its majesty of strength,—
Brush'd near us with a roughly winnowing noise;
And now aloft, a lessening speck, was seen,
Over the cloudlets, 'mid engulfing blue.
Around us and around the plovers wheel'd,
Wedgelike, at intervals their inner plumes
Glancing like silver in the sunny ray;
The parrot dived beside us; and the snipe,
With shrilly scream, wing'd past us in alarm,—
Until thy sole and narrow landing-place
We reach'd; and, grappling with the naked crags,
Wound to a smoother ledge our sheer ascent.

III.

Never was transit so electrical!
An hour ago,—and by thy traceried walls
We drove, *Newbyth*, beneath the o'erhanging boughs
Of forests old, wherein the stock-dove plain'd,
And lay our path 'mid bright and bloomy fields,
Where woke the lyric lark her fitful song,
And linnets, from each brake, responsively
Piped to each other, till the scented groves
Of *Tynningham* seem'd melody's abode—
Every thing breathed of life; the hillside farms
Bask'd in the sunshine, with their yellow cones
Of gather'd grain; the ploughboy, with his team,
Stalk'd past us whistling; and from cottage roofs,

Bluey ascended to the soft blue sky
 The spiral smoke, which spake domestic love,
 In household duties cheerfully perform'd :—
 And now, as if communion were cut off
 Utterly with mankind and his concerns,—
 Amid the bleak and barren solitude
 Of that precipitous and sea-girt isle,
 We found ourselves—the waves their orison
 Howl'd to the winds, which from the breezy North,
 Over the German Ocean came, as 'twere
 To moan in anger through the rifted caves,
 Whose echoes gave a desolate response !

IV.

Far in the twilight of primeval time,
 This must have been a place (thus to myself
 I thought) where Aboriginal men pour'd forth
 Their erring worship to the elements ;
 Ere yet the Druid, in the sullen night
 Of old oak-forests, tinged his altar stone
 With blood of brotherhood :—it must be so—
 So awful doth the spirit of their powers—
 The desolating winds and trampling waves—
 Here, in this solitude, impress the mind ;
 Yet human hearts have beat in this abode,
 And captive eyes, for many a joyless month,
 Have marked the sun, that rose o'er eastward May,
 Expire in glory o'er the summits dun
 Of the far Grampians, in the golden west ;
 And still some ruins, motleyed with the weeds
 That love the salt-breeze,—tell of prisons grim,
 Where, in an age as rude, though less remote,
 The fearless champions of our faith reform'd,
 Shut up, and severed from the land they loved,—
 Breathed out their prayers,—that day-spring from on high
 Should visit us,—to God's sole listening ear !

V.

All glorious was the prospect from thy peak,
 Thou thunder-cloven Island of the main !
 Landward Tantallon lay, with ruin'd walls
 Majestic,—like a giant in old age,
 Smote by the black'ning lightning-flash, and left
 A prostrate corse, upon the sounding shore.
 Remoter, mingling with the blue of heaven,
 Pale Cheviot told, where, stretching by his feet,
 Bloom'd the fair valleys of Northumberland :—
 Seaward, the Forth, a glowing green expanse,
 Studded with many a white, majestic sail,
 Winded its serpent form—the Ochills rich
 Down gazing in its mirror ;—while, beyond,
 The Grampians rear'd their bare untrodden scalps.—
 Fife shew'd her range of scatter'd coast towns white,
 From western Culross to the dwindling point
 Of famed and far St Andrews—all beyond
 Was Ocean's billowy and unbounded waste,
 Sole-broken by thy verdant islet, May,
 Whose fitful light, amid impending gloom,
 From danger warns the homeward mariner ;
 And one black speck—a distant sail—which told,
 Where mingled with its line the horizon dim,

VI.

Who were thy visitants, lone Isle, since man
 Shrank from thy sea-flower solitudes, and left
 His blackening ruins 'mid thy barren rocks?—
 Up came the cormorant, with dusky wing,
 From northern Orkney, an adventurous flight,
 Floating far o'er us in the liquid blue;
 While many a hundred fathom in the abyss
 Below, where lash'd the foaming surge unheard,
 Dwindled by distance, flocks of mighty fowl
 Floated like feathery specks upon the wave.
 The rower with his boat-hook struck the mast,—
 And, lo! the myriad wings, that like a sheet
 Of snow o'erspread the crannies, all were up!
 Thousands on thousands, an innumerable throng,
 Darkening the noontide with their winnowing plumes,
 A cloud of animation!—the wide air
 Resounding with their mingling cries uncouth.

VII.

Words cannot tell the sense of loneliness,
 Which then and there, cloudlike, across my soul,
 Fell, as our weary steps clomb that ascent.—
 Amid-encompassing mountains I have stood,
 At twilight, when alone the little stars,
 Brightening amid the wilderness of blue,
 Proclaim'd a world not God-forsaken quite:—
 I have walk'd, at midnight, on the hollow shore,
 In darkness, when the trampling of the waves,—
 The demon-featured clouds,—and howling gales,—
 Seem'd like returning chaos; all the fierce,
 Terrific elements in league with night;
 Earth crouching underneath their tyrannous sway;
 And the lone sea-bird screaming from his rock!—
 And I have mused in churchyards old and rude,
 And long forsaken, even by the dead,
 Beneath the waning moon, whose mournful ray
 Shew'd but the grey hawk sleeping on his stone:—
 But never, in its moods of phantasy,
 Had to itself my spirit shaped a scene
 Of sequestration more profound than thine,
 Grim throne of solitude, stupendous Bass!—
 Oft in the populous city, 'mid the stir
 And strife of hurrying thousands, to thy cliffs
 Precipitous and wild—the solan's home—
 Wander my reveries; and thoughts of thee,—
 (While scarcely stirs the ivy round the porch,)—
 Oft make the hush of midnight more profound.

THE CONDITION AND PROSPECTS OF THE AGRICULTURAL CLASSES.

THE distress under which the agricultural classes labour at this moment, is fully as intense as that which overwhelmed them at the close of the last war; and it appears to us to proceed precisely from the same cause—a revolution in our monetary system. To all practical purposes, the change then made in the standard of our currency, raised the exchangeable value of the pound sterling one fourth; and, consequently, added 25 per cent to all subsisting pecuniary engagements.

This put it in the power of one class of the community—the class of creditors—the inactive capitalists of the country, to take from another class—the class of debtors—the active producers, one fourth more than they had any moral right to exact. But at that time the producing classes, who formed the great body of debtors, instead of demanding to be relieved from the wrong which, under the sanction of law, had been inflicted upon them by their creditors, were prevailed upon to overlook the true cause of their distress, and content themselves merely with obtaining protection against foreign competition in the home market: they obtained, to a certain extent, what they demanded; but this remedy not reaching the seat of distress under which they laboured, they were necessarily all ruined. The revolution of 1819 was the adoption of a metallic *standard*, weighing one fourth more than was represented by the paper pound sterling, for which it was substituted. But the economists, not satisfied with what was done in 1819, have effected a second revolution in the currency of this country, by substituting a metallic for a paper circulating medium. Judging of the present revolution by its practical effects—which, after all, is the only basis on which men of common sense will undertake to form a judgment; its results, if not arrested in time, will prove as fatal to the community as the consequences which flowed from the change in 1819: we shall again be doomed to witness the undue enrichment of one class of subjects at the expense of another, and a repetition of the heart-rending social changes which followed the

repeal of the Bank Restriction Act. The crisis has already begun, and if the agricultural classes do not rouse themselves without a moment's delay, the destruction of the whole body is as certain and inevitable as that which was drawn down upon the heads of the same classes by the changes of 1819.

We observe that an attempt is made at this moment to divert their attention from the real source of their distress. Instead of looking steadily and unanimously at the source of the evil—the alteration of our monetary system—the suppression of the one-pound note circulation—they are taught by persons who pretend to be their friends, to rest their hopes of relief in the repeal of taxes, and more especially of the malt and beer tax. Now, we beg to state, that we abominate this tax as much as any of those who appear most urgent for its repeal; we would hail that minister as a true lover of his country, who would remove this tax upon the wholesome juice of “John Barleycorn”—the national and genuine beverage of Britons, and impose a much higher rate of duty upon the base and demoralizing, and mind-destroying compounds, which are swallowed by gallons in those sinks of filthy and profligate iniquity—the gin shops. That the government of a Christian land—that the government of any land, should tolerate—nay, should deliberately encourage, the orgies and abominations of those places, for the sake of increasing the revenue—should thus pander to the profligacy of the populace for the sake of profit, is indeed a lamentable circumstance—and that the community at large should acquiesce in this fiscal iniquity, and by that means become at least radically participators in it, is still more lamentable. Where is that active and zealous party, who compass sea and land to free the African from his bodily bondage, while this iniquity is being perpetrated at their own doors? But although we feel every desire to see this obnoxious tax repealed, and that upon spirituous liquors of every name and quality raised, we caution the agriculturists against being deluded

into the belief, that this measure, however valuable in itself, would afford them the relief which they must have, or perish. What they have to complain of, is the unjust addition which, by interfering with the circulating medium, the legislature has again made to the value of money. This has put it a second time into the power of their creditors to exact from them much more than they really contracted to pay; and the effect of this measure will be their ruin, while all creditors, all annuitants, mortgagees, and money-lenders, will be inordinately and unjustly enriched. Surely this race of fund-holders and other capitalists had advantages enough conferred upon them in 1819; at that period their claims were virtually increased in value one-fourth. This transferred into their hands an enormous mass of the whole property of the country: but this it seems is not enough; and, like the leech, their constant cry is, More! more! and if the economists be not instantly stopped in their career, another harvest equally rich, is now destined for the moneyed interest. Another generation of the cultivators of the soil, of the productive capitalists, are to be sacrificed—not to the just claims, but to the insatiable cupidity, of the money-jobbers. That any minister of the British crown should really intend to commit an act which would in its effects prove no less impolitic in its consequences, than it is unjust in principle, is a fact which we cannot believe. The whole of this mischief—the whole of the misery which our recent monetary changes have inflicted upon the producing classes, has been entirely owing to their own supineness and inactivity. On former occasions, they stood indolently by, while the measures for plundering them were being arranged; and in the present emergency, they seem inclined to pursue a similar line of policy: upon them the bitter and dear-bought warning of experience appears to have been thrown away. They see the wave approaching; but instead of attempting to escape, they fold their arms, and helplessly await their coming fate. If we thought it would be attended with any effect—if we thought that any warning would excite them to protect their property from invasion, and their families from

ruin, we would again impress upon their minds a fact, which we presume their painful experience has made already but too familiar to them—that the suppression of the one-pound note circulation reduced the price of agricultural produce at least one-fourth, and by that means has added 25 per cent to all the fixed money-payments due from the agricultural classes, is a fact which cannot be disputed: 25 per cent upon the whole net revenue of the country is thus taken from the producing classes, and transferred, without compensation or consideration, into the pockets of the money-capitalists—of mortgagees, money-lenders, annuitants, placemen, and pensioners.

We would also caution the agricultural classes against being seduced by the scribes and underlings of the Treasury, into the belief that the depression of their produce is merely temporary: they may rest assured, that it will prove as permanent as the cause by which it is produced: had it arisen from any circumstance of temporary endurance, the fall in the price of farming produce, which now threatens to ruin the whole race of cultivators, might, of course, be expected to disappear with the cessation of the cause from which it proceeds. But the alteration which has been recently made in our monetary system, the substitution of a metallic for a paper circulating medium, is not a cause that will cease of itself,—as long as it continues, the effect resulting from it will also endure. Above all things, therefore, let the agricultural classes beware of listening to the sophistries and delusions of the Treasury scribes. It is both the business and interest of these underlings to deceive them: it is their business to puff their pay-masters and employers: this is the vocation for which they are hired and retained; and not to perform it would, on their part, be a dereliction of duty. But it is also, in a more especial manner, their interest to uphold every measure which enhances the exchangeable value of money; every measure which adds to the value of the legal pound sterling, makes virtually a proportionate addition to the incomes of all that numerous class of individuals, who receive salaries from the public Treasury. A change

in the currency, which effects a reduction of 25 per cent in the price of agricultural produce, practically raises a salary or a pension of L.4000 to L.5000, or of L.400 to L.500 per annum; and by that means transfers just so much from the leathern sack of the innocent farmer into the silken purse of the Treasury pensioner. Can it, therefore, excite wonder, that changes which tell thus against the public, and in favour of men in office—which, while they plunder the hard-working and unsuspecting cultivator, enrich the whole body of Government retainers and money-jobbers, should find eulogists, patrons, and defenders?

We have an especial purpose in entering into this detail of the body, strength, and number, of the partisans who are interested in upholding the present currency. We do it, in the first place, with the view of shewing the agriculturists the number and quality of the forces with which they will have to contend; for we are still inclined to hope, that the magnitude of the difficulty to be overcome, far from causing them to quail before it, will only serve to call forth the full display and application of their energy. If we could succeed in stimulating them to put forth in protecting their property from unjust invasion but one quarter of their real strength, we should entertain little apprehension about the result. The reconsideration of the whole question of the currency, and the establishment of a paper circulating medium upon a sound metallic basis, would be the certain consequence. We also feel perfectly confident, that the Master of the Cabinet is not ill-inclined to such a modification of our monetary system,—or rather to a return to that system in which all the present engagements of the country, both public and private, were contracted. The suppression of the one-pound note circulation is no measure of his: to the support of this unjust and injurious contraction of the circulating medium, he is not, as far as our recollection of his declared opinions carries us, in any way pledged; and if any of his colleagues should happen to stand so committed, should consider himself bound, by a regard for consistency, to ruin another race of British farmers, let him save the country from this evil, and retire.

The services of one man, although that man were even a minister of state, would not, in our humble judgment, counteract the consequence of ruining *once more* the whole body of the cultivators of the soil. But, on the supposition that his Majesty's Prime Minister sees the ill effects of the change which has recently taken place in the currency, and feels disposed to remedy them, still it is indispensable that the agricultural class should instantly bestir themselves, should, without the loss of a single week, step boldly and generally forward to demand redress: this will at once place him in a commanding position, and enable him to accomplish what he already desires, and afford them relief. If the agriculturists neglect to approach their representatives with the boldness of British freemen, and the importunity of injured subjects, the Head of his Majesty's Treasury, although well-inclined to their cause, cannot, powerful as he is, make any move in their favour. He is surrounded on all hands by legions of official persons; by swarms of importunate loan-contractors, money-lenders, and cold-blooded theorists, whom he cannot put to flight without assistance; this assistance he expects to receive at the hands of the agriculturists. This assistance it behoves them, if they would escape the ruin which otherwise must overtake them, promptly and simultaneously to give him. It is the interest of the locusts by whom he is beset to make money dear, and by that means increase the remuneration which the public is called upon to pay for their services: Let the agriculturists, by the decision and unanimity of their measures, enable the Prime Minister to tell this greedy and insatiable swarm, that he can no longer sanction an unjust exaction—that he can no longer support them in expecting that obligations contracted in a paper currency should be liquidated in a metallic circulating medium, which virtually adds 25 per cent to their amount. Let the agriculturists, therefore, but prove true to their own interests, let them but shew themselves the determined defenders of their own property, and we can promise them a complete redress of the intolerable injustice under which they now labour. If, however, they think pro-

per to fall asleep over their wrongs, if they neglect or delay to press their grievances upon the attention of Parliament, their ruin will prove as complete as it must be inevitable. Every man who holds land on lease; every man who has an estate encumbered with mortgages, or annuities, must lay his account in losing the whole of his property; nothing will be left for him but to submit decently to his fate, and resign his patrimony into the hands of mortgagees and money-lenders.

The real points to be considered, are, the justice, the expediency, and the practicability, of the measure which we now recommend.

Is it just that any measure should be adopted by the Legislature which would be attended with the effect of reducing the exchangeable value of the present pound sterling? We certainly are of opinion, that on every principle of equity, Government would not only be justified, but that it is imperatively called upon to carry such a measure into effect. Every government owes, and every just government will yield, an equal degree of protection to all its subjects—to debtors as well as creditors. It is equally the duty of the Legislative power to protect the debtor from being crushed by an undue extension of the claims of the creditor, as to secure to the creditor himself the faithful liquidation of his just demands. Now, it is well known, that all the subsisting engagements of this country, have been entered into in a paper currency; and experience has proved, that the forcible substitution of a circulating medium, wholly metallic, for this paper currency, has very materially increased the exchangeable value of the pound sterling; in other words, it has raised the value of money, and lowered the price of commodities. Hence, a pound sterling of the present period, will purchase one-fourth more of every article of consumption than it would have commanded in exchange before the suppression of the one-pound note circulation; and the farmer or other person, who is under a legal engagement to pay a certain number of pounds sterling, either as rent, or the interest of a mortgage or debt, is thus virtually called upon for 25 per cent more than he

contracted to pay; and an injury, amounting to five shillings in the pound, is by this means inflicted upon him, in order to benefit another party, who has not the shadow of a title to such an advantage.

Some persons may perhaps be disposed to dispute the fact, that the rise in the value of the pound sterling is to be ascribed to the suppression of the small note circulation. On this point we can only argue from analogy; we know that when an extra demand is created for a commodity, of which the supply either remains stationary, or does not keep pace with the extra call for it, an increase will, and must inevitably take place in its price or exchangeable value. The same principles which apply to other commodities, will, we apprehend, be found to operate upon the exchangeable value of gold. Until the suppression of the paper pound note, there was in this country scarcely any demand for gold as a circulating medium: but the moment the bill for suppression of that species of currency began to operate, a new demand was created for gold to be coined into current money. The amount of this new demand, when compared with the quantity of that metal previously sold in the English market, is very considerable; it probably amounts to at least a hundred to one: that is to say, for every pound weight of gold which before the suppression of the one-pound note circulation, was sold in the bullion market, at least one hundred pounds weight are now required to supply the wants of the country to be coined into money. While a great addition has been thus made to the demand for gold as a commodity, no corresponding addition has been made to the existing supply by the importation of more gold from the American mines: for many years (indeed ever since the commencement of the South American disturbances) these mines have ceased to be worked. It may therefore be assumed, that for the last twelve or fifteen years no addition has been made to the stock of gold existing, either in the shape of bullion or coined money, in the whole of the European market, or indeed of the whole world: hence the supply of gold required to form the new cir-

culating medium of this country has been drawn not from the mines, but from the stock of that metal already circulating, either as bullion or coin in other countries. On this account, it is manifest that a great and unavoidable increase has taken place in the exchangeable value of gold, not only here, but also all over the continent of Europe. This new demand for the precious metals, for the purpose of being coined into current money, has occasioned a great influx of gold and silver into this country; and as the gap produced by this quantity attracted hither has not been filled up by a fresh supply from the American or any other mines, it is clear that the real or exchangeable value of these metals has been raised not only in England but also everywhere else. And this opinion is amply corroborated by the experience of mercantile men at all acquainted with the present state of continental markets. It is well known that since the recent changes in our monetary system have revived in this country the demand for the precious metals, in order to be coined into money, gold and silver have become dearer, and command a greater quantity of commodities in exchange in other countries. This alteration in the exchangeable value of these metals is known to have produced considerable derangements and distress among other nations as well as our own; though they have been felt here more severely than elsewhere, because the money transactions of the British dominions are incalculably more numerous and important than those of any other country on the face of the globe.

Now we do not by any means contend that this high price of gold is an evil in itself; it cannot signify what the exchangeable value of the circulating medium may intrinsically be, provided it maintain *an uniform and invariable rate*; it is then only that it can without inconvenience serve as a medium of exchange; but *any sudden alteration either in the demand for or supply of the precious metals*, must necessarily alter their value relatively to other commodities, and in consequence create embarrassment and distress. The vast bulk of pecuniary obligations entered into in this country, are formed

and designed to take place prospectively; and any sudden rise or fall in the value of the circulating medium, as exchanged for commodities, must occasion a degree of injury proportioned to the amount of the whole mass of engagements on which it operates. This is precisely our case at the present moment. The recent change in our monetary system having very greatly increased the demand for gold, has enhanced its exchangeable value at least 25 per cent; and all persons who have any fixed money contracts to fulfil, find, that although the demands upon them remain *nominally* the same, a real addition of 25 per cent has been made to their obligations. This will very clearly account for the intense distress which now pervades every district of this kingdom. The legislature has once more armed the creditors of the state, as well as of private individuals, with a legal power to add 25 per cent to their just claims upon the whole body of debtors. The oppression and iniquity of such a measure are so palpable and manifest, that we need not dwell on them.

We therefore think, that upon every principle of equity, as well as honesty, Parliament should, at its next meeting, not lose one moment before it seriously sets about remedying the mischief which this measure has already effected. We would, with all humility, take the liberty of putting that august assembly in mind of the real extent of its constitutional power over the currency of the realm. The constitution of this country vests in the crown the power of regulating our circulating medium. This prerogative was conferred upon the Sovereign for the advantage of his subjects: its exercise served to protect the public against being defrauded by base coin. The royal impress was a warranty, that each piece of money circulating as a medium of exchange, was of legal weight and standard fineness. But although the Sovereign was thus invested with the right of coining money, and even of delegating the exercise of this right to subjects in whom he might be disposed to repose such confidence, neither he nor his delegates possessed any just right either to alter the quantity or debase the quality of the metal which a piece of current mo-

ney contained. It is indeed but too true, that in former times, our Sovereigns occasionally overstepped the just limits of their authority; and to serve a temporary purpose diminished the weight, or debased the quality, of the circulating medium. But then these unauthorised acts of power were boldly avowed: they were admitted to be fraudulent; for, in those days, there were no economists to justify or gloss over the wrong which the sovereign power found it its interest to commit. The purposes for which the sovereign power in this country was originally intrusted with the regulation of the circulating medium should never be lost sight of by Parliament when legislating respecting the currency. In the discharge of its functions, it is the duty of Parliament to afford to every subject of this realm an equal and complete protection from wrong. Hence it is its bounden duty to keep the standard of value, at an even balance, and thus prevent one class—the class of creditors—from preying upon—from devouring the property of another class—the class of debtors. With all the deference which it becomes us to feel on such an occasion, we beg to state it as our firm belief, that when Parliament passes any measure, which even in a trifling degree affects the exchangeable value of the circulating medium, it oversteps any authority which it is honestly and constitutionally entitled to exercise. Thinking, as we most heartily and conscientiously do, that the increased demand for gold was inevitably occasioned by the suppression of the one-pound note circulation, and has practically been attended with the effect of adding greatly to the real value of the medium of exchange in this country, we shall never cease to consider the measure unjust, oppressive, and inexpedient, and to press for its repeal. We do not mean to say that the legislature passed this measure with the design or intention of committing an injury upon any class of subjects. The majority who sanctioned the suppression of the one-pound note currency, were deluded by the sophistries of the economists into the belief, that no ill effect would result from its operation. But surely they have by this time discovered, that the argu-

ments to which they unfortunately listened were mere sophisms: the experience of the last nine months must, we should suppose, have convinced them, that they have been led into an error fatal alike to public prosperity, and to the interests of a very large body of private individuals. We cannot, therefore, but express an earnest hope, that the Legislature will be induced to retrace its steps, and rescue the productive classes from the total ruin which must otherwise fall upon them.

But the reconsideration of the question of the currency is not only become necessary, from a just regard to the interests of private individuals—a point which a wise and equitable Legislature will never overlook,—but it is also recommended by the plainest principles of public policy. The mode in which the surplus revenue of every country is distributed and expended must, in the long run, produce a great effect upon the aggregate wealth and prosperity of the community. In proportion to the amount of this net revenue, which may be laid out in *productive industry*, will be the rapidity with which a nation advances in prosperity and power. The history of this country during the past forty years furnishes the statesman with an useful illustration of this important truth. The effect of the Bank Restriction Act, in depreciating the currency of this country below its standard value, was no doubt unjust towards the body of creditors, both public and private; but however injurious it proved to that class of native capitalists, it is quite clear that it had a direct tendency to promote public prosperity. By lessening the real value of the demands upon them, it left every year a larger surplus of revenue in the hands of the industrious classes, and more especially of those engaged in the tillage of land. This surplus was not unprofitably squandered; it was not consumed and wasted in feeding a useless and unproductive train of menials and domestics: on the contrary, it was laid out in maintaining and feeding productive labourers employed in the various operations of husbandry; and by that means it became the source of new wealth, both to its owner and the public. All persons engaged in the

cultivation of land were enriched during that period; and the wealth which they thus acquired being again laid out on the improvement of the soil, added incalculably to its productive powers. Hence the unequalled prosperity of agriculture, and with it, of every other branch of industry, during that memorable and brilliant period of our national history. We merely state this, as a well-known consequence resulting from the depreciation of the currency during the suspension of cash payments. We do not undertake to disguise or defend the injury which was then inflicted upon all the creditors, both of the state and of private individuals. But the recent changes which, on the recommendation of the economists, have been effected in our monetary system, are to the full as *unjust in principle, while they are incalculably more injurious and impolitic in their consequences.* These consequences appear to us so important that we shall venture to dwell upon them. They will, we think, adequately account for the greater portion, if not the whole, of the distress, which now pervades the community.

The depreciation of the currency, as we have already stated, caused capital to flow towards agriculture, and other productive operations. The present undue enhancement of the circulating medium acts in an opposite direction. It tends to withdraw capital from tillage, and other reproducing employments, and causes it to be expended in occupations which yield no return. By the operation of this unjust and impolitic rise in the exchangeable value of money, an overwhelming proportion of the net revenue of the country has passed from the hands of the agricultural classes into those of unproductive capitalists living in cities. Hence the extension and prosperity of towns within the last fifteen years. All the persons who depend upon fixed money incomes have been suddenly and enormously enriched: they have been enabled to build and occupy larger houses; to keep a larger train of footmen and domestics, and to revel in all the abundance and luxury which a dear currency and cheap commodities have placed at their command. But while the mo-

nied capitalist thus bloats upon the affluence which the legislature has incautiously as well as unjustly poured into his lap, the producing classes are impoverished and ruined. To meet the demands of the money-lender, they are year after year compelled to part with capital, which, if left in their hands, would be laid out in improving the productive powers of the soil, and increasing the store of public wealth. When it comes into the hands of the monied capitalist, it is laid out in a way which reproduces nothing: it is expended upon mere consumers; upon cooks, footmen, and grooms: instead of being expended, as it would have been, by the farmer, in feeding labourers, who always reproduce considerably more than they consume. There never has occurred in the history of this country a period when the demand for all commodities connected with the luxuries of life has been as great as during the last fifteen years: and hence not only the capitalists themselves, who were annually profiting in an unjust measure by the changes of the currency, but even our statesmen, waxed absolutely wanton in this apparent prosperity. It never occurred to them that we were consuming not only the net revenue, but also gradually wasting the capital of the country; while the top of the tree seemed to flourish, decay had attacked the roots; while the towns shewed every outward symptom of prosperity, the progress of adversity had commenced in the country; our streets and public places swarmed with thriving faces and fair forms, decked out in the gaudy fabrics of foreign countries: but our fields began to go untilled, not because the hands to cultivate them were wanting, but because the capital embarked in husbandry having been gradually absorbed by the operation of the currency bill, the farmer was deprived of the means of paying for labour. The farmer well knows, that it would tend greatly to his own profit if he bestowed more labour on his fields: but he bitterly feels that the means of doing this have been taken from him, and transferred into the hands of the tax-gatherer and money-lender. The whole class of labourers in husbandry have been in consequence put upon a short allowance

both of labour and food: they are in fact but half employed, and half fed; and of this diminished allowance of food, the farmers contrive to furnish them with a considerable portion out of the poor rates. By this expedient, ruinous to the morals and comforts of the peasantry, they succeed to a certain extent in forcing the inactive capitalist to disgorge a part of the surplus income which he has acquired through the alteration of the currency. This is the true history of the origin of the intolerable misery which now universally prevails among the great body of labourers in agriculture. Thousands upon thousands of this unfortunate class are discarded during the whole of the winter months; they are then lodged in public work-houses, where they are furnished with clean straw to lie upon, and with a weekly allowance out of the parish funds, just sufficient to supply them with potatoes and salt.

The recent falling-off in the amount of the public revenue, affords the most decisive proof, that the enjoyments and comforts of the great body of the people have materially diminished; and to us it appears in a still more alarming light, from the prospect which it holds out with respect to the future. It not only proves, that the consumption of taxable commodities has decreased, from the poverty of the population; but it seems to indicate a fact still more to be deprecated in its consequences,—that from want of means to continue the energy of tillage, the productive powers of the soil of this country have received a serious check. This furnishes the most incontrovertible evidence of a decay, not merely in a minor branch of public industry, but in the trunk or root which feeds and nourishes all the branches. It behoves Government, therefore, to turn their most serious attention to the present condition of the agricultural classes; for, if we should assume it to be true, that they are utterly regardless of the well-doing of this numerous class of subjects on their own account, still we beg to press the matter upon their consideration, for the sake of the other classes which depend upon the agriculturalists for employment and for bread. It is needless to dwell upon the well known fact, that the agricultural body constitute the best cus-

tomers of the manufacturing classes. And every rational man will admit, that the impoverishment of this great and important class, occasioned by Mr Peel's currency measures, is the leading cause, not only of the distress which has been so long and so severely felt among themselves, but also of the overwhelming misery which, from the want of their old and steady customers and employers, has at length reached the manufacturers and artisans of the empire. If the misery which now prevails in most of our manufacturing districts were detailed in but half its intensity and horrors, it would, we are quite sure, appal the stoutest heart. Without the most irrefragable evidence, the scenes of suffering which arrest the attention of the traveller at every step of his progress throughout those districts, would appear perfectly incredible.

In order to be restored to their wonted prosperity, the classes engaged in the cultivation of the soil ask for no partial advantages; they do not require to be enriched at the expense of others; they solicit no favour; they simply demand justice. They call for the repeal of the suicidal measure, which, for the second time since the close of the last war, has placed the whole of their property within the grasp of the tribe of money lenders. They are willing to fulfil, in the most faithful manner, all the engagements into which they have entered,—to liquidate all their obligations in a currency, equal in value to that in which they were originally contracted; but they protest against the unjust operation of the recent change in the currency, which has, to all intents and purposes, had the effect of adding 25 per cent to the real value of all debts.

Having thus pointed out the injustice of the recent change which has taken place in our monetary system, as it affects the interest of individuals, and its impolicy, as it regards the public, we shall proceed to consider the practicability of establishing a small note circulation, not liable to become depreciated or enhanced by fluctuation on the one hand, or to expose its holders to loss through the failure of Banks on the other.

That an unlimited circulation of small notes may take place, consistently with the perfect security of the

holder, is a fact which has been put to the test of experience in this part of the United Empire, for a period of no inconsiderable duration. And this is perhaps sufficient of itself to convince our Southern neighbours, that the insecurity of that species of circulation among themselves, did not arise from any thing necessarily inherent in its nature, but from some error or imperfection in the system on which bank notes were allowed to be issued. The inconveniences and evils which formed the pretence for suppressing the one pound note currency altogether, arose solely from the oversight of Government, in permitting all Country Banks, without check or discrimination, to issue one pound notes. That more mischief did not flow from this strange oversight, is, indeed, to us a matter of considerable surprise. It proves, that the great body of Country Bankers was composed of solvent and responsible persons, and did not contain many speculating members trading solely on credit.

We conceive, indeed, that in the regulation of a paper currency, the Government should perform a part towards the public analogous to its functions, in regard to a metallic circulating medium. As it allows no piece of metal to circulate as coin, without being first assured, that it is of standard weight and fineness, we think it should not allow bank notes, *either for one pound, or any other amount*, to circulate as cash, before it has obtained an absolute, an instantly available assurance of the perfect solvency of the issuers. The issuing of paper notes appears in every respect analogous to the act of coining money. This is properly the function of Government; and it never should be delegated to any party, of whose integrity and responsibility Government is not well assured. The issuing of bank notes of any amount, does not fall necessarily into the province of a banker. It may be profitable to the bankers *themselves*, and perhaps convenient to the public, that a certain number of this class of traders should be authorised to furnish each district with this species of circulating medium; but we think that, not only as a matter of right, but also as a matter of duty towards the public, the Government

should never invest with this privilege, a private banker, or company of bankers, who cannot furnish a security which places their solvency beyond all doubt, as far as regards the amount of notes issued by them. It is, therefore, our opinion, that no banking establishment should be allowed to circulate notes of any kind, before it has given indisputable security of its ability to meet the whole of its issues. We would, therefore, have the Treasury exact from every Bank, a deposit of stock, or some other equally valid security, as an indispensable condition to the grant of a license to issue paper notes,—or this object, perhaps, might be attained, by giving the holders of notes precedence over all other creditors, when any bank should happen to fail. The shadow of a doubt should never be allowed to remain upon the public mind, that any establishment, intrusted by Government with the privilege of circulating bank notes, could, by possibility, fail to liquidate the whole mass of debts of that kind, which it may have contracted. We think it would be but fair and honest, that if at any time the officers of Government, either from mistake or neglect, should happen to take a security which, when brought to the test, proved insufficient, still the Treasury ought to make good the loss sustained by the holders of the notes. It is the duty of Government to protect the community against every species of imposition or loss from the circulating medium; and if at any time it should extend the discharge of this function to incompetent or insolvent subjects, it ought, in all fairness, to be held responsible, both for the inaptitude and inability of its delegates.

The practice of Scotland shews that even without taking security for the amount of notes circulated by a private firm, a system of banking may be established, which practically secures the public against all risk on account of insolvency. We need not inform our readers that our banking transactions are chiefly conducted by joint stock companies; the capital invested in their concerns is raised by a certain number of shares which are generally held by a great number of partners. The National Bank of Scotland has 1238 partners; the Commercial Bank 521; the Aber-

deen Town and County Bank 446; of the remaining banks there are three in which the number of partners exceeds 100; six in which the number is between 20 and 100; and seventeen in which the number falls short of 20. All these shareholders are, severally and jointly, responsible to the public, not only to the full extent of their respective subscriptions, but to the full amount of their entire fortunes. All these Banks have branches in the different districts amounting to about 133 in number; these branches are managed by local agents, who give security to the parent institution proportioned to the trust reposed in them. This system has completely superseded the use of gold as a circulating medium; for the last fifty years all pecuniary transactions in Scotland have been carried on in the paper issues of these establishments; since the repeal of the Bank Restriction Act, the public may, if they choose, convert their notes into sovereigns; but it is found in practice, that the public, having the fullest reliance upon the solvency of these institutions, never ask for gold. They habitually and universally give the preference to paper. This immediate convertibility of paper into gold at the will of the holder, effectually prevents these securities from sustaining any depreciation, and preserves the circulating medium at an uniform value. The panics and alarms which in 1793, 1816, and 1825, ruined so many Banks, and inflicted such severe losses upon the public in England, passed over the banking establishments of Scotland without in the slightest degree affecting their credit. It is indeed a well-known fact, that during a period of one hundred and thirty years, although paper money has entirely superseded the use of coin, as a circulating medium, only two Banks have failed in this country, and the whole of the loss sustained by the public, from the failure, amounts to no more than L.36,344. This proves, beyond all question, that the losses which have been from time to time experienced in England from the failure of Banks, arose not from the circulation of paper money, but from a defect in the system on which it was allowed to be issued.

Some persons seem to entertain a

vague notion that a metallic circulating medium is less apt to foster excessive speculation and overtrading than paper money. This is manifestly an error. In periods of confidence and commercial prosperity all persons in trade have recourse to the extensive use of private paper, such as bills of exchange and promissory notes; and by multiplying these, they are able to carry overtrading and speculating upon credit to as great an extent as they please. A very large proportion of the whole circulation of Lancashire consists of bills of exchange of a small amount; that is to say, from L.10 up to L.50. These pass from hand to hand like bank notes; they become so fully indorsed before their maturity, that it is hardly possible to add another name. "What occurred at Hamburg," says Mr Tooke, "at the close of last century, is a proof that even a purely metallic currency admits of a large superstructure of private credit, which may be subject to sudden contraction and extension. The Bank of that city presents an example of the most correct regulation of a metallic currency that has hitherto been known. There is no paper whatever current as money; yet under circumstances, favourable to speculation, there was a very great increase of its general circulation through the medium of private paper and of transactions on credit in the year 1797 and 1798." From circumstances of temporary operation, there happened about that time to be a scanty supply of commodities, especially of colonial produce imported into Hamburg. This caused an increased demand for immediate consumption, "whence arose a speculation which was carried to a considerable extent, and maintained, in a great part, by a circulation of paper; prices of colonial produce were driven up immoderately, and those who had embarked earliest appeared to be making large fortunes, and were thus for a time in high credit." This overtrading in colonial produce was followed by its usual consequences—an over-supply of commodities, and a great fall of prices. The inevitable result was a destruction of the paper which had been created there, and which had extended itself, along with the speculation, to other towns of Germany

and to some in Holland. The number of houses that failed in Ham-
burgh, between August and Novem-
ber 1799, was eighty-two, and the
amount of their engagements up-
wards of 29,000,000 banco marks, or
about L.2,500,000 sterling. In a con-
temporary description of this dis-
tress published in the beginning of
November, it is stated "that the
embarrassments of the merchants at
Hamburgh have increased to an
alarming degree; and during the
whole month of October, every mail
that has arrived, has added several
names to the unfortunate list of
houses which have stopped payment
in that city, where there are scarcely
any persons in the mercantile line,
whatever may be their wealth and
connexion, who have not experien-
ced considerable difficulties, while
the effects thereof have extended to
Bremen, Frankfort, Amsterdam, and
many other of the principal trading
towns on the Continent." In the
Gentleman's Magazine and *Annual
Register* may be found descriptions
of three great commercial revulsions
which originated on the Continent,
where the currency was wholly me-
talllic; the first in 1763; the second in
1771-2, and the third in 1778-9.

But it is not our object at present
to go into any detail respecting the
means by which a paper circulating
medium might be placed upon a se-
cure basis; we have no doubt that
in four and twenty hours a second-
rate clerk in the Treasury, assisted
by a second-rate clerk in any ordi-
nary banking-house, might devise a
plan which would put such a curren-
cy upon a secure footing.

Forming our opinion not from the
speculations of theorists, but from
facts and experience, we entertain no
doubt that the extinction of the small
note circulation has added at least
25 per cent to the standard of value;
and that all money obligations have
been increased in a proportionate
ratio. At this moment every article
of agricultural produce sells for at
least 25 per cent under its price at
this time twelvemonth. There is no
pretence for saying that this fall in
the price of commodities has been
occasioned by over-production. That
hack and thread-bare argument can-
not, without the most palpable insult
upon common sense, be applied to

the past year. Our crops of every
kind were acknowledged to be under
an average; indeed, Mr Jacob, who is
generally admitted to be an authority
in those matters, and who was spe-
cially employed by government to
investigate the subject, states that the
produce of the last harvest falls con-
siderably short of an average crop;
but in the face of this statement,
which no man who knows Mr Jacob's
accuracy in enquiries of the kind,
will venture to dispute, and which
the government which employed him
will scarcely have the hardihood to
controvert, it is still found that the
price of every article of consumption
has fallen at least one-fourth; which
places it beyond all doubt that the
change has been effected—not by
an over-supply of commodities, but
by a change in the standard in
which they are valued. This fur-
nishes fair ground to conclude, that
if it had not been for the rise which
the change in our monetary system
has occasioned in the value of money,
there would have been, instead of a
fall, a rise in the price of agricultural
produce, proportioned to the diminution
which has taken place in the
supply.

One of two alternatives is now
offered to the choice of Government:
we must either return to a paper cir-
culating medium, which, by banish-
ing gold, will lessen its exchangeable
value, and, by that means, restore the
pound sterling to its standard value
before the act for the suppression of
one-pound notes came into opera-
tion: or a reduction must be made in
all taxes, annuities, and payments,
proportioned to the increased value
of the medium of exchange in which
they are to be liquidated. With re-
gard to this point, the Lincolnshire
petitioners hit the right nail on the
head: they say, "either re-establish
the measure of the value in which all
our obligations were contracted, in
which rents were arranged, annui-
ties granted, mortgages borrowed,
and taxes assessed: or reduce the
amount of these demands in propor-
tion to the enhanced value of the
currency in which they are to be dis-
charged: we are willing to meet all
the just claims both of our public and
private creditors; but we will not
submit to be plundered by a legisla-
tive regulation which entitles the tax-

gatherer, the annuitant, and money-lender to exact at least 25 per cent more than he has any moral right to claim." From this dilemma we feel quite certain that Government cannot escape: if, for reasons which we cannot comprehend, they persist in an attempt to uphold our monetary system on its present footing; in refusing to accede to the moderate demand of the public for the restitution of a paper circulating medium convertible into cash at the will of the holder—they must be prepared for the other alternative, and take off taxes to the amount of ten or twelve millions per annum. To enable them to do this, a reduction of 25 per cent must be made on the interest of the national debt; on all salaries, on all pensions—in short, on all payments issuing out of the exchequer, of whatever kind or amount they may be. The operation of the recent alteration of our currency has, at one stroke, increased our load of taxes one-fourth; it has produced the same practical effect as if the legislature, retaining a paper circulating medium, had added twelve millions to the forty-eight millions per annum, which already pressed upon the resources of the country. Forty-eight millions sterling paid in a metallic circulating medium will command as large a quantity of commodities as sixty millions sterling in a paper medium of exchange. The public are still willing to bear as much as they bore before; but they will not submit to the recent additional load, which the recent change in the currency has imposed upon them. Let other counties but follow the example which has been set them by the Gentlemen and Yeomen of the county of Lincoln; let them act with firmness, unanimity, and temper. Let them demand, in the bold language of British freemen, acquainted with their rights, and determined to protect themselves from injustice, and their property from plunder, either the restoration of the circulating medium, in which all their pecuniary engagements have been entered into, or a reduction in the amount of taxes and all other payments, proportioned to the alteration which has been recently effected in the standard of value, and we venture to promise them a successful result. Although backed by a cabal

of placemen, pensioners, and fundholders, who batten upon the vitals of an impoverished and exhausted country, no minister would dare, if he should even desire, to refuse listening to their just and equitable petitions.

One or other of these measures, however opposed by those who are interested in raising the exchangeable value of money and depreciating commodities, must be adopted—all other attempts to relieve the distresses which at this moment bear the agriculturists down to the ground, and which press cruelly and intolerably upon every other branch of national industry, will prove as unavailing as the remonstrance of King Canute against the encroachments of the sea. An alteration must either be made in our monetary system, which will bring back the pound sterling to its value when bartered for commodities before the change which has recently taken place in the currency; or the nominal amount of all fixed money payments must be reduced in proportion to the addition which the measures of the Legislature have made to the real value of the circulating medium. There is, to be sure, one other alternative; the Government, supported by its faithful band of placemen and pensioners, and the legislature, overborne by money lenders and fundholders—men who derive a direct and enormous advantage from the substitution of a metallic for a paper circulating medium—may perhaps turn a deaf ear to the prayers of an injured people, and by that means utterly ruin the agricultural body. Even a delay of one year—the convenient parliamentary expedient of deferring the question to another session—would be quite sufficient to accomplish that object; for the present race of farmers are very differently circumstanced from those upon whom Mr Peel and his colleagues operated in 1819. At that period the farmers of this country were generally possessed of great wealth, acquired in the course of many years, by prosperous and successful industry; they were therefore in a condition to bear up for some time against the exhausting effect of the honourable Secretary's currency bill in 1819. They held on to their farms in the hope of

better times; they paid their rents and taxes, not out of their profits, but out of their capital; and the result was, that they were all completely ruined. But of the present body of farmers, there are very few indeed who possess any reserve of capital to which, in a season of distress, they can have recourse; and, therefore, an artificial rise in the value of money makes itself felt with extraordinary severity.

It must not be assumed, that because we recommend a return to a paper circulating medium, we wish for the re-establishment of an uncertain and fluctuating standard of value; we concur in all that has been said and written respecting the injustice and insecurity of a paper circulation unchecked by a metallic regulator of its value. But although we freely recognise the indispensable necessity of having an invariable standard of value, we are not therefore bound to admit either the expediency or the justice of a metallic circulating medium. It forms, indeed, by no means the least singular feature in the discussions which have recently taken place respecting the monetary system of this country, that those who pretend to advocate an invariable currency, should have been the very men who prevailed upon the Legislature to sanction the alteration in the value of the circulating medium, which, in its consequences, is, at this moment, so severely felt by the public: those who, within the last ten years, have already tampered with the currency in two memorable instances, (making each time an addition of 25 per cent to the real value of the actual circulating medium,) have now the unparalleled hardihood to turn round and exclaim against the impolicy and injustice of any farther tampering with the currency. They urge that the suppression of the small note circulation having been already carried into effect, it would be unwise and impolitic to disturb a regulation which has been in practical operation for about nine months, although its practical effect has been to add at least 25 per cent to the real weight of all fixed money engagements. Such an argument for maintaining our monetary system on its present footing amounts to a bold declaration, that, because for the last

nine months we have committed on all debtors an unjust act of spoliation, amounting to 25 per cent, or perhaps more, on the sum-total of the claims upon them, we must, for the sake of avoiding the imputation of vacillation and inconsistency, persevere in the wrong course on which we have entered, rather than review our measures, and retrace our steps. It is, in fact, an open avowal, that having given all creditors a legal claim to exact from their debtors an increase of at least one-fourth on the real amount of the pecuniary stipulations subsisting between them, we should turn a deaf ear to the petitions of the latter when they complain of the ruinous effects which have resulted from this change. But surely common sense and common honesty imperiously require, that if, through oversight and inadvertency, the Legislature have been led to sanction regulations by which one class of the community is enriched at the expense of another class, by that means unjustly impoverished, it should, rather than persist in their error, hasten to remedy, as far as lies in its power, the evil which it has produced. Every principle of equity and good faith requires, that if we cannot make a full compensation to the debtor for the loss which the increased value of the circulating medium has already inflicted upon him; if we cannot restore to him that of which he has been already plundered, we should at least relieve him from the longer endurance of this injustice. It appears unquestionably a most extravagant reason to allege, that because for the last nine months the agricultural classes have been forced, by an unjust alteration of our monetary system to pay the taxgatherer and money-lender 25 per cent more than they had really promised to these claimants respectively, they should, for the sake of consistency, be compelled to endure permanently this addition to all their pecuniary obligations.

We are, above all things, desirous to see the currency of this country placed permanently upon a fixed and secure basis; but for this purpose it is not necessary to prevent the circulation of pound notes issued by Banks of known solvency, and convertible into cash at the will of the hold-

er; we wish to see faith kept with creditors both public and private; to secure to them the repayment of all their claims in a circulating medium fully equivalent to that in which their capital was lent; but we must strenuously contend against the monstrous iniquity of allowing them to enforce the liquidation of their claims in a currency which an act of the Legislature has artificially raised one-fourth in real value.

Upon the whole, we do most earnestly call upon the country to unite with one voice in forcing upon the attention of Government the recon-

sideration of our monetary system; it is beyond all calculation the most important question which can engage the deliberations of the Legislature; and not a moment should be lost by those who wish to rescue the producing classes from the ruin which stares them in the face. Petitions should, without a moment's delay, be got up in every district, pressing upon the attention of Parliament the unjust and ruinous addition which the late change in the currency has made to the weight of all fixed money payments.

LAWN-SLEEVES.

"Wha siblins gang a parliamentin',
For Britain's gude their souls indentin'.
—"Haith, lad! ye little ken about it.
For Britain's gude? I greatly doubt it;
Say, rather, gaun as Premiers lead them,
And saying *aye* or *no's* they bid them."

BURNS.

No more, alas! I rhyme of fancied pains,
Hope's false delights and Love's ideal chains—
For life's cold paths I quit poetic bow'rs,
And leave to younger bards—my stock of flow'rs.
Rude times like these no mild-toned Muse require
To bend enamour'd o'er the sounding lyre,
But plain strong *Sense*, whose rough but honest part
Is not to soothe the ear, but wake the heart.
Gods! is it thus that England's Muse is fled
In voiceless grief to hide her peaceful head,
To rest with Southey in his Cumbrian glades,
Or mourn with Bowles in Bremhill's cloister'd shades?
Too true the tale;—and now a motley throng,
With flames and doctrine fill their piebald song,
Earth jars with heaven, a cherub's holiest smiles
Flaunt in the borrow'd dimples of St Giles;
Vauxhall's dread splendours gild the courts above,
And Drury's language speaks the seraph's love;
Scott, Wilson, Croly,—all we loved of yore,
Strike the proud music of their harps no more;
And Campbell's self, who once sung well, sings dumb,
Or sinks from Tom of Lincoln to Tom Thumb;
Thus, to dull ranters ample space is given,
"To play fantastic tricks before high heaven,
And make the angels weep!"

Oh, happier time,
Ere God was sounded in each schoolboy rhyme,
Ere Worship simper'd with self-pleasing air,
And bungling Metaphor broke forth in pray'ers,
Ere Hell's red fires supplanted Venus' smile,
And Calvary usurp'd the Paphian isle;
Ere for Parnassus Sinai's heights were trod,
And Jove's cast ornaments bestow'd on God!

Long, long ago, Religion, heavenly maid!
 With vestal meekness sought the silent glade;
 Serenely calm she bore each earthly care,
 While Faith, Hope, Charity, adorn'd her prayer!
 But now, where'er we turn, a nymph we see,
 In streets and markets bend the ready knee,
 With tinsel robe, half tawdry, half unclean,
 And breast fast heaving with quick sighs between;
 Anxious alike, while round her eye she rolls,
 To pick our pockets and to save our souls.
 With thundering voice she strives to heaven to raise
 Prayer without love, and dares to call it praise.
 Where is the heart? you ask. Alas! 'tis set
 Not on its God, but on an epithet.
 And see! she stops, in ecstasy sublime,
 Dumb from excess of awe, and want of rhyme!
 But who shall wonder that the infection spreads,
 And snivelling Cant uprears her thousand heads,
 Since those who *ought* to crush, embrace her knees,
 And even the Mitre owns its Pharisees?
 Hark! how with tragic pomp, and gesture proud,
 Thy prelate, ———, awes the listening crowd,
 And talks in ill-cloak'd pride's most humble tone,
 Of lights and graces to him only known,—
 How warm he prayed for heaven's directing nod;
 How at his Maker's word he left his God;
 How to a life of mean subservience just,
 The ———'s protégé betray'd his trust!

Oh! while his watering eyes are turn'd above,
 How thrills his breast with more than mortal love!
 All round the circle holy fervour goes,
 And every heart with like devotion glows;
 While literate ——— shews his dandy limb,
 And prays some other ——— may favour him.
 What! are his youth's employments cast aside,
 The crack'd guitar across his shoulder tied,
 The Spaniard's cloak, the whisker's curl of jet,
 To win the glance of each impure grisette,
 Or has he wisely hush'd his borrow'd lay,
 Left the loose ballad and begun to pray,
 Or does he merely show his Protean art,
 And for the minstrel's, fill the preacher's part,
 Actor alike in both, with equal grace
 To shew the exile's charms, the saint's grimace?

Changes more sad, our wondering eyes engage,
 And life's true scenes exceed the mimic stage.
 Nine years are past, since, gentle-voiced and meek,
 The well-bred Tutor scarcely dared to speak,
 A bland convenient priest politely blind,—
 To fleshly sins (in peer or peeress) kind,
 Quick at my lady's nod to cringe and bow,
 In heart as abject and as false as now,
 With fulsome speeches working day by day,
 As snails with slime, his still ascending way,
 Till, quite a FRIEND, he holds his head more high,
 Whines over sin with more lugubrious sigh,
 To unrepenting Magdalen pours his moan,
 More fit for Fletcher's tub than ———'s throne!

What deeds were his that call'd for such reward,
 Fit meed of learning deep and labours hard?

His learning?—let him nurse and guard it well,
 For though no Porson, he at least can spell;
 His labours?—he no doubt reclaim'd the stray,
 "Allured to brighter worlds and led the way,"
 Bade Faith and Charity around him spread,
 And led such life as sainted Heber led!
 Can troubled springs a hallow'd stream afford?
 Go ask my lady; ask her Courtier Lord—
 (Whose meek forgiveness fills us with surprise,
 While Rome's first Cato stalks before our eyes.)
 Ask if acquaintance with such scenes polite,
 Gives to the sacred lawn a purer white,
 If lengthen'd prayers can hide Apostate shame,
 Or Pride can flourish 'neath Religion's name!

Scorn'd by the good and pitied by the wise,
 He soothes his spleen with Pomp's poor vanities,
 Flies for relief to wands and gilded state,
 While on each nod a dingy rabble wait,
 An oily, lank, and methodistic train,
 As Crookshanks' self could paint or fancy feign,
 All Christian brothers, by his kindness gain'd,
 Self-righteous, self-sufficient, self-ordain'd.
 Hark! to the long-drawn hymn! The nasal drawl
 Sounds from the zealous crowd in yonder hall,
 Breathing not less of piety than gin,
 And not more wash'd from filthiness than sin.
 The enraptured prayer comes next—a long half hour
 Proves both the teacher's wind, and spirit's pow'r;
 Oh grudge him not his stamp, his sigh, his roar,
 No English Bishop heard the like before—
 The righteous Reverend friend concludes, and then,
 Their meek Right Reverend brother sighs—Amen!

The mob grows calm;—the few vile parsons there
 Gather in holy awe around his chair,
 While Independents bend their list'ning ear
 To catch those sounds to true seceders dear,
 And strut in their high calling's sacred pride,
 (Thieves, weavers, paupers, all the week beside)
 Pleas'd on that platform's elevated board
 To shew how little now they fear "My Lord."

Oh for a Mawworm's tongue and Judas' heart
 To deal full justice to his glorying part,
 To tell the force with which his Lordship prays,
 The trait'rous kiss which points where he betrays!

Deserting thus the cause he vow'd to guard,
 Admitting foes by his own oath debarr'd,
 False to his God, he joins the ranks of those
 To England's faith, to Christ's own Cross the foes,
 Yet wears the robe he desecrates,—and then,
 Gives thanks to God "he's not as other men."

Well may the Church to watch and arm begin,
 Not less 'gainst knaves without than fools within.
 When Brougham and Connel gather round her wall,
 Anxious to burn, and spoil, and plunder all,
 Their open malice from their arts defends;
 But who shall guard her from pretended friends?

Lo! at a wink from Minister or peer
Bishops themselves desert their posts in fear,
Break down her barriers to assist the foe,
And, having once disgrac'd her, overthrow.

Oh, wise and apron'd, wigg'd and sinless tribe!
Good all your aim, and heav'n your only bribe:
No hopes were yours, methinks ye all exclaim,
That change of vote might lead to change of name.
But on that instant that the Premier spoke,
Light broke on *you*, as once on Paul it broke,
Fill'd the dull soul of ——'s fatt'd calf,
And gilt the brazen forehead of ——.

Hard is the fate that girdles thousands in,
Believing God, yet fetter'd slaves to sin,
Whose clouded Faith, which nought can *quite* destroy,
Robs life of bliss, and sin of all its joy—
Whose mastering sins obscure each brighter hour,
Rob Heav'n of hope, and Faith of all her power.
But not more hard than ——'s ruthless fate,
Whose soaring pride would urge him to be great;
But (oh! Ambition, what a woful fall)
Whose empty dulness dooms him to be small!
Fit brother he for ——'s brainless Lord,
With equal honour, equal wisdom stored,
Raised by the same chaste Dame to equal height,
And all three—"darken'd through excess of light."

Woe on the logic that can teach the quill
To fence and foil with dialectic skill,
That proves a Jesuit black, then, quick as light,
Turns round again, and proves a Jesuit white;
But freed from sin like this, if sin it be,
Guiltless of logic as of wit is he,
A weak, dull man, exceeding Dogb'ery's rule,
Who shews his love and "*writes himself* a fool."

Oft 'mongst our friends, one sillier than the rest,
Whose want of sense provokes the sneering jest,
Strives from such jeers his character to save,
And just to hide the *fool* assumes the *knave*:
Oft too the practised rogue, inured to sin,
To shield his crimes affects the idiot's grin;
And though his murderous hand in blood be red,
Trusts for full safety to his fatuous head.
This latter plea might ——'s Judas plead,
Such want of brains would sanction any deed;
But pride remains, and party's abject tool
Proses, to prove himself more knave than fool.
Poised thus between, to bend to either loth,
Impartial Justice deems the Traitor both.

But let not fools alone usurp the scene;
Let ——'s Bishop yield to ——'s Dean.
For virtue loved, for vigorous mind admired,
Which solid learning graced, and genius fired,
Has —— left the cause that raised his name,
And for Court favour barter'd honest fame?
Like mean deserters, is his influence borne,
From friends who trusted once, to foes who scorn?
No powerful aids from —— may they seek,—
The act that proved him faithless, made him weak.

Unnerved to hurt or help, his alter'd state
Awakes our pity. 'Twere unkind to hate.

Thus may some chief, by bribes and promise gain'd,
Desert the friends whose power he once sustain'd,
Whose warlike stores with arms his wisdom fill'd,
Whose bold example taught those arms to wield;—
He gains the traitor's meed,—dissembled praise,—
While the curl'd lip the deep contempt betrays;
From his own stores a thousand spears are found,
Which goad his venal heart with ceaseless wound.

When paltry ——bridge racks his brain of lead,
Looks wondrous wise, and shakes his ponderous head,
Both sides disdain his twaddling speech to note,
And scorn alike the blockhead—and his vote.
Thus may the meaner of the mitred crowd,
Proclaim their folly or their guilt aloud;
The ——, or, more ignoble still,
The ——s and ——s, give what vote they will.
No shout from foes their worthless change attends,
No soft regret invades deserted friends,
One truth restrains the joy, the grief controls,—
They sold their honour, and would sell their souls.
Yet vain such bargain; it is seen too well,
Such recreant drones have scarce a soul to sell.

But high alike in talents and in place,
If learned —— shews a Janus face,—
One, fair with smiles, and one with frowning black,—
And then by faint resistance courts attack,
Such dubious conduct fails his name to save—
By some a Traitor deem'd,—by all a Slave.
Has deep research no better aim than this?
Oh blest are we,—for Ignorance is bliss.
Can learning's toils no worthier pow'r bestow,
Than after arguing Aye, to answer, No?
Does Grecian lore no higher object seek,
Than thus to teach us, what's a Rat in Greek?
O that a wish that evening could revoke
And leave that shame unknown, that speech unspoke;
When fear and duty weigh'd the opposing scale,
And conscience trembled 'twixt his God and Baal,
Till soothing both, a middle path he trod,
And gave his knee to Baal,—his tongue to God!

In good old times, when England's Church uprear'd
Her matron form, to England's heart endear'd;
When sober priests were at her altars found
In action honest, and in doctrine sound,
Whose blameless lives in one calm current ran
Of love to God, and charity to man,—
While yet the Bible was the preacher's guide,
And Faith and Works walk'd humbly side by side,
Her chasten'd worship, simple yet severe,
Awed while it sooth'd, and mingled love with fear.
No frantic crew ran slaving through the land,
Denouncing wrath with sacrilegious hand;
No self-dubb'd saints God's *mercy* dared to hide,
No tracts, the spawn of ignorance and pride,—
No deep damnation lurk'd in simple mirth,
To no "red sins" the modest dance gave birth,—
No dark and bloody deeds, no midnight crimes,
No midnight crimes, no midnight crimes,

Truth, *undefiled*, stretch'd forth the blest control,
And Hope and Gladness cheer'd the poor man's soul.

How changed that joyous scene ! The "unco good"
Preach to be wonder'd at, not understood.
On points of faith with wondrous depth they dwell,
Of which to *doubt* awakes the fires of hell,—
Which to believe eternal safety brings,
And rapes, thefts, robberies are trivial things;
Faith—*faith alone*—will bear them to the skies !
And Zeal increases while Religion dies.
Is no way left to bring those days again,
Ere heaven's pure light was hid by impious men ;
When each was pleas'd, without the zealot's aid,
To pray devoutly, as his fathers pray'd—
To worship God, and love his neighbour too,
And as he would be done by, *that to do*—
To think no ill—no untried paths to try ;
But humbly trusting in his God—to die ?

Some still remain our Church's best defence,
Blest with that truest wisdom, Common Sense ;
Howley, in virtue firm, in worth approv'd—
For sinless life admired—for meekness lov'd ;—
And learned Burgess, whose just, honest mind,
True to his God—to erring man is kind.

These are our hopes. To them and Lords like them
We look, the current of our woes to stem—
To cleanse the Church, and raise her once again
A guide to heaven, and not a curse to men—
To plant Religion in her courts once more,
And bid men's hearts not question, but adore.

Then Peace shall cheer the souls which Cant beguil'd—
God's word no more be twisted and defil'd—
Apostate Prelates be with scorn displaced,
Nor rule the Church their truckling tongues disgraced ;
Dismitted knaves to build a barn shall club,
And either ——— snuffle in a tub.

ONCE UPON A TIME.

SUNNY locks of brightest hue
Once around my temples grew,—
Laugh not, Lady ! for 'tis true ;
Laugh not, Lady ! for with thee
Time may deal despitefully ;
Time, if long he lead thee here,
May subdue that mirthful cheer ;
Round those laughing lips and eyes
Time may write sad histories ;
Deep indent that even brow,
Change those locks, so sunny now,
To as dark and dull a shade,
As on mine his touch hath laid.

Lady ! yes, these locks of mine
Cluster'd once, with golden shine,
Temples, neck, and shoulders round,
Richly gushing if unbound,
If from band and bodkin free,
Half way downward to the knee.
Some there were took fond delight,
Sporting with those tresses bright

To enring with living gold
Fingers, now beneath the mould,
(Woe is me!) grown icy cold.

One dear hand hath smooth'd them too,
Since they lost the sunny hue,
Since their bright abundance fell
Under the destroying spell.

One dear hand! the tenderest
Ever nurse-child rock'd to rest,
Ever wiped away its tears.

Even those of later years
From a cheek untimely hollow,
Bitter drops that still may follow,
Where's the hand will wipe away?

Her's I kiss'd—(Ah! dismal day,)
Pale as on the shroud it lay.

Then, methought, youth's latest gleam
Departed from me like a dream—

Still, though lost their sunny tone,
Glossy brown these tresses shone,
Here and there, in wave and ring
Golden threads still glittering;
And (from band and bodkin free)
Still they flow'd luxuriantly.

Careful days, and wakeful nights,
Early trench'd on young delights.
Then of ills, an endless train,
Wasting languor, wearying pain,
Fev'rish thought that racks the brain,
Crowding all on summer's prime,
Made me old before my time.

So a dull, unlovely hue
O'er the sunny tresses grew,
Thinn'd their rich abundance too,
Not a thread of golden light,
In the sunshine glancing bright.

Now again, a shining streak
'Gins the dusky cloud to break;—
Here and there a glittering thread
Lights the ringlets, dark and dead,—
Glittering light!—but pale and cold—
Glittering thread!—but *not* of gold.

Silent warning! silvery streak!
Not unheeded dost thou speak.
Not with feelings light and vain—
Not with fond regretful pain,
Look I on the token sent
To announce the day far spent;—
Dark and troubled hath it been—
Sore misused! and yet between
Gracious gleams of peace and grace
Shining from a better place.

Brighten—brighten, blessed light!
Fast approach the shades of night,—
When they quite enclose me round,
May my lamp be burning found!

THE FATE OF THE CALIPH MOTASSER.

ALL travellers in the Ottoman dominions, and other eastern countries, describe a race of story-tellers who go about the coffee-houses, and tell tales containing perhaps as much truth, and more entertainment, than the newspapers of Christendom. Their narratives, like those of the Arabian Nights, are chiefly distinguished for fertility of invention, and curious flights of fancy, and every new recital is expected to contain something different from the preceding.

These tales do not inculcate any moral, with particular emphasis,—the sole object of the author is to interest and amuse; and, if one may judge by the effect on the auditors, it is fully attained. The relation is given with the easy simplicity of conversation, and the language is curiously flexible, sometimes flowing with colloquial familiarity, at others swelling into dignity, and in all cases accommodating itself to the various incidents of the story, with a felicity not excelled in the literature of Europe. Except in the tales of Zadig and Vathek, they have never been imitated with success; even in the former an allegory is too obvious; it diminishes the Arabian characteristics of that beautiful extravagance.

One day, when in the town of Scio, I happened to pass a coffee-room where a story-teller was exercising his vocation for the amusement of a number of Turks, who were smoking

in the verandah. I looked on for some time merely as a spectator, for my ignorance of the language prevented me from understanding him. The appearance of the grave and portly old Turks who were smoking and listening to the recital, had something in it singularly simple and primitive—sometimes the dawn of a smile, or rather the aurora borealis of mirth, brightened the solemnity of their countenances—at others they rolled their white eyes with marvelling sagacity—anon they seemed moved with sadness, and looked as innocently pitiful as chubby children over a dead robin redbreast.

I desired my dragoman to pay attention to the story, that he might tell me to what it related. He was, however, as little of a historian as if he had been a secretary of state, and furnished as imperfect a treatise on what he had heard as any *précis* of a diplomatician. But he remembered some of the incidents and descriptions; the latter sufficiently adorned with opal and precious stones, and the former not less magical, though tinted here and there with a touch of nature at once true and pathetic.

The subject of the tale was either that of the Persian parricide Chosroes, or the still more striking fate of the Caliph Motasser. The following is an attempt to arrange into some sort of consistency the matter repeated to me, applying it to Motasser. The tale told was known among the auditors under the name of

ASTROLAB, OR THE SOOTHSAYER OF BAGDAD.

ONE evening, while Astrolab the Chaldean was sitting on the flat roof of his observatory in Bagdad, watching an occultation of Aldiboran with the moon, Gules his servant obtruded herself before him, and said that an old woman with a beautiful young maiden was eagerly desirous to speak with him. At that moment Astrolab was studiously engaged in examining the immersion of the star, but, on hearing this, he started up and ordered them to be instantly admitted

into his study below, and to tell them that as soon as the phenomenon was over he would be with them.

Gules retired, and the astrologer, without resuming his contemplation of the figure, as it appeared on the plate of quicksilver in which it was mirrored, walked hastily about, agitated with emotions greatly at variance with the solemn and contemplative mood from which the message had roused him. After remaining some time thus disturbed, he at last

composed himself, and went down to the chamber where the strangers were sitting.

On entering the room, he was surprised by the remarkable contrast in the appearance of his visitors. Humanity could not be more uncouth than the aged Barrah. She was more like an Egyptian mummy who had stepped out of a catacomb, than a breathing old woman. She had but one eye, and where the other should have been there was a blind blue blob, like a turquois. It could not be said she had any complexion, for her wrinkled skin was like shrivelled leather, and she had but two teeth in her upper gum, and they resembled splinters of yellow cane—long they were, and seemingly of little use, but her voice was soft and pleasing, and all she said was so discreet and wise, that when she began to speak, her forbidding countenance and deformities were forgotten.

Gazelle, the girl whom she had brought with her, was as beautiful as she herself was the reverse. She was not only fair and young, but adorned with an innocence of look and manner uncommon and fascinating. Astrolab was at once surprised and interested at the combined simplicity and splendour of her extraordinary charms.

After some interchange of civilities, being seated on his sofa beside the two ladies, he enquired to what circumstance he owed the felicity and honour of their visit at such a time; "for," said he, "no doubt you are aware that a great configuration is at this time going on in the heavens, and that all things done and undertaken under it have influences that reach beyond their proper sphere, and affect the destinies of others."

Barrah replied, that really they had not heard any thing of it. "We are," said she, "simple folk, and have only come into Bagdad this evening to have the fortune of Gazelle cast. She is my grand-daughter—her mother is dead, and a great man has been more than once at my house, and has offered a handsome price if I would sell her; now, as she is very beautiful, which you may well see, I would not wish to part with her until I had some assurance from your knowledge, as to what her future fortunes

will be: for her mother had a dream in the night before she was born, in which she was told by the vision of an old man with a crown of gold on his head, that the child she was to bring forth would be a dragon, and rule the fate of kings; therefore we have come to you to have her horoscope drawn, and I have brought with me five pieces of gold to pay you for the trouble."

While Barrah was thus talking, the rose faded from the complexion of the gentle Gazelle, and her face grew pale and so bright, that it almost seemed to glow with the lustre of an alabaster image in the moonshine, while her eyes became more radiant than ever. Astrolab was awed as he looked on her, thinking that a form so strangely lovely could hardly be of human parentage; and when he looked at Barrah, and observed the shocking contrast which she presented, he could not but dread that there was some undivulged mystery in their visit at such a time; and he had a fearful reminiscence concerning the good and evil genii that govern the fortunes of men. Moreover he was grievously perplexed at the value of the fee, it was so much beyond the gift he commonly received for calculating nativities.

However, notwithstanding his fears and his dread, he accepted the money, and taking his tablets, began to question the old woman respecting the astrological particulars necessary to enable him to construct the horoscope of Gazelle; and when he had noted the answers, he requested them to give him time to make his calculations, and to consult the stars and their aspects. This was readily acceded to, and the ladies departed, having agreed to revisit him at the same hour of the same day of the same moon, in the year following.

When they had left the sage, and he was on the point of remounting to his observatory, he happened to cast his eyes a little curiously on the notes on his tablets, and beheld with amazement that they did indeed indicate no ordinary destiny.

While he was thus looking at the portents, Gules again came in and said, "Hossain, whom I know by sight, an old officer of the palace, is at the door with a stripling, whom I am persuaded is no other than Mo-

tasser, the son of Mollawakkel, the Caliph."

When Astrolab heard her say so, he became as much agitated as when Barrah and Gazelle were announced; nevertheless he ordered the new visitors to be respectfully admitted, and that Gules should take care not to let them perceive that she knew who they were, or suspected their rank.

Hossain and the young Prince Mottasser having come into the chamber, the former presented the astrologer with five pieces of gold, in all respects so similar to those which he had received from the old woman, and which he had just put into his purse, that he was exceedingly surprised.

Hossain then told him that he wished the horoscope of the lad he had brought with him raised, and related the natal circumstances, while Astrolab took them down in the same manner as he had done those of the birth of Gazelle. He then asked the self-same questions, and received the self-same answers.

Concealing the astonishment which the singularity of these coincidences produced, he preserved a steady countenance, and requesting time for his arithmetic, agreed with Hossain to deliver the horoscope exactly at the same crisis of time which he had fixed with the old woman to come for that of her beautiful grand-daughter.

When Hossain and the Prince were gone away from him, he resumed the consideration of what he had inscribed on his tablets, and saw, without casting a single calculation, that the fate of Gazelle was in every planetary aspect exactly similar to that of the Prince. In musing on the singularity both of this and their visit, his astronomy was forgotten, and the remainder of the night was spent in the consultation of his science.

Early in the morning, he called up Gules, and directed her to go in quest of Barrah, and to bring her to him, as there was an important question omitted, without the answer to which he could not develop his inferences. Gules observed, that as she might be detained in the search through the bazars, it would be as well for her to bring home something for dinner, and begged him to give her some

money. This recalled the attention of Astrolab to the rich fees he had received, and putting his hand into his purse, to take out a piece of the gold, bade Gules buy the nicest fish she could find; but, instead of the ten pieces of gold, he found only five, and five worms! A transformation so hideous, revived the dread which he had felt during the visit of Barrah and Gazelle; and he was now convinced that there was something about them unearthly, and wondered if they could indeed be of the good and evil demons that sway the mutations of human fortune. Thus impressed with mystery, and convinced that some extraordinary event was to come out of the adventure, he threw the five worms from him, with an exclamation of abhorrence, and trod them to death, and five spots of blood remained on the floor: at the same time, he expressed his wonder to Gules, how the odious creatures could have found their way into his purse. From this incident, it occurred to him, that Gules was not likely to fall in with Barrah or her companion; so, instead of desiring Gules to go in quest of Barrah, he directed her to proceed to the Almanzor, or the palace of thirty thousand chambers, and enquire therefor Hossain, and deliver to him the message he had intended for the old sorceress,—for such he deemed Barrah now to be.

Gules being thus instructed, proceeded on her errand; and when she reached the great gate of the palace, she went into the interior court, and was permitted to enter at freedom into all the public halls; for it was one of the Caliph Mollawakkel's grand days, when he received on the throne of the hundred golden lions, the petitions of his subjects.

On every side, her eyes were enriched with his grandeur. She gazed with unspeakable delight on his innumerable guards, in radiant armour,—the gorgeous officers that surrounded his throne,—the thousands of slaves and eunuchs, covered with cloth of gold and purple, and studded with gems,—the living tapestry which adorned the walls,—the golden fountains, which spouted not water, but quicksilver, perfumed with the rarest odours,—and the silver floors, enamelled with flowers more precious

than gold, and which were justly esteemed scarcely splendid enough for the glory of the walls and the ceiling. Such vast magnificence seduced the innocent Gules from all remembrance of her errand, and of the nice fish she was to buy for dinner; and she roamed from hall to gallery, and tripped along the marble terraces in an ecstasy of pleasure, until the crowd and guards assembled in the courts and gardens, began to disperse. Suddenly passing into a colonnade, she beheld Barrah and Gazelle walking in a flowery parterre of the garden below, and immediately behind them, Hossain and Motasser. Thus reminded of her negligence, she ran immediately towards them, to execute her errand; but before she reached the place where she had seen them, Gazelle and Barrah were gone, and she found Hossain talking to Motasser of Gazelle's extraordinary beauty; for it was Hossain who had been bargaining with the old woman for her grand-daughter, to be the first ornament for the harem of the young Prince. Gules lost no time, for she had already lost too much, in delivering her message; on receiving which, Hossain left Motasser amidst the flowers, and went straight to the house of Astrolab.

Motasser being thus left alone, strayed along the plats and walks of the parterre, till he came to a flight of yellow marble steps, which ascended to a lofty terrace, that overlooked the crystalline current of the Tigris. The platform of this terrace was adorned with the rarest shrubs and flowers, the seeds of which were collected from all parts of the world, at a vast expense, by Almanzor, the founder of the palace and city. The terrace itself, was called the garden of the seven fountains, on account of seven prodigious basins of rock crystal, which stood in a row under a wall, from the top of which seven lions, of red Egyptian granite, discharged into the basins copious streams of limpid water, perfumed with lemons, the fragrance of which spread a delicious freshness in the air. These limpid fountains afforded a supply of sherbet, by merely dipping certain curious shells, which stood around the basins, incrustated by the skill of the adepts of the palace, with a preparation of candied

honey, pure as the sun-dried salt of the ocean, and which was every morning renewed.

Motasser beheld at the most remote fountain from the top of the stairs the light and elegant form of Gazelle, and hastened towards her. He was greatly delighted with her graceful innocence, and began in a gay and playful manner to converse with her on the beauties of the gardens, and the pleasing spirit that breathed in that calm and balmy afternoon. He was charmed with the simplicity of her answers, and led her to another terrace which communicated with the garden of the seven fountains, by a gateway of such proportions, that none ever passed through it without expressing their admiration of the skill and tastefulness of the architect. In the middle of this garden stood a platform, about the height of a table. It was fifty cubits square, and covered with one entire sheet of malachite, as perfect in the surface and as green as an emerald. On it lay a number of pearls, each larger than an orange, for the purpose of playing a game more elegant than mandeli.

Motasser invited Gazelle to play one round with him, and she lifted one of the pearls with her delicate hand, and began the amusement. Motasser presently found, that although ignorant of the rules of the game, she yet directed her pearl with more dexterity than he could; and, dissatisfied with his ill luck, he led her from the table to an alcove, where, after being seated, and conversing for some time, he requested her to tell him a story.

Gazelle was exceedingly simple in all her ideas; but she spoke with such a pretty innocence, that her conversation was more engaging to the Prince, than if it had been wittier and wiser. She told him a tale of a certain giant among the ridges of Caucasus, whose eyes were like the sun and the moon, and did not see well with one of them; and to convince Motasser of this fact, she said he was hundreds of feet high. Giants, you know, are bigger than men, otherwise they would not be giants; and then she told him another tale of a still more gigantic race, until Motasser began to yawn, and said, he would rather she told

him of something else; but she replied with a smile, that she had just one more story about a giant, a very little one, not more than fifty feet high: and Motasser listened to it, and was much pleased at the time with what she related; but afterwards when it was no longer garnished with her smiles and simplicity, he thought it a very silly tale.

While the Prince was thus drinking the sherbet of love with the incomparable maiden, the aged Barrah, by some unknown entrance, made her appearance beside them, and, without saying a word, wafted as it were away on the wind the lovely Gazelle, and left the Prince alone, surprised at their sudden vanishing.

In the meantime Hossain, as summoned by Gules, went to the house of Astrolab, who received him with an air of great solemnity. "I have," said the astrologer, "sent for you to enquire into some circumstances connected with your own history; for I find a strange influence operating in the horoscope of your young friend, and without knowing from what principle that influence descends, which in a great measure crosses the lord of the ascendant, there may be great fallacy in my calculations as to coming events." He then informed Hossain that he considered his destiny crossed the fortunes of the native, and proceeded to ask him several questions concerning adventures in the previous part of his life, all which were truly answered by Hossain, and that respectable governor of the Prince then retired.

Scarcely had he quitted the house of the astrologer when Barrah solicited admission, and was conducted by Gules into the presence of Astrolab. The sage put to her the same questions that Hossain had answered, and to his amazement, her answers were precisely in the same words; and he was a good deal surprised, on looking at Barrah, to see that she bore a very strong resemblance to Hossain, a circumstance he had not before noticed. He then dismissed her courteously, and allowing a few minutes for her to be clear of the portal, he put on his richest pelisse, and hurried to the palace, where he came up at the great gate with Hossain.

"I beseech you," said Astrolab, as he approached him, "to protect your young charge from the fascinations of a beautiful village maiden called Gazelle."

"What do you mean?" cried Hossain, startled at the intimation, not knowing that the astrologer had ever seen or heard of the mysterious beauty, for whom he himself had been so long bargaining with her grandmother.

"Because," replied Astrolab, "great things are in his destiny, and that maiden's horoscope contains so many similitudes to his, that she may become the demon of his fate, mingling his fortunes with hers."

Hossain being a faithful subject of the Caliph, and devoted to Prince Motasser, was much moved at hearing this, and instantly quitted Astrolab, and went in search of the Prince in the gardens, that he might admonish him to avoid that same Gazelle, whom so short a time before he had so earnestly recommended to his affections. Just as Barrah had withdrawn Gazelle from the side of the Prince, Hossain joined them, and after some cursory conversation, consisting more of words than of wisdom, he delivered his admonishment, to which Motasser listened with the reverence due to the counselling of an elder.

From that time the worthy Hossain endeavoured to interest the attention of Motasser in a succession of manly amusements and studies, in order to raise his mind, and to fit him for the regal trust, to which, in time, by the death of his father, he would naturally succeed. But Motasser was of a soft and sensitive character, and though he spoke not of Gazelle, yet he remembered her constantly with sentiments of the warmest tenderness; for twelve months he expressed no wish to see her, and Hossain deemed that she was forgotten.

At last the night arrived which Astrolab had appointed for the delivery of the horoscopes. Both Hossain and Motasser remembered it well; but, as neither spoke of it, they each concluded that the other had forgotten it, and severally determined to visit the astrologer alone.

Hossain went first, and on entering the house, he was directed by Gules to walk to the end of a long

passage, which she pointed out, then to open a door, and to draw aside a curtain, and he would find the astrologer waiting to receive him. He accordingly went forward as directed, opened the door, drew aside the curtain, and stepped in, but was surprised to find himself in darkness, while at the same moment he felt the floor sinking down with great rapidity; presently he found himself in a vast chamber, awfully illuminated with stars, and five stupendous figures, crowned with stars on the one side of the room, and on the other side five ghastly forms, with gory hands, and white garments stained with blood. Between them sat the astrologer on a lofty seat, and before him on a table lay the volumes and instruments of his art. But before Hossain had time to examine the awful ornaments of that solemn chamber, Motasser was admitted by the same machine in which he had been lowered down into the mysterious abyss. They looked with astonishment at each other, and almost in the same moment Gazelle and Barrah came forward as if they had been previously in the apartment concealed by the gloom.

Astrolab bent from his elevated seat, and lifting two rolls containing the horoscopes of the Prince and Gazelle, delivered them respectively into the hands of Barrah and Hossain. In the same moment the room was instantly darkened, a sound louder than thunder rolled around them,—the whole house was shaken as with an earthquake; Artrolab, in great alarm, cried aloud for lights, and Gules immediately entered with a lamp in her hand; but instead of the mystical chamber, Hossain and Motasser found themselves with Astrolab in a plain and household room, every sign and trace of the mystery having disappeared; the astrologer, however, was pale and agitated, and the sweat of terror stood in large drops on his brow.

Hossain, a wary and sagacious man, discerned that there was craft in the mystery which had been performed, and stood comparatively calm. He then began to unfold the roll of the horoscope, but the astrologer stopped him.

“Read it first alone,” said Astro-

lab, “and when you have done so, then consider if it be fit to be divulged.”

Motasser in the meanwhile was a good deal shaken, but as soon as the visionary spectacle he had witnessed was fairly gone, he thought only of the lovely Gazelle, and the ripened charms of her beauty.

Having bestowed a reward on Astrolab, Hossain and Motasser returned to the palace, where they separated, and went to their respective chambers for the night. But Hossain could not retire to his couch until he had examined the horoscope. Better it would have been for him had he never looked at it,—the occult intelligence which it revealed, made his cheek wan as ashes, and filled his mind with indescribable apprehensions.

He took the roll, and held it over the lamp until it was consumed.

Next morning, after a troubled and sleepless night, Hossain arose to walk in the gardens, in the hope that the cool morning air would refresh him. On descending into the hall which opened into the gardens and overlooked the Tigris, he was saluted by three of the Lords who constantly night and day attended in the antechamber of the Caliph, bearing the command of Mollawakkel to himself, engraved on a tablet of ivory, and sealed with the imperial signet, appointing him, as the warrant expressed, on account of his prudence, to be Governor of Bagdad, and a member of the Caliph's council of ten,—one of whom had died in the course of the preceding night, at the very crisis of the time, as Hossain afterwards ascertained, when Astrolab delivered into his hands the fatal document.

Hossain had never taken any part either with the factions of the palace, or in the measures of the government. He only knew that the Caliph was not beloved by his people, that he connived at partiality in the administration of justice, and confiscated the treasures which he permitted his magistrates and governors corruptly to exact,—punishing no misrule, but that which interfered with the scope of his own tyranny. Hossain sighed as he received the honours which he could not refuse, and retiring back to his

chamber, wept in secret, over his recollection of the dreadful omens exhibited in the horoscope of Motasser.

But no passion of the human mind is long in its paroxysms. Hossain, relieved by his tears, left his chamber again, to look after his daily business, and descended down into the Court of the Elephant, so called, from a gigantic elephant which adorned the centre. It was made of jet, and stood upon an agate pedestal more than fifty cubits high. As he was passing round the corner of the pedestal, he suddenly met Barrah, and was amazed to see great improvement in her appearance. Her two ugly teeth were gone—her mouth was become like a motherly old woman's—and the bloom of her ugliness was faded. He made her a courteous salaam as he passed, and walking along, he reflected on the intelligence of her countenance, and thought that he would like to have some conversation with her on other topics than respecting Gazelle; so he turned back and asked her, without alluding to her granddaughter, if she would take a walk with him into the gardens. To this she readily consented, and they went to the garden of the seven fountains together.

In the meantime Prince Motasser, full of his passion for the beautiful Gazelle, had sent in quest of her; for the admonishment of Hossain to renounce her, had only served to quicken his desires. But, still anxious to preserve the good opinion of Hossain, when she was found, he directed a suite of chambers in the palace to be prepared for her reception, and kept her there in secret for a long time; none but her attendants and his own, who were all faithful to their trust, knew of this arrangement.

The topics which had constituted the conversation of Hossain and Barrah were known only to themselves, but it was observed from that time, that Hossain appeared an altered man. If the countenance of Barrah was changed into comeliness, the calm and mild expression of Hossain's grew severe and somewhat morose. The people ascribed this alteration to pride and the effect of his new dignities, but some who

knew better, said that he had turned a magos, and was learning magic from the sorceress Barrah, with whom it was known he had many hidden conferences.

At last it came to pass, that one day as Hossain sat in his capacity of Governor of Bagdad, on the steps of the great mosque of Almanzor, hearing complaints and administering justice, certain strangers from different parts of the empire came to Bagdad with petitions against the extortions in the provinces,—the effect of the connivance of the Caliph Mollawakkel, at the misrule of the magistrates and governors.

On hearing this, Hossain suspended his business, and went to certain members of the council of ten, and represented to them the discontents that were fermenting throughout the empire, and said to them, that a stop must be put to the complaints of the people. He then went to Barrah, and consulted also with her respecting the same; and she told him that unless Mollawakkel were put to death, and Motasser placed upon the throne, there would be no end to the public discontent.

Now Hossain owed many obligations to the Caliph, and revered him with feelings of gratitude. He rejected at that time the advice of the demon of his fate, and returned to see what impression the news had made on those members of the council of ten with whom he had previously communicated. It happened that they were four in number, and he found them alone, in their respective houses, and, strange to say, every one was of the same opinion as Barrah; namely, that Mollawakkel should be put to death, and Motasser exalted to the throne.

From these traitors, he went to the other five of the council, told them severally the news, and asked their advice; but they were, no less than their compeers, unanimous, though of a different opinion. Hossain was, in consequence, much disturbed, and returned to explain his perplexities to the mysterious old woman. When she heard what had passed, she declared to him that the five councillors who adhered so faithfully to the Caliph, must also be put to death, and that Motasser must be made to head the conspiracy against Mollawakkel,

in order that he might not, after the deed was done, punish those whom public necessity obliged to imbrue their hands in his father's blood.

Hossain was greatly affected by this advice. His heart revolted at the idea of seducing the prince, whom he had bred up in every virtue, to commit parricide, even though he knew, that by placing him on the throne, he would himself, by the softness of Motasser's character, become in fact the sovereign. But the incitements and the reasonings of Barrah at last prevailed, and he left her with the intention of proceeding to break the business to the Prince.

As Hossain approached the Prince's chamber, he heard light talking and laughter within, and on entering, was not a little surprised at beholding Gazelle with the Prince. He had, for some time before, often wondered what had become of Gazelle, but the hand of fate was upon him, and restrained him from enquiring. Discerning, however, what was the state of matters between her and the Prince, he said nothing, but making an apology for disturbing their dalliance, returned to Barrah and told her what he had discovered; upon which the remorseless crone advised him to work through the medium of Gazelle, to bring the Prince to his purpose. With this again the mercifulness of his nature was dissatisfied: for he thought with pity of the beauty and innocence of Gazelle, and shuddered at the idea of staining such purity with guilt. Barrah, however, convinced him, that without placing Motasser on the throne, the evils which afflicted the empire could not be removed, and she undertook herself to speak with Gazelle on the subject. This lessened the horror in the mind of Hossain, and he consented at once that she should do so. Accordingly, that same night, she had a secret conversation with Gazelle, the nature of which was only known by the result, which came to pass in this manner.

When Motasser went to pass the night in the chamber of Gazelle, he found her pale and dejected, and begging to know her grief, she related to him the prevalent injustice which withered the strength of the empire. She described the miseries of the poor, and the terrors of the rich, and

represented the danger in which he himself stood, if the wrongs of the people were not redressed. This infected his mind, naturally compassionate—he deplored the suffering of the people, and, soft and apprehensive, he dreaded their exasperation insomuch that in the morning, when Hossain came to him again to speak of the dangers of the empire, he found Motasser already more than half converted to his purpose: and that same evening the four councillors, who were of Hossain's party, met Motasser and him, and it was determined that in the course of the same night Mollawakkel should be strangled. The better to complete this design it was agreed before they separated that to prevent Motasser from yielding to qualms of filial contrition, he should remain with Gazelle and Barrah, denied to all visitors, until the hour arrived that was fixed for his father's doom.

When Motasser was thus consigned to the custody of his own and Hossain's evil genius, it was arranged among themselves by the five conspirators, that they should each assassinate one of the other five who were opposed to their machinations. Accordingly, they severally sent a special messenger inviting them to come to their respective houses with all speed; and the summons being punctually obeyed, the unfortunate faithful adherents of the Caliph, were all dead before the hour of his father arrived.

At the time appointed, the conspirators assembled in the palace, and with Motasser, whom they had taken from the chamber of Gazelle, at their head, they proceeded to the hall of the guard, through which it was necessary to pass to the entrance of the chamber where Mollawakkel slept.

The guards, seeing so many of the wisest councillors with the prince, never imagined that any harm was intended to the Caliph; and thus it took place, that, upon the order of Motasser, they quietly retired from the hall, and went into the garden.

As soon as they quitted the hall, four of the councillors entered the chamber where Mollawakkel lay asleep. Hossain stayed in the hall of the guards with Motasser; and when a sound was heard of confusion in the Caliph's chamber, with

stifled shrieks and groans, Hossain threw a shawl over the head and face of Motasser, and prevented him from alarming the guards who were without; for the dreadful sounds of the tragedy which was acting at his father's couch, recalled all his natural affection, and roused him with an energy he had never displayed before. But the deed was done—the four traitors had strangled the monarch; and they now came forth, with cries of horror, that they had found him dead of a fit, and they hailed Motasser as the Caliph. The guards came rushing in, and beholding the horror of the Prince and the councillors, ascribed it to grief, so that the guilt of the parricide was not suspected.

Next morning, the ceremony of installing the young Caliph on the throne was performed, with all the customary magnificence, in the great golden hall of the palace. The nobles and great officers of state stood on the right and the left of the throne. The eunuchs, the slaves, and the guards, in gorgeous array, occupied the two sides of the hall, and a space was left, like an avenue in the middle, to admit those who had special homages to perform at the foot of the throne.

The incense of the worship, of which Motasser was the object, inflated his heart. He looked around with complacency on the splendid and reverential multitude, and the dreadful scene of the preceding night was forgotten in the pomp and pride of the moment. Hossain at this time, who had to do special reverence as the Governor of Bagdad, entered the hall. Being an old man, his steps

were infirm, and perhaps, too, he was shaken by the remembrance of what he had done, for, in ascending towards the throne, he walked tottering and slow. When he was about to kneel, Motasser happened to cast his eyes on the pictures which adorned the walls, and beheld in one of them the murder of a Persian king by one of his own sons. It was a life-like limning, and the sight of it smote the soul of Motasser with instantaneous torment. He shrieked with such horror, that Hossain fell dead at his feet, and he rushed towards the picture, confessing his crime, and acknowledging himself worthy of perdition. The astonished multitude, in the dread of some horrible tumult, fled in confusion; the hall was left to the despairing Caliph and the dead body of Hossain. Three days and three nights Motasser sat contemplating the picture, and giving vent to wild cries and the most woful lamentations. On the fourth morning he was found dead; and though search was made for Gazelle and Barrah, they were never discovered.

When Astrolab was consulted concerning them, and the prodigy which had taken place, he could only say that it had been ordained from the beginning of things, and the decree of fate, promulgating the time when it should come to pass, was inscribed with stars on the firmament.

Such is the story which is ascribed to the Camed Astrolab, the famous soothsayer of Bagdad, and which is written, in choice Arabic, in the seventh volume of the *Thousand and One Tales of Constantinople*, collected agreeably to a firman of the late Sultan Selim.

THE LADY OF PROVENCE.*

BY MRS HEMANS

Courage was cast about her like a dress
 Of solemn comeliness,
 A gather'd mind and an untroubled face
 Did give her dangers grace.

THE war-note of the Saracen
 Was on the winds of France;
 It had still'd the harp of the Troubadour,
 And the clash of the Tourney's lance.

The sounds of the sea and the sounds of the night,
 And the hollow echoes of charge and flight,
 Were around Clotilde, as she knelt to pray
 In a chapel where the mighty lay,
 On the old Provençal shore;
 Many a Chatillon beneath,
 Unstirr'd by the ringing trumpet's breath,
 His shroud of armour wore.

And the glimpses of moonlight that went and came
 Through the clouds, like bursts of a dying flame,
 Gave quivering life to the slumbers pale
 Of stern forms couch'd in their marble mail,
 At rest on the tombs of the knightly race,
 The silent throngs of that burial-place.

They were imaged there with helm and spear,
 As leaders in many a bold career,
 And haughty their stillness look'd and high,
 Like a sleep whose dreams were of victory:
 But meekly the voice of the lady rose
 Through the trophies of their proud repose.
 Meekly, yet fervently, calling down aid,
 Under their banners of battle she pray'd;
 With her pale fair brow, and her eyes of love,
 Uprais'd to the Virgin's pourtray'd above,
 And her hair flung back, till it swept the grave
 Of a Chatillon with its gleamy wave.
 And her fragile frame, at every blast
 That full of the savage war-horn pass'd,
 Trembling as trembles a bird's quick heart,
 When it vainly strives from its cage to part,—
 So knelt she in her woe:
 A weeper alone with the tearless dead—
 Oh! they reck not of tears o'er their quiet shed,
 Or the dust had stirr'd below!

Hark! a swift step! she hath caught its tone,
 Through the dash of the sea, through the wild wind's moan;—
 Is her Lord return'd with his conquering bands?
 No! a breathless vassal before her stands!
 —“Hast thou been on the field?—Art thou come from the host?”
 —“From the slaughter, Lady!—All, all is lost!”

* Founded on an incident in the early French history.

Our banners are taken, our knights laid low,
 Our spearmen chased by the Paynim foe,
 And thy Lord"—his voice took a sadder sound—
 "Thy Lord—he is not on the bloody ground!
 There are those who tell that the leader's plume
 Was seen on the flight through the gathering gloom."

—A change o'er her mien and her spirit pass'd;
 She ruled the heart which had beat so fast,
 She dash'd the tears from her kindling eye,
 With a glance as of sudden royalty;
 The proud blood sprang, in a fiery flow,
 Quick over bosom, and cheek, and brow,
 And her young voice rose, till the peasant shook
 At the thrilling tone and the falcon-look:
 —"Dost thou stand midst the tombs of the glorious dead,
 And fear not to say that their son hath fled?
 —Away! he is lying by lance and shield—
 Point me the path to his battle field!"

The shadows of the forest
 Are about the Lady now;
 She is hurrying through the midnight on,
 Beneath the dark pine-bough.

There's a murmur of omens in every leaf,
 There's a wail in the stream like the dirge of a chief;
 The branches that rock to the tempest-strife,
 Are groaning like things of troubled life;
 The wind from the battle seems rushing by
 With a funeral march through the gloomy sky;
 The pathway is rugged, and wild, and long,
 But her frame in the daring of love is strong,
 And her soul as on swelling seas upborne,
 And girded all fearful things to scorn.

And fearful things were around her spread,
 When she reach'd the field of the warrior-dead;
 There lay the noble, the valiant low—
 —Aye! but *one* word speaks of deeper woe;
 There lay the *loved*!—on each fallen head
 Mothers vain blessings and tears had shed;
 Sisters were watching, in many a home,
 For the fetter'd footstep, no more to come;
 Names in the prayers of that night were spoken
 Whose claim unto kindred prayers was broken;
 And the fire was heap'd, and the bright wine pour'd
 For those, now needing nor hearth nor board;
 Only a requiem, a shroud, a knell,
 —And oh! ye beloved of woman, farewell!

Silently, with lips compress'd,
 Pale hands clasp'd above her breast,
 Stately brow of anguish high,
 Death-like cheek, but dauntless eye;
 Silently, o'er that red plain,
 Moved the lady midst the slain.

Sometimes it seem'd as a charging cry,
 Or the ringing tramp of a steed came nigh;
 Sometimes a blast of the Paynim horn,
 Sudden and shrill, from the mountains borne;

And her maidens trembled :—but on *her* ear
 No meaning fell with those sounds of fear ;
 They had less of mastery to shake her now,
 Than the quivering, erewhile, of an aspen bough.
 She search'd into many an unclosed eye,
 That look'd without soul to the starry sky ;
 She bow'd down o'er many a shatter'd breast,
 She lifted up helmet and cloven crest—

Not there, not there he lay !
 “ Lead where the most hath been dared and done,
 Where the heart of the battle hath bled,—lead on !”
 And the vassal took the way.

He turn'd to a dark and lonely tree,
 That waved o'er a fountain red ;
 Oh ! swiftest *there* had the current free
 From noble veins been shed.

Thickest there the spear-heads gleam'd,
 And the scatter'd plumage stream'd,
 And the broken shields were toss'd,
 And the shiver'd lances cross'd,
 And the mail-clad sleepers round
 Made the harvest of that ground.

He was there ! the leader amidst his band,
 Where the faithful had made their last vain stand ;
 He was there ! but affection's glance alone,
 The darkly-changed in that hour had known ;
 With the falchion yet in his cold hand grasp'd,
 And a banner of France to his bosom clasp'd,
 And the form that of conflict bore fearful trace,
 And the face—oh ! speak not of that dead face !
 As it lay to answer love's look no more,
 Yet never so proudly loved before !

She quell'd in her soul the deep floods of woe,
 The time was not yet for their waves to flow ;
 She felt the full presence, the might of death,
 Yet there came no sob with her struggling breath,
 And a proud smile shone o'er her pale despair,
 As she turn'd to his followers—“ Your Lord is there !
 Look on him ! know him by scarf and crest !
 Bear him away with his sires to rest !”

Another day—another night—
 And the sailor on the deep
 Hears the low chant of a funeral rite
 From the lordly chapel sweep :

It comes with a broken and muffled tone,
 As if that rite were in terror done,
 Yet the song midst the seas hath a thrilling power,
 And he knows 'tis a chieftain's burial-hour.

Hurriedly, in fear and woe,
 Through the aisle the mourners go ;
 With a hush'd and stealthy tread,
 Bearing on the noble dead,
 Sheathed in armour of the field—
 Only his wan face reveal'd,

Whence the still and solemn gleam
 Doth a strange sad contrast seem
 To the anxious eyes of that pale band,
 With torches wavering in every hand,
 For they dread each moment the shout of war,
 And the burst of the Moslem scymitar.

There is no plumed head o'er the bier to bend,
 No brother of battle, no princely friend;
 No sound comes back, like the sounds of yore,
 Unto sweeping swords from the marble floor;
 By the red fountain the valiant lie,
 The flower of Provençal chivalry,
 But *one* free step and one lofty heart,
 Bear through that scene, to the last, their part.

She hath led the death-train of the brave
 To the verge of his own ancestral grave;
 She hath held o'er his spirit long rigid sway,
 But the struggling passion must now have way.
 In the cheek half seen through her mourning veil,
 By turns doth the swift blood flush and fail,
 The pride on the lip is lingering still,
 But it shakes as a flame to the blast might thrill;
 Anguish and Triumph are met at strife,
 Rending the cords of her frail young life;
 And she sinks at last on her warrior's bier,
 Lifting her voice as if death might hear.

"I have won thy fame from the breath of wrong,
 My soul hath risen for thy glory strong!
 Now call me hence by thy side to be,
 The world thou leav'st hath no place for me.
 The light goes with thee, the joy, the worth—
 Faithful and tender! Oh! call me forth!
 Give me my home on thy noble heart,
 Well have we loved, let us both depart!"

And pale on the breast of the Dead she lay,
 The living cheek to the cheek of clay;
 The *living* cheek!—Oh! it was not vain,
 That strife of the spirit to rend its chain,
 She is there at rest in her place of pride,
 In death how queen-like—a glorious bride!

Joy for the freed One!—she might not stay
 When the crown had fall'n from her life away;
 She might not linger—a weary thing,
 A dove with no home for its broken wing,
 Thrown on the harshness of alien skies,
 That know not its own land's melodies.
 From the long heart-withering early gone;
 She hath lived—she hath loved—her task is done!

THE ASSEMBLING OF PARLIAMENT.

THE opinion that empires, like men, must have their season of decline and dissolution, is not universally received. Those, however, who dissent from it, can only plead the want of analogy in nature, in opposition to historical fact; and their plea, when duly examined, exhibits far less truth than error. To the empire, as to the individual, the boon of existence is from the first deeply tainted with the causes of decay and death; these call for proper regimen and skilful remedy, even in the period of youth; and when that of maturity arrives, they continually, in spite of every obstacle, become more powerful and triumphant against the sources of health and life. The course of nature in old and populous nations nurtures poverty, suffering, evil principles, divisions, insubordination, corruption, feeble, profligate government—in a word, all the elements of ruin and destruction; and hitherto art has been utterly unable to devise any efficient remedy. Whether we look at ancient history, or modern, we find that every country, on reaching a certain age in regard to civilization, population, wealth, power, refinement, and greatness, has sunk into decrepitude, incurable malady, and finally, the tomb. It may, like the individual, have left offspring behind it to grow up in its place, but still the parent has sickened and expired.

We do not feel it necessary to offer judgment on the question. Granting that the nostrum for giving immortality to an empire may be less an impossibility than that for giving the same to man, it at any rate has not yet been discovered: the fact is perfectly undeniable, that an empire may be afflicted with terrible evils, and destroyed. This is amply sufficient for our present purpose. There are indeed wits and politicians who think nothing could be more superlatively ridiculous than the idea that the British empire can be reached by destruction; and who teach that malady and danger cannot visit the body politic, without being at once chased away by some mighty miracle of nature. It is sufficient to say in reply, that their doctrine agrees as

little with philosophy and wisdom, as with history. We notice it solely on account of its mischievous tendency; it is calculated to produce the blind confidence, passive submission, and spiritless, indolent aversion to effort, which form the sure source of national ruin. The British empire has, since its birth, had its full share of suffering and hazard; it has been bathed in blood, mutilated, and reduced to the last extremity; and it has only been enabled, under the favour of Providence, to survive all this through cautious, virtuous, wise, and heroic exertion. It enjoys no exemption from fall, beyond what was enjoyed by the great empires which once flourished, but are now no more.

The unassailable truth, that it is very possible for this empire to sink into destruction, and that by the laws of nature its existence can only be prolonged by jealous care, and the continual use of preservative and remedy, renders it the duty of every patriot to watch its condition with incessant vigilance. We are led by this to offer a brief sketch of its present state at the moment when Parliament is on the point of assembling. This body, we are well aware, will not be edified or reformed by any thing we may say, but our words may have more success with those to whom it must at no distant day render an account of its conduct.

That all the great interests of the empire, domestic and colonial, have been long, and still are, in grievous suffering, is a fact with which all who know any thing are perfectly familiar. In the last four years they have lost by the fall, in the value of property alone, many hundred millions; and profits on what they still retain have been to a very large extent annihilated. They can no longer draw an adequate return from the employment of capital, but, on the contrary, many of them can draw from it loss alone.

The pestilence which has thus swept away the property and profits of the employer, has not spared the bread and comfort of the labourer. During the period we have named, the working classes have been rapid-

ly sinking into want and misery ; and now no important calling will yield them a sufficiency of necessaries. In agriculture, manufactures, and trade, the mass of the workmen cannot, even when in full employment, earn what will supply their families with the coarsest food and raiment ; fourteen and sixteen hours of toil per day will not preserve them from practical famine. These classes are enduring the extreme of indigence and wretchedness. In proportion as they have been plunged into these, they have been stripped of the qualities and feelings which constitute individual worth, and form the basis of social weal.

The small and middling tradesmen and manufacturers have necessarily fallen with the labouring orders. [The middle classes have been smitten in even a more fatal manner than the lower ones. Five years ago, it would have been pronounced impossible for the body of the population to lose what it has since lost, and to sink into the misery it is enduring. Its losses and misery are wholly without parallel in its history.

Such is the state of things with the mass of the community, in regard to both employer and labourer. It is not enough to say that it is pregnant with mighty dangers ; it cannot continue without producing public ruin.

The British empire is in its construction and nature weak and disunited beyond example. Its parts are widely separated ; they have vast seas and great rival nations between them ; and dissimilarity of character and conflicting feelings continually operate to sever the bonds which make them a whole. Many of them are so far from being able to contribute to the common defence, that they can scarcely provide anything towards defending themselves. Even the head is prevented from acquiring natural and necessary cohesion by the ocean ; and its divisions are fiercely arrayed against each other in matters which dissipate the general strength, and involve the existence of the general union. A gigantic portion of this head is always in readiness to unfurl the banner of rebellion, and unite with foreign foes to produce common destruction. This empire, comparatively in proportion to its magnitude, can only raise the

smallest amount of military power—is the most vulnerable—requires the greatest portion of naval and military means for its defence—and can be the most easily assailed and mutilated by the least proportion of hostile forces.

Its existence confessedly centres in its maritime supremacy. Let this be lost, and the empire, must of necessity fall to pieces. Not only must the more distant parts pass at once into the possession of enemies, but that portion of it which bears the name of the United Kingdom, must be divided into two hostile nations, and even the coasts of England must be no longer secure from the invader. To a very large extent its armies can only draw power and use from the omnipotence of its fleets.

While its shipping is thus essential to its existence, it forms a gigantic source of trade and riches : from its great comparative expenditure of both capital and profits in consumption, it ranks amongst the most valuable of national interests.

It might, therefore, be imagined that the rulers of this empire would make the preservation of its maritime power their first care—that to this they would make every thing subservient—that they would strain every nerve, not only to cause British shipping to increase as rapidly as foreign, but to carry it to the highest point, without reference to that of other nations. It might be thought impossible for them to act otherwise.

Through the acts and policy of these rulers, its shipping has been for some time decreasing, and it has now less than it had fifteen years ago. The real decrease is much larger than the apparent one. The amount of idle tonnage is now far greater than it was some time since ; and there has been a great increase of river and inferior coasting craft, which is of little value in respect of naval power. The quality of its ships has sustained very serious decline. Its shipowners have lost half their property ; they can draw no profit from the remainder, and they can make no provision for replacing their vessels as the latter wear out.

Through the same acts and policy, British ships are now, to a large extent, repaired, provisioned, and sup-

plied with stores, in foreign parts. If they cannot conveniently be sent to the foreigner for the purpose, he is allowed to send them bread and other articles to this country.

In proportion as this has injured British, it has benefited foreign shipping. Foreign ships have multiplied and improved, as British ones have decreased and sunk in character. Foreign shipowners have accumulated capital, as British ones have been impoverished. With the happy ingenuity in self-robbery, which folly occasionally displays, the trade in the building and fitting of ships has been, as far as practicable, given to other nations, with the means of employing them. Foreign ones have had bestowed on them, with the increase of carrying, all the stimulants and facilities for improvement; they have received, with great advantages over their British competitors, every thing necessary for proving to the world, that they are the equals of these competitors. Who, now, shall speak of the superiority of the British vessel, when it is known, that she is composed of foreign timber, and has got her repairs, sails, rigging, and general stores, in the foreign ship-yard?

Thus the acts and policy have not only, on the one hand, reduced British shipping, and struck at its essentials, but on the other, they have fostered, improved, and multiplied that of other nations. In their effects, they have subjected British vessels to restriction and prohibition, and granted to foreign ones exclusive privileges and bounties. The natural consequences have followed. While the shipping of this empire has been sinking, that of other nations has been rapidly rising.

If Government had acted on the principle of doing every thing possible, to injure and destroy the maritime power of this empire, and increase that of foreign countries, it could not have done more than it has done. The maritime power of the empire has, from this, in late years, sustained great positive and gigantic relative decline; the causes are still in full operation; and they cannot operate much longer, without giving to other states the means of wresting from Britain the sovereignty of the ocean.

A system of policy has been adopt-

ed, touching the Colonies, which has estranged the more valuable ones from the mother country. While it has professed to grant them concessions and boons, it has showered upon them restrictions and injuries. The pretended concession to one, has been destruction of trade to another; the paltry nominal boon, has been coupled with ruinous inroads on property and rights; the fanciful, useless, abstract privilege has been given, that the real, solid, valuable possession might be taken away. Boasted of as one of conciliation, this system has filled the more important Colonies with flame and disaffection. It has made it a matter, not of feeling only, but of interest, and almost of existence with them, to wish for separation from the empire, and union with the powers from which the empire has the most to fear.

In respect of Ireland, the most efficient system possible for separating it from England, and making it an instrument for reducing the empire to ruins, has been long religiously acted on. The Protestants form the bond of union; and nothing has been left undone to destroy their power, and goad them into disaffection. To the Catholics have been surrendered, as far as practicable, the means of overthrowing the church, making the Protestants either their slaves or allies, and using their gigantic power with the greatest effect, in injuring British institutions, and dissolving the Union. The Catholic Question has been "settled," to enable them to bring forward that of Irish independence. It is rendered abundantly obvious, by the language of their leader, that the contest for the repeal of the Union, is to be, in reality, for the separation of Ireland from the empire. To give them the greatest measure of potency, such alterations have been made in the laws, as must keep the agriculture and linen trade, and in consequence, the general population of Ireland, in constant suffering. A permanency of want and barbarism, has been provided by Government, to render the rebellious revolutionary appeals of the demagogues irresistible.

Upon principle and system, the Crown and Cabinet have annihilated party for good, and rendered it omnipotent for evil. The Crown adopt-

ed the ruinous error of attempting to destroy the two great parties of the State in order to make its Ministers dependent on its will; and the issue very naturally is, it has made itself the slave of its Ministers. Its just independence under a constitution like the British one, exists in the existence and proper equipoise of parties; and of course it has fallen with the party being of Whigs and Tories. Far be it from us to insinuate that the Crown differs in principle and policy from the Cabinet, but it is evident to all, that, whatever its sentiments may be, it must be the menial of that combination of public men which it has created. Its gimcrack ministry, composed of a powerless hotchpotch of Whigs and Tories, which was to put an end to party divisions as well as to emancipate it from ministerial bondage, was necessarily soon swept away by the Whig and Tory union which it produced; and it must now render passive obedience to this union. So far as regards itself, this is not to be regretted. The Sovereign in this country cannot unite parties without combining the borough interests—without restricting himself from the exercise of his rights, rendering public liberties defenceless, placing the public weal at the mercy of faction, and suspending the operation of the constitution; therefore it is indefensible in him to attempt it.

We speak thus freely of the Crown in regard to that which is not reached by ministerial responsibility, and which is therefore fairly matter of animadversion. In addition to what we have stated, it cannot endeavour to unite parties which hold conflicting creeds, without striking at the root of fidelity, consistency, integrity, and character amidst public men. One party or the other, or both, must sacrifice these to compass the union.

The course taken by the Crown has in its operation combined both parties on the destructive side of things. In respect of principle and policy, it has put the Tories completely under the dictation of the Whigs, and enabled the latter to carry the application of their doctrines infinitely farther than they could possibly have done had they been in office. Had they been in possession

of the Cabinet, they could not have made, and they would not have attempted to make, the destructive changes which, in obedience to them, have been forced on the empire in late years.

When the Ministry fully embraced Whiggism, it divided the Tories, and thereby destroyed their party ascendancy. It took with it in its apostasy, a number of them sufficient to render those who continued faithful, powerless, but wholly insufficient for enabling it to lead amidst the Whigs. In consequence, the latter, when it stands on its own party, have a majority against it—it is compelled to be their menial—it can neither oppose them with success, nor carry any thing against them. It avowedly acts on the principle, that it ought to be their menial for the sake of official bread, and that it is its duty, when it cannot resist, to support them. They thus, in effect, dictate to the Court, the Cabinet, and nearly the whole party power of the country.

This omnipotent combination has practically destroyed the Aristocracy, save as its instruments. The latter sees its property and influence fiercely assailed by its principles, and yet it assists in their application, to its own ruin. It belongs in creed and party to those who constantly labour to deprive its property of value, and annihilate its political power; it supports them until their success is rendered a matter of public necessity; and then when it attempts to defend itself, it has all the rest of the community opposed to it. We have before us the portentous spectacle of an Aristocracy supporting measures for making ruinous inroads on the worth of all kinds of property, disabling the mass of the population for consuming the produce of land, and in consequence preventing land from yielding revenue—of an Aristocracy joining in making sweeping innovations in the constitution and laws, which destroy a large part of its power, and render the remainder defenceless—of an Aristocracy warring against the defenders of its property and influence, annihilating the only grounds on which both can be honestly defended, inciting the community by precept and example, to

combine for its ruin, and converting both itself and the Crown into the instruments of the Democracy.

Much of this is equally applicable to the Church. It has long been rapidly declining, and it is now, not only a mere sect, but politically the most feeble of all the leading sects. Saying nothing of the gigantic political power of the Catholics, the Protestant Dissenters have far more of such power than the Church of England. In the House of Commons it is impotent and defenceless; the Members stand in awe of the Catholic and Dissenter, but they disregard the Churchman. The influential part of its clergy now swells the train of that omnipotent combination, which, in its liberal principles, continually labours for its injury and downfall.

We see this part of the clergy attached to the party which comprehends the Catholics and Dissenters—supporting a system and measures which strike at the foundations of the Church—recommending submission and co-operation in attacks upon it—opposing its defenders—converting the body of the laity into its enemies—and merely attempting to protect it in matters affecting their separate interests, when the community at large cannot aid them. We see the heads of the Church, not only allied with those who seek its ruin, but opposed to the laity in political party, and displaying every kind of political conduct calculated to deprive it of its lay members.

Thus then, the Court, the Cabinet, the different parties, the Aristocracy, and the Church, now form one omnipotent party, the creed of which comprehends every thing that can scourge and ruin the empire.

In obedience to this creed, laws have been enacted for reducing general prices. Every one knows, that such a reduction of prices must be to its extent, the destruction of property and wages. By law, an incalculable mass of property and profit has been permanently annihilated, and not only the comforts but a large part of the necessities of the labouring classes, have been taken permanently away. This creed continually labours to increase such destruction of wealth and bread—to add to want and misery amidst the mass of the population—and to carry indivi-

dual and general loss and wretchedness to the highest points, on the score of national benefits.

It holds that the losses imposed on the shipping interests are highly advantageous to the empire at large; it, therefore, in effect holds, that the loss of maritime power is equally advantageous.

It insists that public good calls for the sacrifice of the interests of the Colonies, and the adoption of measures calculated to exasperate them, and make them anxious for a union with other states.

It maintains, that every thing ought to be done which can weaken the Irish Protestants as good subjects, and range them in the ranks of disaffection with the Catholics—exempt the Catholics from restraint, and make them more powerful—destroy the bonds between England and Ireland, and enable the latter to act with the greatest effect against the peace, institutions, and strength of the former.

This creed, in addition to what it has already done, contemplates the progressive diminution of the property and revenues of the Aristocracy. While it thus strikes at the great source from which the latter draws its power, it seeks to deprive it of its political possessions, and calls for its annihilation in every thing but name.

It destroys in detail the privileges and securities of the Church—strengthens to the utmost its enemies—separates its clergy from the laity—and makes both contribute to its overthrow.

While it thus pulls down the pillars of the Monarchy, the loss and misery which it creates must form a certain source of disaffection and convulsion amidst the mass of the population.

The press, from its construction, necessarily follows parties; and the combination we have mentioned has given this creed to the chief part of it. The remainder is paralyzed and gagged by government prosecutions. There can be no liberty of the press if it have no other protection than law; it must have a powerful party, both in and out of Parliament, to protect it from prosecution, or it cannot be kept in being. This combination has destroyed such liberty,

and the press is compelled to maintain its creed, or be virtually silent.

Parliament is rendered unanimous, and placed wholly above popular influence. The prevailing creed prohibits it from being moved by the feelings, petitions, and remonstrances of the country. While this is the case, it rigidly acts on the principle, that no matter what destruction of property and bread it may cause—what proofs of national misery may be laid before it—and whatever horrible losses and calamities it may plunge the empire into—its creed shall be inflexibly adhered to. The country has not the smallest influence over Parliament; its petitions have been so constantly disregarded, that it has ceased to present them. From the character which the press and House of Commons have assumed, public opinion has wholly lost its weight, and practically its existence.

While the community has thus lost all influence with both the Legislature and the Cabinet, its divisions have been taught to ruin each other in detail. The dogma has been received as scientific truth, that the plunging of one interest into insolvency and want, must of necessity benefit all the rest; and in consequence, when one is selected for sacrifice, its resistance is rendered fruitless by the union of all the others against it. The landed interest ranks in the general combination for ruining the shipping interest, the silk trade, or the West India interest; and when its turn arrives, it has to contend alone and unavailingly. The shipping interest, silk trade, or West Indian interest, in like manner, aids in crushing all but itself; and when it is selected, it is powerless against the general combination. Thus, the sacrifice of all is accomplished; and the community forms an irresistible confederacy for its own destruction.

The spirit of the country is broken. It is held to be almost a crime to oppose the measures of government. The speeches delivered at public meetings, and the petitions which are prepared, display only the submissive, contemptible, powerless sentiments of the slave. The manly, bold, and potent language of old English independence is no longer heard, either in Parliament or out of it.

In proportion as all this injures this country, it benefits foreign ones. That which rival and hostile powers could never have gained by their own efforts from Britain, she is spontaneously giving them. Do they sigh for the abolition of the monopolies she has enjoyed against them—she is abolishing them. Do they seek the destruction of the maritime ascendancy—she is destroying its foundations. Do they wish for fleets to employ against her—she is giving them such fleets. Do they wish to take from her her agriculture, manufactures and commerce—she is giving them markets, capital, bounties, and every thing they require for doing it. Are they anxious to see her divided, distracted, and powerless—she is doing every thing necessary for gratifying them. Do they desire to rob her of her foreign possessions—she is giving them all the requisite means. She is doing all this by the combined labours of her Court, Cabinet, Parties, and the community at large.

To make the case hopeless, experimental truth is despised, and doctrines are received with eagerness in proportion as their falsehood is self-evident. It is held to be above controversy, that the destruction of capital and profit must benefit those on whom it falls—that the labourer must reap vast advantage from the loss of wages and necessities—that the loss and misery of the great majority of the population must yield gigantic profit to the whole—and that the surrender of trade to other nations must increase the trade of this country. It is maintained that all the proved sources of individual and general ruin, cannot be other than sources of individual and general prosperity; and to crown the whole, it is asserted, that the infallibility of the prevailing combination and creed is unquestionable, and the fall of the empire is impossible.

What must be the end? Are the fruits of causes and the laws of nature reversed? Has some miraculous revolution changed good into evil, and evil into good? If not, we say again—what must be the end? If nations be involved in fearful calamities, there is hope so long as they adhere to established truth and

wisdom; the visitation may be to chastise and purify, or to lead to a double measure of prosperity and happiness. But where is the ground for hope when they voluntarily plunge into fearful calamities, and follow only the maxims of ruin?

The assembling of Parliament is looked forward to by the country with contemptuous indifference, or apprehension. Universal and bitter as the distress is, no petitions have been prepared; in no quarter is the hope cherished, that Parliament will enquire into the causes and apply remedies; additions to the suffering, the farther destruction of protection, new sacrifices to the Moloch of Free Trade, are alone expected. Community of feeling between the constituent and representative has ceased; the community is no longer listened to by the Legislature, and it no longer looks to the latter for any thing save disregard and injury.

The history of the Session may be easily predicted.

The Royal Speech will, of course, dilate on the vast benefits which Ireland has reaped from Catholic emancipation. Probably it will denounce the "factious" representations which have been made touching public suffering, and assert that the community is in great prosperity; if it acknowledge that a little distress may be found in particular quarters, it will maintain that it is a "passing cloud" which will immediately vanish. Then it will recommend Parliament to persevere in liberating trade from "restrictions," that is, in extending ruin and misery. If it allude to the decline of revenue, it will call it a mere temporary matter arising from any thing rather than mischievous legislation and public suffering; and it will be profuse in congratulations on the benefits which have flowed from Free Trade, and the suppression of Small Notes. Perhaps it will rejoice over the great increase of power and influence gained by Russia, and intimate that other states will live at peace with us, provided we suffer them to do what they please.

The obedient and loyal legislature will of course echo this throughout the Session. The days of divided and refractory Parliaments have passed, thanks to the system which puts an end to the race of men who deemed

the constitution deserving of defence, and the public voice worthy of being listened to!

Mr Peel may be expected to declare that all the accounts which have been published in the last six months touching disturbances in Ireland are pure fabrications; and that during this term, the sister island has been in a state of perfect tranquillity and harmony. This, from a recent speech of Mr Attorney-General, may be regarded as certain. It will be followed by asseverations from all quarters, that the Catholic Bill has extinguished party strife, united Protestant and Catholic, and satisfied every Catholic desire. It will, perhaps, be said, that although a few factious, senseless Orangemen have laboured to generate convulsion, their atrocious endeavours have been rendered abortive by the good sense, loyalty, and love of peace of the Catholics.

The Premier and his friends will naturally state the same in the Upper House.

In the midst of all this, Daniel O'Connell, Esq. the member for Clare, will move, in the first place, that the Irish Church be despoiled of the chief part of its possessions; secondly, that the franchise be restored to the forty-shilling freeholders; and thirdly, that the Union be repealed. He will make these motions on petitions from the liberal clubs, the anti-union societies, and the grand Catholic Association. We will not venture to predict that he will go beyond this in his first session.

Ministers, in reply, will naturally compliment the Catholics lavishly on their loyal and peaceable conduct, and more especially on the perfect content with which emancipation has filled them. Being careful to preserve themselves from all suspicion of prejudice and bigotry, they will only resist the motions on the ground of inexpediency. A powerful host of the Whigs and Liberals will warmly support Mr O'Connell; they will insist that he merely claims for the Catholics their "rights," and heap every opprobrious epithet on all who oppose him. The Irish members, having the fear of his Dublin parliamentary office before their eyes, will vote with him. The "Country Gentlemen," to escape the charge of being destitute of education, will profess

themselves to be greatly moved by his arguments, and he will probably be supported by a respectable portion of them. We think he will scarcely carry his motions this Session, but he cannot fail of having a potent minority.

To soften the effect of their opposition to him, Ministers will voluntarily make many minor concessions, calculated to increase the power of the Catholics. They will unite in denouncing all opposition on the part of the Protestants. Thus matters will be put into a proper train for ensuring the early success of the motions, and in the course of a year or two the carrying of the latter will be made as much a thing of Catholic right, as that of emancipation ever was. Mr O'Connell will then have a majority in the House of Commons, and the Cabinet will be divided on his questions. The law for giving independence to Ireland has, in effect, already passed; and the future conduct of both the government and legislature will be exactly calculated to carry such independence to early completion.

With regard to public suffering, Ministers will, in the first place, prove indisputably, by official documents, that there cannot possibly be any. They will shew, by interminable statements of exports, imports, and tonnage entries, that every division of the community is in the highest prosperity. By the Custom-house Returns, they will clearly establish, that there has been no distress in the Silk Trade—that Spitalfields, Macclesfield, Coventry, &c. are scenes of wealth, abundance, and happiness, in which the masters riot in high profits, and the workmen in high wages—that the shipowners enjoy an excess of trade and profits—and that riches and comfort abound in every quarter. Parliament will uproariously vouch for the truth of what they utter, and decide, that if there be no decrease in the Custom-house Returns, there cannot possibly be any in profits and wages. Physical proof will thus be utterly demolished; and loss and hunger will be conclusively proved to be gain and abundance by official “figures.”

To render the evidence still more unassailable, Ministers will declare, that, even if the Free Trade measures

have reduced profits and wages, this has largely benefited both master and workman. Parliament will proclaim the same, and decide, that, if these measures have so far reduced prices as to substitute loss for profit, and render it impossible for the workman to keep his family from starving by fourteen or sixteen hours per day of hard labour, they have thereby rendered prodigious benefit to the community at large, and especially to that part of it more immediately affected by them.

Having thus used the official documents to prove that the country is in high prosperity, Ministers will next use them to prove, that if there be any distress, it has been produced by overtrading. They will cite the “figures”—the imports and exports—in evidence of the flourishing state of trade; and then they will cite them as the cause of the distress of trade. They will, with most oracular gravity, proclaim—so much silk has been cleared, and so many tons of shipping have been entered at the custom-house, *ergo*, the silk trade and shipping interest cannot be in any other than the most prosperous condition: and then they will proclaim, with like gravity—so much silk has been cleared, and so much shipping has been entered at the custom-house, *ergo*, the silk trade and shipping interest cannot be other than distressed by such overtrading. They will thus in effect admit, that if the “figures” had been less, it would have been a proof of the badness of trade; and then they will maintain, that trade is bad because they are not less.

Parliament, of course, will repeat their words with immense solemnity. After exulting over the “figures,” as conclusive evidence that all the complaints of distress are groundless, it will decide, that when they are so great, there must, of necessity, be distress. It will proclaim, that trade is bad, because there is too much of it—that wages are inadequate, because there is too much employment—and that the labouring classes cannot procure work, because it is in excessive supply. In addition, it will probably assert that the cause of the cheapness of corn and cattle is to be found in the late bad harvest.

The intelligent and enlightened part of the Legislature will loudly

protest, that the distress is principally produced, 1. By the profitable prices obtained by the farmers for their corn and cattle; 2. By the equally profitable prices obtained by the colonies for their sugar, rum, salt fish, timber, &c.; and, 3. By the producing of linens, lead, ships, naval stores, shoes, and an infinity of other commodities at home, instead of buying them of foreign nations. It will shew, by the most unanswerable reasoning, that the plunging of Ireland, the West India Colonies, Canada, and two-thirds of the British population into utter ruin, would infallibly produce universal prosperity. We are not sure that the whole Legislature will do the same, but we think it probable.

These enlightened days are prolific of wonderful discoveries.

Ministers will triumphantly prove that it is impossible for the reduction of wages to reduce the consumption of goods amidst the labouring classes; and that a reduction in the consumption of goods cannot reduce trade and employment, or cause distress. They will shew that, if the foreign trade be preserved from diminution, the total destruction of the home and colonies trades cannot yield any injury. They will demonstrate that it is totally impossible for them to err, and for any of their measures to be other than beneficial—that vast advantages have flowed from their Free Trade innovations and suppression of Small Notes—and that, should they prohibit the consumption of British corn and cattle in favour of those of other nations, or take every man's property from him, it would be the parent of gigantic individual and general profits.

Parliament, in its loyalty and obedience, will tumultuously testify to the truth of all they utter.

Measures of relief will then be spoken of. The trifling minority, if there chance to be one, will wrangle touching causes. The Whig part of it will insist that all the evil has been produced by the change of currency; it will mercilessly vituperate this change for having raised the value of money, and, in the same breath, laud the Free Trade measures to the skies, which have had precisely the same effect. Those who compose it

will call for a rise of prices, by means of paper currency, as the only efficient remedy; and then they will sagely defend the Free Trade laws, which prohibit prices from rising, and vote for others which must, of necessity, cause a further fall in them. They will oracularly declare that, if Small Notes be again suffered to circulate, it will make no difference to prices, whether foreign corn, wool, silks, &c. &c. be prohibited, or admitted duty-free, and that nothing can materially raise or lower them, save changes of currency.

As these people will speak scientifically, they will have an easy triumph over the other part of the minority; the doctrines of the latter, that the abolition of the Navigation Laws has reduced the freights, and, of course, the value of ships—the admission of foreign silks, gloves, &c. &c. has reduced the prices of British ones—the importation of foreign corn, &c. has reduced the prices of agricultural produce and the value of land—and all this has necessarily caused a general reduction of prices, will be deemed quite ridiculous.

The minority will thus be divided against itself; and in consequence it will practically fight against its own cause with the majority.

Then a portion of the Whigs will declaim vehemently against the taxes, as the great cause of the suffering. They will maintain that the farmers, &c. would be highly prosperous if they had each to pay eight or ten pounds per annum less in taxes; and that the labourer would have no lack of employment and necessities, if his taxes were threepence or sixpence per week less than they are. They will insist that the pauper part of the community shall be swelled out by dismissed clerks, soldiers, and labourers—the empire shall be deprived of proper defence—the finances shall be thrown into derangement—and the state creditor shall be robbed, in order to save some twopence or fourpence per week to each member of the community, and thereby restore public prosperity. These sages will deal in magnificent generalities—they will pompously proclaim that a diminution of ten or twenty millions per annum could, with all imaginable ease, be made in

the public expenditure; but they will not condescend to offer proofs and details.

The war of Government against "restriction and monopoly," or, in more correct terms, profits and wages, has been, in reality, a war against the revenue. In his triumph over them, the gallant Soldier at the head of the Cabinet had subjected the revenue to mortal defeat; and all the efforts of the latter to rally and keep its ground are rendered abortive by his continued victories over the former. That those who have been the instruments of Government in taking from the community the means of paying taxes, should now embarrass it, by insisting that it shall make impossible reductions of taxation, is, so far as regards itself, a matter of rejoicing.

Ministers, in reply, will probably consent that such a reduction shall take place in the army as will remove the great impediment to Mr O'Connell's scheme of Irish independence—enable the West India Colonies to throw themselves into the paternal arms of General Jackson—give to the latter possession of the Canadas—clear away the obstacles to independence in the East Indies—and annihilate all restraint which the military power of this country may have imposed on other states.

Some years ago the leading Minister of the time, in his place in Parliament, spoke of an "adjustment" with the State creditor as a thing which might be necessary. The cry of "adjustment" is now broadly raised; and it is easy to perceive that, under this flimsy name, the barefaced robbery of the State creditor would be extremely palatable to the community at large. This creditor has no longer any security in the honesty of the nation; his right to his property is admitted to be debateable, and little more is necessary for ensuring the destruction of it. For several years it has been a regular system to sacrifice the divisions of the community in detail, by singling out one for the purpose, and then persuading all the rest that they would profit greatly from its ruin. Thus the shipowners, then the silk manufacturers, &c., and then the landowners and farmers, have been sacrificed. The community has in

this manner been taught to make confiscation and robbery matters, not merely of expediency and benefit, but of right and justice. This system of wholesale human sacrifice has almost exhausted its victims; little remains, save the fundholder; and when he has assisted to drag the rest of the population to its blood-stained altars, he must, in the struggle which awaits him, find every one against him.

The robbery of the State creditor will be loudly called for; public knavery will be extolled as a pure and prolific source of relief from taxation. If it be pleaded that, as the Government has taken away the means of paying taxes, they ought no longer to be demanded—that the fundholders, by sanctioning the taking away of these means, have forfeited their claims—and that they ought to be treated like the rest of the community, an answer will not be readily discovered. Thus one iniquity generates and sanctifies another. Ministers will make a feeble resistance, and probably the "adjustment" may be deferred until the session of next year. In the present one it will, however, we imagine, be proved to be a matter of right and justice, and remissions of taxes will be made, which will cause a falling-off in the revenue amply sufficient for making it in the next a matter of necessity. In 1831, if not sooner, the State will be solemnly declared bankrupt; and as a dividend of 10s. in the pound would be far from admitting of the repeal called for of twenty millions of taxes, we think the dividend will scarcely exceed 2s. 6d.

The abolition of the malt and beer duties will, of course, be loudly advocated. Every one knows, that the duties on malt liquor are, in proportion to those on spirits, infinitely too high, and that a reduction of them would be beneficial to the less distressed part of the country. But it must be remembered, that to the immense mass of those who are starving, malt liquor must be as much a prohibited article at three halfpence per pint, as at twopence-halfpenny. But then the landed interest will be so largely benefited—the simple landed interest! to be duped by such folly. After the harvest of 1828, a great quantity of foreign barley was

cleared for home consumption; and a great quantity has been so cleared since the last harvest. Thus in these two years, the foreigner has partly supplied the market, and, should the repeal of the duties cause an additional demand for barley, he would reap the benefit. When the farmers of this country do not now grow all the barley which is consumed, it cannot be doubted that increased consumption would be supplied by an increase of importation. They have already a market for all the barley they grow, and what they want is, a better price for it; increased consumption would not, with the present corn law, give them a better price, therefore it would yield them no benefit worthy of notice. If the duties be reduced, the advantages will be reaped, not by them, but by foreign corn growers.

The clamour for a reduction of taxes will perhaps be partially yielded to; something will be sacrificed to save the remainder. A reduction may take place sufficient to make ale and porter a farthing per pint, or sugar a halfpenny per pound, cheaper; two or three millions will thus be taken from the revenue, while the advantages to the consumer will be insignificant, and this will be dilated on as mighty relief to public suffering. If it produce a great deficiency of revenue, this will make the pretext for robbing the public creditor the more powerful.

The grand panacea of Ministers will, of course, be the extension of Free Trade. Perhaps, as huge measures of relief, the ruin of the sugar colonies will be completed by the destruction of their monopoly of the home market—the shipowners will be compelled to restore to the Americans the carrying to the West Indies—the pasture farmers will have the promised reduction of duty on foreign cheese and butter—the colliers and other coasting vessels will be suffered to import foreign sails, cordage, and provisions, free of duty—and the free export of machinery will be permitted.

Parliament will, of course, warmly sanction all such measures, and decide, that to ruin one trade for the sake of another, to take from a man his business and property, and to deepen and widen the distress, will

form the most efficient means of restoring prosperity.

Probably the Poor-Laws will be abolished to able-bodied labourers, for the especial benefit of the working classes; and the Usury Laws, for that of necessitous borrowers. Parliament will, we imagine, decide, that as the labouring orders cannot procure employment, it will yield them vast advantage to deprive them of parish relief; and as the borrowers of money are involved in loss and insolvency, they will reap mighty profits from the compulsion to pay an exorbitant rate of interest.

As to rational and effectual measures of relief, if any Member can be found hardy enough to name them, he will be at once coughed and hooted into silence. If he maintain that the means should be resorted to which heretofore never failed—that the landed interest can only be relieved by a Corn Law, which will yield prosperity prices—that the interests which have been plunged into distress by foreign competition, can only be rendered prosperous by being relieved from it—that Small Notes would be again beneficial—and that, in the nature of things, nothing can remove the distress, but measures which will give to the different interests prices sufficient to yield good profits and wages;—if he maintain this, he will be treated as a traitor or lunatic. He will be replied to with peals of laughter and shouts of execration; the epithets bigot, fool, knave, and disturber, will be by implication, if not in terms, showered upon him from all quarters. Parliament will proclaim that wilful ignorance and dishonesty alone could aver, that prices which yield loss instead of profit, and wages which will not afford necessities, can be injurious. It will decide, that a man must be prosperous if he be in business or employment, although his business be carried on at a loss, or his wages will scarcely supply him with salt and potatoes; and it will decide farther, that losing prices and famine wages form the only source of public prosperity.

With regard to foreign affairs, Ministers, we think, will laud themselves highly on account of the glorious fruits which have flowed from the battle of Navarino. They will boast

of their dexterity and wisdom in aiding and tolerating the triumphs of Russia over Turkey—endeavouring to keep Portugal in anarchy, and to embroil it in civil war—and labouring to ruin the friends and allies of this country on the one hand, and to aggrandise and strengthen its enemies on the other. Probably they will inform Parliament that they are negotiating with the United States with the view of increasing the maritime power and trade of the latter, and rendering more easy to them the acquisition of Canada and the West Indies.

Parliament will naturally sanction all this by acclamation. The Whigs, we think, will move, that an humble address be voted to the Russian Autocrat, inviting him to transfer his residence to Constantinople forthwith, and to remove, by military means, all impediments to the march of his armies to India. They will, perhaps, propose, that a treaty be entered into with France for the purpose of driving the Turks from Asia by a combination of British and French forces—that an expedition be sent to Portugal to expel the reigning monarch—and that France be solicited to form a treaty of alliance offensive and defensive with Mr O'Connell and the Irish Catholics. To amend the balance of power, they will probably advise that Turkey, Prussia, and the East Indies, be annexed to Russia; that the new Greek kingdom, Spain, Portugal, Egypt, and Ireland, be made integral parts of France, and that the West Indies and British America be given to the United States. This would produce the vast benefit among others of destroying the mischievous ascendancy of England on the ocean.

If the Whigs do not at present go quite so far, they will, at any rate, insist that Russia, France, and America shall be aided, but not opposed in their attempts at aggrandisement—that every thing possible shall be done to make Portugal and Spain implacable enemies—that British power in India shall be undermined to the farthest point—that no defensive works shall be carried on in Canada—and that it shall be made a matter of self-preservation to the West Indies to unite themselves with America.

Mr Brougham in the one House, and Lord Holland in the other, will, we conjecture, move an humble vote of thanks to his Majesty, for having, in conjunction with his allies, refused to permit the Greek “people” to have any share in the choice of their form of government and king, and for forcing upon them a foreigner for their sovereign, and also for denying to the “people” of Portugal all right of choice, in regard to their monarch and form of government.

If any member have the intrepidity to say, that the balance of power should be preserved,—the aggrandisement of rival and hostile powers should be resisted,—the natural friends and allies of this empire should be protected,—British interests should be defended and promoted,—and the Colonies should be placed in the best state of defence, and have their bonds to the mother country strengthened in every possible way,—he will be covered with derision. The Whig views will be tumultuously lauded, as the only ones capable of giving influence, power, and perpetuity to the empire.

Mr Brougham in the one House, and Lord Holland in the other, will, we suspect, move a vote of thanks to the Ministry, for its liberal and enlightened prosecutions of the Tory press. They will probably propose a law for suppressing all newspapers, magazines, and reviews, which may speak against the Ministry, so long as the latter shall be supported by the Whigs. They will prove, with much erudition and eloquence, that the press ought to be allowed to say any thing in favour of Whiggism, sedition, and blasphemy; but that it will be ruinous to the State, if it be suffered to defend the constitution and religion, comment on the profligacy of public men, oppose men in power, and, above all, controvert Whig doctrines. If such a law be proposed, it will be carried by an immense majority.

The question touching public suffering will, we think, be disposed of in the first week of the session, particularly as there will be no debate and enquiry. A considerable part of the session will then be occupied in devising measures for extending the trade and prosperity of foreign countries. All manner of regulations will

be framed for multiplying foreign shipping and colonies, enlarging foreign manufactures, and benefiting foreign agriculture: invention will be exhausted in giving bounty and monopoly, riches and abundance, to foreign shipowners, colonists, manufacturers, landowners, farmers, and labourers. Other matters will not be overlooked, and vast labour will be expended in managing the general affairs of all foreign Europe and America.

We humbly conceive that Parliament acts unwisely in sitting exclusively in this country. As it devotes so much of its attention to the interests of other states, it would profit much by making itself a travelling one, and sitting three-fourths of every session in foreign countries, taking them in rotation. It might in the next sit in France, then in America, and pass in this manner round the circle.

The usual portion of the Session will, of course, be expended in discussing matters of no moment, and broaching new abstract doctrines. There will probably be a week's debate on the question, whether Mr O'Connell cannot still by some legal quibble be excluded from the House of Commons. A fortnight's discussion will perhaps be employed in proving that no remedy can be applied to the abuses of the Court of Chancery. Interminable harangues will be made on petty innovations; committees and commissions will be formed to make useless enquiries, concoct worthless reports, and invent schemes for substituting greater evils for lesser ones, and confusion and doubt for order and certainty. Perhaps it will be eagerly promulgated, that every inhabitant of the metropolis ought to have a police officer to watch his motions—that it is highly pernicious for people to lock up their houses and shops by night—that a commission ought to be appointed to enquire how the inhabitants of the

United Kingdom severally expend their time and money—that marriage is highly injurious to society—that the laws against theft ought to be abolished—that the labouring orders ought to be prohibited from eating and wearing clothes—and that for the benefit of foreign trade, this country ought to buy all the corn, cattle, and manufactures it consumes, of foreign countries.

The Lords will act like the Commons. Some solitary individual or other amidst them, may perhaps venture to divulge that the community is in great misery; but he will do it in the most meek and courtly language; he will propose no remedies; he will separate himself from public feeling, deprecate hostility to the Ministry, profess himself its fond admirer, and protest that he reposes boundless confidence in its intentions and wisdom. It is likely that he will kneel to the Premier during the delivery of his speech. Report, indeed, says that the Duke of Richmond means to act in a manner becoming a patriot and an English Peer, but we are somewhat sceptical on the matter; we will, however, say that no other Peer is so likely to display such conduct.

And now we solemnly ask once more—what must be the end? If we put the question to the Ministry and Legislature, and offer as a reply—public ruin and revolution; it will throw them into convulsions of merriment. Turning, therefore, from them, we say to every man who reasons from causes to effects—*what must be the end?* When the day of ruin shall arrive, lamentations will be of no avail. To execrate the errors and profligacy of the theorist and innovator, the party and faction; and to weep over the delusion and madness of the country, will not then restore what has been lost, and rebuild what has been demolished: **YOU MUST NOW DO YOUR DUTY!**

MOORE'S BYRON.*

LIFE of BYRON, by MOORE, dedicated to SCOTT, is a short sentence that sounds like a trumpet! 'Tis a spirit-stirring reveillé. Seldom, if ever—not to refuse another image that instantaneously suggests itself—have we seen the Rose, the Shamrock, and the Thistle, in such beautiful—such magnificent union. Three such fixed stars—pardon us for being so poetical—are not to be seen burning together, in a small serene spot of blue of a few hundred millions of miles in circumference—every night—that is once every thousand years—in heaven. Figures of speech apart, these three Poets—alike, but oh! how different—are, as we could soon shew, by many sufficient causes, allied, in their works, to our imagination. Add Campbell, and the *Partie Quarrée* would be as harmonious as the music of the spheres. The other poetical luminaries of the age must constitute various constellations for themselves; celestial clubs of which it might be perilous to elect the presidents. That is their own look-out, not ours—so we return—not to our mutton, but our venison—not to our sheep, but our wild-deer—to Aberdeen and to Byron.

The Childe—thank Heaven—was half a Scotchman by birth—and half a Scotchman by education; and that, if we mistake not, makes up a whole Scotchman. This, on the one hand, accounts for his not having been a Cockney, but, on the other, magnifies the mystery of his acquaintance with Leigh Hunt. That small sinner and insignificant slave—a viper in a vice—dies under this noble Quarto. Mr Moore, speaking of the day on which Byron and he—under the “influence of malignant star,” dined with the calumnious convict in “*durance vile*,” and subjected themselves to the contamination of the “dropping in of some of our host’s literary acquaintance,” laments—as a man must do, who has had the misfortune of once in his life shaking hands, even by means of the finger-tips, with a Cockney—the deep degradation of that day and dinner with a jail-bird. “Among these,” (the Cockney crew) he says, “I remember was Mr John

Scott, the writer, afterwards, of some severe attacks on Lord Byron; and it is painful to think that, among the persons then assembled round the Poet, there should have been *one* so soon to step forth an assailant of his living fame, while *another*, less manful, would reserve the cool venom for his grave.” We remember—for the loathsome will not be forgotten—how, when on that fatal divorce, yet a mystery to the whole world, the soul of the poet was “wrenched with a woeful agony,” and all England, whom his glorious genius had glorified, stood scowling aloof on his desolation, how some of these wretches turned round to sting the feet from which they had been pitifully proud to lick the dust. Of all such, not one darted forth a more poisonous fang than the infatuated person who, in Mr Moore’s too mild expression, “stepped forth the assailant of his living fame.” Leigh Hunt, he says, was less manful than John Scott. That we deny. There could be nothing manly—there must have been everything most unmanly—in bitterly abusing Byron at that cruel crisis of his life. Scott did so—and forsooth as a champion of the morality—the religion of the land! He wrote of Byron as if he had been a felon—and condemned him as from the judgment-seat. Hunt would fain have defended Byron, and made a shew of such defence; but the Scotch Cockney, equally base, but bolder in his baseness, frightened him of Little Britain by threats of exposure, which, unintelligible to all others, were understood by the poor creature to whose ears they were savagely muttered—and the courage of him of the yellow breeches was overturned like a cup of saloop. Scott, years afterwards, had the effrontery to seek out Byron abroad, and was, we believe, not unkindly received by the noble being, whom he had, for the sake of lucre, hypocritically traduced—denying to him even the character of a man! In all this we can see nothing “more manful” than in Hunt’s reservation of his cool venom for Byron’s grave!

Think not that such disgusting re-

ed. The event proved as the nurse had predicted; on enquiring next morning after the child, she was told by Captain Byron that he had had quite enough of his young visitor, and she might take him home again.

"It should be observed, however, that Mrs Byron, at this period, was unable to keep more than one servant, and that, sent as the boy was, on this occasion, to encounter the trial of a visit without the accustomed superintendence of his nurse, it is not so wonderful that he should have been found, under such circumstances, rather an unmanageable guest. That, as a child, his temper was violent, or rather sullenly passionate, is certain. Even when in petticoats, he showed the same uncontrollable spirit with his nurse, which he afterwards exhibited when an author, with his critics. Being angrily reprimanded by her one day, for having soiled or torn a new frock, in which he had been just dressed, he got into one of his 'silent rages,' (as he himself described them,) seized the frock with both his hands, and rent it from top to bottom, and stood in sullen stillness, setting his censorer and her wrath at defiance.

"But, notwithstanding this, and other such unruly outbreaks, in which he was but too much encouraged by the example of his mother, who frequently, it is said, proceeded to the same extremities with her caps, gowns, &c., there was in his disposition, as appears from the concurrent testimony of nurses, tutors, and all who were employed about him, a mixture of affectionate sweetness and playfulness, by which it was impossible not to be attached; and which rendered him then, as in his riper years, easily manageable by those who loved and understood him sufficiently to be at once gentle and firm enough for the task. The female attendant of whom we have spoken, as well as her sister, May Gray, who succeeded her, gained an influence over his mind, against which he very rarely rebelled; while his mother, whose capricious excesses, both of anger and of fondness, left her little hold on either his respect or affection, was indebted solely to his sense of filial duty for any small portion of authority she was ever able to acquire over him."

Temper! knew you ever a child—a boy—or man, with a good temper? Very rarely—and if sincere, reader, whoever thou art, allow that thine own is not among the number. You may have forgotten—or may not choose to remember—but your mother and your nurse will to their dy-

ing day—the impishness of your short frocks—and of your first, second, and third pair of breeches—How you kicked, and how you squalled for no reason on earth—for surely you had not always a pain in your bowels—but merely because you were a little devil incarnate! Why so suddenly glowed with rage your unmeaning, "shining morning-face," like the north-west moon? Why flung you your pest of a body down upon the carpet, rolling in convulsions, even during a forenoon-visit of the minister coming to pray, till a double pull of the bell-rope, breaking, perhaps, in the agitated hand of maternal love and anger, brought up nurse, with a face almost as red as your own, to root you from the Kidderminster, and carry the living squall in a whirlwind, up to the sky-roof story, to the danger of the very slates? We pass over your foolish resistance when thrust into the chaise that first trundled you to school, seven miles off—your unexpected and most unwelcome return upon your distressed parents' hands, with a letter depicting you as the plague—all the "disastrous chances which your youth suffered," out of the pure spite with which you interrupted them when trotting along on their own errands, or "wakened sleeping dogs"—your expulsion from college, almost immediately subsequent to that from school—and the troubled term in which your temper gave rise to the most serious suspicions that it would be vain for you to enter upon any profession, even that of an attorney; for which your temper was too quarrelsome and litigious. We omit all allusion to those eras, and are willing to take you—as you are now—the bane of civil society, and the tyrant in your own unhappy house, over a wife afraid to lift her eyes from the ground, and children, prevented only by fear from exhibiting a ferocity equal to that of their father—And you abuse the bad temper of Byron! You, whose mother, perhaps, was a mawsey, and father a dolt!

But we may go a little higher—or at once to the highest. Let us go to the Great Living Poets. Who knows the temper of Sir Walter Scott? Probably not we, and certainly not you; but let the whole world be assured of this—that though as mild

in his usual moods as a lion—those shaggy eye-brows were not given—did not grow yonder—for nothing; and that he can roar—and often has roared, so as to shake all Ettrick, as if it had been the Lybian Forest. Wordsworth, on an Excursion, is generally as meek as becomes a lyrical ballad-monger, which he is to his eternal fame. But those still, profound eyes—with which he keeps looking for Truth in the bottom of the many silver wells among the mountains of Westmoreland—till he sees shining there the reflection of the mid-day stars—can lighten with less hallowed rays, and flash forth—sometimes most needlessly—most human—most earth-born anger, uncongenial with the poetical or philosophical “moods of his own” or any other rational man’s mind. We go no farther—and we can go no higher; but who, although he

“ Holds each strange tale devoutly true,”

the less loves, admires, and venerates those two spirits of good and great men not yet made perfect, for failings, frailties, vices, sins—call them what you will, and fear not—cling to the clay of which they are composed in common with all the rest of the children of mankind? Why then do you who make pilgrimages to Abbotsford and to Rydal-Mount—as to the shrines of Saints—shut your eyes to the bursts of their infernal and diabolical tempers—merely because they have never fallen on your own obscure and insignificant pericraniums; and yet on repairing to Newstead-Abbey, persist in moralizing over the unhappy temper and so forth of poor Byron, who, no more than they, ever injured you or yours, and whose temper, though often rolling and roaring like the Atlantic, was yet far, far oftener—and but for the blasts of heaven, would have been so almost always—like the tideless Mediterranean sea, whose shores he has, even beyond the power of ancient genius, glorified by his immortal song? Speak—or be for ever dumb.

Byron’s boyhood was on the whole beautiful. But, from the first dawn, it was beauty of a troubled kind. By an accident, which, it is said, occurred at the time of his birth, one of his feet was twisted out of its natu-

ral position; and this defect, chiefly from the contrivances employed to remedy it, was a source of much pain and inconvenience to him during his infant years. The nurse, to whom fell the task of putting on these machines, or bandages, at bed-time, would often sing him to sleep, or tell him stories or legends, in which, like most other children, he took great delight. She also taught him, while yet an infant, to repeat a great number of the Psalms; and the first and twenty-third Psalms were among the earliest that he committed to memory—as they have been to many millions of other children. Out of those lessons arose, long afterwards, the “Hebrew Melodies.” But for them, never would they have been written, though he had studied Lowth on the Sacred Poetry of the Hebrews all his life. When not quite five years old, he was sent to a day-school, (terms for reading, five shillings the quarter,) kept by a Mr Bowers, whom, Byron tells us, the boys called “*Bodsey Bowers*,” by reason of his dapper-ness.

“It was a school for both sexes. I learned little there except to repeat by rote the first lesson of monosyllables, (‘God made man—let us love him’) by hearing it often repeated, without acquiring a letter. Whenever proof was made of my progress at home, I repeated these words with the most rapid fluency; but on turning over a new leaf, I continued to repeat them, so that the narrow boundary of my first year’s accomplishments was detected, my ears boxed, (which they did not deserve, seeing it was by ear only that I had acquired my letters,) and my intellects consigned to a new preceptor. He was a very devout, clever little clergyman, named Ross, afterwards minister of one of the kirks, (*East*, I think.) Under him I made astonishing progress, and I recollect to this day his mild manners and good-natured pains-taking. The moment I could read, my grand passion was *history*, and why, I know not, but I was particularly taken with the battle near the Lake Regillas in the Roman history, put into my hands the first. Four years ago, when standing on the heights of Tusculum, and looking down upon the little round lake that was once Regillas, and which dots the immense expanse below, I remembered my young enthusiasm and my old instructor. Afterwards, I had a very serious, saturnine, but kind young man, named Paterson, for a tutor. He

was the son of my shoemaker, but a good scholar, as is common with the Scotch. He was a rigid Presbyterian also. With him I began Latin in Ruddiman's Grammar, and continued till I went to the Grammar School, (Scotice, Schule; Aberdonice, Squeel,) where I threaded all the classes to the *fourth*, when I was recalled to England, (where I had been hatched,) by the demise of my uncle. I acquired this handwriting, which I can hardly read myself, under the fair copies of Mr Duncan of the same city; I don't think he would plume himself much upon my progress. However, I wrote much better then than I have ever done since. Haste and agitation of one kind or another have quite spoilt as pretty a scrawl as ever scratched over a frank."

On examining the quarterly lists at "the Grammar School" of Aberdeen, in which the names of the boys are set down according to the station each holds in his class, it appears, that in April of the year 1794, the name of Byron, then in the second class, stands twenty-third in a list of thirty-eight boys. In the April of 1798, however, he had risen to be fifth of the fourth class, consisting of twenty-seven boys, and had got ahead of several of his contemporaries, who had previously always stood before him. But Byron, at school, had "an alacrity at sinking."

"He was, indeed, much more anxious to distinguish himself among his school-fellows by prowess in all sports and exercises, than by advancement in learning. Though quick, when he could be persuaded to attend, or had any study that pleased him, he was in general very low in the class, nor seemed ambitious of being promoted any higher. It is the custom, it seems, in this seminary, to invert, now and then, the order of the class, so as to make the highest and lowest boys change places,—with a view no doubt of piquing the ambition of both. On these occasions, and only these, Byron was sometimes at the head; and the master, to banter him, would say, 'Now, George, man, let me see how soon you'll be at the foot again.'"

But we seek more anxiously for other dispositions in the boy Byron, than those towards his books—or even his plays; though it is pleasant to be told that the old Porter at the college "minded weel" the little boy, with the red jacket and nankeen trowsers, whom he has so often turned out of the college court-yard;

that he was "a good hand at marbles, and could spin one farther than most boys; excelling also at 'Bases,'—a game which requires considerable swiftness of foot." But of his class-fellows at the Grammar School, there are many, of course, still alive, by whom he is well remembered; and the general impression that they retain of him is,—that he was a lively, warm-hearted, and spirited boy, passionate and resentful, but affectionate and companionable with his school-fellows, to a remarkable degree venturesome and fearless, and, as one of them significantly expressed it, "always more ready to give a blow than to take one."

"Among many anecdotes illustrative of this spirit, it is related that once, in returning home from school, he fell in with a boy who had on some former occasion insulted him, but had then got off unpunished; little Byron, however, at the time promising to 'pay him off' whenever they should meet again. Accordingly, on this second encounter, though there were some other boys to take his opponent's part, he succeeded in inflicting upon him a hearty beating. On his return home, breathless, the servant enquired what he had been about, and was answered by him, with a mixture of rage and humour, that he had been paying a debt by beating a boy according to promise; for that he was a Byron, and would never belie his motto—'*Trust Byron.*'"

During this period his mother and he made occasionally visits among their friends, passing some time at Peteresso, the seat of his god-father, Colonel Duff—where the child's delight with a humorous old butler, named Earnest Fidler, is still remembered. In 1799, after an attack of scarlet fever, his mother took him, for change of air, into the Highlands—to a farmhouse in the neighbourhood of Ballater, forty miles up the Dee; and there, as Mr Moore says, "the dark summit of Lochin-y-gair stood towering before the eyes of the future Bard; and the verses in which, not many years afterwards, he commemorated this sublime object, shew that, young as he was at the time, its 'frowning glories' were not unnoticed by him." Mr Moore beautifully, truly, and philosophically says,—

"To the wildness and grandeur of the scenes, among which his childhood was

passed, it is not unusual to trace the first awakening of his poetic talent. But it may be questioned whether this faculty was ever so produced. That the charm of scenery, which derives its chief power from fancy and association, should be much felt at an age when fancy is yet hardly awake, and associations but few, can with difficulty, even making every allowance for the prematurity of genius, be conceived. The light which the poet sees around the forms of nature, is not so much in the objects themselves, as in the eye that contemplates them; and Imagination must first be able to lend a glory to such scenes, before she can derive inspiration from them. As materials, indeed, for the poetic faculty, when developed, to work upon, these impressions of the new and wonderful, retained from childhood, and retained with all the vividness of recollection which belongs to genius, may form, it is true, the purest and most precious part of that alimant with which the memory of the poet feeds his imagination. But still it is the newly-awakened power within him that is the source of the charm;—it is the force of fancy alone that, acting upon his recollection, impregnates, as it were, all the past with poesy. In this respect, such impressions of natural scenery as Lord Byron received in his childhood, must be classed with the various other remembrances which that period leaves behind—of its innocence, its sports, its first hopes and affections—all of them reminiscences which the poet afterwards converts to his use, but which no more *make* the poet than—to apply an illustration of Byron's own—the honey can be said to make the bee which treasures it."

Byron himself, in a note to his poem "The Island," tells us, that from this period "I date my love of mountainous countries. I can never forget the effect, a few years afterwards in England, of the only thing I had long seen, even in miniature, of a mountain, in the Malvern Hills. After I returned to Cheltenham, I used to walk there every afternoon at sunset, with a sensation I cannot describe." Mr Moore observes, that here Byron falls into the not uncommon anachronism in the history of one's own feelings, of referring to childhood itself that love of mountain-prospects which was but the after-result of his imaginative recollections of that period. Perhaps he did; for either in contemplating a present, or meditating on an absent beautiful scene in nature, we always do, in

unconscious confusion, blend, as Wordsworth says of his own delight in the grove—in his exquisite poem "Nutting"—"our present feelings with our past"—and thus is constituted one full and entire emotion. But neither Mr Moore—poet as he is of a high, let us say of the highest order—nor any other man, can pretend either to tell or know with what feelings Lord Byron looked on Lochin-y-gair for the first time, and on the sea of mountains rolling away up from Ballater to the Linn of Dee. There must then have been awakenings—and risings—and swellings of the divine spirit within him, that owed not—could not owe—their birth to the power of association. Into his spirit, as into that of the boy (a poet too—though he died when "*nine years old*," so it used to be, and so in our mind it will always be, in spite of all new editions) whom Wordsworth describes standing on the shore of Windermere, listening to the cataracts, what mysterious influences might then have flowed! It is one thing for a boy—a mere child—and that mere child Byron—to see the sun setting—or to be told that he is setting—from the window of a house in a street in Aberdeen—and another thing to see him setting from an observatory facing the western heaven, undistinguishably composed of blended clouds and mountains, all emerald-green, and opal-red, and amethyst-purple; and one such gaze on one such glory was enough to enable and entitle him—many long years afterwards—to look from pretty Cheltenham to the majestic Malverns, with an expansion of spirit which could never have dilated his bosom, had he not luckily had a scarlet fever, and a fond mother, as fierce as any fever, to waft him away, in childhood's dewy and golden prime, to the land of lights and shadows, of gloom and glimmer, of waving water-courses from those of rivers to rills, and of such risings and settings of suns, to say nothing of all their other day-dreams, as are not to be equalled, we verily believe, in any other region of the earth, "whatever clime the sun's broad circle warms."

"His love of solitary rambles, and his taste for exploring in all directions, led him not unfrequently so far as to excite

serious apprehensions for his safety. While at Aberdeen, he used often to steal from home unperceived; sometimes he would find his way to the sea-side; and once, after a long and anxious search, they found the adventurous little rover struggling in a sort of morass or marsh, from which he was unable to extricate himself.

"In the course of one of his summer excursions up Dee-side, he had an opportunity of seeing still more of the wild beauties of the Highlands than even the neighbourhood of their residence at Ballatrech afforded; having been taken by his mother through the romantic passes that lead to Invercauld, and as far up as the small waterfall, called the Linn of Dee. Here his love of adventure had nearly cost him his life. As he was scrambling along a declivity that overhung the fall, some heather caught his lame foot and he fell. Already he was rolling downward, when the attendant luckily caught hold of him, and was but just in time to save him from being killed."

About this period too—when not yet quite eight years old—he fell in love. According to his own account, that one feeling took entire possession of his thoughts; shewing, says Mr Moore, how early, in this passion, as in most others, the sensibilities of his nature were awakened. The name of the object of his attachment was Mary Duff—who was, like himself, a mere child—and the following passage from a journal kept by him in 1813, shews how freshly, after an interval of seventeen years, all the circumstances of his early love still lived in his memory. The child who could so feel for fair female infantile flesh and blood may—might—must—have felt many mysterious emotions from the

"Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood."

"I have been thinking lately a good deal of Mary Duff. How very odd that I should have been so utterly, devotedly fond of that girl, at an age when I could neither feel passion, nor know the meaning of the word. And the effect! My mother used always to rally me about this childish amour; and at last, many years after, when I was sixteen, she told me one day, 'Oh, Byron, I have had a letter from Edinburgh, from Miss Abercromby, and your old sweetheart, Mary Duff, is married to a Mr Coe.' And what was my answer? I really cannot explain or account for my feelings at that moment; but

they nearly threw me into convulsions, and alarmed my mother so much, that, after I grew better, she generally avoided the subject—to me—and contented herself with telling it to all her acquaintance. Now, what could this be? I had never seen her since her mother's faux-pas at Aberdeen had been the cause of her removal to her grandmother at Banff; we were both the merest children. I had and have been attached fifty times since that period; yet I recollected all we said to each other, all our caresses, her features, my restlessness, sleeplessness, my tormenting my mother's maid to write for me to her, which she at last did, to quiet me. Poor Nancy thought I was wild, and, as I could not write myself, became my secretary. I remember, too, our walks, and the happiness of sitting by Mary, in the children's apartment, at their house not far from the Plainstones at Aberdeen, while her lesser sister, Helen, played with the doll, and we sate gravely making love in our way.

"How the deuce did all this occur so early? Where could it originate? I certainly had no sexual ideas for years afterwards; and yet my misery, my love for that girl was so violent, that I sometimes doubt if I have ever been really attached since. Be that as it may, hearing of her marriage several years after, was like a thunder-stroke—it nearly choked me—to the horror of my mother, and the astonishment and almost incredulity of every body. And it is a phenomenon in my existence, (for I was not eight years old,) which has puzzled and will puzzle me to the latest hour of it; and lately, I know not why, the *recollection* (not the attachment) has recurred as forcibly as ever. I wonder if she can have the least remembrance of it or me? I remember her pitying sister Helen for not having an admirer too. How very pretty is the perfect image of her in my memory—her brown, dark hair, and hazel eyes; her very dress! I should be quite grieved to see *her now*; the reality, however beautiful, would destroy, or at least confuse, the features of the lovely Peri, which then existed in her, and still lives in my imagination, at the distance of more than sixteen years. I am now twenty-five and odd months."

Thus strangely strung were all the passions of "the wild and wondrous child." Now—before—and ever after—his lame foot often troubled his spirit. What signified it? Little or nothing. 'Twas no great deformity—and if it had been, most men would have outgrown the remembrance of so small an evil. But he never did—

and he to whom God had given wings to glide and soar over all the creation of mind and matter, suffered a club-foot—yet hardly a club-foot—to embitter, to colour his whole existence! Yet was his face “most beautiful to see—a flower of glorious feature!” And his figure, too, shewed “a child of strength and state.” But that one imperfection made him often forget that he was in face, form, and spirit an Apollo. Whenever he beheld a Venus, he thought of Vulcan. Had he been ugly, his lame foot would not have distressed him; but formed in all other things “in the prodigality of Heaven,” and over women to be irresistible, *here* he was liable to the ludicrous—vulnerable not only in the heel, but in the sole, the toes, and the instep—on that one deformity the eyes of high-born beauty in her most melting mood might fall, and seem to his distempered imagination to loath as it lingered—while the vulgar prostitute, as she spied the defect, burst out—so it once happened—into fits of drunken laughter—and when raised by his pitying hand that proffered the boon of charity, from the cold stone steps where the wretch had flung herself down to houseless sleep, ran off howling her hideous scorn in a storm of curses. Mr Moore does not shrink from some affecting recitals respecting this “defect in nature.”

“The malformation of his foot was, even at this childish age, a subject on which he shewed peculiar sensitiveness. I have been told by a gentleman of Glasgow, that the person who nursed his wife, and who still lives in his family, used often to join the nurse of Byron when they were out with their respective charges, and one day said to her, as they walked together, ‘What a pretty boy Byron is—what a pity he has such a leg!’ On hearing this allusion to his infirmity, the child’s eyes flashed with anger, and striking at her with a little whip which he held in his hand, he exclaimed, impatiently, ‘Dinna speak of it!’ Sometimes, however, as in after life, he could talk indifferently, and even jestingly, of his lameness; and there being another little boy in the neighbourhood, who had a similar defect in one of his feet, Byron would say, laughingly, ‘Come and see the twa laddies with the twa club feet going up the Broad Street.’”

One of the most striking passages

in the few pages of his own Memoir which related to his early days, is when, in speaking of his own sensitiveness on the subject of his deformed foot, he described the feeling of horror and humiliation that came over him when his mother, in one of her fits of passion, (as alluded to above,) called him “a lame brat.” “As all,” says Mr Moore, “that he had felt strongly through life was, in some shape or other, reproduced in his poetry, it was not likely that an expression such as this should fail of being recorded. Accordingly, we find, in the opening of his drama, ‘The Deformed Transformed,’

‘*Bertha.* Out, Hunchback!

‘*Arnold.* I was born so, mother.’

It may be questioned, indeed, whether this whole drama was not indebted for its origin to this secret recollection.”

Farther on in the volume, we meet with another anecdote, illustrative of the mental agonies he was often doomed to suffer from the same cause. When in love with Miss Chaworth—then a mere schoolboy—if at any moment he had flattered himself with the hope of being loved by her, a circumstance mentioned in his “Memo-randa,” as one of the most painful humiliations to which the defect in his foot exposed him, must have let the truth in with desperate certainty upon his heart. He either was told of it, or heard Miss Chaworth saying to her maid, “Do you think I could care any thing for that *lame boy*?” This speech, as he himself described it, was like a shot through his heart! Though late at night when he heard it, he instantly darted out of the house, and, scarcely knowing whether he ran, never stopped till he found himself at Newstead. Years after that trial, and after he had been at Cambridge, we meet with another instance how, by that slight blemish, (as in his hours of melancholy he persuaded himself,) all the blessings that nature had showered upon him were counterbalanced. His reverend friend, Mr Becher, finding him one day unusually dejected, endeavoured to cheer and rouse him by representing, in their brightest colours, all the various advantages with which Providence had endowed him, and, among the greatest, “that of a

mind which placed him above the rest of mankind." "Ah! my dear friend," said Byron, mournfully, "if *this* (laying his hand on his forehead) places me above the rest of mankind, *that* (pointing to his foot) places me far—far below them." "Nay, sometimes," continues Mr Moore, "it seemed as if his sensitiveness on this point led him to fancy that he was the only person in the world afflicted with such an infirmity." When that accomplished scholar and traveller, Mr D. Bailey, who was at the same school with him at Aberdeen, met him afterwards at Cambridge, the young peer had then grown so fat, that, though accosted by him familiarly as his schoolfellow, it was not till he mentioned his name, that Mr Bailey could recognise him. "It is odd enough, too, that you should not know me," said Byron; "I thought Nature *had set such a mark upon me, that I could never be forgot.*" But what follows is sadder still. In Greece he spoke often of his mother to Lord Sligo, and with a feeling that seemed little short of aversion.—"Some time or other," he said, "I will tell you *why* I feel thus towards her." A few days after, when they were bathing together in the Gulf of Lepanto, he referred to this promise, and, pointing to his naked leg and foot, exclaimed, "Look there! it is to her false delicacy at my birth I owe that deformity; and yet, as long as I can remember, she has never ceased to taunt and reproach me with it. Even a few days before we parted, for the last time, on my leaving England, she, in one of her fits of passion, uttered an imprecation upon me, praying that I might prove as ill formed in mind as I am in body." "His look and manner in relating this frightful circumstance can be conceived only by those," says Mr Moore, "who have ever seen him in a similar state of excitement."

But we return to his boyhood at Aberdeen. Among many instances of his quickness and energy at the early age we have been speaking of, his nurse mentioned a little incident that one night occurred, on her taking him to the theatre to see the "Taming of the Shrew." He had attended to the performance for some time with silent interest; but, in the scene between Catherine and Petruchio,

where the following dialogue takes place,—

"Cat. I know it is the moon—

"Pet. Nay—then you lie—it is the blessed sun,"—

Little Geordie, (as they called the child,) starting from his seat, cried out boldly, "But I say it is the moon, sir."

"Though the chance of his succession to the title of his ancestors was for some time altogether uncertain,—there being, so late as 1794, a grandson of the fifth Lord still alive,—his mother had, from his very birth, cherished a strong persuasion that he was destined not only to be a Lord, but, 'a great man.' One of the circumstances on which she founded this belief, was, singularly enough, his lameness;—for what reason, it is difficult to conceive, except that, possibly, (having a mind of the most superstitious cast,) she had consulted on the subject some village fortune-teller, who, to ennoble this infirmity in her eyes, had linked the future destiny of the child with it.

"By the death of the grandson of the old Lord at Corsica, in 1794, the only claimant that had hitherto stood between little George and the immediate succession to the Peerage, was removed; and the increased importance, which this event conferred upon them, was felt, not only by Mrs Byron, but by the young future Baron of Newstead himself. In the winter of 1787, his mother having chanced one day to read part of a speech, spoken in the House of Commons, a friend who was present, said to the boy, 'We shall have the pleasure, some time or other, of reading your speeches in the House of Commons.'—'I hope not,' was his answer; 'if you read any speeches of mine, it will be in the House of Lords.'

"The title, of which he thus early anticipated the enjoyment, devolved to him but too soon. Had he been left to struggle on for ten years longer, as plain George Byron, there can be little doubt that his character would have been, in many respects, the better for it. In the following year, his grand-uncle, the fifth Lord Byron, died at Newstead Abbey, having passed the latter years of his strange life in a state of austere and almost savage seclusion. It is said, that the day after little Byron's accession to that title, he ran up to his mother, and asked her, 'whether she perceived any difference in him since he had been made a Lord, as he perceived none himself?'—a quick and natural thought; but the child little knew what a total and talismanic change had

been wrought in all his future relations with society, by the simple addition of that word before his name. That the event, as a crisis in his life, affected him, even at this time, may be collected from the agitation which he is said to have manifested on the important morning, when his name was first called out in school, with the title 'Dominus,' prefixed to it. Unable to give utterance to the usual answer, 'Adsum,' he stood silent amid the general stare of his school-fellows; and, at last, burst into tears."

On the death of his eccentric grand-uncle, "the little boy who lived at Aberdeen" had become Lord Byron—a Ward in Chancery—while Lord Carlisle, who was in some degree connected with the family, was appointed his guardian. In the autumn of 1798, Mrs Byron and her son, attended by their faithful May Gray, left Aberdeen for Newstead. Previously to their departure, the furniture of the humble lodging which they had occupied was—with the exception of the plate and linen, which Mrs Byron took with her—sold, and the whole sum that the effects of the mother of the Lord of Newstead yielded, was L.74, 17s. 1½d.

"From the early age at which Byron was taken to Scotland, as well as from the circumstance of his mother being a native of that country, he had every reason to consider himself—as indeed he boasts in *Don Juan*—'half a Scot by birth, and bred a whole one.' We have already seen how warmly he preserved through life his recollection of the mountain scenery in which he was brought up; and in the passage of *Don Juan* to which I have just referred, his allusion to the romantic bridge of Don, and to other localities of Aberdeen, shews an equal fidelity and fondness of retrospect.

'As auld langsyne brings Scotland, one and all,
Scotch plaids, Scotch snoods, the blue hills, and
clear streams,

The Dee, the Don, Balfourie's brig's black wall,
All my boy feelings, all my gentle dreams,
Of what I then dreamt, clothed in their own pall,
Like Banquo's offspring;—floating past me
seems

My childhood in this childishness of mine;—
I care not—'tis a glimpse of auld langsyne!"

"He adds, in a note, 'The brig of Don, near the "auld town" of Aberdeen, with its one arch, and its black deep salmon stream, is in my memory as yesterday. I still remember, though perhaps I may misquote the awful proverb which made me pause to cross it, and yet lean over it with childish delight, being an only son, at least by the mother's side. The

saying, as recollected by me, was this, but I have never heard or seen it since I was nine years of age:

Brig of Balfourie, black's your wa',
Wi' a wife's ae son, and a mear's ae foal,
Down ye shall fa'.

"To meet with an Aberdonian was at all times a delight to him; and when the late Mr Scott, who was a native of Aberdeen, paid him a visit at Venice, in the year 1819, in talking of the haunts of childhood, one of the places he particularly mentioned was Wallace Nook, a spot where there is a rude statue of the Scottish chief still standing. From first to last, indeed, these recollections of the country of his youth never forsook him. In his early voyage into Greece, not only the shapes of the mountains, but the kilts and hardy forms of the Albanese, all, as he says, carried him back to Morven; and in his last fatal expedition, the dress which he himself chiefly wore at Cephalonia was a tartan jacket.

"Cordial, however, and deep as were the impressions which he retained of Scotland, he would sometimes in this, as in all his other amiable feelings, endeavour perversely to belie his own better nature; and, when under the excitement of anger or ridicule, persuade not only others, but even himself, that the whole current of his feelings ran directly otherwise. The abuses with which, in his anger against the *Edinburgh Review*, he overwhelmed every thing Scotch, is an instance of this temporary triumph of wilfulness; and, at any time, the least association of ridicule with the country or its inhabitants, was sufficient, for the moment, to put all his sentiment to flight. A friend of his once described to me the half-playful rage into which she saw him thrown, one day, by a heedless girl, who remarked, that she thought 'he had a little of the Scotch accent.'—"Good God! I hope not!" exclaimed he; 'I'm sure, I haven't.' I would rather the whole d——d country were sunk in the sea. I, the Scotch accent!"

"To such sallies, however, whether in writing or conversation, but little weight is to be allowed,—particularly in comparison with those strong testimonies which he has left on record, of his fondness for his early home; and, while on his side this feeling so indelibly existed, there is, on the part of the people of Aberdeen, who consider him as almost their fellow-townsmen, a correspondent warmth of affection for his memory and name.

"The various houses where he resided in his youth, are pointed out to the traveller. To have seen him but once, is a recollection boasted of with pride; and

the Brig of Don, beautiful in itself, is invested, by his mere mention of it, with an additional charm. Two or three years since, the sum of five pounds was offered to a person in Aberdeen, for a letter which he had in his possession, written by Captain Byron, a few days before his death; and, among the memorials of the young poet, which are treasured up by individuals of that place, there is one which it would have not a little amused himself to hear of, being no less characteristic a relic, than an old China saucer, out of which he had bitten a large piece, in a fit of passion, when a child."

It was in the summer of 1798, that Lord Byron, then in his eleventh year, left Scotland with his mother and nurse, to take possession of the ancient seat of his ancestors. Never again saw he Scotland—but in his dreams. Never again saw Scotland the glorious being whom she had nursed—not in vain—throughout the *passions* of his precocious childhood—on her maternal breast. But 'tis glory and delight sufficient to her—for one age—to have had *one* great Poet—whose feet have seldom strayed, and his spirit never, from her glens and mountains.

One era of the boy Byron's Life, then, we have seen depicted from such scanty—yet speaking scraps as Mr Moore has been able to collect from authentic sources, and he has presented them in a shape, and spoken of them in a spirit, in every way worthy of a man of genius.

Byron was now placed in Nottingham under the care of a quack called Lavender, who professed to cure such cases of lameness; and his system was to rub the foot over for a considerable time with handfuls of oil, to twist the limb forcibly round, and screw it up in a wooden machine. Meanwhile, the patient took lessons in Latin from a respectable schoolmaster, Mr Rogers, with whom he read Virgil and Cicero, unmoved by torture which proved him a true Stoic. "It makes me uncomfortable," said Mr Rogers one day to him, "to see you sitting there in such pain as I know you must be suffering."—"Never mind, Mr Rogers," answered the heroic boy, "you shall see no signs of it in me."

"This gentleman, who speaks with the most affectionate remembrance of his pupil, mentions several instances of the

gaiety of spirit with which he used to take revenge on his tormentor, Lavender, by exposing and laughing at his pompous ignorance. Among other tricks, he one day scribbled down on a sheet of paper, all the letters of the alphabet, put together at random, but in the form of words and sentences, and, placing them before this all-pretending person, asked him gravely, what language it was. The quack, unwilling to own his ignorance, answered confidently, 'Italian,' to the infinite delight, as it may be supposed, of the little satirist in embryo, who burst into a loud triumphant laugh at the success of the trap which he had thus laid for imposture.

"With that mindfulness towards all who had been about him in his youth, which was so distinguishing a trait in his character, he, many years after, when in the neighbourhood of Nottingham, sent a message, full of kindness, to his old instructor, and bid the bearer of it tell him, that, beginning from a certain line in Virgil, which he mentioned, he could recite twenty verses on which he well remembered having read with this gentleman, when suffering all the time the most dreadful pains."

About this time, according to his nurse, May Gray, he exhibited symptoms of a tendency towards rhyming—thus rallying an old lady who had insulted him, and who had a certain queer creed respecting a future state. If original, the lines do him considerable credit—and are about on a par with the common run of the satirical poetry that used to be written against this Magazine.

In Nottingham county their lives at Swan Green

As curst an old lady as ever was seen;
And when she does die, which I hope
will be soon,
She firmly believes she will go to the
moon.

The summer following, (1799,) Mrs Byron removed her boy to London, where he was put under the care of Dr Bailey; and for two years he remained under the tuition of the late excellent Dr Glennie at Dulwich. There he attended well to his studies—and would have attended to them still better but for Mrs Byron, who continued to interfere with and thwart the progress of his education in every way that a fond, wrong-headed mother could devise. Alecto, as her son used afterwards occasionally to

call her, would sometimes turn Dr Glennie's house topsy-turvy, on the Doctor's refusing to grant unnecessary holidays—and the worthy man had one day the pain of overhearing a schoolfellow of his noble pupil say to him, "Byron, your mother is a fool;" to which the other answered, gloomily, "I know it." While at Dulwich, his reading in history and poetry was far beyond the usual standard of his age; and the Doctor does not doubt that he had more than once perused from beginning to end a set of our poets from Chaucer to Churchill, to which he had continual access. "He was, too," the Doctor pointedly writes, "playful, good tempered, and beloved by his companions." It was possibly during one of the vacations of this year, that the boyish love for his cousin, Miss Parker, to which he attributes the glory of having first inspired him with poetry, took possession of his fancy.

"My first dash into poetry," he says, "was as early as 1800. It was the ebullition of a passion for my first cousin, Margaret Parker, (daughter and granddaughter of the two Admirals Parker,) one of the most beautiful of evanescent beings. I have long forgotten the verses, but it would be difficult for me to forget her—her dark eyes—her long eyelashes—her completely Greek cast of face and figure! I was then about twelve—she rather older, perhaps a year. She died about a year or two afterwards, in consequence of a fall, which injured her spine, and induced consumption. Her sister Augusta (by some thought still more beautiful) died of the same malady; and it was, indeed, in attending her, that Margaret met with the accident which occasioned her own death. My sister told me, that when she went to see her, shortly before her death, upon accidentally mentioning my name, Margaret coloured through the paleness of mortality to the eyes, to the great astonishment of my sister, who (residing with her grandmother, Lady Holderness, and seeing but little of me for family reasons) knew nothing of our attachment, nor could conceive why my name should affect her at such a time. I knew nothing of her illness, being at Harrow and in the country, till she was gone. Some years after, I made an attempt at an elegy—a very dull one.

"I do not recollect scarcely any thing equal to the *transparent* beauty of my cousin, or to the sweetness of her temper,

during the short period of our intimacy. She looked as if she had been made out of a rainbow—all beauty and peace.

"My passion had its usual effects upon me—I could not sleep—I could not eat—I could not rest; and although I had reason to know that she loved me, it was the texture of my life to think of the time which must elapse before we could meet again—being usually about twelve hours of separation. But I was a fool then, and am not much wiser now!"

He had been nearly two years under the tuition of Dr Glennie, when his mother, unreasonably dissatisfied with the slowness of his progress, took him away,—and in his fourteenth year, he was consigned by Mr Manson, his solicitor, to the care of the Rev. Dr Drury, at Harrow, where he remained till, in 1805, he went to Cambridge.

Harrow, for the first year and a half, he hated; for he was of a shy disposition then as ever; but the activity and energy of his nature soon conquered that repugnance. During the other years of his stay there, from being "a most unpopular boy," he rose at length to be a leader in all the sports, schemes, and mischief of the school—at all times cricketing, *rowing*, and rebelling. The general character which he bore among the masters at Harrow, was that of an idle boy, who would never learn any thing; and, as far as regarded his tasks in school, this reputation was not ill founded.

"But notwithstanding his backwardness in the mere verbal scholarship, on which so large and precious a portion of life is wasted, in all that general and miscellaneous knowledge, which is alone useful in the world, he was making rapid and even wonderful progress. With a mind too inquisitive and excursive to be imprisoned within statutable limits, he flew to subjects that interested his already manly tastes, with a zest which it is in vain to expect that the mere pedantries of school could inspire; and the irregular, but ardent, snatches of study which he caught in this way, gave to a mind like his an impulse forwards, which left more disciplined and plodding competitors far behind. The list, indeed, which he has left on record of the works, in all departments of literature, which he thus hastily and greedily devoured before he was fifteen years of age, is such as almost to startle belief,—comprising as it does, a range and variety of study, which

might make much older 'helluones librorum' hide their heads."

"My school friendships," he himself says, "were with me passions;" and it would appear that he generally began them by *thrashing* their objects. "At Harrow, I fought my way very fairly. I think I lost but one battle out of seven; and that was to H——; and the rascal did not win it, but by the most unfair treatment in his own boarding-house, where we boxed. I had not even a second. I never forgave him, and I should be sorry to meet him now; for I am sure we should quarrel. My most memorable combats were with Morgan, Rice, Rainsford, and Lord Jocelyn; but we were always friendly afterwards." "To a youth like Byron," says Mr Moore, "abounding with the most passionate feelings, and finding sympathy with only the ruder parts of his nature at home, the little world, a school, afforded a vent for his affections, which was sure to call them forth, in their most ardent form. His friends were, Robert Peel, George Sinclair, (son of Sir John,) whom he describes in classical acquirements 'the prodigy of our school days,' Clayton, another school monster of learning, talent,—and certainly a genius; 'Poor Wingfield, (died at Coimbra, 1811,) to whom, of all human beings, I was perhaps, at one time, the most attached;' William Harness, now a clergyman of distinguished talent and erudition, whose acquaintance he first formed on seeing him bullied by a larger boy, saying, 'Harness, if any one bullies you, tell me, and I'll thrash him, if I can;' Lord Clare, whom he loved with a brother's love, till his dying day, and others, gentlemen or noblemen all, and the cracks of the school. During those years, he became an admirable swimmer; and besides school-boy fights, occasionally tackled to the 'clods,' one of whom, but for the interposition of his friend Tatersall, a lively high-spirited boy, had once, in a skirmish about a cricket ground, fractured Byron's skull with the butt-end of a musket.

"Notwithstanding these general habits of play and idleness, which might seem to indicate a certain absence of reflection and feeling, there were moments when the youthful poet would retire thought-

fully within himself, and give way to moods of musing, uncongenial with the usual cheerfulness of his age. They shew a tomb in the churchyard at Harrow, commanding a view over Windsor, which was so well known to be his favourite resting-place, that the boys called it 'Byron's tomb;' and here, they say, he used to sit for hours, wrapt up in thought—brooding lonely over the first stirrings of passion and genius in his soul, and occasionally perhaps indulging in those bright forethoughts of fame, under the influence of which, when little more than fifteen years of age, he wrote these remarkable lines:

'My epitaph shall be my name alone.
If that with honour fail to crown my clay,
Oh may no other fame my deeds repay!
'That only, that, shal' single out the spot,
By that remember'd, or with that forgot.'

During the Harrow vacation of the year 1803, Byron resided with his mother, in lodgings at Nottingham—Newstead being at that time let to Lord Grey de Ruthven. He was then in his sixteenth year—"a soul made of fire," and one of the "children of the sun." In his eighth year he had loved Mary Duff—in his fourteenth, Mary Parker—and now he delivered himself up to a passion—boyish no more—but boiling in virile blood—in his heart's life-blood, which all his life-long would rush up to his face and back again to its agitated source—at the "magic of a name"—the name of Mary Anne Chaworth.

"To the family of Miss Chaworth, who resided at Annesly, in the immediate neighbourhood of Newstead, he had been made known some time before, in London, and now renewed his acquaintance with them. The young heiress herself combined, with many worldly advantages that encircled her, much personal beauty, and a disposition the most amiable and attaching. Though already fully alive to her charms, it was at that period of which we are speaking, that the young poet, who was then in his sixteenth year, while the object of his adoration was about two years older, seems to have drunk deepest of that fascination whose effects were to be so lasting;—six short summer weeks which he now passed in her company being sufficient to lay the foundation of a feeling for all his life. He used, at first, though offered a bed at Annesly, to return every night to Newstead, to sleep; alleging as a reason, that he was afraid of the family pictures of the Chaworths,—that he fancied 'they had taken a grudge to him on account of

the duel, and would come down from their frames at night to haunt him.' At length, one evening, he said gravely to Miss Chaworth and her cousin, 'in going home last night I saw a *bogle*;' which Scotch term being wholly unintelligible to the young ladies, he explained that he had seen a ghost, and would not therefore return to Newstead that evening. From this time he always slept at Annesly during the remainder of his visit, which was interrupted only by a short excursion to Matlock and Castleton, in which he had the happiness of accompanying Miss Chaworth and her party; and of which the following interesting notice appears in one of his memorandum books: 'When I was fifteen years of age, it happened that, in a tavern in Derbyshire, I had to cross in a boat (in which two people only could lie down) a stream which flows under a rock, with the rock so close upon the water as to admit the boat only to be pushed on by a ferryman, (a sort of Charon,) who wades at the stern, stooping all the time. The companion of my transit was M. A. C., with whom I have been long in love and never told it, though *she* had discovered it without. I recollect my sensations, but cannot describe them,—and it is as well. We were a party,—a Mr W., two Miss W.'s, Mr and Mrs Cl—ke, Miss R., and *my* M. A. C. Alas! why do I say *my*? Our union would have healed feuds in which blood had been shed by our fathers, it would have joined lands broad and rich, it would have joined at least *one* heart in two persons, not ill matched in years, (*she* is two years my elder,) and—and—and—*what* has been the result?"

This passion sunk so deep into his mind as to give a colour to all his future life. That unsuccessful loves are generally the most lasting, "is a truth, however sad, which unluckily," says Mr Moore, "did not require this instance to confirm it." Neither this nor a thousand other instances—begging Mr Moore's pardon—can confirm the truth of any such senseless assertion. If unsuccessful, mean unrequited loves—which here they manifestly must do—then all observation and all experience shew that generally they are transient. It must be so. It is altogether unnatural to cling hopelessly—for ever and ever—to any passion—of love or hate. It must die. If it lived long intensely, it would kill the soul of the sufferer. If it live long languidly, then we must not call it lasting; for languor is one thing, and passion

is another—and what right to the name of passion has a vague, aimless feeling, that now and then, to the touch of some accidental association, lifts its head up from sleep, and then lays it down again on the pillow of oblivion? But suppose we are wrong in this,—and that an unsuccessful passion may be lasting,—let Mr Moore shew the principle of its life. It will puzzle him to do so—and yet if any man may, he may, for he has a feeling and a faithful heart. But suppose he were to prove that unsuccessful passions are often lasting,—he must then proceed to prove farther, that they are generally *more* lasting than successful passions; a creed which no married man, especially one who, we are happy to know, is as happy as all the friends of genius and virtue could desire, may hold, or at least promulgate, without peril; and which, rather than try to swallow, we should prefer making the same attempt first on the Thirty-nine Articles. Our creed (but we are bachelors) is just the reverse of Mr Moore's—that almost all unsuccessful passions are evanescent (Byron's was not, but *exceptio probat regulam*)—and that all successful passions are lasting, except when one or both of the parties have been, to an undue and dangerous degree, knaves or fools—or both—in which cases successful passion lasts for a month at the most—a week—a day—or an hour—and then is gone for ever, like a flash of gunpowder.—Are there no happy marriages?

Mr Moore says, that the picture which Byron has drawn of his youthful love, in one of the most interesting of his poems, "The Dream," shews how genius and feeling can elevate the realities of this life, and give to the commonest events and objects an undying lustre. The old hall at Annesly, under the name of the "antique oratory," will long call up to fancy the "maiden and the youth," who once stood in it; while the image of the "lover's steed," though suggested by the unromantic race-ground of Nottingham, will not the less conduce to the general effect of the scene, and share a portion of that light which only genius could shed over it!

That is beautifully expressed, and the sentiment is true to nature. But

we cannot think it peculiarly applicable to the "Dream." The old hall at Annesly is *not* a common object in itself, and still less so is "the antique oratory." "A maiden and a youth," are doubtless common objects—but have not such common objects many millions of times been the themes—are they not the only themes, of all most impassioned song? And why so eloquent on such an achievement as this—as if it were singular—and to be accomplished only by the muse of a Byron? Commonest events and objects indeed! Are not all human passions, and all human incidents, of this character? Is death uncommon? Must genius be eulogized, because it can shed an "undying lustre" over LOVE? As to the lover's "steed"—no more poetical animal going than a horse? Had his Lordship been about to mount a mule, or take his departure on a donkey, it might have required all his genius to throw an undying lustre over "that object" and "that event." The reader might have thought of Peter Bell. With regard to the race-ground of Nottingham,—as a portion of the earth's surface, it is not unromantic, but quite the reverse; merely as a race-ground, it will be neither the better nor the worse of Byron's "Dream." Let Mr Moore, next time he philosophizes on the power of poetical genius to shed undying lustre on "the commonest objects and events," turn from Byron in all his glory—to Wordsworth in all his—and then he will be just to nature and to her chosen Bard.

Mr Moore continues,—“He appears already, at this boyish age, to have been so far a *proficient in galantry, as to know the use that may be made of the trophies of former triumphs in achieving new ones*; for he used to boast, with much pride, to Miss Chaworth, of a locket which some *fair favourite* had given him, and which probably may have been a present from that pretty cousin, of whom he speaks with such warmth in one of the notices already quoted.”

This is indeed a sad falling off from the fine sentiment of the preceding paragraph; it is pitifully poor; like some of the worst bits of Thomas Little—and, oh! how unlike the best breathings of Thomas Moore!

In the month of October 1805, Byron, then in his eighteenth year, was removed to Trinity College, Cambridge. So much had he disliked leaving Harrow, “that I broke my very rest for the last quarter with counting the days that remained. I always hated Harrow till the last year and half, but then I liked it. Secondly, I wished to go to Oxford, and not to Cambridge. Thirdly, I was so completely alone in this new world, that it half broke my spirits. My companions were not unsocial; but the contrary—lively, hospitable, of rank and fortune, and gay, far beyond my gaiety. I mingled with them, and dined, and supped, &c. with them; but I know not how, it was one of the deadliest and heaviest feelings of my life, to feel that I was no longer a boy!” But at Cambridge, as at Harrow, he soon formed the most passionate friendships—one with a mild musical character, of the name of Eddlestone, who afterwards entered into a mercantile house, and died early of consumption—and another more equal, and therefore more natural and rational, with Edward Noel Long, (afterwards of the Guards, and in 1809 drowned, in a transport, on his passage to Lisbon with his regiment.)

“We were rival swimmers,—fond of riding, reading, and of conviviality. We had been at Harrow together; but—*there*, at least—his was a less boisterous spirit than mine. I was always cricketing, rebelling, fighting, rowing, (from row, not boat-rowing, a different practice,) and in all manner of mischiefs; while he was more sedate and polished. At Cambridge—both of Trinity—my spirit rather softened, or his roughened; for we became very great friends. The description of Sabrina's seat, reminds me of our rival feats in *diving*. Though Cam's is not a very ‘translucent wave,’ it was fourteen feet deep, where we used to dive for, and pick up—having thrown them in on purpose—plates, eggs, and even shillings. I remember, in particular, there was the stump of a tree (at least ten or twelve feet deep) in the bed of the river, in a spot where we bathed most commonly, round which I used to cling, and ‘wonder how the devil I came there.’”

For the fourth time, too, he fell luckily in love—“a violent though pure passion”—but he has not added the name of his *fair favourite* (so Mr

Moore would call her) to those of Mary Duff, Mary Parker, and Mary Chaworth. Twelve years after Long's death, an English gentleman, (Mr Walker,) who called upon Byron at one of his residences in Italy, having happened to mention, in conversation, that he had been acquainted with Long, Byron from that moment treated him with the most marked kindness, and talked with him of Long, and of his amiable qualities, till, as this gentleman says, the tears could not be concealed in his eyes!

In the summer of 1806, he, as usual, joined his mother at Southwell, (where the deuce is Southwell?) where he had formed some intimacies and friendships, the memory of which is still cherished there fondly and proudly. There, he profited by the "bland influence of female society," by seeing "what woman is in the true sphere of her virtue—home." The amiable and intelligent family of the Pigots received him within their circle,—the son, now Dr Pigot, and a distinguished man in his profession, being one of his dearest friends, and in the Rev. John Becher, (a gentleman, who has since honourably distinguished himself by his philosophic plans and suggestions for that most important object, the amelioration of the condition of the poor,) the youthful Poet found not only an acute and judicious critic, but a sincere friend. There his mother seems to have been more than usually boisterous.

"To the boisterousness of his mother, he would oppose a civil, and, no doubt, provoking silence, bowing to her but the more profoundly, the higher her voice rose in the scale. In general, however, when he perceived that a storm was at hand, in flight lay his only safe resource. To this summary expedient he was driven, at the period of which we are speaking; but not till after a scene had taken place between him and Mrs Byron, in which the violence of her temper had proceeded to lengths, that however outrageous they may be deemed, were not, it appears, unusual with her. The poet Young, in describing a temper of this sort, says,—

'The cups and saucers in a whirlwind sent,
Just intimate the lady's discontent.'

But poker and tongs were, it seems, the missiles which Mrs Byron preferred, and which she, more than once, sent resounding after her fugitive son. In the present

instance, he was but just in time to avoid a blow aimed at him with the former of these weapons, and to make a hasty escape to the house of a friend in the neighbourhood, where, concerting the best means of baffling pursuit, he decided upon an instant flight to London."

Safe in No. 16, Piccadilly, Byron ventured to write to young Pigot about Alecto.

"MY DEAR PIGOT,

"Many thanks for your amusing narrative of the last proceedings of my *amiable Alecto*, who now begins to feel the effects of her folly. I have just received a penitential epistle, to which, apprehensive of pursuit, I have dispatched a moderate answer, with a *kind* of promise to return in a fortnight; this, however, (*entre nous*,) I never mean to fulfil. Her *soft warblings* must have delighted her auditors; her *higher* notes being particularly *musical*, and in a calm moonlight evening would be heard to great advantage. Had I been present as a spectator, nothing would have pleased me more; but to have come forward as one of the '*dramatis personæ*'—St Dominic defend me from such a scene! Seriously, your mother has laid me under great obligations; and you, with the rest of the family, merit my warmest thanks for your kind connivance at my escape from Mrs Byron's *furiosa*.

"Oh for the pen of Ariosto to rehearse, in *epic*, the *scolding* of that *momentous eve*,—or rather, let me invoke the shade of Dante to inspire me, for none but the author of the '*Inferno*' could properly preside over such an attempt. But, perhaps, where the pen might fail, the pencil would succeed. What a group! Mrs B. the principal figure; you, cramming your ears with *cotton*, as the only antidote to total deafness; Mrs — in vain endeavouring to mitigate the wrath of the *lioness* robbed of her whelp; and last, though not least, Elizabeth and Wousky, —*wonderful to relate*!—both deprived of their parts of speech, and bringing up the rear in *mute* astonishment."

This letter was written the 9th of August, on the 10th he thus writes to Miss Pigot:—

"MY DEAR BRIDGET,

"As I have already troubled your brother with more than he will find pleasure in deciphering, you are the next to whom I shall assign the difficult employment of perusing this second epistle. You will perceive from my first, that no idea of Mrs B.'s arrival had disturbed me at the

time it was written; *not* so the present, since the appearance of a note from the *illustrious cause* of my sudden decampment has driven the natural ruby from my cheeks, and completely blanched my woebegone countenance. This gunpowder intimation of her arrival (confound her activity!) breathes less of terror and dismay than you will probably imagine, from the *volcanic* temperament of her *ladyship*, and concludes with the comfortable assurance of all *present motion* being prevented by the fatigue of her journey, for which my *blessings* are due to the rough roads and restive quadrupeds of his Majesty's highways. As I have not the smallest inclination to be chased round the country, I shall e'en make a merit of necessity, and since, like Macbeth, 'They've tied me to the stake, I cannot fly,' I shall imitate that valorous tyrant, and 'bear-like fight the course,' all escape being precluded."

And on the 16th, he again writes to Mr Pigot, junior, on the same subject.

"I cannot exactly say with Cæsar, 'Veni, vidi, vici'; however, the most important part of his laconic account of his success applies to my present situation; for, though Mrs Byron took the *trouble* of 'coming' and 'seeing,' yet your humble servant proved the *victor*. After an obstinate engagement of some hours, in which we suffered considerable damage from the quickness of the enemy's fire, they at length retired in confusion, leaving behind the artillery, field equipage, and some prisoners; their defeat is decisive of the present campaign. To speak more intelligibly, Mrs B. returns immediately, but I proceed, with all my laurels, to Worthing on the Sussex coast; to which you will address (to be left at the post-office) your next epistle."

Mrs Byron returned to Southwell; and in a letter of Byron's to young Pigot, dated the 18th, he says, alluding to the non-appearance of "that idle scoundrel, Charles, with my horses, that on no pretence is he to postpone his march one day longer, and if, in obedience to the *caprices* of Mrs B., (who I perceive is again spreading desolation through her little monarchy,) he thinks proper to disregard my positive orders, I shall not in future consider him as my servant." He had indeed for a mother the devil's dam. What must a young man—who had been four times in love—had licked half Harrow, and was then a nobleman at Trinity College, Cam-

bridge, as poker and tongs came whizzing past his ear, discharged from his mother's fist as from a ballista or catapulta, have thought of—things in general?

Byron at this time was engaged in preparing a collection of his Poems for the press. It does not appear from Mr Moore's narrative when they were written; but the idea of printing them first occurred to him in the parlour of the Pigots' Cottage, which had become his adopted home. Miss Pigot, who was not aware of his turn for versifying, had been reading aloud the poems of Burns, when Byron exclaimed that he too sometimes was a poet, and repeated, "When in the hall my father's voice!" so remarkable for the anticipations of his future fame that glimmer through them. From this moment, the desire of appearing in print took entire possession of him; to the exclusion of his everlasting unsuccessful passion for Miss Chaworth, now Mrs Musters—and of the object of his "pure but violent passion" at Cambridge. Verses sufficient for a small volume were rapidly poured forth, and Byron's first work, intended for private circulation, was sent to press by Mr Ridge, bookseller at Newark. Meanwhile, theatricals were the rage in Southwell, where Byron was passing part of the long vacation, and he enacted Penruddock in the *Wheel of Fortune*, and Tristram Fickle, in Alldingham's farce of the *Weathercock*, for three nights with great applause. "It may perhaps," says Mr Moore, "not be altogether trifling to observe, that in thus personating with such success two heroes so different, the young poet displayed both that love and power of versatility by which he was afterwards impelled, on a grander scale, to present himself under such opposite aspects to the world; the gloom of Penruddock, and the whim of Tristram being types, as it were, of the two extremes between which his own character, in after life, so singularly vibrated."

As soon as his volume of Poems came from the press, he presented a copy to his affectionate and judicious friend, Mr Becher, who, while he saw many to admire, and some almost too boyish to criticise, found one poem which he could not but greatly condemn, as in it the imagination of the

young bard had indulged itself in a luxuriousness of colouring, beyond what even youth could excuse. A word from such a friend so respected, was enough,—and, with the exception of two copies, Byron caused a cancel of the whole impression. Mr Moore well adds, that the sensibility, the temper, the ingenuous pliability, which this trait exhibits, shews a disposition capable, by nature, of every thing we most respect and love. In about six weeks, a new edition, without the offensive “*To Mary*,” was printed; and it appears, that the volume received commendations, with which Byron was much elated, from Henry Mackenzie and Lord Woodhouselee. These gentle breezes from the North, were soon to be succeeded by a storm. The fame he had now reaped within a limited circle, made him but more eager to try his chance on a wider field. One hundred copies, of which this edition consisted, were hardly out of his hands, when with fresh activity, he went to press again; and his first published volume made its appearance, “*The Hours of Idleness*.”

After this period, his visits to Southwell were few and transient. There he seems to have been very happy. At first, he was remarkably shy; but that reserve wore off, as he became acquainted with the young people of the place; and he became a frequenter of the assemblies and dinner parties, and even felt mortified, if he heard of a rout to which he was not invited. His horror, however, at new faces, still continued; and at the approach of strangers, he would jump out of the window. The gentry of the neighbourhood he avoided, chiefly, we should suppose, because he believed they must be stupid, and partly, from the consciousness of the inadequacy of his own means to his rank. In his hours of rising and retiring to rest, he was—like most other distinguished persons—always late; and this habit he had the wisdom never to alter, during the remainder of his life. The night, too, was at this period, as it continued to be, his favourite time for composition.

He was fond of music of a simple kind, such as, “*The Maid of Lodi*,” and, “*When time, who steals away*,” &c.,—and those exercises to which

he flew for distraction, in less happy days, formed his enjoyment now, such as, riding, swimming, cricketing, sparring, and firing at a mark. In riding, he was by no means expert, either then, or afterwards,—and was so ignorant of horses, that he did not know his own, when he saw them, but admired them, and expressed a desire to make a purchase of his own stud. That he could never have been a good equestrian, was proved at a later period of his life, in Italy, by his remarking, “*Why, Hunt, you ride well?*” He was an admirable diver; and a lady in Southwell, among other precious relics of him, possesses a thimble which he borrowed of her one morning when on his way to bathe in the Greet, and which, as was certified by her brother who accompanied him, he brought up three times successively from the bottom of the river. How deep it was the deponent sayeth not. On one occasion he had nearly shot a very beautiful young person, Miss H——, one of that numerous list of fair ones by whom his imagination was dazzled while at Southwell—the bullet hissing past her ear. Such a passion had he for arms of every description, that there generally lay a small sword by the side of his bed, with which he used to amuse himself as he lay awake in the morning, by thrusting it through the bed-hangings. His fondness for dogs was excessive—and his noble Newfoundlander, Boatswain, seems to have been worthy of Byron. He shewed symptoms of a superstitious complexion of thought—as all men of great feeling and imagination perhaps have done, and which was not to be wondered at in him, as his mother, who had great influence over his earliest years, had implicit belief in the wonders of the second-sight. At so late a period as the death of Shelley, the idea of fetches and forewarnings, impressed upon him by his mother, had not wholly lost possession of the Poet's mind; and there occurred now at Southwell an instance of a more playful sort of superstition. A lady had a large agate bead, with a wire through it, which had been taken out of a barrow, and lay always in her work-box. Byron asking one day what it was, she told him that it had been given her as an amulet,

and the charm was, that as long as she had this bead in her possession, she should never be in love. "Then give it to me," he cried eagerly, "for that's just the thing I want." The young lady refused; but it was not long before the bead disappeared. She taxed him with the theft, and he owned it; but said she never should see her amulet again.

"Of his charity and kind-heartedness he left behind him at Southwell—as indeed at every place, throughout life, where he resided any time—the most cordial recollections. 'He never,' says a person who knew him intimately at this period, 'met objects of distress, without affording them succour.' Among many little traits of this nature which his friends delight to tell, I select the following—less as a proof of his generosity, than the interest which the simple incident itself, as connected with the name of Byron, presents. While yet a schoolboy, he happened to be in a bookseller's shop at Southwell, when a poor woman came in to purchase a Bible. The price, she was told, by the shopman, was eight shillings. 'Ah, dear sir,' she exclaimed, 'I cannot pay such a price—I did not think it would cost half the money.' The woman was then, with a look of disappointment, going away, when young Byron called her back, and made her a present of the Bible."

"The Hours of Idleness" once afloat, it may well be supposed that Byron watched with no little anxiety the progress of its voyage. "Write and tell me," he says, in a letter written to Miss — in June, "how the inhabitants of your *menagerie* go on, and if my publication goes off well—do the quadrupeds growl? Apropos, our sick dog is deceased." And in another letter—"Has Ridge sold well? or do the ancients demur? What ladies have bought?" Some weeks after he says, "What the deuce would Ridge have? Is not fifty in a fortnight, before the advertisements, a sufficient sale? I hear that many of the London booksellers have them, and Crosby has sent copies to the different watering places. Are they liked or not in Southwell?" "Lord Carlisle, on receiving my Poems, sent, before he opened the book, a tolerably handsome letter. I have not heard from him since. His opinions I neither know nor care about. If he is the least insolent, I shall enrol him with Butler and the other wor-

thies. He is in Yorkshire, poor man, and very ill. He said he had not time to read the contents; but thought it necessary to acknowledge the receipt of the volume immediately. Perhaps the Earl bears no brother near the throne; if so, I will make the sceptre totter in his hands." August. "Ridge does not proceed rapidly in Notts. Very possible. In town things wear a more promising aspect, and a man whose works are praised by *Reviewers*, admired by Duchesses, and sold by every bookseller of the metropolis, does not dedicate much time to rustic readers." "Crosby, my London publisher, has disposed of his second importation, and has sent to Ridge for a *third*—at least so he says. In every bookseller's window I see my own name and say nothing; but enjoy fame in secret. My last reviewer kindly requests me to alter my determination of writing no more; and a friend to the cause of literature begs I will gratify the public with some new work at no very distant day. Who would not be a bard? However, the others will pay me off. I doubt not, for this gentle encouragement. If so, *have at 'em*." "Ridge goes on well with the work. I thought that worthy had not done much in the country. In town they have been very successful; Carpenter (Moore's publisher) told me a few days ago they sold all theirs immediately, and had several enquiries made since, which, from the book being gone, they could not supply. The Duke of York, the Marchioness of Headfort, the Duchess of Gordon were among the purchasers; and Crosby says the circulation will be more extensive in the winter." October. "Apropos, I have been praised to the skies in the Critical Review—and abused greatly in another publication (The Satyrist); so much the better, they tell me, for the sale of the book; it keeps up controversy and prevents its being forgotten. Besides, the first men of all ages have had their share, nor do the humblest escape—so I bear it like a philosopher." "My laurels have turned my brain, but the cooling acid of forthcoming criticism will probably restore me to modesty."

Things thus went on swimmingly till early in the spring of 1808, when Byron heard it rumoured that a cool

ing acid was about to be administered to him in the shape of an aperient-paper in the *Edinburgh Review*. Feb. 26, 1808. "I am of so much importance, that a most violent attack is preparing for me in the next number of the *Edinburgh Review*. This I had from the authority of a friend who has seen the proof and the manuscript of the critique, (a damned good-natured friend, no doubt.) You know the system of the *Edinburgh gentlemen* is universal attack. They praise none—and neither the public nor the author expects praise from them. It is, however, something to be noticed, as they profess to pass judgment only in works requiring the public attention." The dose was duly administered—but instead of cooling the system, it blew up all his heart's blood into a fever. Reading it now, one cannot help seeing that the critique must have been written either by a naturally and habitually despicable unce, or by some person whom private pique (the more likely supposition perhaps) had reduced to that condition. Its sneers and sarcasms are all about Byron's being a lord and a minor—as if it had drivelled from the pen of an old impotent radical. But the jackass had, somehow or other, got himself admitted to Mr Jeffrey's stud; while the horses neighed, the donkey brayed, without suspecting the difference of voice natural to those two kinds of quadrupeds; and though hidebound, and greasy in the fetlocks, it even attempted kicking up its heels, like a stalled courser let loose into a spring meadow. Were any critical cuddly make such an exhibition of himself now, he would forthwith be sold to the dogs for carrion. But *then* the *Edinburgh Review* was omnipotent—it rode over the neck of the Reading Public, who flung herself down in a fright, poor old lady, before the heels of Mr Jeffrey's triumphal car, without seeing that in the team which at accomplished whip bowled along the royal road of literature—eight-hand—there were—although the leaders shewed both blood and bone, some very poor cattle,—one mule at the least; and as a wheeler, this enormous ass, who never doubted for a moment that he was by his own exertions drawing the whole

concern. Byron was subject, he has told us, to "*silent rages*;" but that seems merely to have been with his nurse or his mother, or other old women who plagued his childhood. At such times his face was wont to *pale*. But now he spoke out, and his face reddened, and he drank goblets of mighty wine, at every gulp vowing vengeance and retribution. The Reviewer had got the wrong sow by the ear—or rather the sow was a lion, who, with one "*couch-paw*," flabbergasted him to the earth. How the Malignant must have shouted, and chuckled, and crowed, among his yet uncowed compeers, like a great big long-legged, huge-comb-and-wattled Malay bantam, larger than a chanticleer himself of the old English breed, game to the back-bone, and never to be taken from the sod, but victorious or dead! But Byron pounced upon him like an eagle, and drove all his talons through his rump. The craven never crowed again; but thence walked mute from dunghill to dunghill, with his feathers on-end at the back of his head, buffeted by hens who had too much of the spirit of gallantry about them, to admit the advances of a manifest and notorious Fugie.

Mr Moore speaks rather gingerly of the base and brutal abuse in the said disgusting article—calling it an "article, which if not witty in itself, deserves eminently the credit of causing wit in others. Seldom," says he, "indeed, has it fallen to the lot of the justest criticism to attain celebrity such as injustice has procured for this; nor, as long as the short but glorious race of Byron's genius is remembered, can the critic, whoever he may be, that so ambitiously administered to its first start, be forgotten." All that is mighty well; but methinks somewhat too "melancholy and gentlemanlike." For the *animus* of the article was infamous. We do not so much object to the critic's feeble taste as to his false heart—but the bark of such a cur was worse than his bite—the sting of such an adder was not mortal, because it had too often on other objects spent its venom. Was it the same Abject who tried to assassinate Montgomery and Coleridge? "Forgotten indeed!" How can the world forget what it never knew? Let Mr Moore—if he

knows it—name the creature, and let him have justice. Or let the slave avow himself! And from all the world he will hear “one dismal universal hiss,” the sound of public scorn—intelligible to the now old and toothless serpent.

“It is but justice, however, to remark,” continues Mr Moore, after his very milk-and-water reprehension of the injustice of that insulting critique—*“without at the same time intending any excuse for the contemptuous tone of criticism assumed by the reviewer,”* that the early verses of Lord Byron, however distinguished by grace and tenderness, gave but little promise of those dazzling miracles of poetry, with which he afterwards astonished and enchanted the world; and that if his youthful verses now have a peculiar charm in our eyes, it is because we read them, as it were, by the light of his subsequent glory.” Beautifully expressed—and towards the close finely felt too—as almost every thought is in this noble volume. But why so anxious to do *such* justice to a literary felon? Why not rather untie than tie the noose? Why loosen it—except, indeed—which was not Mr Moore’s motive—to protract the agony of strangulation? “Contemptuous tone of criticism!” That is softening down—aye, slobbering over the crime. If Byron’s verses were “distinguished for grace and elegance,” what means Mr Moore’s “It is but justice to remark?” Nothing—or rather worse than nothing; a latent, yet obvious inclination to let down softly a contributor to the “Blue and Yellow.” But ’tis of no use. He has already fallen, and broken his bones, and skilful a surgeon as Moore is, it is beyond his power to set them so as to prevent the legs from forming a figure not to be found in Euclid. “Gave but little promise of the dazzling miracles with which he afterwards astonished and enchanted the world!” True. How was that possible? Miracles are seldom wrought in boyhood. There has been but one Chatterton. Wonder-producers in youth generally become in manhood effete even of common births. This remark of Mr Moore is altogether sophistical. The blockhead abused the youthful aspirant;—Byron was said to be entirely trashy—a mere worthless weed; while he was

a manifest flower, and none of your forced exotics—but native to the soil, strong-stalked, and with green leaves gracefully serrated—nor without the honey-dew of Hybla, had it been a bee, and not a wasp, that sought the opening petals. True, as Mr Moore has so beautifully said, that we do read Byron’s juvenile “poems by the light of his subsequent glory;” but we do so with the juvenile poems of almost all great bards—after they have been great; and therefore, however true the thought, “it is but justice to remark” that it affords no justification of the original sinner.

But we are put into the most thorough sympathy with Mr Moore, by the following delightful remarks on these very poems:—

“There is, indeed, one point of view in which these productions are deeply and intrinsically interesting. As faithful reflections of his character at that period of life, they enable us to judge of what he was in his yet unadulterated state,—before disappointment had begun to embitter his ardent spirits, or the stirring up of the energies of his nature had brought into activity all its defects. Tracing him thus through the natural effusion of his young genius, we find him picture exactly such in all the features of his character, as every anecdote of his boyish days proves him really to have been,—proud, daring, and passionate,—resentful of slight or injustice, but still more so of the cause of others than in his own; and yet with all his vehemence, docile and placable, at the least touch of a hand authorized by love to guide him. The affectionateness, indeed, of his disposition, traceable as it is through every page of this volume, is yet but faintly done justice to, even by himself;—his whole youth being, from earliest childhood, a series of the most passionate attachments,—of those overflowings of the soul, both in friendship and love, which are still more rarely responded to than felt, and which, when checked or sent back upon the heart, are sure to turn into bitterness.

“We have seen also, in some of his early unpublished poems, how apparent, even through the doubts that already cloud them, are those feelings of piety which his soul like his could not but possess, a piety which, when afterwards directed into their legitimate channel, found a vent in the poetical worship of nature, and in the shadowy substitute for religion which superstition offers. When, in addition, to these traits of early character, we find

scattered through his youthful poems such anticipations of the glory that awaited him—such, alternately, proud and saddened glimpses into the future, as if he already felt the elements of something great within him, but doubted whether his destiny would allow him to bring it forth,—it is not wonderful that, with the whole of his career present to our imagination, we should see a lustre round those first puerile attempts, not really their own, but shed back upon them from the bright eminence which he afterwards attained; and that, in our indignation against the fastidious blindness of the critic, we should forget that he had not then the aid of this reflected charm, with which the subsequent achievements of the poet now indicate all that bears his name.”

That is admirable,—all but the last sentence, in which we see the hand of a man of finest feelings and genius trying in vain to wash the greasy face of a stupid slanderer, more hopelessly black than an Ethiop's skin. But hear Mr Moore again.

“The effect this criticism produced upon him can only be conceived by those, who, besides having an adequate notion of what most poets would feel under such an attack, can understand all that there was in the temper and disposition of Lord Byron, to make him feel it with tenfold more acuteness than others. We have seen with what feverish anxiety he awaited the verdict of all the minor Reviews; and, from his sensibility to the praise of the meanest of these censors, may guess how painfully he must have writhed under the sneers of the highest. A friend, who found him in the first moments of excitement after reading the article, enquired anxiously, whether he had just received a challenge?—not knowing how else to account for the fierce defiance of his looks. It would, indeed, be difficult for sculptor or painter to imagine a subject of more fearful beauty than the fine countenance of the young poet must have exhibited in the collected energy of that crisis. His pride had been wounded to the quick, and his ambition humbled:—but this feeling of humiliation lasted but for a moment. The very reaction of his spirit against aggression, roused him to a full consciousness of his own powers; and the pain and the shame of the injury were forgotten, in the proud certainty of revenge.

“Among the less sentimental effects of this Review upon his mind, he used to mention that, on the day he read it, he drank three bottles of claret to his own

share after dinner;—that nothing, however, relieved him till he had given vent to his indignation in rhyme, and that, ‘after the first twenty lines, he felt himself considerably better.’”

“The misanthropic mood of mind into which he had fallen at this time, from disappointed affections and thwarted hopes, made the office of satirist but too congenial and welcome to his spirit. Yet it is evident, that this bitterness existed far more in his fancy than in his heart; and that the sort of relief he now found in making war upon the world, arose much less from the indiscriminate wounds he dealt around, than from the new sense of power he became conscious of in dealing them, and by which he more than recovered his former station in his own esteem. In truth, the versatility and ease with which, as shall presently be shewn, he could, on the briefest consideration, shift from praise to censure, and sometimes, almost as rapidly, from censure to praise, shews how fanciful and transient were the impressions under which he, in many instances, pronounced his judgments; and, though it may in some degree deduct from the weight of his eulogy, absolves him also from any great depth of malice in his satire.”

The sort of life which Byron led at this period, between the dissipations of London and Cambridge, without a home to welcome, or even the roof of a single relative to receive him, (to Southwell and his excellent kind friends there, he had bidden an eternal farewell,) was, says Mr Moore, little calculated to render him satisfied either with himself or others. Byron himself says,—

“I took my gradations in the vices with great promptitude, but they were not to my taste; for my early passions, though violent in the extreme, were concentrated, and hated division or spreading abroad. I could have left or lost the whole world with, or for, that which I loved; but, though my temperament was naturally burning, I could not share in the commonplace libertinism of the place and time without disgust. And yet this very disgust, and my heart thrown back upon itself, threw me into excesses perhaps more fatal than those from which I shrunk, as fixing upon one (at a time) the passions, which, spread amongst many, would have hurt only myself.”

Though from the causes here alleged, the irregularities Byron at this period gave way to, were of a nature far less gross and miscellaneous, than

those perhaps of any of his associates, yet Mr Moore well says, partly from the vehemence which this concentration caused, and still more from that strange pride in his own errors, which led him always to bring them forth in the most conspicuous light, one single indiscretion in his hands, was made to go farther than a thousand in those of others.

The only bald part of this Biography is that which relates to Byron's College life; nor can we approve of its spirit. Mr Moore is too well acquainted with literary history, to fall into any blunders of commission,—but he has fallen,—not perhaps unpurposely, into not a few of omission,—and strives, most ineffectually, to make us believe, that because Byron did no good at Cambridge, no other young poet of a high order could do any,—and that the Genius Loci is adverse to all inspiration. On that ground, we may meet him another day.

In the Autumn of this year—1808—Byron, for the first time, took up his residence at Newstead-Abbey. From his first arrival in England, so attached was he to Newstead, that even to be in its neighbourhood was a delight to him; and before he came acquainted with Lord Grey de Ruthven, to whom it was let during Mrs Byron's abode in Nottingham, he used sometimes to sleep, for a night, at the small house, near the gate, which is still known by the name of the Hut. He had there planted a young oak in some part of the grounds, and had an idea that as *it* flourished, so should *he*! He now found the place in a most ruinous condition,—and on revisiting that particular spot, found his oak choked up by weeds, and almost deserted,—fit subject for an elegy, of which we have some fine lines. Here his mother threatened a visit—and he did not forbid it; on the contrary, he says in his answer to her letter, “If you please, we will forget the things you mention. I have no desire to remember them. When my rooms are finished I shall be happy to see you; as I tell but the truth, you will not suspect me of evasion. I am furnishing the house more for you than myself; and I shall establish you in it *before I sail for India*, which I expect to do in March, if nothing particularly ob-

structive occurs.” In the end of this year he lost his favourite dog Boatswain—the poor animal having been seized with a fit of madness, at the commencement of which Byron was so little aware of the nature of the malady, that he more than once with his bare hand wiped away the slaver from the dog's lips during the paroxysms. In a letter to his friend Mr Hodgson, (author of a spirited translation of Juvenal, and other works of distinguished merit,) he thus announces this event: “Boatswain is dead—he expired in a state of madness on the 18th, after suffering much, yet retaining all the gentleness of his nature to the last, never attempting to do the least injury to any one near him. I have now lost every thing but old Murray.” To old Murray, when standing behind his chair at dinner, he used frequently to fill out a bumper of Madeira, and, handing it over his shoulder, say, with a benignant smile, “Here, my old fellow!”

His time at Newstead during this autumn was principally occupied in enlarging and preparing his Satire for the press. Considerable part of it, it appears, was written before the critique in the Edinburgh Review—but its plan must have been wholly changed, when it assumed the shape of “English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.”

“It is somewhat remarkable, that excited as he was by the attack of the Reviewers, and possessing, at all times, such rapid powers of composition, he should have allowed so long an interval to elapse between the aggression and the revenge. But the importance of his next move in literature seems to have been fully appreciated by him. He saw that his chances of future eminence now depended upon the effort he was about to make; and therefore deliberately collected all his energies for the spring. Among the preparatives by which he disciplined his talent to the task, was a deep study of the writings of Pope; and I have no doubt, that from this period may be dated the enthusiastic admiration which he ever after cherished for this great poet;—an admiration which at last extinguished in him, after one or two trials, all hope of pre-eminence in the same track, and drove him thenceforth to seek renown in fields more open to competition.”

The Satire was published in March

809—so that about a year elapsed between the “aggression and the revenge.” It was not long in creating a considerable sensation—and was soon attributed to Byron. Gifford praised it—and Gifford himself was esteemed—God wot—a great satirist. Of its merits Mr Moore speaks with great candour and discrimination.

“Great as was the advance which his powers had made, under the influence of that resentment from which he now drew his inspiration, they were yet, even in his satire, at an immeasurable distance from the point to which they afterwards so triumphantly rose. It is, indeed, remarkable, that, essentially as his genius seemed connected with, and, as it were, springing out of his character, the development of the one should so long have preceded the full maturity of the resources of the other. By her very early and rapid expansion of his sensibilities, nature had given him notice of what she destined him for, long before he understood the call; and those materials of poetry with which his own fervid temperament abounded, were but by slow degrees, and after much self-meditation, revealed to him. In his satire, though vigorous, there is but little pretaste of the wonders that followed it. His spirit was stirred, but he had not yet looked down into its depth, nor does even his bitterness taste of the bottom of the heart, like those sarcasms which he afterwards flung in the face of mankind. Still less had the other countless feelings and passions, with which his soul had been long labouring, found an organ worthy of them;—the gloom, the grandeur, the tenderness of his nature, all were left without a voice, till his mighty genius at last awakened in its strength.

“In stooping, as he did, to write after established models, as well in the satire as in his still earlier poems, he shewed how little he had yet explored his own original resources, or found out those distinctive marks by which he was known through all time. But, bold and energetic as was his general character, he was, in a remarkable degree, diffident in his intellectual powers. The consciousness of what he could achieve, was but by degrees forced upon him; and the discovery of so rich a mine of genius in his soul, came with no less surprise on himself than on the world. It was from the same slowness of self-appreciation, that, afterwards, in the full flow of his fame, he long doubted, as we shall see, his own aptitude for works of wit and humour,—till the happy experience of ‘Beppo’ at once dissipa-

ted this distrust, and opened a new region of triumph to his versatile and boundless powers.

“But, however far short of himself his first writings must be considered, there is in his satire a liveliness of thought, and, still more, a vigour and courage, which, concurring with the justice of his cause and the sympathies of the public on his side, could not fail to attach instant celebrity to his name. Notwithstanding, too, the general boldness and recklessness of his tone, there were occasionally mingled with this defiance some allusions to his own fate and character, whose affecting earnestness seemed to answer for their truth, and which were of a nature strongly to awaken curiosity as well as interest.”

A few days previous to the publication of the *Satire*, Byron, who had just come of age, took his seat in the House of Lords. From an expression in a letter to Mrs Byron, “that he must do something in the House soon,” as well as from more definite intimations of the same intention to Mr Harness, it would appear that he had had serious thoughts of entering upon public life. He had an idea that he was an orator. On the day he took his seat, there were “none to do him reverence.” He was received in one of the antechambers by some of the officers in attendance, and by one of them conducted into the house, in which there were very few persons. Mr Dallas says, he wore a countenance in which mortification was mingled with, but subdued by, indignation.

“He passed the woollen sack without looking round, and advanced to the table where the proper officer was attending to administer the oaths. When he had gone through them, the Chancellor quitted his seat, and went towards him with a smile, putting out his hand warmly to welcome him; and though I did not catch his words, I saw that he paid him some compliment. This was all thrown away upon Lord Byron, who made a stiff bow, and put the tips of his fingers into the Chancellor’s hand. * * * The Chancellor did not press a welcome so received, but resumed his seat; while Lord Byron carelessly seated himself for a few minutes on one of the empty benches to the left of the throne, usually occupied by the lords in opposition. When, on his joining me, I expressed what I had felt, he said, ‘If I had shaken hands heartily, he would set me down for one of his party—but I will have nothing to do with

any of them, on either side; I have taken my seat, and now I will go abroad."

Had he been connected with any distinguished political families, says Mr Moore, his love of eminence, seconded by such example and sympathy, would have impelled him, no doubt, to seek renown in the fields of party warfare, where it might have been his fate to afford a logical instance of that transmuting process by which, as Pope says, the corruption of a poet sometimes leads to the composition of a statesman.

The sudden success of his *Satire* soon brought him back to London. A new edition appeared, in which there was a Postscript that breathed defiance to all persons of "wit and honour about town." He had declared his determination to quit England for a season; "but I am coming back again, and their vengeance will keep hot till my return. Those who know me can testify that my motives for leaving England are very different from fears, literary or personal. Those who do not, may one day be convinced. Since the publication of this thing, my name has not been concealed. I have been mostly in London, ready to answer for my transgressions, and in daily expectation of sundry cartels. But, alas! the 'age of chivalry is over,' or, in the vulgar tongue, 'there is no spirit now-a-days.'" This Postscript Mr Dallas, "much to the credit of his discretion and taste," quoth Mr Moore, "most earnestly entreated the poet to suppress. It is to be regretted that the adviser did not succeed in his efforts, as there runs a tone of bravado through this ill-judged effusion, which it is at all times painful to see a really brave man assume." Poo—poo—all nonsense. Old Dallas would have shewn his "discretion and taste"—which here mean humdrumishness and humbug—much more conspicuously had he tried to prevent the publication of the *Satire*. Whereas the bit body was delighted out of his small wits to play the midwife, and assist that fine thumping boy into the world of letters. Why, is not the *Satire*, from beginning to end, one tissue of abuse and defiance? Byron runs a-muck, and it was not for an old woman like Dallas to attempt taking the knife out of his hands. The Post

script is of a piece with the spirit of the head, to which it is a tail. The whole was "an ill-judged effusion;" but since Byron had in that *Satire* purposely insulted so many people, a Postscript, reminding them that he was ready to fight one and all of them, was so completely in keeping with the character of the composition, that it serves but to shew that the same recklessness of spirit in which it had been written remained after its publication, and intensified by its success. Having himself been grossly insulted by one set of men, he somewhat illogically conceived that he might insult not only them, but every body else; anger and scorn are bad reasoners; but their bursts of triumph, especially after humiliation, are not bravadoes. Byron was no bravo—he was deficient in coolness, and cruelty, and cowardice; and the Postscript that offended "the discretion and taste" of dull Dallas, and is so lugubriously lamented by merry Moore, is a very proper pendant to such a poem as "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." Byron had felt, no doubt, that the Edinburgh Review was thought by all "persons of honour and wit about town" to have done his business; he knew that many Shallows and Slenders had long been chuckling and grinning at him—a lord—a minor—and a poetaster. And surely it was not unnatural for such a man, when his hour of triumph came,—for the *Satire*, with all its outrageous absurdities, shewed formidable powers,—to insult his foes in prose, as well as in verse,—in a Postscript, as well as in the main body of the letter,—and to tell them to their eyes, that his pistol was as ready as his pen,—that he could fight, as well as write,—and that having taken his vengeance, they might take theirs, and challenge him to the duello. As there was always something manly about Byron's boyhood, so was there always something boyish about his manhood. At this time, he was boy, youth, man, all in one. His conduct was *young* altogether,—and Mr Moore's criticism smells of moderation and middle age,—as ours, perhaps, may of eld and dotage.

By the bye, Byron's own notes upon his *Satire*—in 1816—written on a copy of it, now in possession of

Mr Murray, are not unamusing, if meant to be serious, which Mr Moore seems to think they are,—as the notes to the Spital Sermon. Thus, “This is not *just*.” “All this bad, because *personal*.” What a discovery! Every thing that is not *just* in a satire is bad, and every thing that is *personal*! Then he ought, after copying some hundred lines, or so, to have thrown his Satire into the fire. For our own parts, we would pay a crown to see the face of a nobleman or gentleman, who all over the world enjoyed the reputation of a Great Satirist, abhorring injustice and personality as he did the devil and all his legions. Mr Thomas Moore? No. Mr Francis Jeffrey? No. Mr Christopher North? Eh? No. And what if we three were to sit down seriously to pencil-mark here and there a passage or two in our works, with “bad, because not *just*!”—“bad, because *personal*!” Alas! so great would seem our crimes, that the Fudge Family would be sent to Botany Bay with the Twopenny Post-Bag slung over Miss What-do-ye-call-her’s shoulders. The Blue and Yellow would die of the black jaundice, consequent on the green sickness; and Maga, torn from our paternal embraces,

“Doom’d the long realms of Sydney-cove
to see,
The martyr of her crimes, but true to
thee.”

So seriously shocked and so hideously horrified was Byron by a want of justice and veracity in his Satire towards Rogers, Campbell, Southey, and Scott, some six years or thereabouts after its perpetration—“the tone and temper of it being such as I cannot approve”—that while jotting down his shock and his horror, he could not help bursting forth into such penitent and remorseful expressions as,

“Pretty Miss Jacqueline
Had a nose aquiline;
And would assert rude
Things of Miss Gertrude;
While Mr Marmion
Led a great army on,
Making Kehama look
Like a fierce Mameluke.”

’Twas but an “ebullition”—and not
it subject for notes of repentance—

that self-same Satire. Let us have nothing like hypocrisy from such a man as Mr Moore, who is usually as sincere as shamrock;—so, instead of joining in with Byron at a long face attempted to be pulled over some obsolete abuse of *his*—the Childe’s—let him—if canting must be the order of the pretty-behaved day—as he loves truth and justice, and us, begin with pouring forth into the confidential bosom of the Public tear-floods of contrition for his own sins of the same kidney—the countless violations of “truth and justice,” of “taste and discretion” in his own satires,—exclaiming all the while, with a grave face, if that be in the power of clay—“Their tone and temper are such as I cannot approve!!” Why—the Public—all the while he was pretending to be weeping in her confidential bosom—the worthy wicked old Public—Heaven bless her—would be shaking her sides as convulsively as the knowing rogue himself pretending to palinode in his nurse’s arms—and were no vent afforded, she would die of a suppression of guffaw.

With regard again to the duello, we do not remember that any other gentlemen worth mentioning were so insulted by Byron in his satire, as to have been justified, or called on to call out his Lordship, but Mr Moore and Mr Jeffrey. Mr Moore, on Byron’s return from abroad in 1811, shewed symptoms of seeking such sort of satisfaction; and Byron would have kept his word, and given it as readily as it was sought, but fortunately the matter was made up in a way most honourable to them both—and they were brothers ever after. Mr Jeffrey, again, though grossly insulted, could not have called out Byron without first apologizing to him for the abuse of his underling—that prefatory step would have been awkward, and therefore his hands were tied up. Mr Jeffrey some years afterwards, alluding to the Satire, said, that its personalities were disgraceful only to his Lordship; but that was not quite correct, for those personalities were retorts to other personalities just as insolent, and entirely unprovoked; and therefore the satire in the Edinburgh against Byron was more disgraceful to its writer, than the satire in the “English

Bards," &c. against Mr Jeffrey was to his Lordship. Nor was Mr Jeffrey himself altogether free from disgrace; but he did the Bard noble amends in all his critiques, after the Childe's genius had fairly burst forth; and therefore all is now as it should be—and out of the battle all parties have come with flying colours, except the original sinner, who has made his escape, like a cur from a colley-shangy, when there come to be some severe biting—flying as if there had been a kettle to his tail, and the "kennel-born" had been terrified in his flight by the horrors of a double shadow.

While engaged in preparing his new edition for the press, Byron was also gaily dispensing the hospitalities of Newstead to a party of young college friends, whom, with the prospect of so long an absence from England, he had assembled round him at the Abbey, for a sort of festive farewell. He had fixed with his friend Mr Hobhouse that they should leave England early together in the following June. There is a letter from Charles Skinner Matthews, (a young man of extraordinary talents and acquirements, and indeed the Crack of Cambridge, who afterwards was miserably drowned in the Cam,) describing the life of the "Merry Monks of Newstead."

"But if the place itself appear rather strange to you, the ways of the inhabitants will not appear much less so. Ascend, then, with me the hall steps, that I may introduce you to my lord and his visitants. But have a care how you proceed; be mindful to go there in broad daylight, and with your eyes about you. For, should you make any blunder,—should you go to the right of the hall steps, you are laid hold of by a bear; and, should you go to the left, your case is still worse, for you run full against a wolf! Nor, when you have attained the door, is your danger over; for the hall being decayed, and therefore standing in need of repair, a bevy of inmates are very probably banging at one end of it with their pistols, so that if you enter without giving loud notice of your approach, you have only escaped the wolf and the bear, to expire by the pistol shots of the merry monks of Newstead.

"Our party consisted of Lord Byron and four others; and was, now and then, increased by the presence of a neighbouring parson. As for our way of living, the order of the day was generally thus:

—for breakfast we had no set hour, but each suited his own convenience,—every thing remaining on the table till the whole party had done; though had one wished to breakfast at the early hour of ten, one would have been rather lucky to find any of the servants up. Our average hour of rising was one. —I, who generally got up between eleven and twelve, was always—even when an invalid—the first of the party,—and was esteemed a prodigy of early rising. It was frequently past two before the breakfast party broke up. Then, for the amusements of the morning, there was reading, fencing, single-stick, or shuttlecock, in the great room; practising with pistols in the hall; walking, riding, cricket, sailing on the lake, playing with the bear, or teasing the wolf. Between seven and eight we dined, and our evening lasted from that time till one, two, or three in the morning. The evening diversions may easily be conceived.

"I must not omit the custom of handiing round, after dinner, on the removal of the cloth, a human skull, filled with Burgundy. After revelling on choice viands, and the finest wines of France, we adjourned to tea, where we amused ourselves with reading, or improving conversation,—each, according to his fancy,—and after sandwiches, &c. retired to rest.

"A set of monkish dresses, which had been provided, with all the proper apparatus of crosses, beads, tonsures, &c. often gave a variety to our appearance and to our pursuits."

What could be more harmless than all this? It shews, says Mr Moore, that the notion caught up by many, from his own allusions, in Childe Harold, to irregularities and orgies, of which Newstead had been the scene, is, like most other imputations against him founded on his own testimony, greatly exaggerated. He describes the home of his poetical representative, as a "monastic dome, condemned to uses vile," adding,

"Where Superstition once had made her den,
Now Paphian girls were known to sing
and smile."

Old Dallas the Dull—whom Byron was perpetually quizzing—taking his five hundred pounds' worth out of him in that way—talks of him as "satiated with pleasure, and disgusted with those companions who have no other resource, he had resolved on mastering his appetites; he broke up

his harams." Contrast this picture of Newstead Abbey, by Dallas, and its "merry monks," with that of Matthews, and see how lies are brought into the world. Had the old gentleman gone down to Newstead, just to take a look at his lordship's "harams," how sad would have been his disappointment! Some small occasional intriguing might have been possibly got up for the Senior of "taste and discretion," among the menials of the establishment, "the *sub introductæ*," quoth Mr Moore, as they would have been called by the ancient monks of the Abbey. But for harams—in the plural—Byron was too poor for such expensive profligacy,—he could not afford such Oriental luxuries. The aged person was also far out of his reckoning, when he spoke of Byron's companions at Newstead having "no other resource but pleasure;" for they were, one and all of them, men of great talents, acquirements, and accomplishments, and "though not averse to convivial indulgences, (what monks ever were?) were of talents and tastes too intellectual for more vulgar debauchery;"—and had the "aged moralist" been among them, would have carried him, when half, or whole seas over, up stairs to bed, and seen his night-capped head laid asleep with its cotton tassel depending over his left ear, with a careful tenderness, on which it would not have been easy to pronounce too eulogistic a panegyric.

Having broken up his imaginary harams,—no more Byron's than Mr Dallas's,—he conceived the romantic design (not very like the design of a heartless profligate!) of collecting together all the portraits of his school friends. He thus writes to his friend Harness.

"I am going abroad, if possible, in the spring, and before I depart, I am collecting the pictures of my most intimate school-fellows: I have already a few, and shall want yours, or my cabinet will be incomplete. I have employed one of the first miniature painters of the day to make them, of course at my own expense, as I never allow my acquaintance to incur the least expenditure to gratify a whim of mine. To mention this may seem indelicate; but when I tell you a friend of ours first refused to sit under the idea that he was to disburse on the occasion,

you will see that it is necessary to state these preliminaries, to prevent the recurrence of any similar mistake. I shall see you in time, and will carry you to the limner. It will be a tax on your patience for a week, but pray excuse it, as it is possible the resemblance may be the sole trace I shall be able to preserve of our past friendship and present acquaintance. Just now it seems foolish enough, but in a few years, when some of us are dead, and others are separated by inevitable circumstances, it will be a kind of satisfaction to retain in these images of the living the idea of our former selves, and to contemplate in the resemblance of the dead, all that remains of judgment, feeling, and a host of passions."

Here we indeed see—as Mr Moore has affectingly said—the natural working of an ardent and disappointed heart, which, as the future began to darken upon it, clung with fondness to the recollection of the past, and in despair of finding new and true friends, saw no happiness but in preserving all it could of the old.

We have now followed the progress of Byron's life till his departure from England. In another number, we must meet him on his glorious return—and be with him till once more, heart-stricken but not heart-broken, he left—never to return—the shores where liberty has long fixed her chosen reign, to restore it, by his generosity, his genius, and his valour, to that land where of old she had her most glorious seat. Enough of him and of his character we have seen to enable us to judge it—morally and intellectually—in the light of truth. And blind and base must they be who feel not—that with all his faults and frailties—Byron was, throughout childhood—boyhood—youth—and up to manhood's spring-prime,—a noble being. Let him be tried by what he thought—felt—and did, and he will stand even a fiery ordeal. A more affectionate heart than his never beat in a human bosom. His friendships were indeed passions; but though he sometimes accuses himself of fickleness, we see no proofs of that in his conduct. His longings for the love of brotherhood were intense and incessant; and, till they were satisfied by a return of affection, he knew no happiness. All his chosen companions were above the common stamp; and all his chosen friends

seem either to have been youths who, had they lived—too many of them were cut off by untimely deaths—would have been distinguished men, or youths who did grow up to distinguished manhood, and have made a figure in the world of life or letters. All meanness—unmanliness—hypocrisy, or guile, he despised or abhorred; and real worth secured his esteem in whatever rank of life it shone, whatever aspect it assumed, provided only it held up an open front to the daylight. Though, says Mr Moore, as a child, occasionally passionate and headstrong, his docility and kindness towards those who were themselves kind, is acknowledged by all; and “playful,” and “affectionate,” are invariably the epithets by which those who knew him in his childhood convey their expressions of his character. When a mere child, he did not let his faithful nurse, May Gray, return to Scotland, without giving her, as a keepsake, his own gold watch. At Southwell, when a boy, we have seen him purchasing a Bible for a pauper; and at all times with a “hand open as day to melting charity.” A little later on, when he was child or boy no longer—but man indeed—we learn from the gratitude of an accomplished scholar, who did not desire to conceal from the world the merit of such a noble benefaction, that he thought little of a thousand-pound free gift to a friend who needed it. The price of his first great work he handed over to Mr Dallas; and to one creature—who afterwards, in malignant idiocy, accused him of avarice—he gave the means of transport from England to Italy, with wife and children, a house to live in rent-free, furniture, and a hundred pounds or two for pocket-money—to change sickness and starvation into health and comfort. At all times generous—on many occasions he was munificent. Nor did he ever wish gratitude to take any other shape—to breathe any other spirit—but love. Such was he—in spite of the selfishness of genius—and genius in many moods has been selfish ever—in spite of that misanthropy which fate and fortune forced into his heart, but which found no dwelling-place there, among the multitude of thoughts within it, often

bitter enough, yet in their worst bitterness yearning towards his kind, nor in their own melancholy shut up against the miseries of others, whether the unfortunate or the wicked.

If his friendships were passions,—what were his loves? They were as pure as ever were Imagination's dreams. “We have seen,” says Mr Moore, “with what passionate enthusiasm he threw himself into his boyish friendships. The all-absorbing and unsuccessful love that followed, was the agony, without being the death, of this unsated desire, which lived through life, filled his poetry with the very soul of tenderness, lent the colouring of its lights even to those unworthy ties, which vanity or passion led him afterwards to form, and was the last aspiration of his fervid spirit, in those stanzas written but a few months before his death:

‘ ’Tis time this heart should be unmoved,
Since others it has ceased to move;
Yet, though I cannot be beloved,
Still let me love!’”

If such a being had had a mother and sisters worthy of him, how might his love for them—continuous and placid—have softened all that was sullen, and lightened all that was dark in his spirit! His sister Augusta, who was worthy of his love, he scarcely knew in youth. And what a mother! Prodigal of the poker, and untenacious of the tongs! One seems to be brought into the midst of the violence and vulgarity of hovel-life. Yet all this his filial piety—call it by no other name—withstood; and still sanctified to his heart the name of mother. This was a triumph such as nature has, in such circumstances, seldom shown. Such a son weeping over the corpse of such a mother! The eye-sight of his heart was strong; and he saw that his mother *loved* him, and that she had her own *worth*. With slenderest means, she had supported the husband who had deceived and deserted her; with slenderest means, she had provided ease and comfort for himself,—and for all that, and more than that, which a son only knows, he forgave, forgot, and deplored.

With a soul thus endowed with such a capacity, and power, and *passion* for passion, no wonder that Byron was prone to melancholy. He

had just glimpses of joy divine sufficient to make gloom darker as they disappeared. Sacred as friendship is, never yet was it a solace to man's heart in lieu of love. Byron knew—at least he felt—and all impassioned spirits take feeling for knowledge—that this world and this life never could be to him what it might have been, had he won one heart to his bosom. That master-passion brought all others within its sway; and melancholy clouded them all—because to it melancholy was its very food. That Byron should at the same time have been one of the wittiest of men, and that with flashes of glee and merriment, and wildest humour, he could—sitting in solitude—put a million far-off tables on the roar—can seem strange only to the bats and owls of mankind.

Unfortunately—fatally—Byron began, while a mere boy, to be an unbeliever. "With him," says Mr Moore, after some sayings of a very questionable kind, "the canker shewed itself 'in the morn and dew of youth,' when the effect of such 'blastments' is for every reason most fatal; and, in addition to the real misfortune of being an unbeliever at any age, he exhibited the rare and melancholy spectacle of an unbelieving school-boy. The same prematurity of development which brought his passions and genius so early into action, enabled him also to anticipate this worst, dreariest result of reason; and at the very time of life when a spirit and temperament like his most required control, those checks which religious prepossessions best supply, were almost wholly wanting." He was—or strove to think he was—a deist. Some of his poetry, written so early as 1806, breathes a fervent and devout spirit of natural religion. Surely, he never lost hope in the immortality of the soul! Yet it seems to have wavered—as it ever must do—in the virtuous as much perhaps as in the vicious—and in very mixed characters more than in any other—without the fan and fuel of the Christian faith. There is a fearful fascination in all unhallowed thoughts that dare to speculate too curiously on the brink of the grave. Sympathy with the dread that breathes upon us mortal creatures from the wormy and clammy clay makes Sad-

duces. Yet a thousand thoughts had

That shamed the wisdom of the Sadducees."

The philosophic melancholy of some stanzas in *Childe Harold* about "the land of souls beyond that sable flood," reminds us of some sublime sentences of Tacitus, when meditating on the death of Agricola. Yet let not those whom happiness and friendship have in youth guarded from infidelity, too severely judge him whom wretched and miserable feelings drove to the gates of doubt—and with whom more than one friend, whom he loved and trusted, were willing to walk, or lead him through those gates into the dark regions of disbelief. Let them pity—while they condemn—the unhappy being. Unhappy, indeed, with all the mental gifts a gracious God had bestowed upon him, "who anticipated the worst experience, both of the voluptuary and the reasoner, reached, as he supposed, the boundary of this world's pleasures, and saw nothing but clouds and darkness beyond—the anomalous doom, which a nature, premature in all its passions and powers, reflected on Lord Byron." That his moral being waxed strong and even pure in youth as it did, under the baneful influence of such a creed, proves that his creed was not permanently dark, or unbroken in upon from on High, by flashes of light. And it proves, too, that the soul that escaped from it,—not unscathed, indeed, nor unpolluted,—but with so many virtues,—must needs have been formed "in the prodigality of Heaven."

Let us not be so far misunderstood, as to seem to sanction any sacrifice of the claims of morality and religion—to Genius. But in Byron's case, and in Burns's too, some self-elected judges and guardians of morality and religion have, in pronouncing decision on their characters, spoken as if Genius were not only no palliation, but an aggravation of guilt. They have also refused to admit the plea of the Passions. But such plea will be heard at a far different tribunal. What Byron's sins may have been up to the time he first left England we know not; but as far as Mr Moore's narrative throws any light

upon them—and he attempts no concealment—they seem to have been neither numerous nor great.

He was no seducer of female innocence. He was not a gambler. Nobody ever said he was a drunkard. What then were his sins? Ask your own heart, and it will answer, Probably the same as your own. But he moved before the eyes of the world, an object conspicuous in his own light; and thus the stains on his "bright and shining youth" were visible both near and afar, while the blots on yours have been unobserved, in its obscurity and insignificance. Were a sudden revelation to be made, before the eyes of the little world in which *you* move, (we mean nothing personal,) of all your delinquencies, into what a horrible monster would you be transformed! You, the immaculate, would be covered over with black and yellow spots, like a leopard or the plague.

In Byron's after life, there was much to condemn; "things ensued that wanted grace;" but let us not heap upon his youth all the charges to which he may plead guilty in more advanced years. Above all, let us not heap upon it charges now known to be as false as ever were canted from the lips of malignant hypocrisy;

nor believe that there was any resemblance at all between him—noble, but self-misguided man, and the picture of the Fiend, painted to represent him, by stupid sinners whose imaginations could soar no higher than the old story of the Devil with Horns. But the truly pious, they who, knowing the corruption of our nature, have by that knowledge been taught

"Still to suspect, and still revere themselves

In lowliness of thought,"

will see in Byron a fallen brother like themselves; and instead of loudly declaiming against his sins, which they cannot know, silently repent of their own, and keep aloof from a temptation to those which do them most easily beset them, perhaps as fatal as any that ever vanquished Byron. So shall the cause of Morality and Religion be upheld by the "Flaming Ministers"—Justice and Truth.

Now—no more. Recollecting Scott's Life of Nelson, and Lockhart's Life of Burns, we do not hesitate to say, that as far as our knowledge extends, Moore's Life of Byron is the best book of Biography in the English language.

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MOORE'S BYRON.

PART II.

MR MOORE has been at some pains to prove that Byron's course of life, previous to his Pilgrimage—with the exception, perhaps, of his early boyhood in Scotland—was "the very reverse of poetical." His athletic sports, his battles, his love of dangerous enterprise at Harrow, were all, it seems, unfriendly to the meditative pursuits of poetry; and however they might promise to render him, at some future time, a subject for bards, gave assuredly but little hope of his shining first among bards himself. The habits of his life at the University were even still less intellectual and literary; playing at hazard, fencing and sparring, bear-baiting, and bulldog-fighting, if not the most favourite, were at least the most innocent of his pursuits. His time in London passed equally unmarked either by mental cultivation or refined amusement. He haunted hotels. Such a life, his biographer thinks, must have been wholly incompatible with those "habits of contemplation," by which the mental faculties are unfolded and refined, and more especially those essential to success in song.

Allow us to say, that it is no easy matter to sketch even the outline of a young poet's education. The scheme that might be good for one, would be bad for another; and, as to "habits of contemplation," and so forth, why, in many cases, the later hours are acquired, so much the bet-

ter; for, when too early indulged in, they make men dreamers. Pray, what is there for the waxing intellect and imagination, between the years of twelve and seventeen, to contemplate? The external world. Well, then, upon it Byron seems always to have looked with delight; the passionate feeling was sufficient; no need to keep staring eternally at streams, or trees, or clouds, or hills, in fits of abstraction, as if there were some mighty mystery about them, into which no poet could get initiated, without standing hour after hour, all by himself, with folded arms, in the open air, perhaps without a hat, like a simpleton. True, that there is a mighty mystery about all creation; but the young poet is the most unlikely person in the whole world to resolve it; witness Keates, and even Shelley, who began far too soon to form habits of contemplation on nature; the first from some strange sort of whimsies, and the second from some strange sort of scenery, so that they both became fantastic in their rites of worship of the Mighty Mother; and to the last—alas, it came too soon!—whined like spoiled children of genius. But, besides the external world of nature, there is the internal world of mind. And would you have the mere boy, between twelve and seventeen, to meditate on the structure and constitution of that world? Would you have him to form habits

of contemplation on his own soul, while

"Like some tall palm, the noiseless fabric grows"—

grows of itself, dingy wider and wider every week—and 'tis spring all the year—its thousand branches all glowing green as the sea, and sometimes when winds are blowing strong, roaring loud as the sea, even as if a thunder-cloud were in the hollow-sounding heart of its umbrage, which, in one moment, is again hushed as death: The soul will keep—think—think—thinking away upon and about itself; but by fits and starts, into which it is, as it were, precipitated; not—God forbid!—in regular habits of contemplation. The boy who makes a regular study of his own soul, will soon cease to have one, and become an absolute metaphysician.

We cannot, then, agree with Moore in thinking that Byron's life at Harrow—where he was chiefly distinguished as an idle and daring schoolboy—was "the very reverse of poetical." That life is the most poetical which is the fullest of impulses; and Byron's life at Harrow was full to overflowing of affections and passions. We must first feel, and then think; first experience, and then analyze; else we put the cart before the horse, and may stand stock-still till death. Byron did not, during play hours, sport Tityrus "sub tegmine fagi," but, though lame, preferred cricket; and can there be any doubt that, out of school, a bat is better than a book, and the wicket a thousand times more poetical than the gates of Paradise Lost? The very bodies of refusing schoolboys at play are spiritual—not at all like the bodies of elderly gentlemen like Mr Moore and us—and "poetic visions swarm on every bough" of the green shady trees, rustling over their heads as they are swimming like Democritus in the milk-warm

rivers of Summer, or racing along the banks, to dry themselves in the sunshine, all as naked as the day they were born. "Byron's life was the very reverse of poetical"—forsooth, at his beloved Harrow, because his bathing and his bowling were good,—his diving at the top of the tree, and his right mawing dangerous to the ugliest customers among the cloud-hopping Puffs round Harrow on the Hill! This seemeth to us to be somewhat shallow philosophy—and to have been borrowed by Mr Moore from Dr Beattie, who, though one of the most delightful of poets and of men, was rather miss-mollyish and musical, and gave to his Edwin an effeminate character—too passive for a Minstrel, who ought to be in the whole frame-work of his life—as much as his face will allow—a Hero. Shenshon, probably, would have exhibited, at Harrow, "habits of contemplation"—but Byron had too much sense and soul to oppose nature—and, on the whole, we prefer Thyra to Della, Childs Harrold to the School-mistress—Newstead Abbey to the Leasowes.

But, the truth is, that Byron, before he went to Harrow, had been a great reader—and he was no small reader at Harrow. He had gormandized on much history, poetry, romances, and travels—tearing out and absolutely eating authors' hearts. His mind was early full both of natural and acquired knowledge—and fortunately all his acquired knowledge was natural. His soul obeyed its own bidding—but hated task-work. Yet, though an imperfect classical scholar—for his classical education had been touched by frequent removes from school to school—he saw into Homer further than he did into a millstone. Had it not been so—never never—a very few years afterwards—could he have exclaimed—

"Oh, thou Parnassus! whom I now survey,

Not in the frenzy of a dreamer's eye,

Not in the faintest landscape of a lay,

But sailing snow-dad through thy radiant sky,

In the wild pomp of mountain majesty!

What marvel if I thus essay to sing?

The humbles of thy pilgrims passing by

Would gladly woo thine Echoes with his string,

Though from thy heights no more our Muse will wave her wing.

" Oft have I dream'd of Thee! whose glorious name
 Who knows not, knows not man's divinest lore;
 And now I view thee, 'tis alas! with shame
 That I in feeblest accents must adore.
 When I recount thy worshippers of yore,
 I tremble, and can only bend the knee;
 Nor raise my voice, nor vainly dare to soar,
 But gaze beneath thy cloudy canopy
 In silent joy to think at last I look on Thee!

" Happier in this than mightiest bards have been,
 Whose fate to distant homes confined their lot,
 Shall I unmoved behold the hallow'd scene,
 Which others rave of, though they know it not?
 Though here no more Apollo haunts his grot,
 And thou, the Muses' seat, art now their grave,
 Some gentle spirit still pervades the spot,
 Sighs in the gale, keeps silence in the cave,
 And glides with glassy foot o'er yon melodious wave."

At Cambridge Mr Moore has told us very little about Byron's life—yet we see no reason for believing it to have been "the reverse of poetical." Young poets must have their amusements at college, like young prosers. They cannot surely always be forming and indulging in "habits of contemplation!" Now, what are poetical amusements? Playing on the flute or flageolet—fiddle—English or Scotch—or that eternal grummetonian, the unhappy violoncello? Sketching trees and towers in chalk, black or red, on whitey-brown? Taking lessons in net-work from young ladies that superintend circulating libraries? Perpetually buying lozenges—or oil macassar in shops where the breath of the fair distributor is lost in one sultry haze of miscellaneous perfumery? Why, all that is vastly well to those who like it; and Byron, no doubt, occasionally partook, according to the best of his abilities, in such poetical recreations. But what if he, on the whole, preferred swimming—playing at hazard—sparring—sometimes with a lion, and sometimes, as it is said, with a bear? What if he occasionally even drove the cold-meat-cart? * Is the behaviour of a being by hypothesis human and rational, when we look on him playing the fiddle in a park, more poetical than the behaviour of another member of the same great family playing the porpoise in a pool? Hazard is a dangerous game

—but you must not call it unpoetical—till you have struck out of poetry all the passions—or at least a few of them, such as Fear, Hope, and Despair. Plato sparred well—and at the cross-buttock was a Jem Belcher. He was a greater athlete than Byron—yet famous for his "habits of contemplation." A young poet who spars frequently is always, it may be said, in training; and we all know that to be in training merely means to be in the highest health. Now, Hygeia has even more to do with poetry than Apollo—and therefore Byron did right to spar daily with a bear. Driving a hearse in a dark night—even with no inside passenger—cannot be truly called "the reverse of poetical;" and if inside passenger there be, the snoreless sleep of the last upper-earth journey must, we should think, have been inspiring to such a genius as Byron—who knew all along that

" The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

But farther—what are all amusements and recreations—be they fiddling, fluting, or fox-hunting, swimming, sparring, or shaking the elbow,—what, we ask, are they all to a man who is not a mere idler or ass? Nothing—or less than nothing. One single hour's study, which has been visited by glorious insights, often constitutes the day, and a day, too, whose memory will never die. All the

* A hearse.

other hours may be given to idleness—if idleness it indeed be—during your preparation for holy orders to undertake an occasional steeplechase—or play at buffets with Bruin before you venture to tackle to with a still greater Enemy of mankind. There is always a life within a life—visible not to a wall-eyed world—in which the youthful soul of genius divinely sleeps or soars—like an eagle on cliff or in cloud—and till you have come upon genius there and then—you know as much of its inner heart, as you do about what is going on in the core of the bole of a rough-rinded tree, which you, like a thickhead, forgetting the season of the year, might presume dead—but which, all alive with celestial ichor, called by the homely name of sap, will, in a few months, dazzle the very rising sun, as it hath brightened into the full glory of Windermere's GOLDEN OAK.

Byron began to contemplate and meditate upon his own soul, and the souls of other men—and also of women—for they too have souls, though most different indeed from ours—very much about the proper time for such in-door and in-breast studies. His early poems prove that he did—always passionate—sometimes metaphysical. He was never a self-conceited boy—nor arrogant; but neither was he blind to his future fate. He knew that he was Something—and the knowledge of that sharpens the mind's eyesight towards all the ongoings of this world. He soon knew that this life was worth looking into—worth listening to—as afar-off the tide was coming in over the sands. To feel, to think, to do, and to suffer, was to be his lot—and therefore he was reckless—and melancholy—and half mad—and in love—and in friendship—and red with joy and pale with rage—fond of stargazing and of sparring—of the Great Bear as a beautiful constellation, and the lesser Bear as an ugly customer—his favourite haunts Limmer's and Stevens's hotels, or in imagination the Cliffs of Ballater, and the Linn of Dee.

"From his total want of friends and connexions," Mr Moore tells us, that he had, in London, before his Pilgrimage, no resources in private society, and was left to live loosely about town among the loungers in

coffeehouses. Scarcely so. But suppose it were—still he could not truly be said to suffer "from a total want of friends," even if few of them were then with him, he who at Harrow and Cambridge had formed so many passionate friendships with so many worthy objects. The very "desiderium" of them he so tenderly loved, must have kept awake finest feelings and highest thoughts—human as well as poetical—and saved him from the doom of common coffeehouse loungers. "Whatever else may have been the merits of these establishments, ("Limmer's and Stevens's hotels,") quoth Mr Moore, "they were any thing but fit schools for the formation of poetic character." Just as fit as the dull home to which many a poet has in his youth been condemned—with a father whom he must have seen was not a little of a knave—and a mother very much of a fool—and shoals of brothers and sisters, perhaps, who kept perpetually pitying the inspired Idiot. Colleges, according to Mr Moore, such as those of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge—are very bad schools for the formation of poetical character—so are public schools like that of Harrow—mountains, he opines—administered in boyhood, do not help much—and the Muses do not put up, when they visit London, at Limmer's and Stevens's hotels. What, then, is a poetical education? Where ought it to be pursued? And who may be the tutors?

But let it not be thought that in these rambling remarks we are seeking to depreciate the value of what Mr Moore has said about Byron's earlier life. Nothing can be more just and true than the following passage.

"By thus initiating him into a knowledge of the varieties of human character,—by giving him an insight into the details of society, in their least artificial form,—in short, by mixing him up, thus early, with the world, its businesses and its pleasures, his London life but contributed its share in forming that wonderful combination which his mind afterwards exhibited of the imaginative and the practical—the heroic and the humorous—of the keenness and most dissecting views of real life, with the grandest and most spiritualized conceptions of ideal grandeur.

"To the same period, perhaps, another

predominant characteristic of his maturer mind and writings may be traced. In this anticipated experience of the world which his early mixture with its crowd gave him, it is but little probable that many of the more favourable specimens of human kind, should have fallen under his notice. On the contrary, it is but too likely that some of the lightest and least estimable of both sexes may have been among the models, on which, at an age when impressions sink deepest, his earliest judgments of human nature were formed. Hence, probably, those contemptuous and debasing views of humanity, with which he was so often led to alloy his noblest tributes to the loveliness and majesty of general nature.

"Hence the contrast that appeared between the fruits of his imagination and of his experience,—between those dreams, full of beauty and kindliness, with which the one teemed at his bidding, and the dark, desolating bitterness that overflowed when he drew from the other."

Byron then set out on his Voyages and Travels, furnished like a true and great poet. The frame-work of his scholarship was not very extensive, but its spirit was of the highest order. He was no gold-medalist—no Greek-ode prize man—yet highly as we admire Marcellus Tweddale, we must put far over his head Virgilian—aye Virgilian—and Homeric—aye Homeric—Byron. He could not have stood successfully for a fellowship in Trinity against that Senior Optimist, but Harmonia would have preferred him for a lover in the olive groves of Athens. Hobhouse, too, his friend, on that first glorious Pilgrimage, was a scholar—"a good and a ripe one," and then and there we forgive the democrat. From very infancy, Lord Byron longed for the East. "Knolles, Cantemir, De Tott, Lady M. W. Montague, Mignol's History of the Turks, the Arabian Nights, all travels, or histories, or books upon the East, I had read, as well as Rycant, before I was *ten years old*." He sailed away, then, from England as the longed-for Realization of a Dream.

There was nothing *routinish* in his Pilgrimage. He did not stroll about with cicerones and guide-books. Those regions, too, were then, to us

islanders, almost unexplored, and lying under the mystery of the great classical ages of old. He and Hobhouse were among the first of whom it might be said—

"Bold in freedom's cause, the sons of Ocean came."

They knew how to look for the living soul of the land—how to see its dead soul in visions. "To-day in a palace, to-morrow in a cow-house—this day with the Pacha—the next with a shepherd." Yet, what, after all, did this differ from his "Life in London?" Not in spirit—but the forms were finer.

"Old times, methought, were breathing there."

The young Englishman became partly a Greek—losing nothing, but gaining much by that transfiguration—something of a Shakspeare, and not a little of a Pindar.

Byron seems, at one time, to have contemplated a Pilgrimage to India—and had he accomplished it, we should have had poetry filled with Rajahpoots. The annals of Mewar are as heroic as those of England and Scotland. Old Chund, their heroic bard, has sung them in a poem, or series of poems, of about a hundred thousand stanzas.* Why does not some young English bard arise in the East? But we have only cadets and writers, and they never venture higher than to translate. 'Twas well for Byron that he went to Greece, rather than to any other part of the world. Indeed poets always go right when they go abroad. There is Mr Rogers who goes to Italy, because he is fond of pictures, and medals, and *vertu*,—and how much prettier a poet has he become may be seen by reading parts first and second of his Critical Excursion. Bowles being in youth a musical and melancholy man, went over from Oxford to Germany to weep, during a long vacation, along the banks of the Rhine and some smaller rivers. He returned more pathetic than ever, and fonder of the "still sad music far away" of evening convent bells. Wordsworth soared, wild as an eagle, over the mountains of Switzerland,

* See Colonel Tod's late splendid volume on India—a work of great merit, which, ere long, we must introduce to our readers.

which, till this day, he conceives to be his own private property—just as are all the three Northern Counties of England—and he will now suffer no other man, not even Byron, so much as to mention Mont Blanc. Coleridge, that delightful dreamer of bright and obscure delusions, yet lovely all, go where he will, to Malta, Rome, or Vienna, is still Metropolitan Bishop of “cloudland, gorgeous land.” Sir Walter never lost the smell of peat-reek out of his noble nostrils till he was upwards of two-score—because “Scotia, his auld respected mither,” had sworn to the rising sun from the top of Cairngorm, that her Poet should never see other glens and mountains till he had immortalized all her own, and brightened the Highland heather with more than Hybla bloom—so that her wild bees are happy now on Benledi as ever winged creatures were that once murmured on Hymettus.

But let us hear Mr Moore on Byron's Pilgrimage. He speaks like a philosopher and a poet, and nothing can be more beautiful than his style.

“As his mind began to disclose its resources, this feeling grew upon him; and, had his foreign travel done no more than, by detaching him from the distractions of society, to enable him, solitarily and freely, to commune with his own spirit, it would have been an all-important step gained towards the full expansion of his faculties. It was only then, indeed, that he began to feel himself capable of the abstraction which self-study requires, or to enjoy that freedom from the intrusion of others' thoughts which alone leave the contemplative mind master of its own. In the solitude of his nights at sea, in his lone wanderings through Greece, he had sufficient leisure and seclusion to look within himself, and there catch the first ‘glimpses of his glorious mind.’ One of his chief delights, as he mentioned in his ‘Memoranda,’ was, when bathing in some retired spot, to seat himself on a high rock above the sea, and there remain for hours gazing upon the sky and waters, and lost in that sort of vague reverie, which, however formless and indistinct at the moment, settled afterwards on his pages into those clear, bright pictures, which will endure for ever.

“Were it not for the doubt and diffidence that hang round the first steps of genius, this growing consciousness of his own power, these openings into a new domain of intellect where he was to reign

supreme, must have made the solitary hours of the young traveller one dream of happiness. But it will be seen that, even yet, he distrusted his own strength, nor was at all aware of the height to which the spirit he was now calling up would grow. So enamoured, nevertheless, had he become of these lonely musings, that even the society of his fellow-traveller, though with pursuits so congenial to his own, grew at last to be a chain and a burden upon him, and it was not till he stood, companionless, on the shore of the little island in the Ægean that he found his spirit breathe freely. If any stronger proof were wanting of his deep passion for solitude, we shall find it, not many years after, in his own written avowal, that even when in the company of the woman he most loved, he not unfrequently found himself sighing to be alone.

“It was not only, however, by affording him the concentration necessary for this silent drawing out of his feelings and powers that travel conduced so essentially to the formation of his poetical character. To the East he had looked, with the eyes of romance, from his very childhood. Before he was ten years of age, the perusal of Rycaut's History of the Turks had taken a strong hold of his imagination, and he read eagerly, in consequence, every book concerning the East he could find. In visiting, therefore, those countries, he was but realising the dreams of his childhood; and this return of his thoughts to that innocent time gave a freshness and purity to their current which they had long wanted. Under the spell of such recollections, the attraction of novelty was among the least of the scenes, through which he wandered, presented. Fond traces of the past—and few have ever retained them so vividly—mingled themselves with the impressions of the objects before him; and as, among the Highlands, he had often traversed, in fancy, the land of the Moslem; so memory, from the wild hills of Albania, now ‘carried him back to Morven.’

“While such sources of poetic feeling were stirred at every step, there was also in his quick change of place and scene—in the diversity of men and manners surveyed by him—in the perpetual hope of adventure, and thirst of enterprise, such a succession and variety of ever-fresh excitement, as not only brought into play, but invigorated, all the energies of his character. As he, himself, describes his mode of living, it was ‘To-day in a palace, to-morrow in a cow-house—this day with the Pacha, the next with a shepherd.’ Thus were his powers of observation quickened, and the impressions on his

imagination multiplied. Thus schooled, too, in some of the roughness and privations of life, and, so far, made acquainted with the flavour of adversity, he learned to enlarge, more than is common in his high station, the circle of his sympathies, and became inured to that manly and vigorous cast of thought, which is so impressed on all his writings. Nor must we forget, among these strengthening and animating effects of travel, the ennobling excitement of danger, which he more than once experienced, having been placed in situations, both on land and sea, well calculated to call forth that pleasurable sense of energy which perils, calmly confronted, never fail to inspire.

"The strong interest which, in spite of his assumed philosophy on this subject, in *Childe Harold*, he took in every thing connected with a life of warfare, found frequent opportunities of gratification, not only on board the English ships of war in which he sailed, but in his occasional intercourse with the soldiers of the country. At Salona, a solitary place on the Gulf of Arta, he once passed two or three days, lodged in a small miserable barrack.

"Here he lived the whole time, familiarly, among the soldiers! and a picture of the singular scene which their evenings presented of those wild, half-bandit warriors, seated round the young poet, and examining, with savage admiration, his fine Manton gun and English sword, might be contrasted, but too touchingly, with another and a later picture of the same Poet dying, as a chieftain, on the same land, with Suliotes for his guards, and all Greece for his mourners.

"It is true, amid all this stimulating variety of objects, the melancholy which he had brought from home still lingered around his mind. To Mr Adair and Mr Bruce, as I have before mentioned, he gave the idea of a person labouring under deep dejection; and Colonel Leake, who was, at that time, resident at Joanina, conceived very much the same impression of the state of his mind. But assuredly, even this melancholy, habitually as it still clung to him, might, under the stirring and healthful influences of his roving life, have become a far more elevated and abstract feeling than it ever could have expanded to within reach of those annoyances whose tendency was to keep it wholly concentrated round self. Had he remained idly at home, he would have sunk, perhaps, into a querulous satirist. But, as his views opened on a freer and wider horizon, every feeling of his nature kept pace with their enlargement; and this inborn sadness, mingling itself with

the effusions of his genius, became one of the chief constituent charms, not only of their pathos, but their grandeur. For, when did ever a sublime thought spring up in the soul, that melancholy was not to be found, however latent, in its neighbourhood?"

The few letters written by Byron from abroad, given in this volume, are, though perhaps characteristic enough, not uncommonly interesting; but perhaps we wish for nothing but the two First Cantos of *Childe Harold*. At the end of two years he returned without a home—at least none that deserved that endearing name.

"A fond, family circle, to accompany him with its prayers, while away, and drawn round him, with listening eagerness, on his return, was what, unluckily, he never knew, though with a heart, as we have seen, by nature formed for it. In the absence, too, of all that might cheer and sustain, he had every thing to encounter that could distress and humiliate. To the dreariness of a home without affection, was added the burden of an establishment without means, and he had thus all the embarrassments of domestic life without its charms. His affairs had, during his absence, been suffered to fall into confusion, even greater than their inherent tendency to such a state warranted. There had been, the preceding year, an execution in Newstead, for a debt of £1500, owing to the Messrs Brothers, upholsterers; and a circumstance, told of the veteran, Joe Murray, on this occasion, well deserves to be mentioned. To this faithful old servant, jealous of the ancient honour of the Byrons, the sight of the notice of sale, pasted up on the Abbey door, could not be otherwise than an unsightly and intolerable nuisance. Having enough, however, of the fear of the law before his eyes, not to tear the writing down, he was at last forced, as his only consolatory expedient, to paste a large piece of brown paper over it."

Byron's only great feat before his departure from England, had been his *Satire*. Flushed with a fortnight of success and triumph he had set sail; and it is not to be wondered at that far from London, and in the midst of scenes in themselves well calculated to dash and dissipate both sweet and bitter memories, he tenaciously clung to some of them, and would not let them go even when gazing from the rock of Sunium across a stormy sea. Accordingly, he took to the composition of a satire

in the shape of an imitation or paraphrase of Horace's Art of Poetry. Some not very felicitous extracts are given—flowing enough, and not altogether much amiss in their own humble way, but sadly deficient in condensation—and entirely without fire. He seems to have exhausted his inspired indignation in English Bards and Scotch Reviewers; and unexcited now and unsupported by any strong personal feelings, his satire sometimes sank to a low level, seems from the specimens never to have reached a high one—and, on the whole, to have been a mediocre elaboration of commonplace sarcasms. This weak if not rickety bantling he preferred to *Childe Harold*! But Mr Dallas, heaven knows how, immediately saw the transcendent excellence of the Two Cantos—and beseeched Byron to publish them without delay. Some other booby, less fortunate in his judgment, had “found very little to commend, and much to condemn, in them;” and thus the Poem was like a bundle of hay between two asses—one of them turning his long ears away from it in disdain over the “pivot of his skull,” and beating it with his fore-hoofs—the other bringing his still longer ears with a fine natural sweep from his shoulders where they had lain hushed in brown repose, till they absolutely overshadowed it—his jaws all the while yawning over it a panegyric and portentous bray. All this was very puzzling—as well it might be—to the proprietor; but he was finally induced—we scarcely know how—to send the Poem to Mr Murray—and Gifford, having ratified the judgment of the Vicar of Bray—L.600 were given for the copyright, which Byron handed over to the delighted donkey. That Dallas could enjoy such a poem in manuscript, seems a belief irreconcilable with the laws of nature; but our knowledge of nature's laws are indeed limited and imperfect, and a clearer and wider insight into the frame of our being might suffice to account for the phenomenon.

That Byron himself set little store by those Two Cantos, is nothing very surprising; for though he had a high opinion and deep feeling of his own powers, he was singularly, and, we must think, nobly distinguished by a

deferential spirit towards the judgments of minds he admired, on each particular achievement of those powers; and that too, even after he had become famous throughout the world. The fate of his first volume he had not forgotten—and the fear of the Edinburgh Reviewers was yet before his eyes, even after he had scotched one snake, and killed it too—for how could he know that out of the same rank dunghill might not come a cockatrice? But in satire he had shewn strength—and therefore his trust was naturally in satire still; although we do not find it recorded that he flung it away unwillingly—and therefore, after all, his belief of the excellence of the Paraphrase, like that of the worthlessness of the Two Cantos, was extremely superficial and unimpassioned, and they both melted at a breath. Mr Moore seeks to solve the difficulty by telling us, that while the imaginative powers of Byron's mind had received such an impulse forward, the faculty of judgment, slower in its developement, was still immature, and that of *self-judgment*, the most difficult of all, still unattained. But that explanation, as Mr Jeffrey said of the Excursion, will never do; for it appears that his judgment became mature in about a week afterwards, when he saw that the cantos were first-rate cantos, and began to believe that he was upon the eve of being hailed a poet. Besides, the two cantos are as much distinguished for judgment as for imagination, if not more; the parts being most skilfully combined, and the adaptation of different styles perfect. *Self-judgment*, as Mr Moore here speaks of it, is precisely the same as judgment of the poem—for what is his poem but a manifestation of his mind? Mr Moore speaks better when he qualifies his meaning, and says, that it would be fairer to conclude that this erroneous valuation arose rather from a “diffidence in his own judgment, than from any deficiency of it.” All Byron's poetry is distinguished by judgment—from first to last; but a thousand feelings may induce poets of the strongest and clearest judgment to over-rate, or under-rate, their own productions—for they are all floated over by dreams, and each hangs in an atmosphere of its own, rare or dense, that causes—

happily—various optical deceptions or delusions; and what is all poetry together but delusion—since assuredly it is not—truth? But hear Mr Moore, who never leaves a discussion in the dark, although during the progress of it he sometimes seems fond “now of glimmer, and now of gloom,” that he may have the satisfaction of dissipating them with one bold flare of his torch.

“To his college companions, almost all of whom were his superiors in scholarship, and some of them even, at this time, his competitors in poetry, he looked up with a degree of fond and admiring deference, for which his ignorance of his own intellectual strength alone could account; and the example, as well as tastes, of these young writers being mostly on the side of established models, their authority, as long as it influenced him, would, to a certain degree, interfere with his striking confidently into any new or original path. That some remains of this bias, with a little leaning, perhaps, towards school recollections, may have had a share in prompting his preference of the Horatian Paraphrase, is by no means improbable;—at least, that it was enough to lead him, untried as he had yet been in the new path, to content himself, for the present, with following up his success in the old. We have seen, indeed, that the manuscript of the two Cantos of Childe Harold had, previously to its being placed in the hands of Mr Dallas, been submitted by the noble author to the perusal of some friend—the first and only one, it appears, who at that time had seen them. Who this fastidious critic was, Mr Dallas has not mentioned; but the sweeping tone of censure in which he conveyed his remarks was such as, at any period of his career, would have disconcerted the judgment of one, who, years after, in all the plenitude of his fame, confessed, that ‘the depreciation of the lowest of mankind was more painful to him, than the applause of the highest was pleasing.’”

Alluding to Byron's strong desire to publish the Satire instead of Childe Harold, Mr Moore remarks, that it is often not a little curious to observe how often the course of a whole life has depended on one single step. Had he persisted in his original purpose of giving that poem to the world instead of Childe Harold, it is more than probable, says Mr Moore, “that he would have been lost as a great poet to the world!” “*Ne quid nimis*,” one is apt to exclaim, on reading that

sentence. The Satire would have fallen still-born from the press, and people would have wondered at the abortion; but that “his former assailants would have resumed their advantage over him” we see no reason to believe, for men who have been flayed alive do not like to wrestle. The first satire was not forgotten; and though the dunghills might have cackled, they would not have crowed—much less have shewn fight. “In the bitterness of his mortification,” continues Mr Moore, “he would have flung Childe Harold into the fire!” The deuce he would?—no—*Trust Byron*. He would have instantly written another Satire—and as “*facit indignatio versus*,” it would have been a red-hot bar of iron, and then, on his second triumph, he might have indulged old Dallas by publishing Harold. We cannot sympathize with the summary process of flinging it into the fire—unless it had been bound in asbestos. Mr Moore, as usual, backs out of this strong assertion, by saying that even if Byron had afterwards summoned up sufficient confidence to publish that poem, (Childe Harold,) its reception, even if sufficient to retrieve him in the eyes of the public and his own, “could never have at all resembled that explosion of success—that instantaneous and universal acclaim of admiration, into which, coming as it were fresh from the land of song, he now surprised the world, and in the midst of which he was borne buoyant and self-assured along, through a succession of new triumphs, each more splendid than the last.” No doubt there is something—or may be something—in that elegant and graceful qualification of by far too sweeping an opinion; yet, we cannot believe that the power of a mighty Poet could have been palsied by a single stumble, however inopportune; or that the world would not have hailed Byron as a mighty poet, unless he had suddenly shone upon them like a new star from the East, without a single astronomer to predict its rising, and without a single cloud to obscure its effulgence. He was fortunate in the time he did shine forth from the “heaven of invention;” but let us not so degrade the character of his worshippers as to attribute their devotion as

much to the crisis or juncture of his appearance, as to the native and resistless influence of that "bright particular star."

Meanwhile the months passed on—and Byron seems to have spent his time from his arrival in England, in June 1811, till the publication of *Childe Harold*, in March 1812, pretty equally between Newstead and London. Soon after his arrival he lost that strange mother of his—without having seen her alive—and his friend Mathews, who was drowned in the *Cam*. Both events wrung his heart with anguish;—but after the first emotions of natural pity and grief for his mother, necessarily transient, how could he long cherish much sacred sorrow for her sake? Her death—though awhile bitterly lamented, must have been a relief and a release at last from thoughts in which there was both torment and degradation. As for Mathews, he seems to have been a man of extraordinary powers—but Byron was fast growing out of a state of pupillage—he would soon have seen that he was a head and shoulders taller than that giant—the warmth of his friendship would have cooled with the decrease of his admiration—and that his admiration must have decreased, is as certain as that it is more glorious to be elected a poet by the whole world, than a Downing scholar, by the collective wisdom of the most illustrious college in Cambridge.

But Byron now formed what we must think a more congenial friendship—for 'twas with a kindred spirit—a true son of genius—Thomas Moore. They took to each other as soon as they met; and, no doubt, Byron opened his heart more generously to Moore, because that he had in his *Satire* given circulation to a senseless and vulgar jest about that gentleman's hostile meeting with Mr Jeffrey; while Mr Moore, as ready with forgiveness as Byron was with reparation, rejoiced to accept the proffered friendship of one, whose character and situation had so much that was interesting and impressive, before they were encircled—as they soon were—but as Mr Moore had no reason to foresee—with a blaze of glory. The friendship then formed was afterwards more strongly cemented—and continued, we doubt

not, in both bosoms, till "cracked that noble heart"—and Byron was but dust.

But before blazing forth a poet, Byron sported orator. His first speech, and we may almost say his last, in the House of Lords, seems to have been about the Nottinghamshire frame-breakers. It is to be found in *Dallas*, printed from his own manuscript, and Mr Moore well says, that the same sort of interest that is felt in reading the poetry of Burke may be gratified perhaps by a few specimens of the oratory of Byron. We forget Burke's poetry—but Byron's oratory is mortal bad. We do not believe he cared a farthing about the matter—though he tries to hug himself on having made a successful debut, and quotes Lord Grey and Sir Francis Burdett as his panegyrists.

"I spoke," says he, "very violent sentences with a sort of modest impudence; abused every thing and every body; and put the Lord Chancellor very much out of humour." But he was on the eve of a very different kind of triumph.

There was a "sugh" through London of a great Poem. Fame or Rumour from the tops of steeples foretold an event that "cast its shadow before"—

"At times a warning trumpet blown,

At times a stifled hum,

Told England from his mountain throne
The *Childe* did rushing come!"

Childe Harold appeared—and instantly

"Shot upward like a pyramid of fire."

Moore writes nobly on this theme.

"There are those who trace in the peculiar character of Lord Byron's genius, strong features of the relationship to the times in which he lived; who think that the great events which marked the close of the last century, by giving a new impulse to men's minds; by habituating them to the daring and the free; and allowing full vent to 'the flash and outbreak of fiery spirits,' had led naturally to the production of such a poet as Byron; and that he was, in short, as much the child and representative of the revolution in poetry, as another great man of the age, Napoleon, was in statesmanship and warfare. Without going the full length of this notion, it will at least be conceded, that the free loose which had been given to all the passions and energies of the human mind, in the great struggle of that period, together

with the constant spectacle of such astounding vicissitudes as were passing, almost daily, in the theatre of the world, had created, in all minds, and in every walk of intellect, a taste for strong excitement, which the stimulants supplied from ordinary sources were insufficient to gratify (—that a tame deference to established authorities had fallen into disrepute, no less in literature than in politics, and that the poet who should breathe into his songs the fierce and passionate spirit of the age, and assert, untrammelled and unawed, the high domination of genius, would be the most sure of an audience tuned in sympathy with his strains.

"It is true, that, to the license on religious subjects, which revelled through the first acts of that tremendous drama, a disposition of an opposite tendency had for some time succeeded.

"Against the wit of the scoffer, not only piety, but a better taste, revolted; and had Lord Byron, in touching on such themes in *Childe Harold*, adopted a tone of levity or derision (such as, unluckily, he sometimes afterwards descended to), not all the originality and beauty of his work would have secured for it a prompt or uncontested triumph. As it was, however, the few dashes of scepticism with which he darkened his strain, far from checking his popularity, were among those attractions which, as I have said, independent of all the charms of the poetry, accelerated and heightened its success. The religious feeling that has sprung up through Europe since the French revolution—like the political principles that have emerged out of the same event—in rejecting all the licentiousness of that period, have preserved much of its spirit of freedom and enquiry; and, among the best fruits of this enlarged and enlightened piety, is the liberty which it disposes men to accord to the opinions, and even heresies, of others. To persons thus sincerely, and, at the same time, tolerantly, devout, the spectacle of a great mind, like that of Byron, labouring in the eclipse of scepticism, could not be otherwise than an object of deep and solemn interest. If they had already known what it was to doubt themselves, they would enter into his fate with mournful sympathy; while, if safe in the tranquil haven of Faith, they would look with pity on one who was still a wanderer. Besides, erring and dark as might be his views at that moment, there were circumstances in his character and fate that gave a hope of better thoughts yet dawning upon him. From his temperament and youth, there could be little fear that he was yet hardened in his heresies, and as for a

heart wounded like his, there was, they knew, but one true source of consolation, so it was hoped that the love of truth, so apparent in all he wrote, would one day enable him to find it.

"Another, and not the least of those causes which concurred with the intrude claims of his genius, to give an impulse to the tide of success that now flowed upon him, was, unquestionably, the peculiarity of his personal history and character. There had been, in his very first introduction of himself to the public, a sufficient portion of singularity to excite strong attention and interest. While all other youths of talent, in his high station, are heralded into life by the applauses and anticipations of a host of friends, young Byron stood forth alone, unannounced by either praise or promise,—the representative of an ancient house, whose name, long lost in the gloomy solitudes of Newstead, seemed to have just awakened from the sleep of half a century in his person. The circumstances that in succession followed,—the prompt vigour of his reprisals upon the assailants of his fame,—his disappearance, after this achievement, from the scene of his triumph, without deigning even to wait for the laurels which he had earned, and his departure on a 'far pilgrimage,' whose limits he left to chance and fancy,—all these successive incidents had thrown an air of adventure round the character of the young poet, which prepared his readers to meet half-way the impressions of his genius. Instead of finding him, on a nearer view, fall short of their imaginations, the new features of his disposition now disclosed to them, far outwent, in peculiarity and interest, whatever they might have preconceived; while the curiosity and sympathy awakened by what he suffered to transpire of his history, were still more heightened by the mystery of his allusions to much that yet remained untold. The late losses, by death, which he had sustained, and mourned, it was manifest, so deeply, gave a reality to the notion formed of him by his admirers, which seemed to authorize them in imagining still more; and what had been said of the poet Young, that he found out the art of 'making the public a party to his private sorrows,' may be, with infinitely more force and truth, applied to Lord Byron.

"On that circle of society with whom he came immediately in contact, these personal influences acted with increased force, from being assisted by others, which, to female imaginations especially, would have presented a sufficiency of attraction, even without the great qualities joined with

them. His youth,—the noble beauty of his countenance, and its constant play of lights and shadows,—the gentleness of his voice and manner to women, and his occasional haughtiness to men,—the alleged singularities of his mode of life, which kept curiosity alive and inquisitive,—all these lesser traits and habitudes concurred towards the quick spread of his fame; nor can it be denied, that, among many purer sources of interest in his Poem, the allusions which he makes to instances ‘of successful passion’ in his career, were not without their influence on the fancies of that sex, whose weakness it is to be most easily won by those who come recommended by the greatest number of triumphs over others.

“That his rank was also to be numbered among these extrinsic advantages, appears to have been—partly, perhaps, from a feeling of modesty at the time—his own persuasion. ‘I may place a great deal of it,’ said he to Mr Dallas, ‘to my being a lord.’ It might be supposed that it is only on a rank inferior to his own such a charm could operate; but this very speech is, in itself, a proof, that in no class whatever is the advantage of being noble more felt and appreciated than among nobles themselves. It was, also, natural, that, in that circle, the admiration of the new poet should be at least quickened by the consideration, that he had sprung up among themselves, and that their order had, at length, produced a man of genius, by whom the arrears of contribution, long due from them to the treasury of English literature, would be at once fully and splendidly discharged.

“Altogether, taking into consideration the various points I have here enumerated, it may be asserted, that never did there exist before, and, it is most probable, never will exist again, a combination of such vast mental power and surpassing genius, with so many other of those advantages and attractions by which the world is, in general, dazzled and captivated. The effect was, accordingly, electric; his fame had not to wait for any of the ordinary gradations, but seemed to spring up, like the palace of a fairy tale, in a night. As he himself briefly described it in his Memoranda,—‘I awoke one morning, and found myself famous.’ The first edition of his work was disposed of instantly; and as the echoes of its reputation multiplied on all sides, ‘Childe Harold’ and ‘Lord Byron’ became the theme of every tongue. At his door, most of the leading names of the day presented themselves, some of them persons whom he much wronged in his Satire, but who now forgot their resentment in generous admiration. From

morning till night the most flattering testimonies of his success crowded his table—from the grave tributes of the statesman and the philosopher down to (what flattered him still more) the romantic billet of some *incognita*, or the pressing note of invitation from some fair leader of fashion; and, in place of the desert which London had been to him but a few weeks before, he now not only saw the whole splendid interior of high life thrown open to receive him, but found himself, among its illustrious crowds, the most distinguished object.”

Byron, of whom it might be said that he had “been left unthought of in obscurity,” was now all at once

“Conspicuous object in a nation’s eye;”

and a Colonel Greville—a man of fashion about town—we beg the deceased’s pardon for the use of that article—must needs challenge the “prevailing poet,” for some allusion or no allusion in the Satire. He was a blockhead for his pains, and his silly message dwindled away down into nothing, or evaporated in smoke. What signified that Satire? “What is writ is writ,” and such is the invaluable blessing of the art of printing, that we defy the whole world to suppress a single scrap of paper that bears the impress of genius. Byron felt that all such half-hostile messages were nonsense, and bristled up against them; but he was far more embarrassed in those cases where the restitution took a friendly form. We quote the following beautiful passage, which does ample justice to the nobleness of his mind:—

“Being now daily in the habit of meeting and receiving kindnesses from persons, who either in themselves, or through their relatives, had been wounded by his pen, he felt every fresh instance of courtesy from such quarters to be (as he sometimes in the strong language of Scripture expressed it) ‘like heaping coals of fire upon his head.’ He was, indeed, in a remarkable degree, sensitive to the kindness or displeasure of those he lived with; and had he passed a life subject to the immediate influence of society, it may be doubted whether he ever would have ventured upon those unbridled bursts of energy in which he, at once, demonstrated and abused his power. At the period when he ran riot in his Satire, society had not yet caught him within its pale; and in the time of his Cains and Don Juans, he had again broken loose from it. Hence, his instinct towards a life

of solitude and independence, as the true element of his strength. In his own domain of imagination, he could defy the whole world; while, in real life, a frown or smile could rule him. The facility with which he sacrificed his first volume, at the mere suggestion of his friend, Mr Becher, is a strong proof of this pliability; and, in the instance of *Childe Harold*, such influence had the opinions of Mr Gifford and Mr Dallas on his mind, that he not only shrunk from his original design of identifying himself with his hero, but surrendered to them one of his most favourite stanzas, whose heterodoxy they had objected to; nor is it too much, perhaps, to conclude, that had a more extended force of such influence then acted upon him, he would have consented to omit the sceptical parts of his poem altogether. Certain it is, that, during the remainder of his stay in England, no such doctrines were ever again obtruded on his readers; and in all those beautiful creations of his fancy with which he brightened that whole period, keeping the public eye in one prolonged gaze of admiration, both the bitterness and the license of his impetuous spirit were kept effectually under control. The world, indeed, had yet to witness what he was capable of, when emancipated from this restraint. For graceful and powerful as were his flights while society had still a hold of him, it was not till let loose from the leash that he rose into the true region of his strength; and though almost in proportion to that strength was, too frequently, his abuse of it, yet so magnificent are the very excesses of such energy, that it is impossible, even while we condemn, not to admire. The occasion by which I have been led into these remarks—namely, his sensitiveness on the subject of his *Satire*—is one of those instances that show how easily his gigantic spirit could be, if not held down, at least entangled, by the small ties of society. The aggression of which he had been guilty was not only past, but, by many of those most injured, forgiven; and yet—highly, it must be allowed, to the credit of his social feelings—the idea of living familiarly and friendly with persons respecting whose character or talents there were such opinions of his on record, became, at length, insupportable to him; and though far advanced in a fifth edition of '*English Bards*,' &c. he came to the resolution of suppressing the *Satire* altogether; and orders were sent to Cawthorn, the publisher, to commit the whole impression to the flames. At the same time, and from similar motives—aided, I rather think, by a friendly remonstrance from Lord Elgin or some of his connexions—the '*Curse of Minerva*,' a poem levelled against that no-

bleman, and already in progress towards publication, was also sacrificed; while the '*Hints from Horace*,' though containing far less personal satire than either of the others, shared their fate."

We have no experience of the Feeling of Fame. Once in a night dream we had it for a momentary flash—but all the eyes of the gazing multitude shut at once, and left us shrunk up into insignificance in total darkness. We see, however, that it turns the heads of most men and women, making them all as proud as so many fallen angels. How a London Lion ought to shake his mane, and wag his tail, and shew his tusks, and roar, we, who are but an Edinburgh lamb, can form no conjecture. It is easy to moralize over the weakness of the strong, the meanness of the mighty; but poets are but men, and if all the world will bow down to them, and worship them, agape with wonder and astonishment, we must not abuse the bards for staring like Saracens. Now, really Byron, "who awoke one morning, and found himself famous," might have been pardoned, he if, notwithstanding his lameness, he had

"Into such strange vagaries fell
As he would dance."

But he did not make any such exposure of his Bardship. He enjoyed his fame—why not?—but it found not its way into the deepest recesses of his heart. There was many a strange dark thing there "that passeth shew;" and there may be much and frequent enjoyment above the surface of melancholy—of misery that is mixed with the vital blood. Fame never yet yielded deep, untroubled, permanent, immortal bliss! In its full blaze men have committed suicide. Had Byron done so, it needed not to have confounded us; for his assuredly were sometimes dark, desperate, wicked thoughts—like the whisperings of fiends in dreams—"airy tongues that syllable men's names," and mutter of distraction and death. Hear his admirable biographer.

"During all this time, the impression which he had produced in society, both as a poet and a man, went on daily increasing; and the facility with which he gave himself up to the current of fashionable life, and mingled in all the gay scenes through which it led, showed that the novelty, at

least, of this mode of existence had charms for him, however he might estimate its pleasures. That sort of vanity which is almost inseparable from genius, and which consists in an extreme sensitiveness on the subject of self, Lord Byron, I need not say, possessed in no ordinary degree; and never was there a career in which this sensibility to the opinions of others was exposed to more constant and various excitement than that on which he was now entered. I find in a note of my own to him, written at this period, some jesting allusions to the 'circle of star-gazers' whom I had left around him at some party on the preceding night; and such in fact was the flattering ordeal he had to undergo wherever he went. On these occasions, particularly before the range of his acquaintance had become sufficiently extended to set him wholly at his ease, his air and port were those of one whose better thoughts were elsewhere, and who looked with melancholy abstraction on the gay crowd around him. This deportment, so rare in such scenes, and so accordant with the romantic notions entertained of him, was the result partly of shyness, and partly, perhaps, of that love of effect and impression to which the poetical character of his mind naturally led. Nothing, indeed, could be more amusing and delightful than the contrast which his manner afterwards, when we were alone, presented to his proud reserve in the brilliant circle we had just left. It was like the bursting gaiety of a boy let loose from school, and seemed as if there was no extent of fun or tricks of which he was not capable. Finding him invariably thus lively when we were together, I often rallied him on the gloomy tone of his poetry, as assumed; but his constant answer was, (and I soon ceased to doubt of its truth,) that though thus merry and full of laughter with those he liked, he was, at heart, one of the most melancholy wretches in existence."

Drury-Lane Theatre, we believe, is burned to the ground about once every twelve years; and the last conflagration fortunately was so timed as to fall in with the first sun-burst of Byron's fame. His Address, to be delivered on the opening of the new theatre, was preferred to one by Dr Busby—and we have a good many of these quarto pages filled with obliterations and corrections of that no very extraordinary composition. He also, about this time, wrote a poem upon Waltzing—and seems to have printed part of the "Curse of Minerva." These were but small

doings—but they pleased or displeased the Londoners—and Byron continued to be their Phoenix. In the May of 1813, appeared his wild and beautiful "Fragment" the Giaour—perhaps the most intensely passionate and exquisitely tender of all his poems. "The story," Mr Moore well says, "possessed that stimulating charm for him, almost indispensable to his fancy, of being in some degree connected with himself—an event in which he had been personally concerned, while on his travels, having supplied the groundwork on which the Poem was founded." It appears that he beautified it greatly, and infused into it more and more of the spirit of poesy, pathos, and passion, as it went through the press. It is a fragment, it is true; but it reads like one of those old woful tragic ballads, in which the hiatus seem caused by the falling away of all needless stanzas, and the stream of suffering leaps darkly and foamingly over each chasm in the rocks.

"On my rejoining him in town this spring, I found the enthusiasm about his writings and himself, which I had left so prevalent, both in the world of literature and in society, grown, if any thing, still more general and intense. In the immediate circle, perhaps, around him, familiarity of intercourse might have begun to produce its usual disenchanting effects. His own liveliness and unreserve, on a more intimate acquaintance, would not be long in dispelling that charm of poetic sadness, which to the eyes of distant observers hung about him: while the romantic notions, connected by some of his fair readers with those past and nameless loves alluded to in his poems, ran some risk of abatement from too near an acquaintance with the supposed objects of his fancy and fondness, at present. A poet's mistress should remain, if possible, as imaginary a being to others, as, in most of the attributes he clothes her with, she has been to himself!—the reality, however fair, being always sure to fall short of the picture which a too lavish fancy has drawn of it. Could we call up in array before us all the beauties whom the love of poets has immortalized, from the high-born dame to the plebeian damsel,—from the Lauras and Sacheris-sas down to the Cloes and Jeannies,—we should, it is to be feared, sadly unpeople our imaginations of many a bright tenant that poesy has lodged there, and find, in more than one instance, our admiration of the faith and fancy of the worshipper in-

creased by our discovery of the worthlessness of the idol.

"But, whatever of its first romantic impression the personal character of the poet may, from such causes, have lost in the circle he most frequented, this disappointment of the imagination was far more than compensated by the frank, social, and engaging qualities, both of disposition and manners, which, on a nearer intercourse, he disclosed, as well as by that entire absence of any literary assumption or pedantry, which entitled him fully to the praise bestowed by Sprat upon Cowley, that few could 'ever discover he was a great poet by his discourse.' While thus, by his intimates, and those who had got, as it were, behind the scenes of his fame, he was seen in his true colours, as well of weakness as of amiableness, on strangers, and such as were out of this immediate circle, the spell of his poetical character still continued to operate; and the fierce gloom and sternness of his imaginary personages were, by the greater number of them, supposed to belong, not only as regarded mind, but manners, to himself. So prevalent and persevering has been this notion, that, in some disquisitions on his character, published since his death, and containing otherwise many just and striking views, we find, in the professed portrait drawn of him, such features as the following:—'Lord Byron had a stern, direct, severe mind; a sarcastic, disdainful, gloomy temper. He had no light sympathy with heartless cheerfulness;—upon the surface was sourness, discontent, displeasure, ill-will. Beneath all this weight of clouds and darkness,' &c. &c.

"Of the sort of double aspect which he thus presented, as viewed by the world and by his friends, he was himself fully aware; and it not only amused him, but, as a proof of the versatility of his powers, flattered his pride. He was, indeed, as I have already remarked, by no means insensible or inattentive to the effect he produced personally on society; and though the brilliant station he had attained, since the commencement of my acquaintance with him, made not the slightest alteration in the unaffectedness of his private intercourse, I could perceive, I thought, with reference to the external world, some slight changes in his conduct, which seemed indicative of the effects of his celebrity upon him. Among other circumstances, I observed that, whether from shyness of the general gaze, or, from a notion, like Livy's, that men of eminence should not too much familiarize the public to their persons, he avoided showing himself in the mornings, and in crowded places, much more than was his custom when we first

became acquainted. The preceding year, before his name had grown 'so rife and celebrated,' we had gone together to the exhibition at Somerset House, and other such places; and the true reason, no doubt, of his present reserve, in abstaining from all such miscellaneous haunts, was the sensitiveness, so often referred to, on the subject of his lameness—a feeling which the curiosity of the public eye, now attracted to this infirmity by his fame, could not fail, he knew, to put rather painfully to the proof."

Such painting as this bespeaks the hand of a master; every touch brings out character; and we feel assured that the portrait is true to nature. There is vindication in such free and fearless friendship which is irresistible, and we love the biographer who, by simple and undisguising truth, puts down falsehood till its tongue drops its idle venom in the dust. Strong sense and fine sentiment here glow in every line; love for the "poor inhabitant below" engenders no hatred towards the malignity that would fain stir and disturb his very shroud; but his eulogist is serene, in the conscious pride of being privileged to confess the frailties of him whose character, in spite of them all, was noble still—nor by any exaggeration of his virtues, any more than of his vices, would seek to wrong Byron anywhere, and,

"least of all,

Here standing by his grave."

His very want of literary assumption—when we consider what he was, and what the world thought him—being perfectly natural and sincere, shewed rare greatness of character. It accounted for the contempt expressed for his conversational powers by the Cockneys, who all keep chattering during meals and after them, like so many monkeys, emulous and envious of each other's eloquence, and pulling out with their paws fetid observations from their cheek-pouches, which are nuts to them, though instead of kernel, nothing but snuff. Monkeys and Cockneys seem always alarmed that you think them stupid unless they gibber; whereas, were they but to hold their tongues, it is possible that you might be betrayed once in your life into a momentary suspicion that they were human. Leigh Hunt declares that Byron had

nothing deserving the name of conversation; and he is just about as right in thinking so as an ape grossly misbehaving himself, with his little red bleary eyes, in every possible way in his cage, high up in the attic story of Pidcock or Wombwell, is right in testifying his contempt for the taciturnity of the lion on the ground-floor, who keeps gazing on the admirers of the forest-king, as silent as Pythagoras.

Conversational talents are, no doubt, occasionally the source of considerable satisfaction to social parties of a mixed kind; but more frequently are they the source of discomfort, annoyance, wearisomeness, and disgust. There is a distinction perhaps, but to us it often seems a distinction without a difference, between speakers and talkers—the former, we understand, being to be preferred, and of course listened to with all due deference and respect. But then, they insist on admiration, and admiration includes silence, and silence is shameful to men with tongues in their mouths and brains in their heads, as long and as large, it may be, as those of their eloquent neighbours. The truth is, that the man who shews off in company, is *ipso facto* a poor creature; and cannot be a gentleman. Exuberance of animal spirits, a passion for sympathy, or a confidential affection for the pensive Public, will instigate men to pour themselves out at table, to decant themselves as they might a bottle of frothy small beer, or other more potent liquor, “*sans peur et sans reproche*.” We do not call that shewing off; for the root of their copiousness, their great “verbosity of words,” as we t’other-day heard such fluency well called by a country gentleman, is benevolence—legitimate or spurious; and such is the wickedness of this world, that we like even a bastard benevolence. But your studied “malice prepense” haranguer, who gets up his string of speeches out of his pile of commonplace books, and absolutely comes prepared, like a Chancellor of the Exchequer on opening the Budget, or a barrister about to address a jury on a case of railroads, river-embankments, or encroachment-of-tide, deserves death without benefit of clergy, except indeed a roasting from Sydney Smith.

The selfish sinner spouts but for himself; nor sees the loathing which his vulgar lips inspire, his pompous enunciation, and the glazed fixtures of his unintellectual eyes. “Pity he is not in Parliament,” some stuck-pig ninny whispers to the brother at his elbow—and pity ’tis indeed—in parliament—in prison—or in the stocks. Only see how he shines!—Feeding his little tin-lamp with the oil of vanity—till all at once the wick goes out with a stink, and the would-be illuminé cannot see the length of his nose. For somebody has changed the talk upon him, insinuated a topic on which our friend has not been crammed like a Cambridge wrangler or a Norfolk turkey, and the shallow stream, as if stricken by sudden frost, is dumb. The company begins to revive under the unhopéd abatement of the nuisance. There is a sweet, still, Sabbath-feeling in the air, now that the “dizzy mill-wheel rests,” and mine host calls on Davy Wylie for a song—the Ewie wi’ the crooked horn, or Jenny’s bawbee. The orator remembers, or feigns, an engagement to a Rout; and flies off to have his dry well fanged (see Dr Jamieson) by an effusion from the bucket of some Fashionable Blue.

Men of genius, even, are not always innocent of this sin. They are betrayed into it by the “moods of their own minds,” which are sometimes perverse enough; and seem suddenly seized with a desire to shine—idle ambition indeed—in stars that by their very being are lustrous. But stars, it would appear, are sometimes impatient of being behind a cloud—and are unhappy in heaven unless gazed at from earth. Poets thus become prosy; Coleridge himself, whose speech usually resembles the music of the spheres, then hums like a spinning-wheel or a dorchawk; Wordsworth’s Much-ado-about-Nothing reminds his hearers of the cataract of Lodoré, bouncing in dry summer-weather over a precipice some hundred feet high, with about some six or eight gallons in the minute of a continuous flow of foamy froth. Sir Walter gets so unrelentingly anecdotal on the doomed man sitting under the fascination of his shaggy eyebrows, that the ghost of Joe Miller would seem to bring relief from Elysium to that “storied

urn and animated bust;" and as for Bowles, we never shall cease wondering how he can bring himself to have the wickedness sometimes to deliver, at one Saturday sitting, as many sermons as would suffice the congregation of Brewhill church for a series of Sabbaths.

Now, all this being the case, more or less, one may easily suppose the scene when a batch of tip-top talkers are met together, each determined to put his best foot foremost, and to gabble the other down, till the air of the room is like the hollow of the sky, during the transit of a flock of wild-geese emigrating under the conduct of a chief, with a bill almost as loud and long as Wilmot Horton's. Byron suffered much in this way; and seems to have had a horror of certain *soirées*, where every mouth was at work like a power-loom. At no time loquacious,—at such time he was silent. What cared he whether the "Epicene" had the ball at her own foot,—or Sir James Mackintosh, (talker in ordinary at Holland-House,)—or Mr Richard Sharpe, —or Brownstout Whitbread, the brewer,—or Smallbeer Rogers, the banker,—or Playwright Colman, the licenser,—or any other "old man or old woman eloquent"—what mattered all this to Childe Harold, self-withdrawn into some glorious realm of Greece, flying, eagle-like, over the Peaks of Parnassus? His ambition "was made of sterner stuff." He knew that one of his penserian stanzas was worth all the talk-tea-and-turn-out that ever was ribbled; nor does he seem to have taken the trouble of seriously admiring for an hour any of those spouters, except De Stael and Sheridan, —and *She*, indeed, was almost of as high an order of mind as Byron,—although, unlike Eve with Adam, from her lips words alone pleased us;" while *He* was lustrous even when la-hrymose, with the hues of wit turning his maudlin tears into diamond parks, and while smiles and sighs were a-struggle, "set the table on a roar." Byron was often mute—that is, his thought was so—but his forehead always spoke, and so did the eloquent light—and the sunshiny shadows of his eyes, whether "in dim effusion veiled" of melancholy, or brightly beautifully blue," as the

heavens without a cloud, in the summer-light of the Joy of Genius, which—to look on its expression—seemeth indeed to be "bliss beyond compare!"

It would be extremely impertinent in us to despise the Fashionable and Philosophical and Literary Society of London, composed as it is, in no inconsiderable part, of very brilliant persons, male and female,—and containing, no doubt, its due proportion both of wit and wisdom. Yet Byron does not seem, from his Journals, to have either much admired or much enjoyed it; and we confess, that sometimes we have experienced a feeling of pity,—almost a little like a leaning towards contempt,—in reading not a few of the trifling details with which the middle portion of this volume is too much occupied. Small sketches, or rather scratches of character, jests stale and vapid, "quips and cranks," without the "wreathed smiles" that should accompany them —anecdotes not exactly scandalous, but gossipy—*badinage* and *persiflage*, of which the affected heartlessness is not carried off by the real fancy—and certain airs of assumption, entirely alien from Byron's native character, but breathed over its surface by the exclusive spirit of what is called, and no doubt often is, High Life, though it sometimes looks like the lowest of the low; such annoyances have rather too frequently met us in Mr Moore's Narrative, and Byron's Journals, of the two years and a half between the publication of Childe Harold and the "Fatal Marriage." It is hard to say in what kind of element Byron would most freely have breathed; but it does not seem to have been the atmosphere of London. During the depression of spirits which he laboured under while printing Childe Harold, he would frequently, says Mr Dallas, talk of selling Newstead, and of going to reside in Naxos, or the Grecian Archipelago, to adopt the Eastern costume and customs, and to pass his time in studying the Oriental languages and literature. The excitement of the triumph that soon after ensued, and the scenes which, in other pursuits besides those of literature, attended him, again diverted, says Mr Moore, his thoughts from these migratory projects. But

the roving fit soon returned; and we find, from one of his letters to Mr William Bankes, that he looked forward to finding himself, in the course of the spring of 1813, once more among the mountains of his beloved Greece. For a time that plan was exchanged for the more social project of accompanying his friends, the family of Lord Oxford, to Sicily; but on that design being by him relinquished, he again thought of the East, and proceeded so far in the preparations for the voyage, about the middle of summer, as to purchase snuff-boxes as presents for some of his old Turkish friends. Thus he writes to Mr Moore:—"Rogers is out of town with Madam de Stael, who hath published an Essay against Suicide, which, I presume, will make somebody shoot himself,—as a sermon by Blenkinsop, in proof of Christianity, sent a hitherto most orthodox acquaintance of mine out of a Chapel of Ease, a perfect Atheist. I am still in equipment for going away," &c. Mr Croker had procured for him a passage to Greece in a king's ship; but the scheme went off, and he had to interest himself in correcting and adding to the fifth edition of the *Giaour*, which was about this time reviewed in the *Edinburgh*, in an article "so very mild and sentimental, that," quoth his Lordship, "it must be written by Jeffrey *in love*." "Mr Jeffrey has done the handsome thing by me,—and I say *nothing*. But this I will say,—if you and I" (he is writing to Mr Moore) "had knocked one another on the head in his journal, how he would have laughed, and what a mighty bad figure we should have cut in our posthumous works!"

Towards the close of this year, (1813,) he "scribbled another Turkish story," the *Bride of Abydos*,—which scribbling occupied, he tells us, four days; and, in good truth, there are too many feeble or ill-written passages in the poem, which is the least successful of all his productions, either in design or execution. But Lord Holland liked it,—and so did Lady Holland,—although on reading the proofs, they disliked it; but taste is a very variable feeling, and 'twas all right at last. "The *Bride of Abydos*," says Mr Moore, "was struck off, like its predecessor

the *Giaour*, in one of those paroxysms of passion and imagination, *which adventures such as the poet was now engaged in were*, in a temperament like his, calculated to excite. As the mathematician of old required but a spot to stand upon, to be able, as he boasted, to move the world, so a certain degree of foundation in *fact* seemed necessary to Byron, before that lever which he knew how to apply to the world of the passions, could be wielded by him. So small, however, was, in many instances, the connexion with reality which satisfied him, that to aim at tracing, through his stories, these links with his own fate and fortunes which were, after all, perhaps visible but to his own fancy, would be a task as uncertain as unsafe; and this remark applies not only to the *Bride of Abydos*, but to the *Corsair*, *Lara*, and all the other beautiful fictions that followed, in which, though the emotions expressed by the poet may be, in general, regarded as vivid recollections of what had, at different times, agitated his own bosom, there were but little grounds,—however he might himself occasionally encourage such a supposition,—for connecting him personally with the ground-work or incidents of the story."

Byron had now been for two years Lord of the Ascendant. Admiration of one man seldom lasts so long in the fluctuating soul of the World, and still seldomer in the fickle soul of the Town. It cannot sustain itself in the air of fancy, having little or no foundation in the intellect. Byron was a great poet; but a great poet has many small idolaters; London is a large city, but it contains some hundred thousand very little inhabitants; and though we would not offend such a metropolis for the universe, we humbly presume to doubt if the Wen be the Power which presides over the dominions of poetry, if the Fame whom she sends "flying all abroad," be the Immortal One, or a Simulacrum, which, in the very midst of her towering flight, feels her wing flagging, and descends plump-down to the dust. Be that as it may—The Town began to tire of Byron—to grow sulky and sullen with Byron—to get fierce and ferocious upon Byron—and, like other gluttons,

"With besotted, base ingratitude
Cram and blaspheme its feeder."

In April, 1814, we hear of him in a strange mood.

"A resolution was, about this time, adopted by him, which, however strange and precipitate it appeared, a knowledge of the previous state of his mind may enable us to account for satisfactorily. He had now, for two years, been drawing upon the admiration of the public with a rapidity and success which seemed to defy exhaustion,—having crowded, indeed, into that brief interval, the materials of a long life of fame. But admiration is a sort of impost from which most minds are but too willing to relieve themselves. The eye grows weary of looking up to the same object of wonder, and begins to exchange, at last, the delight of observing its elevation, for the less generous pleasure of watching and speculating on its fall. The reputation of Lord Byron had already begun to experience some of these consequences of its own prolonged and constantly renewed splendour. Even among that host of admirers who would have been the last to find fault, there were some not unwilling to repose from praise; while they who had been, from the first, reluctant eulogists, took advantage of these apparent symptoms of satiety, to indulge in blame.

"The loud outcry raised, at the beginning of the present year, by his verses to the Princess Charlotte, had afforded a vent for much of this reserved venom; and the tone of disparagement in which some of his assailants now affected to speak of his poetry, was, however absurd and contemptible in itself, precisely that sort of attack which was the most calculated to wound his, at once, proud and diffident spirit. As long as they confined themselves to blackening his moral and social character, so far from offending, their libels rather fell in with his own shadowy style of self-portraiture, and gratified the strange inverted ambition that possessed him. But the slighting opinion which they ventured to express of his genius, seconded as it was by that inward dissatisfaction with his own powers, which they whose standard of excellence is highest, are always the surest to feel, mortified and disturbed him; and, being the first sounds of ill augury that had come across his triumphal career, startled him, as we have seen, into serious doubts of its continuance.

"Had he been occupying himself at the time with any new task, that confidence in his own energies, which he never truly felt but while in the actual exercise of them, would have enabled him to forget

these humiliations of the moment, in the glow and excitement of anticipated success. But he had just pledged himself to the world to take a long farewell of poetry—had sealed up that only fountain from which his heart ever drew refreshment or strength,—and thus was left, idly and helplessly, to brood over the daily taunts of his enemies, without the power of avenging himself when they insulted his person, and but too much disposed to agree with them when they made light of his genius. 'I am afraid,' he says, in noticing these attacks in one of his letters, 'what you call *trash* is plausibly to the purpose, and very good sense into the bargain; and, to tell the truth, for some little time past, I have been myself much of the same opinion.'

In this sensitive state of mind, which he but ill disguised or relieved by an exterior of gay defiance or philosophic contempt, we can hardly feel surprised, continues Mr Moore, "that he should have all at once come to the resolution not only of persevering in his determination to write no more in future, but of purchasing back the whole of past copy-rights, and suppressing every page and line he had ever written!" *Sic transit gloria mundi!* This insane resolution he communicated to Mr Murray, who soon restored him to his senses by a simple statement of the impracticability of such a scheme. He at once submitted, and talked no more of buying back copy-rights and of incrimination of stock. Now, what were all the other poets about during this First Era of Byron's reign? We really forget. Did not Scott publish Rokeby? And — but we must not expose our ignorance, which we confess is deplorable. Why, all Poets, one and all of them, were, during those two years, as cleanly swept out of existence in the mind of the Reading Public, as if the Old Lady had, from infancy, addicted herself exclusively to pap and prose. "Byron — Byron — Byron" — or "Birron — Birron — Birron" — was still the watch-word and reply. Even the star of Scott waned in the cloudy roofs of Blue-Stocking Coteries. Crabbe sidled backwards out of them with a discontented crawl, like a parton peevish at low-water. Moore, who had not then reached his zenith, twinkled and tinkled less like a harmonious or melodious sphere, which he

has since become, than a tambourine in the airily-brandished hands of a dancing Savoyard girl, of whose measures, in some grass-grown square, no man taketh heed. Even Campbell, though uneclipsed, was ungazed at; and Gertrude allowed to read Shakspeare in the Pennsylvanian woods, all unbeloved and unadmired;—while all eyes wept for Medora watching the bark of her Pirate,—and opening her bosom to the pressure of hands red with murder and blood. As for Wordsworth and Southey,—they were entombed—the one among the glooms of Helvellyn, the other, among the glooms of Glaramara,—as in the incommunicable depths of the grave. Even that “singularly wild and original Poem *Christabel*,” was blown by derision into oblivion, as if a satyr had hissed away a Sibylline leaf,—and Coleridge—as well he might—burst into tears! That all the living—that is to say, the dead poets—did not abhor Byron, speaks volumes in their praise; yet some of them, we fear, growled like thunder, that at times seems loath to leave its cloud, yet sullen in confinement there, and that sends, ever and anon, short fitful gleamings out, which you can scarcely call lightning, till—gracious heavens!—what a burst of fire!—one far-shooting, wide-wavering, wrathfully-rustling moment of the Last Day, in which the earth, with all her mountains, seems to heave up into the sky, and though steadfast still, then to dissolve away in the night of utter darkness that falls over them from the grim regions of the exhausted heavens which, in that one electrical blaze, seem to have poured out their very heart.

That simile seems not so much amiss as a description of a natural phenomenon; but unluckily it is not at all applicable to the poets, whose dissatisfaction it was meant to illustrate. With the exception of Wordsworth, who boldly asserted in all societies, that Byron—though a young man of some talent—had no genius, and was not a poet even of the third class—(why will great men make themselves ridiculous, and worse than ridiculous—contemptible?) the other bards seem to have borne their temporary obscurity with much stoicism—supported, we presume, by that happy self-esteem which is

—we verily believe—in some sense, the source and solace of all genius. Each of them comforted himself with the hope, “there’s a braw time coming;” and ’twas pleasant to hear some of them, with a look most magnanimous and forlorn, eulogizing the Childe, and declaring with a proud humility, which, in most cases, passed for hypocrisy of the lowest grade of that vice, “Byron is the best of us all—the best of us all must yield the palm to Byron;” and as each was, of course, in his own estimation, “the best of us all,” ’twas thus that “Pride, in the garb of Humility,” found victory even in defeat, and exulted even to be dragged in chains at the wheels of Byron’s triumphal chariot—for that degradation—they proudly opined—was reserved only for kings or princes.

Now Byron was too proud—too noble a spirit, to like all this—and his perfect knowledge that this delusion of his worshippers respecting the worthlessness of other poets of the highest order grew out of their delusion respecting himself, inspired him at times with absolute disgust for the judgments of such a tribunal as that which now decided the comparative claims of genius. That disgust was deepened by the discovery soon forced upon him, that even his genius was beginning to lose its miraculous virtue; and that the reading Public had begun to doubt or disbelieve the mystery of that animal magnetism, which had so frequently, during a period of two years, thrown her into convulsions not always decorous; such were the exhibitions of both of the old lady’s legs up to the garter—or “*Honi soit qui maly pense*”—which she always wears, we are credibly informed, above knees in symmetry similar to those of the late amiable Durham-ox. No wonder? “Fame is the spur which the clear spirit doth raise”—but ’tis not worn on the heel of the swinish multitude. And who are the swinish multitude? Not those whom Burke meant to include within that very Christian designation. People of fashion are the swinish multitude. Now and then a white doe is seen gliding through the park, or forest-chase, “beautiful exceedingly;” but the gross amount is made up of grunTERS. Yes—’tis a sty—a pig-sty; and it shews itself

to be one at this very moment by bubble-and-squeak—all a-bristle. Many an old sow leered upon Byron in the midst of her litter. But we are getting on debateable and dangerous ground; and as we would not give the slightest offence for the world to any individual or body of individuals, let us assume a pleasanter aspect, and hover away off like a bird in among the Beautiful.

During those two years and a half, we verily believe that all the good poets of Britain were, in their obscurity, far happier than Byron. For there, afar off from a million and a half of people living in brick houses metropolitan or suburban—the moon rose, undisturbed by smoke or stir, above the mountains—for them night after night were the heavens more and more crowded with stars—social in infinitude. Surely no man—no married man, ever looked at a stream singing its way through some cheerful solitude, without feeling the beauty of that line,

“Glides the calm current of domestic life;”

and then, if from its moss-tuft on the bank peeps out some happy primrose—every father feels the beauty of that other line, “still more beautiful,” of the high-souled and tender-hearted Campbell,

“Uprose that living flower before his eye;”

and thus are all the elements profuse of poetry—till heaven, earth, and air overflow with happiness. Madam de Stael was a bright creature at a *Soirée*—but not so bright as She, who now

“Rising in clouded majesty, at length
Apparent queen, unveil’d her peerless orb;
And o’er the dark her silver mantle
threw.”

The hum of a *Conversazione* is not so meditation-deep as the mutely speaking eloquence of silence, in whose blue lap lie dreaming in their sleep the countless multitude of stars!

“God made the country—and man made the town,”

said Cowper, with a boldness justified by his religious love of nature. Byron had a soul to feel that—for his soul was “born again” among the mountains—even along with the thunder-peal that seemed rejoicing over

“a young earthquake’s birth.” Imprisoned in brick, what must have been its bondage! Much—too much of those two years in and about London was abused—much, too much was lost. His midnight converse with such a man as Moore was indeed compensation for much idle—and worse than idle misemployment of “God’s gracious time;” and with some other choice spirits he partook of “celestial colloquy sublime;” but the continuous flow of Wordsworth’s life was a far holier and happier lot—and more approved by the highest Muses who wept while they smiled on that other, their youngest and prodigal son. Yet Byron, gloriously gifted as he was—so far forgot the true nature of the poet’s attributes, and the poet’s reign, as to compliment himself, and him who has become his biographer, on having belonged to the—Fashionable World! Without whose pale—alack and alas—a-day—no bard must hope to be received of the golden-haired Divinity! the Apollo, who, if truth be in fiction, and religion in mythology, did of old love to haunt, during his snatched absences from the haunts of Jove, the gloom of groves, and the glory of mountain-tops that lifted up their ladders for the descending God!

“This is true fame,” said some poet or other on taking up a tattered volume from the “window-sole” of a cottage-kitchen, and finding it to be “Thomson’s Seasons.” How very few of our poets are thus popular! Cowper, Young, Burns—who else? None. This looks as if it were not in the nature of the thing possible that a truly great poet should ever become known—as a household word—to the people, except under very peculiar circumstances of subject, situation, or character. But not to involve ourselves in that speculation, Byron, there can be no doubt, has truth, nature, and beauty, sufficient to establish much of his poetry in the universal heart. He seems to have written the first two Cantos of *Childe Harold* without knowing, or suspecting, or dreaming, what he was about; and as he felt it to be a sort of ideal picture, if not an absolute portrait of himself, he was slow and reluctant to believe that it could be a poem worthy of the world. But the inspiration of strong personal

feelings embued it with the same power that is inherent in most of Burns's poetry—and in much of Cowper's—and, had it been rather more sincere, in all Young's—and, notwithstanding what has been said to the contrary, in almost all Thomson's—both the Seasons and the Castle of Indolence. The Giaour—Bride of Abydos—Corsair—Lara, and others—were all written, partly from the impulse of the same kind of personal feelings—and partly to delight, astonish, and take by storm—London—both the City and the West End of the Town. That appeared to Byron at the time, surrounded as he was by the blaze of his own glory, in which London may be said to have been in illumination more creditable than that in which she gloried on the acquittal of Queen Caroline—to be a high ambition, and we do not say it was a low one; but these are not Poems, after all, though immortal in their strength and beauty, that will for ever hold deep possession of the heart of humanity. His subsequent works were greater far—some of them transcendent. Therefore, Byron, when his mind was abstracted, as often it must have been, wholly from the narrow world, of which he shone for a time as the central orb, must have been mortified to think how limited, after all, was the range of that Thought and Sentiment to which his genius was an object of legitimate love and admiration. He saw himself worshipped by fools and knaves, puppies, dandies, reps, and demireps, and some other orders of both sexes, which shall be nameless—by men of talents, too, and power in the state—by men and women of genius—and by the hollow hum brought from afar of distant villages, towns, and cities, which sounded to his ear like the National Voice. But he knew that it could not be the National Voice, for the reverential love of genius at a nation's heart gives out hymns of gratulation that flow pure as rivers down the mountains,

“To touch ethereal of Heaven's fiery red.”

He must have felt that there was folly, ignorance, and injustice, in the decree that set him, the author of these two Cantos, not only on a level with, but absolutely above, all the living poets, many of whom had dedicated a life-long service to the

Muses, and had had their exceeding great reward in continuous inspiration that had given power to effect great achievements. Therefore, he was often desponding in the midst of his triumphs, knowing that they were hollow at heart; therefore, if he did not bow down and worship them, nevertheless was he, perhaps, somewhat too forward to swear fealty to those king-makers, as he called them, Messrs Gifford and Jeffrey, who, in good truth, had not power to hurt a hair in his head, although it did Mr Jeffrey infinite credit to assist in crowning it with the laurel.

Turning from Byron's poetry to his life, Was he now a libertine? We can only answer that question in the negative, by saying, that he was probably no Joseph. We can, without any great stretch of imagination, picture to ourselves a more prettily-behaved, exemplary, and aunt-delighting young gentleman; yet he seems to have been one of the least profligate in all the Peerage. His amours, high or low,—few or many—are no business of ours, or of yours either; but, as far as the truth may be learned from Mr Moore, they were never characterised by any peculiar cruelty or deceit; nor was his morality—with regard to such connexions—laxer than is usual in high life, in a highly-refined and luxurious state of society. We should think ourselves degraded by saying more on a subject on which cant and hypocrisy have pre-eminently ejaculated their lamentations, while

“So scented the grim features, and upturn'd

Their nostrils far into the murky air;”

as if, while they indignantly denounced, they brutally snuffed the sin. Few faces were clearer than his of the slightest taint of grossness of expression,—certainly not the great, broad, yellow, black, greasy face of that sensual Satyr who figures as frontispiece in the Number of that Methodistical Magazine, where Byron was sent, “*sans ceremonie*,” “right slick away” to hell, for a series of seductions committed only in the hideous pork-chop dreams of that nauseous Sinner-saved rampant from a love-feast. But hear Mr Moore:

“During my stay in town this year, we were almost daily together; and it is

no spirit of flattery to the dead, I say, at the more intimately I became acquainted with his disposition and character, the more warmly I felt disposed to take an interest in every thing that concerned him. Not that in the opportunities thus afforded me of observing more closely his defects, I did not discover much to lament, and not a little to condemn. But there was still, in the neighbourhood of even his worst faults, some redeeming good quality, which was always there, if brought kindly and with management into play, to neutralize their ill effects. The very frankness, indeed, with which he avowed his errors, seemed to imply a confidence in his own power of redeeming them,—a consciousness that he could afford to be sincere. There was so, in such entire unreserve, a pledge that nothing worse remained behind; and the same quality that laid open the blemishes of his nature gave security for its honesty."

Byron had never been free from debt, since he knew what money meant; and these embarrassments, which must have been often most distressful, became at last the cause, we verily believe, of that "separation" which drove him to death. He had sold Newstead Abbey, which must have cost him many pangs, and had afterwards to take it back again from the insolvent purchaser. He made as light of this misery as he could—just as he tried to do of all his miseries—but it gnawed at his heart, and embittered every day of his life. He thus writes to Mr Moore, in his peculiar vein: "This day have I received information from my man of law, of the *non*—, and never likely to be, performance of purchase by Mr Claughton, of *impecuniary* memory. He don't know what to do, or when to pay; and so all my hopes and worldly projects and prospects are gone to the devil. He (the purchaser, and the devil too, for ought I care) and I, and my legal advisers, are to meet to-morrow; the said purchaser having first taken special care to enquire, 'whether I would meet him with temper.' Certainly the question is this—I shall either have the estate back, which is as good as ruin, or I shall go on with him lawdling, which is rather worse. I have brought my pigs to a Mussulman market. If I had but a wife now, and children of whose paternity I entertained doubts, I should be hap-

py, or rather fortunate, as Candide or Scarmantado. In the meantime, if you don't come and see me, I shall think Mr Sam's bank is broke too, and that you, having assets there, are despairing of more than a piastre in the pound for your dividend."

Byron about this time had jotted down in one of his journals, that "marriage might be the saving of him," and the deep interest which Mr Moore and other friends felt in his well-being, induced them to lean to the same opinion. Mr Moore's hopes, indeed, had in imagination turned towards one bright object, "The cynosure of neighbouring eyes;" and in May 1814, Byron writes to him, "I believe you think that I have not been quite fair with that Alpha and Omega of beauty, &c., with whom you would willingly have united me. But if you consider what her sister said on the subject, you will less wonder that my pride should have taken the alarm; particularly as nothing but the everyday flirtation of every-day people ever occurred between your heroine and myself. Had Lady * * appeared to wish it, or even *not* to oppose, I would have gone on, and very possibly married, (that is, if the other had been equally accordant,) with the same indifference which has frozen over the 'Black Sea' of almost all my passions. It is that indifference which makes me so uncertain, and apparently capricious. It is not eagerness of new pursuits, but that nothing impresses me sufficiently to *fix*; neither do I feel disgusted, but simply indifferent to almost all excitements. The proof of this is, that obstacles, the slightest even, *stop* me. This can hardly be *timidity*; for I have done some imprudent things, too, in my time; and in almost all cases opposition is a stimulus. In mine it is not; if a straw were in my way, I could not stop to pick it up. I have sent this long tirade, because I would not have you suppose that I have been *trifling* designedly with you or others. If you think so, in the name of St Hubert, (the patron of antlers and hunters,) let me be married out of hand—I don't care to whom, so that it amuses any body else, and don't interfere with me much in the day-time." In explanation of this Mr Moore says:—

"That I, more than once, expressed some such feeling, is undoubtedly true. Fully concurring with the opinion, not only of himself, but of others of his friends, that in marriage lay his only chance of salvation from the sort of perplexing attachments into which he was now constantly tempted, I saw in none of those whom he admired with more legitimate views, so many requisites for the difficult task of winning him into fidelity and happiness, as in the lady in question. Combining beauty of the highest order with a mind intelligent and ingenious—having just learning enough to give refinement to her taste, and far too much taste to make pretensions to learning—with a patrician spirit proud as his own, but showing it only in a delicate generosity of spirit—a feminine highmindedness, which would have led her to tolerate his defects in consideration of his noble qualities and his glory; and even to sacrifice silently, some of her own happiness, rather than violate the responsibility in which she stood pledged to the world for his. Such was, from long experience, my impression of the character of this lady; and perceiving Lord Byron to be attracted by her more obvious claims to admiration, I felt a pleasure no less in rendering justice to the still rarer qualities which she possessed, than in endeavouring to raise my noble friend's mind to the contemplation of a higher model of female character than he had, unluckily for himself, been much in the habit of studying.

"To this extent do I confess myself to have been influenced by the sort of feeling which he attributes to me. But in taking for granted, (as it will appear he did from one of his letters,) that I entertained any very decided or definite wishes on the subject, he gave me more credit for seriousness in my suggestions, than I deserved. If even the lady herself, the unconscious object of these speculations, by whom he was regarded in no other light than that of a distinguished acquaintance, could have consented to undertake the perilous, but still possible and glorious, achievement of attaching Byron to virtue, I own that, sanguinely as in theory I might have looked to the result, I should have seen, not without trembling, the happiness of one, whom I had known and valued from her childhood, risked in the experiment."

A few months after, Byron again writes to Mr Moore about marriage. "I have been listening to my friend Hodgson's raptures about a pretty wife-elect of his, and I met a son of Lord Erskine's, who says he has been married a year, and is the 'happiest

of men;' and I have met the aforesaid H,—who is also the 'happiest of men'—so it is worth while being here, if only to witness the superlative felicity of these foxes, who have cut off their tails, and would persuade the rest of the world to part with their brushes to keep them in countenance." About a month after this he proposed to Miss Milbanke—who had formerly declined the honour—and was accepted. The circumstances attending the proposal are curious.

"A person, who had for some time stood high in his affection and confidence, observing how cheerless and unsettled was the state both of his mind and prospects, advised him strenuously to marry; and, after much discussion, he consented. The next point for consideration was—who was to be the object of his choice; and while his friend mentioned one lady he himself named Miss Milbanke. To this, however, his adviser strongly objected; remarking to him, that Miss Milbanke had at present no fortune, and that his embarrassed affairs would not allow him to marry without one; that she was, moreover, a learned lady, which would not at all suit him. In consequence of these representations, he agreed that his friend should write a proposal for him to the other lady named; which was accordingly done,—and an answer, containing a refusal, arrived as they were one morning sitting together. 'You see,' said Lord Byron, 'that, after all, Miss Milbanke is to be the person—I will write to her.' He accordingly wrote on the moment; and, as soon as he had finished, his friend remonstrating still strongly against his choice, took up the letter; but, on reading it over, observed, 'Well, really, this is a very pretty letter, it is a pity it should not go. I never read a prettier one.' Then it shall go, said Lord Byron; and, in so saying, sealed and sent off, on the instant, this fiat of his fate."

This recital will amuse some and shock others; as it both amuses and shocks; and we presume that it presents a fair specimen of the thoughts and feelings of that high life into which all men must be admitted, as Byron was by birth and Moore by genius, (so said his lordship,) ere they can hope to become poets! Nothing in the lowest farce was ever lower—yet it may be said to have been the prologue to a tragedy which had a grievous catastrophe. It may not be always much amiss to employ

a friend to buy one a shandrydan or a trotting pony, though even then a man had far better go about the bargain himself in a business-like way; but when the transaction regards a wife, pray keep the pen in your own hand, fold and seal with your own hand, put into post-office even with your own hand, read the answer with your own eyes, and, beg your pardon, begin from the beginning with consulting your own even senses, and your seven thousand fancies, and the innumerable thoughts and feelings resident all the year through in your brain and your heart—begin with liking, loving, longing, desiring, burning for one object, to you incomprehensibly different from all objects of the same name and nature—Woman—and end with suddenly pressing her, by moon-light, gas-light, or candle-light, or even sun-light, to your bosom, and beseeching her, by the pity in the heaven of her eyes, to promise, in due season, to become your wife. In all probability you will thus be happy in wedlock, and cut a respectable, or even shining figure in life, not only as a husband, but absolutely as a father. Your children will be all like you as so many peas—and your funeral will be attended by heaven knows how many scores of posterity legitimately descended from your honourable loins. But if you employ an amanuensis—a secretary—a clerk, not only to write your proposal of marriage to your intended, but commission him to put his finger on the object proper for your choice,—you have only to look along the vista of your future years,” and is shut up by that impressive temple—Doctors Commons.

Byron, harassed at all hands, was in a reckless mood the morning of this disgraceful and fatal scene; indeed, he played the part of a passive madman. But who was the “person who for some time stood high in his affection and confidence,” the poor wretch that dared thus, in stinking prophanity, to sport with the most sacred rights of woman? He could not have been a man. The act betrays emasculation. The Lady who escaped will even now sicken with disgust, and be revived by indignation, dreading this exposé of the slavish scribe’s insolent insult to her and to

her sex; while the Lady who unfortunately fell into the toil thus spread for her by a man not at the time entirely in his right senses—and scarcely, we think, a moral agent, so utter was his temporary want of all due reflection,—and by an eunuch, who slipped out in the impudence of all his natural and acquired ignorance of the subject in all its bearings to which it referred—“Well, really this is a very pretty letter—it is a pity it should not go—I never read a prettier one”—that Lady will blush as she weeps—and her tears never can be dried—to think that the story of her wooing, and of her being won, should have been familiar—as coffee-house words—to one of the meanest of the outcasts of humanity. That Byron was in a very disturbed state of mind when he “sealed and sent off on the instant that fiat of his fate,” appears from a passage of a letter written—perhaps the day, or the day after—to Mr Moore. “My head is at this moment in a state of confusion from various causes, which I can neither describe nor explain—but let that pass. My employments have been rural—fishing, shooting, bathing, and boating. Books I have but few here; and those I have read ten times over, till sick of them. So I have taken to breaking soda-water bottles with my pistols, and jumping into the water, and rowing over it, and firing at the fowls of the air. But why should I ‘monster my nothings’ to you, who are well-employed, and happily too I should hope? For my part, *I am happy too*, in my way, but as usual have contrived to get into three or four perplexities, which I do not see my way through. But a few days, *perhaps a day, will determine one of them.*”

A few days after he writes,

“Here’s to her who long
Hath waked the poet’s sigh!
The girl who gave to song
What gold could never buy.”

“My dear Moore—I am going to be married, that is, I am accepted, and one usually hopes the rest will follow. My mother of the Gracchi (that *are* to be) *you* think too strait-laced for me, although the paragon of only children, and invested with ‘golden opinions of all sorts of men,’ and full of ‘most blest conditions’ as Desde-

mona herself. Miss Milbanke is the lady, and I have her father's invitation to proceed there in my elect capacity, which, however, I cannot do, till I have settled some business in London, *and got a blue coat.*" "If this had not happened, I should have gone to Italy. I must of course reform thoroughly; and seriously, if I can contribute to her happiness, I shall recover my own. She is so good a person, that—in short, I wish I was a better." In a letter written about this time to the Countess of * * *, he says of Miss Milbanke, after many compliments, "She has employed the interval (since refusing him two years before) in refusing about half a dozen of my particular friends, and has taken me at last, *for which I am very much obliged to her.* I wish it was well over, for I do hate bustle, and there is no marrying without some; and then I must not *marry in a black coat, they tell me, and I can't bear a blue one.* You know I must be serious all the rest of my life—and this is a parting piece of buffoonery, which I write with tears in my eyes, expecting to be agitated." In a letter to Henry Drury, a few days after, he indulges himself in the same excellent joke. "They say one shouldn't *be married in a black coat. I won't have a blue one—that's flat. I hate it.*" All this, from beginning to end, is painful—puerile, we had almost said—unmanly; and, certes, without one redeeming tinge of genius.

On his arrival in town he had, upon enquiring into the state of his affairs, found them in so utterly embarrassed a condition, as to fill him with some alarm, and even to suggest to his mind the prudence of deferring his marriage. The die was however cast, Mr Moore adds, and he had *now no alternative but to proceed!* So, on the 2d of January, 1815, he was married to Miss Milbanke. He has given in his Memoranda a prose account of the wedding, closely agreeing, in many of its circumstances, with the touching picture of the same scene in his poem "The Dream." He described himself, in that Memoir, as waking on the morning of his marriage with the most melancholy reflections, on seeing his wedding-suit spread out before him. In the same mood, he wandered about the grounds alone, till he was sum-

moned for the ceremony, and joined, for the first time on that day, his bride and her family. He knelt down, he repeated the words after the clergyman—but a mist was before his eyes—his thoughts were elsewhere, and he was but awakened by the congratulations of the by-standers, to find that he was—married! The same morning the wedded pair left Seaham for Halnaby, another seat of Sir Ralph Milbanke's, in the same county. When about to depart, Lord Byron said to his bride, "*Miss Milbanke, are you ready?*" a mistake which the lady's confidential attendant pronounced to be "a bad omen!" Such was the courtship, and such the marriage, of Lord Byron and Miss Milbanke—a courtship and a marriage in High Life, the only sphere of song; and we leave you to compare them, and from the comparison to draw the proper reflections, with the courtship and marriage in low life, where poetry cannot be, of Colin Clout and "Cicely with her pail," or of Ploughman Humphry "with his flail," for one day laid aside, with glowing bright in green gingham "Dorothy Draggletail!"

We hope—nor do we doubt—that Lord and Lady Byron were happy during their honey—or as his Lordship facetiously called it, their treacle-moon. We doubt it not—for she at least loved him, and was also worthy of all love. But to think that a marriage so contracted could be happy to the last, or long, would have been a belief wild as any in a sick man's dreams. The nuptial knot, that should be formed of links of finest steel, embedded in silk soft and warm as light, was here not even of natural though faded, but of artificial paper flowers. That Byron should have called his bride—the moment after marriage—"Miss Milbanke," *was* of evil omen,—for it was cold as ice, when his looks should have been like that harmless lightning, that, without any noise, softly gleams through the twilight of the summer woods, and his words a blessing and a prayer prolonged in the spirit of the nuptial benediction, but confined now in its glowing sanctity to his own virgin's ear! We must not care much about trifling phrases contained in confidential commu-

cations,—yet when we consider at such confidential communications were made to such a man as Mr Moore—one of Byron's dearest friends—and himself a happy husband and father—we confess that we could not have been displeased, but delighted, to have seen, now and then, the slight expression of tenderness for his bride, some acknowledgment of his feelings of those sacred obligations under which he had come to his young, innocent, and virtuous wife. There is, we fear, nothing of this, or a little, that it is perhaps worse than nothing. In his first letter to Mr Moore, after the event, he says, "I am married this day week—the parson has pronounced it—Perry has pronounced it—and the Morning Post so, under the head of 'Lord Byron's Marriage,' as if it were a fabrication, or the puff-direct of a new day-maker. Lady Byron is vastly well. How are Mrs Moore's and Joe Atkinson's Graces? We must present our women to one another." This is a little better than a newspaper letter which we remember reading from Hughes Ball after his marriage with Mercandotti. In a letter written about a week after, in answer to one from Moore, rather sillily asking Byron's opinion whether or not a dog could recognise his master, whom neither his own mother nor mistress was able to find out—(why, 'tis done by the sense of smell, and though women—both mothers and mistresses—may have long noses, they are not so sagacious as curs)—he says, amidst other rather vulgarish matter, "I humbly take it, the mother knows the son that pays her inture—a mistress her mate, till he * and refuses salary—a friend his flow, till he loses cash and character—and a dog his master, till he changes him. So you want to know about milady and me? But let me not, as Roderick Random says, profane the chaste mysteries of 'ymen'—*damn the word*—I had nearly spelt it with a small *h*. I like well as well as you do (or did, you villain!) Bessy, and that is, or was, saying a good deal." In another fortnight he writes, "I have been transferred to my father-in-law's, with my lady and my lady's maid, &c. &c. and the treacle-moon is over, and I am awake, and find myself married.

My spouse and I agree to—and in—admiration. Swift says 'no wise man ever married;' but, for a fool, I think it the most ambrosial of all possible future states. I still think one ought to marry upon *lease*; but I am very sure I should renew mine at the expiration, though next term were for ninety and nine years." There seems some heart in that, but not much in what follows; "Pray, tell me what is going on in the way of intrigue, and how the w—s and rogues of the Upper Beggars' Opera go on—or rather go off—in or after marriage—or who are going to break any particular commandment." We do not envy Mr Moore either the pride or pleasure that he must have derived from such epistles—though he must have smiled, as we now do, with the following picture:—"My papa, Sir Ralpho, hath recently made a speech at a Durham tax-meeting; and not only at Durham, but here, several times since, after dinner. He is now, I believe, speaking it to himself, (I left him in the middle) over various tumblers which can neither interrupt him nor fall asleep—as might possibly have been the case with some of his audience. I must go to tea—damn tea—I wish it was Kinnaird's brandy—and with you to lecture me about it." About a fortnight after the last spoonful of the treacle-moon, he seems to have formed a plan of foreign travel for himself and Mr Moore. "*If I take my wife*,—you can take yours—and *if I leave mine*,—you may do the same. Mind you stand by me, in either case, brother Bruin." Ere the post-treacle-moon had filled her horns, Byron in writing to Moore about the death of the young Duke of Dorset—killed in Ireland by a fall from, or with his horse, in fox-hunting—says, "we were at school together—and there I was passionately attached to him. Since, we have never met,—but once I think since 1805—and it would be a paltry affectation to pretend that I had any feeling for him worth the name. But *there was a time in my life when this event would have broken my heart—and all I can say now is—it is not worth breaking. Adieu! it is all a farce.*"

But though we must not fear to face the disastrous dissolution of this ill-omen'd marriage, we shall

say no more of the progress—too soon shewn—of that coldness, indifference, distraction, or alienation, which ended in hopeless divorce. Neither shall we abridge the narrative—always unsatisfactory—of Byron's year of wedded life. We shall say just enough—and no more—to account for—as far as it can be accounted for—the final catastrophe. It was bald of poetry; his correspondence with Mr Moore seems to have chiefly regarded the Edinburgh Review, to which that gentleman had become a contributor; Drury-Lane theatre, and its committee of management, to which Byron belonged, plays and play-wrights. Within the year—a daughter had been born to him—“Ada! sole daughter of his house and heart!” And his first letter to Mr Moore, after that event in itself of such a blessed kind—was written in a tone that awakened his friend's anxious suspicions and fears that all was not right and bright about the hearth. Very soon after the date of that letter—Lady Byron adopted the resolution of parting with him—the rumours of their separation did not reach Mr Moore in the country till more than a week afterwards, when he immediately wrote Byron a most affectionate and delicate letter—to which he soon received this reply: “I am at war ‘with all the world and his wife;’ or rather all the world and *my* wife are at war with me, and have not yet crushed me—whatever they *may* do. I don't know that in the course of a hair-breadth existence I was ever, at home or abroad, in a situation so completely uprooting of present pleasure, or rational hope for the future, as this same. I say this, because I think so, and feel it. But I shall not sink under it the more for that mode of considering the question—I have made up my mind. By the way, however, you must not believe all you hear on the subject; and don't attempt to defend me. If you succeeded in that, it would be a mortal or immortal offence—who can bear refutation? I have but a very short answer for those whom it concerns; and all the activity of myself and some sagacious friends, have not yet fixed on any tangible ground, or personage, on which, or with whom, I can discuss

matters, in a summary way, with a fair pretext—though I had nearly *nailed one* yesterday, but he evaded by—what was judged by others—a satisfactory explanation. I speak of *circulators*—against whom I have no enmity, though I must act according to the common code of usage, when I hit upon those of the serious order.”

In his reply to this unhappy letter, Mr Moore said, “After all your *choice* was the misfortune.” But Byron, with equal generosity and justice, answered, “I must set you right in one point, however. The fault was *not* so, nor even misfortune, in my choice (unless *in choosing at all*), for I do not believe, and I must say it, in the very dregs of all this bitter business, that there ever was a *better*, or even a *BRIGHTER*, a kinder or a more amiable and agreeable being, than Lady Byron. I never had, nor can have any reproach to make her, *while with me*. Where there is blame, it belongs to myself; and if I cannot redeem it, I must bear it.” In attributing what had happened to Byron's “choice,” Mr Moore, however, had not the remotest intention of finding any fault with the character of the object of that choice. “What I meant,” he says, “in hinting a doubt with respect to the object of your selection, did not imply the least impeachment of that perfect amiableness, which the world, I find, by common consent, allows to her. I only feared that she might have been too perfect—too *precisely* excellent—too matter-of-fact a paragon for you to coalesce with comfortably; and that a person, whose perfection hung in more easy folds about her, whose brightness was softened down by some of ‘those fair defects which best conciliate love,’ would, by appealing more dependently to your protection, have stood a much better chance with your good-nature.” Had there been any thing very bad in his own conduct to his wife, it can hardly be doubted that he would have “made a clean breast,” and confessed all to Mr Moore. But he says, with manifest sincerity and suffering, “Her nearest relations are a * * * * my circumstances have been, and are, in a state of great confusion. My health has been a good deal disordered, and my mind ill at ease for a con-

erable period. Such are the causes (do not name them as excuses) which have frequently driven me to excess, and disqualified my temper for comfort. Something, also, may be attributed to the strange and cultory habits which, leaving me my master at an early age, and rambling about, over and through the world, may have induced." Read either of his confessions. "People have wondered at the melancholy which runs through my writings; and others have wondered at my personiaity. But I recollect once, after a tour in which I had been sincerely particularly gay, and rather brilliant in company, my wife replying to me, when I said, (at her remarking my high spirits,) 'and yet, Bell, I have been called, and miscalled melancholy,—you must have seen how frequently?'—'No, Byron,' answered, 'it is not so; at heart you are the most melancholy of mankind, and often when apparently gay.'" To these faults, and sources of faults, inherent in his own sensitive nature, he added also, says Mr. Moore, "many of those which a long indulgence of self-will generates, the least compatible of all others, (if not even denied down as they were in him of good-nature,) with that system of mutual concession and sacrifice, by which the balance of domestic peace is maintained. When we look back, indeed, to the unbridled career, of which this marriage was meant to be a goal—to the rapid and restless course in which his life had run along, like a burning train, through a series of wanderings, adventures, successes, passions, the fever of all which still upon him, when, with the headlong restlessness, he rushed into this marriage, it can but little surprise us, that, in the space of one short year, he should not have been able to recover all at once from his wilderment, or to settle down into the same level of conduct which the jealous spies of his privacy require." The degradation of debt—and indignities of duns,—for, but for the privilege of Peerage, the waters of Fleet-ditch had stained his laurel crown,—can embitter the sweetest nectar, and give tenfold acerbity to the wormwood of the sourest; and though his was neither generally the sweetest nor the sourest, at times

doubtless it was the one, and at times the other; nor is there, we fear, a more hopeless effort, in this weary world, than to try to wipe away the remembrance of looks, words, deed of sullenness or rage, directed against the woman he loves, by a man in fits of passion-born mental alienation. He comes, at last, to think, to feel it hopeless,—the voice of the tempter then works fatally; the diseased spirit desires to collect all its arrears of debt to the injured, that it may see them in one huge, dark pile, beyond possibility of being paid off, and submits to the result—ruin.

Byron, too, either was surrounded, even under his own roof, by spies, or he fancied that he was—and "that his every hasty word and look were interpreted in the most perverting light." His wife was above all that—far, far above it, indeed—almost an *Una*. But still the small, sinister, squinting optics of persons pretending to have business in rooms, where they suspected something or nothing might be going on—sudden and soft openings of doors, as if by invisible spirits, whereas they moved on their well-oiled hinges to the red, fat fingers—smooth or hairy—of *Girzzy* or groom—footsteps gliding to and fro, ghostlike in day-light galleries, which no ghost doth ever haunt that weareth not blue linsey-woolsey petticoats, or red plush breeches;—such things may have been—and if they were, they must have been most damnable to such a sensitive, passionate, and imaginative spirit as Byron—and quite enough to drive him wickedly mad. Certes, his *Satire* on the *Grace*, *Muse*, *Fate*, or *Fury*, of whom he sings that she

"Dined from off the plate she lately washed,"

sticks the steel into a system of espionage, of which sufficient must have been real for the foundation of that superstructure of libel, out of whose windows, as that confidential person looketh out, 'tis plain Byron hath not left her, as we say in Scotland, "the likeness o' a dug." She does, indeed, appear richly to deserve the epithet which Jupiter—when much *morris'd*—used to inflict on Juno. Speaking of this somewhat savage sketch, Mr. Moore says, that it was "generally, and, it must be

owned, justly condemned, as a sort of literary assault on an obscure female, whose situation ought to have placed her as much *beneath* his satire, as the undignified mode of his attack certainly raised her *above* it." Though that sentence be well-turned, yea, even as in a lathe—nathless it's smooth rotundity, we ask—"but was this obscure female innocent or guilty?" If innocent—then was there an unhappy mistake—and no matter what her rank—reparation was due—and repentance. If guilty, the rank to which she had been raised put her on a level with Byron—disgusting and degrading as that might be—for it had put her on a level—or too near—his lordship thought—a level with Lady Byron! Her situation, therefore, if it was what Byron says it was, and he must have known that better than his biographer, ought not to have placed her *beneath* his satire. And as for an undignified attack raising the object of it *above* it—that is a mistake; for the object of an attack sinks under and rises above it, not according as the attack is dignified or undignified, but according as it is merited or unmerited—the charge false or true. And why this pompous big-wig shake of the head and elevation thereof, after the fashion of some "budge Doctor of the Stoic Fur," from so natural and manly a person as Thomas Moore? Dignity, indeed! Did *he* know Byron no better than to expect *dignity* from him—dignity, which is one of the lesser morals—or rather one of the greater manners of rank and birth—when his soul was "fierce as ten Furies," "terrible as hell," and, like those dolorous and distracted regions, under demoniacal possession? When caught up in a whirlwind of passion, some persons may perhaps decently adjust their robes, take care of their knee and shoe-buckles, and preserve an air of dignity ludicrously contrasted with danger; but Byron was not one of that class; he spoke as the spirit moved him, not according to what was prettiest or most proper to the Peerage. And in doing so, though he must have grievously hurt the feelings of Beau Brummel, now of Boulogne sur le Mer, we cannot for a moment doubt, that he offered a rich sacrifice of nature to the delighted nostrils of the ghost of Wil-

liam Shakspeare, late of Stratford upon-Avon.

But though we cannot go along (most people, however, will, in spite of us) with Mr Moore, when lecturing in stilts on Byron's want of dignity in abusing a mortal fishwoman in Billingsgate which might have passed current among the Nereids, we do go along with him, heart and soul, in all he says about the

"Fare thee well—and if for ever,

Still for ever fare thee well."

On its publication, it appeared, he beautifully says, "to many a strain of true conjugal tenderness; a kind of appeal, which no woman with heart could resist; while by others on the contrary, it was considered to be a mere showy effusion of sentiment, as difficult for real feeling to have produced, as it was easy for fancy and art, and altogether unworthy of the deep interests involved in the subject. To this latter opinion, I confess my ear to have at first strongly inclined; and suspicious, as I could not help thinking the sentiment that could at such a moment indulge in such verses, the taste that prompted or sanctioned their publication appeared to me even still more questionable. On reading, however, his own account of all the circumstances in the Memoranda, I found, that on both points, I had, in common with a large portion of the public, done him injustice. He there described, and in a manner whose sincerity there was no doubting, the swell of tender recollections, under the influence of which, as he sat one night musing in his study, those stanzas were produced—the tears, as he said, falling fast over the paper as he wrote them. Neither did it appear, from that account, to have been from any wish or intention of his own, but through the very indecorous zeal of a friend whom he had suffered to take a copy, that the verses met the public eye." Byron then stands vindicated, by a simple statement, from any outrage on the public feelings; and therefore we hope that the public is ashamed of herself for having piped her eye—all griefs on board—keeping all the pumps going as if she had ten feet water in her hold—and been fearing every lurch to go down to Davy's locker.

The appearance of these lines gave

additional violence to the angry and inquisitorial feelings then abroad against him; advertised as they were by various publishers, as "Poems by Lord Byron, on his domestic circumstances." Mr Moore says, "It is indeed only in those emotions and passions, of which imagination forms the predominant ingredient—such as life in its first dreams, before reality has come to embody or dispel them, or sorrow, in its wane, when beginning to pass away from the heart into the fancy—that poetry ought ever to be employed as an interpreter of feeling. For the expression of all those immediate affections and disquietudes that have their root in the actual realities of life, the art of the poet, from the very circumstance of being an art, as well as from the coloured form in which it is accustomed to transmit impression, cannot be otherwise than a medium as false as it is feeble." Beautifully said, indeed, and also truly; but it is a truth not so comprehensive as Mr Moore imagines. The laws of passion are not uniform. In one man grief is soft as the moss, and hard as the stone. Strike it with a sledge-hammer, and it may dully and sullenly ring—but break it shall not—nay, or yield a single splinter. Grief in another man is like a pound of butter—and he would be a poor pugilist who could not make a "dent in it." So on—begging Mr Moore's pardon, who, after all, we verily believe, knows as much, or more about these self-same passions, and every thing else, than we do—old as we are—soon, we say, throughout the whole range of nature. What is as natural in one man in agony as it is natural for the leaves to look for the light, or as unnatural in another man in the same agony, as it would be for a Bishop to walk up the steps of his throne in a cathedral, on his head or bottom, like Joe Grimaldi. Now, in poetry—and it is of poetry that we speak—that which is natural is necessarily proper; and a poem written in the rack, or the wheel—if the author succeeded in not only giving transient, but permanent and adequate expression to his feelings, could not fail of becoming a great and just favourite with the pensive and impassioned public. Now, to come to the point at once—and keep to it—Lord

Byron's Farewell to Lady Byron—was poetry—full of pathos and passion—deny it who will—and we know now that it was poured forth from his soul in throes—with sobs and tears that literally—not figuratively—wet the paper. It could not have been the nature of many men to act thus, while thus they suffered; but it was the nature of Byron to do so, and that is enough—our argument meets Mr Moore's, and being stronger, in the collision it sends it spinning aside—but Mr Moore's argument being, nevertheless, sound within the heart—though with too strong a bias to the *right*—it lies like a well-played bowl in the neighbourhood of a better—and 'tis known all over the green that he has lost the game—and that Christopher is, as usual, in a match—conqueror.

Now, some dozen years ago, a parallel between Byron and Rousseau was drawn in the Edinburgh Review, in an article on the 4th Canto of *Childe Harold*, by Professor Wilson. We have no very distinct recollection of it—how should we?—but there can be no doubt that in not a few points—and these distinctive—there is a resemblance—strange and also deep—between their characters. Byron denied it—but what signified *his* denial? Did he prove that it was a mere dream? No. He liked boxing—Rousseau did not—*argal*, he was not like Rousseau! That is his strongest argument. But Jack Scroggins is fonder of boxing—and better at it too, than ever Byron was—therefore liker Byron than Jean Jacques! Byron's mother thought him like Rousseau. What her idea of Rousseau was, God knows; yet she was much such another woman as Rousseau's wife. But many others have seen the dim analogy—the world sees it—and will continue to see it till doomsday. And Mr Moore must acknowledge it strongly subsists, if he will but put his hand to his forehead, and think over some sayings and doings, especially the "Fare Thee Well," of his poor friend—aye, poor as any beggar that ever lived on alms, though richer than either Cræsus or Rothschild.

No sooner were the rumours of Lady Byron's secession from her Lord known to be true, than the Pub-

lic fell into a "fit of moral wrath," and with "her eyes in a fine frenzy rolling," proclaimed against her whilom idol an edict of excommunication, her anathema and curse. That such wickedness could be in this world—beneath the sun, moon, and stars—surpassed not only all her experience, but all her imagination; and looking down on Byron's feet, she saw the foul Fiend—the Prince of the Air—the tutelary genius of Lincoln. Here was, indeed, the devil to pay—while holy men, who knew professionally that it was not Satan, hinted from pulpits prophetic fears for the island that had given birth to such a monster.

"What is his crime?" "Hush—hush!" was the answer—with finger laid on the lip—eyelids dropped—and head moving—as if something had happened that must bring on the judgment-day. But "what is his crime?" "Crime! for Heaven's sake, silence! We live in strange times—but bad as human nature is, we were not prepared for this!" "For what?" "Hush, hush—shocking, hideous, revolting, unnatural! Take care, my good sir, how you commit your own character." This last view of the subject generally proved conclusive—for a man's character is a selfish, a sacred thing—and the Child of Sin was given over to perdition.

Many there were, as Mr Moore well says, "who conscientiously believed, and reprobated what they had but too much right to consider credible excesses, whether viewing Byron as a Poet or a Man of Fashion." The Moral Sense of the country was shocked by what must have seemed, under the unknown, but conjectured circumstances of the case, cruelty to a young, beautiful, loving, and virtuous wife. But the Moral Sense of a country is, we presume, its Moral Understanding; and it pronounces not final judgment till it knows the truth. Then it speaks, unfalteringly, exculpation, acquittal, or doom. It hates mystery, and above all, that mystery in which malice would seek to involve vice, evil, or crime, that the criminal may be unable to offer any palliation of his offences which seem more hideous through the gloom. The Moral Sense or Understanding of the country, there-

fore, as soon as it recovered from its first shock of alarm, began to enquire—to demand explanation—not from the guilty, who might be too obstinate, too sullen, too reckless, too infatuated, to confess—but from the innocent, who might reasonably be supposed anxious even—not in her own vindication, for she possibly needed none—but in vindication of her unhappy husband, who, though perhaps a bad man, was yet a man and not a demon—to say this much, that there was no peculiar enormity in his breach of the marriage vow, no especial wickedness that ought to lay him under the ban of nature. But a profound silence was preserved—"under the repeated demands made for a specification of her charges against him, which left to malice and imagination, the fullest range for their combined industry." Lies too loathsome to be alluded to without horror, alternated with others too ludicrous to be listened to with a grave face—till sensible people—of whom there are always a few in the world, began to suspect a conspiracy—and the Public herself to be half-ashamed of the virulence of her moral indignation against one offender, while hundreds and thousands as bad, or worse, continued to sit on the high places of her esteem, and even to wave over her their unchallenged sceptres.

But in London—and London had been too much his world—such an outcry was raised and continued against Lord Byron, as never before, perhaps, was witnessed in private life. "The whole amount of fame which he had gathered, in the course of the last four years," says Mr Moore, "did not much exceed in proportion the reproach and obloquy that were now, within the space of a few weeks, showered upon him. There were actively on the alert that large class of persons, who seem to hold violence against the vices of others to be equivalent to virtue in themselves, together with all those natural haters of success, who, having long writhed under the splendours of the *Poet*, were now able, in the guise of champions for innocence, to wreak their spite on the *Man*. In every various form of paragraph, pamphlet, and caricature, both his character and his person were held

up to odium; hardly a voice was raised, or at least listened to, in his behalf; and though a few faithful friends remained unshaken by his side, the utter hopelessness of stemming the torrent was felt as well by them as by himself; and after an effort or two to gain a fair hearing, they submitted in silence," which they ought not to have done, but fought with tongue and pen to the last. There is something very affecting in the following appeal to Mr Rogers: "You are one of the few persons with whom I have lived in what is called intimacy, and have heard me, at different times, conversing on the untoward topic of my recent family disquietudes—Will you have the goodness to say, whether you ever heard me speak of her with disrespect, with unkindness, or defending myself at *her* expense by any serious imputation against her? Did you ever hear me say, 'that when there was a right or a wrong, she had the right?' The reason I put these questions to you, or others of my friends, is, because I am said by her and hers to have resorted to such means of exculpation." In those *Memoirs of Byron*, which it was thought right to destroy, he gave a detailed account of all the circumstances connected with his marriage, from his first proposal to the lady, till his own departure, after the breach, from England. And Mr Moore says, that "frank, as usual, throughout, in his avowal of his own errors, and generously just towards her who was his fellow-sufferer in the strife, the impression his recital left on the minds of all who perused it, was, to say the least, favourable to him; though, upon the whole, leading to a persuasion that neither in kind or degree, did the causes of disunion between the parties much differ from those that loosen the links of most such marriages."

London—the Pure—the Immaculate—the Vestal London—recoiled from the pollution of Byron's touch, as from that of a lewd and loathsome Lazarus. There was then on the stage a beautiful actress of the name of Mardyn, with whom Byron, it was said, had had an intrigue. This amour struck all London with horror—till she groaned so loud that you might have heard her groans at night above the yells of the hundred

thousand prostitutes that people her public streets. The charge was false—a mere foundationless lie—and when the beautiful actress advanced to the lamps, and appealed for protection to her character to the manliness of Englishmen—Ye Gods! how Old Drury thundered through her highest heaven! But, though these manly Englishmen and Englishwomen pronounced "The Mardyn" pure, they still held Byron fouler than ever. Had he not fired off pistols over his wife's head, as it lay on the pillow of their post-nuptial morn—and as the smoke broke away, had he not, with the face of a fiend, whispered into her ear, delicately veiled in a lace night-cap, that he had married her from revenge, and would break her heart? "To so very low an ebb had the industry of his assailants now succeeded in reducing his private character, that it required no small degree of courage, even among the class who are supposed to be the most tolerant of domestic irregularities, to invite him to their society!" And these were the *Miserables*, who, a year before, had all gathered round him, wherever he shewed his "fulgent head"—by gape or gambol had striven, pig or ape-like, to attract one momentary look of his proud condescending eye—had been fain to sweep the floor with their foreheads before his feet—and who lived as Literary Men on the Town, on the amours of one single oral or written word from lip or pen of the glorious Childe, who always pitied and relieved poverty, without heeding whether it had been brought upon its victims by misfortune or guilt.

Byron must now have seen clearly what he must all along have dimly suspected—the utter worthlessness of the idol-worship, which constituted the religion of the fashionable London mob. They had for some considerable time back been doubting the omnipotence of his genius—and shewing themselves anxious to escape from heresy into a more orthodox creed. Their shallow souls had run dry—and the stony channels could no more be made to murmur "with a music sweeter than their own," by all the waters of Helicon. Wearied of their own wonder and admiration, which had now got stale, and incapable, in their weak minds, of any self-sustaining emotion, they no long-

believed in the perpetual miracle of their chosen poet's power, but began to pass over, by a line of no very difficult transition, from senseless and superstitious astonishment to critical and philosophical contempt. His compositions were certainly full of passion, but not of poetry; genius he undoubtedly had, but 'twas monotonous and circumscribed; he was not formed by nature for great and steady, but for bright and startling achievements; and it was obvious that he had already—in the summer-fervour of youth—done his best!! All this, and more than all this, was whispered or whined, moaned or muttered; and it was a relief from any doubts that might beset the minds of such empty and shallow detractors, to turn tooth-and-nail to the tearing into pieces of Byron's private character—or rather public personal character; for to his sad loss and misfortune, he never could be said to have had a *private* character since he went upon the town. His friends deserted him—that cannot be denied; for had they acted boldly, and in a phalanx, they must have speedily borne down the bands of calumny and hypocrisy, which are always as cowardly as they are badly disciplined,—an awkward squad, which cannot perform the simplest evolution, without hurting their heels and losing their heads in inextricable disarray. But Byron had for friends but a small number indeed of “good men and true;” and of them, with lamentably few exceptions, it may be said,

“As he drifted on his path,
There was silence deep as death,
And the boldest held his breath
For a time.”

We have dwelt energetically on this passage in the Life of Byron, because for a long time it was thought to be the darkest of all its passages, and one that had affixed an ineffaceable stain or stigma to his name. There is a mystery about it still; but a mystery so far from appalling, that it merely excites that very humble feeling, Curiosity; and when the Separation is talked of, apart from its unhappy results, people begin to gossip and to smile. Lady Byron, on the forenoon of her departure, left her lord in possession of a few tender conjugal endearments, began a love-letter to him from the first stage

—“My dear Duck”—and having reached home—in time we hope for dinner ere it cooled—dispatched an epistle declaratory of her resolution never again to meet him till the Day of Judgment. That was odd, even among the odd things constantly occurring in this odd world. No wonder, after surprise and sorrow had subsided, that anger and scorn took their place in Byron's heart. 'Twas treatment that would have teased a tailor into a traitor to humanity. 'Twould have made a Timon of the author of the “Age, a Poem.” Byron's future life must be judged in the light of this inexplicable desertion. That life was in many things altogether indefensible; but let not its guilt darken the virtues of his character at a previous period of his “many-coloured” being; let each era answer for its own sins. When a calumny has rested for years on a man's character, all its virtues seem to our eyes poor and sickly under the influence of that unjustly-imputed guilt, like the flowering shrubs in some spot of shady ground from which the sun's glad beams have been intercepted; but, in the latter case, the pining away is real; in the former, it only seems so to our jaundiced eyes; unless, indeed, which generally happens—though from different causes, to the humble as well as to the high, the meek as well as the proud—a scornful sense of injustice withers or blights the better feelings of their nature, and in process of time makes them at last, in very truth, the wicked and unhappy beings which calumny at first called them in the bitterness of conscious falsehood.

We have much more to say about Byron—but we shall keep it to ourselves till the publication of Mr Moore's second volume.—How must a Christian—judging as a Christian—speak of Byron's character and conduct from first to last—from the day he beat the boy in Aberdeen—for sake of an old grudge—and in verification of his motto, “*Trust Byron*”—to the hour when he breathed his last in Greece,

“*Vitaque cum gemitu fugit indignata
sub umbras?*”

That is a solemn—an awful question! and, if it must be answered in the case of Byron, let it be put and answered in the cases of all other poets—living and dead,

THE COLONIAL QUESTION.

UNDOUBTEDLY, Mr Canning, in his celebrated letter to Mr Gallatin, the American minister, placed the Colonial Question upon its proper basis. The attempt, on the part of the American Government, to have the colonies considered in the light of portions of the United Kingdom, and to claim the same privileges in trading to the West Indies, that they enjoyed by treaty in the ports of this country, was dextrously conceived. It was, however, as clearly seen through,—indeed, it was impossible to put forward the pretension without, at the same time, suggesting the recollection of the fact, that the colonies have, from the date of their plantation, been indebted to the mother-country, and that all the produce which they remit to her, is but in payment of the interest of the debt, or in reduction of the debt itself. To have opened, therefore, the trade with them without an equivalent to indemnify the mother-country for the risk she run of that remittance going into other channels, would have been inexpedient, and most unwise. At least, this is the view which many have taken of the subject, and it is not unsound. For if the West India trade be so desirable to the Americans, surely it is worth their while to pay for the use of the privilege.

But another tale besides this hangs to the question, and of far more importance to the general interests of the empire than the value of any equivalent in the power, or likely to be long in the power of the United States, to give. We shall not raise any argument on this head, but simply state two facts.

The first is, that the United States, within their own territories, are rapidly cultivating all sorts of West Indian productions; and probably not many years will elapse until they have an abundance of every thing within themselves, which at present they require from the West Indies. The "*boon*," therefore, which may be granted to them, under existing circumstances, will assuredly be no longer considered as such, than until the period we anticipate arrive.

The second fact is,—that the question, as now stated by the American Government, with reference to some concession which may be made in their tariff, is one in which the West India interest has very little concern. It is a question that much more affects the manufacturing interests at home, and we must be insensible to the relative condition in which our manufactures stand with those of the United States, if we can flatter ourselves that any advantage which may be obtained by an alteration in their tariff, will be otherwise than temporary. It will not be felt longer in Glasgow and Manchester, and their neighbours, than until the Floridas, Louisiana, and the other southern states, are able to undersell the importers from the West Indies in the American markets, for about that time their own manufacturers will be able to supply all their wants.

Under this impression, we should regret exceedingly to see any treaty framed on the principle of equivalents, with reference to the tariff.

It may be said, that as every treaty which can be formed with relation to the Colonial Question, must, of necessity, be temporary, seeing that, sooner or later, the Americans will be independent of us, both as to manufactures and West Indian produce, the matter at issue is really but of minor importance. This is not, however, a just estimate. For, by opening the West India trade to the Americans, we open a competition against our own North American colonies.

Under the existing state of things, these colonies can supply the West Indies with every thing they would take from the United States; and to bring a competition against them, would be to inflict permanent damage on a great and growing interest of our own, without any advantage to the West India interest. And for what? Some transient advantage which our manufacturers might derive from a modification of the American tariff.

We are therefore persuaded that our proper way of viewing the Colonial Question, now in negotiation

between this country and the United States, is not with relation to reciprocal benefits, but by considering it primarily, with reference to British interests exclusively. Let us first obtain a clear idea of the interests we have at stake, and then we will be better able to judge whether the *proposal* of the Americans is one which should be the subject of negotiation, or should even be entertained at all.

To revert to the simple form of reasoning by statement,—we claim it to be received as a fact, that our North American provinces are capable of furnishing every article to the West India market which the United States can furnish; and therefore the only point which can create any difference of opinion as to the expediency of letting the Americans share the trade with them, must relate simply to the price of the articles; for, except with relation to price, the additional length of voyage, upon which so much stress is laid as an ingredient of price, is deserving of no consideration. We have no disposition to conceal that the Americans at present, by being more accustomed to the trade, are able to embark their lumber, &c., for the West Indies, at perhaps a cheaper shipping price than our own colonists; but, be the fact recollected, that every day the inhabitants of our American provinces are becoming more expert in their forest labours, are extending their agricultural improvements, and are increasing in population,—in a word, are treading closer and closer on the heels of those who are before them in the business. At the same time, also, let it be recollected, that it is no less true that the Americans are becoming less and less able, owing to their agricultural improvements, to compete with their British rivals. Lumber is becoming scarcer amongst them; and had it not been for their recently-formed canals, and other facilities in their inland navigation, it would perhaps have been a question at this very time, whether, with all the advantages of the shorter voyage, and their superior dexterity, they could have competed with our North American colonists in any one article which they can supply to the West Indies.

We also claim attention to the fact, that the resources of our North American provinces for supplying the West Indies, can scarcely be said to be well opened; and therefore, if in this early stage of the trade there is any justness in the opinion, that the difference in the cost to the planter of lumber, &c., obtained from them, is not of essential consequence, as compared with those from the United States, it should follow, that, by giving a preference to them, we are really ensuring to the planter supplies at a cheaper rate, inasmuch as experience will obviate that difference of price which is at present the only plea against them.

Moreover, it is of importance to the planters to know, that, with respect to the consumption of their produce, our North American provinces draw all their supplies from them unmixed with any article of a similar kind raised within themselves, whilst even already the Americans only take from the West Indies so much produce as supplies the deficiency in their own crops.

It is true, and we believe the fact will surprise the West India interest, that the peasantry of Upper Canada make nearly as much sugar as they consume; but the very fountains from which they draw the material are literally hourly diminishing. The lands on which the sugar maple-tree grows, are those most preferred for the cultivation of what is emphatically called “bread stuffs.” A reason why the lumber and flour of the Canadas should be encouraged by the West India interest, as the progress of agricultural improvement in those provinces will have the effect of bringing new customers for their commodities. These circumstances sufficiently shew that a great British interest exists in our North American provinces, entitled to protection in all its bearings, before any question now should be entertained as to placing the United States in competition with them.

Moreover, there is another most important correlative circumstance connected with the preference that should be given to our own interests. The trade between our North American provinces and the West Indies is entirely British, and we shall shew how it works exclusively as such.—

The colonists engaged in it are, like all colonists, indebted to the mother country; there may be, and we know there are, individuals among them who are not so, but speaking in the comprehensive sense in which the question must be discussed, our North American colonies are indebted to the United Kingdom. By sending their lumber and produce to the West Indies, they obtain an additional market,—they dispose of their articles there, either for produce or for bills of exchange,—they take cargoes to the United Kingdom, or they return with cargoes back to their own ports. In this operation profit is realized, and they are in consequence in a better condition either to reduce their debts to the mother country, or to extend their colonial improvements, by which their capacity to reduce them is enlarged.

Now, what is the case with the same trade in the hands of the Americans? Is it not the fact, that the United States are so far advanced as a people that they have great masses of opulence amongst them entirely independent of any British connexion? Is it not also the fact, that almost their whole coasting trade, and that which is most immediately connected with their West Indian commerce, belongs almost exclusively to that interest which is independent of British connexion? Of course the profits arising from it are employed to fructify, if the expression may be allowed, that special interest,—these profits, which would otherwise go so directly and entirely into the pockets of our fellow subjects.

But let us look to the manner in which the West India interest, the primary perhaps in the question, is affected by the trade we have described, supposing the Americans to have access to their markets. In doing this we shall again deal only with plain facts. Would not the obvious and natural effect of opening an intercourse between the West Indies and the United States create mercantile connexions between them? Undoubtedly: and it is not an invidious remark to make in a general topic of this sort, that the American traders are, above all others in the world, prone to speculation. Is it then not reasonable to expect, that those mercantile connexions would lead on to specu-

lations, which, considering the comparative value of American and West India produce would soon have the effect of accumulating a great balance in the hands of the Americans? Assuming, then, the planters to be independent of British creditors, would not such a result have the effect of exposing them to far greater perplexities than those in which they are at present so distressingly involved? It may be said, this is only a possible contingency; but it is so natural—so necessary a consequence of all trade, where the article in return is of greater value than the thing imported—that it cannot be prevented from taking place. No means exist by statute or by treaty to check it, and all the excitements of commerce—the very spirit of trade—are calculated to hasten it into effect. We would, therefore, ask if, in the face of so undoubted a probability, any British statesman, who rightly understands colonial interests as they bear on commerce, could facilitate the inevitable certainty of such a result being brought to pass?

But there is one point, and a most important one, touching the interests of our manufacturers, which must not be passed unnoticed. It is perfectly evident, that the United States have nothing to offer us as an equivalent for the privilege of allowing them to trade with the West Indies, but some abatement in the tariff, which they have imposed *in order to have something to offer in compensation*. Now, we think it is worthy of being ascertained, after the fact we have stated, viz. that the American manufacturers are so rapidly coming into competition with the British in the American markets as to render it not likely that any abatement on the tariff can be of much value, or of long duration. Whether for any abatement in the tariff the privilege should be granted—we have shewn that by giving the monopoly of the lumber and provision trade to our own North American provinces, it would have the effect of enriching them, and thereby making them better customers to our manufacturers; so that the whole question as to this point resolves itself briefly into,—Whether for the abatement that may be made on the American tariff, our manufacturers would be more benefited by that abatement, than by

the advantage of the increased demand which would arise from our own colonists? At present the question must be answered in the affirmative. But taking into view that the Americans will daily become less and less our customers, and that our colonies will become more and more so, we contend that, in a general estimate of the business, it is better policy to forego the immediate advantage for the remoter.

Altogether we are much inclined to regard any negotiation on the Colonial Question with the United States as very idle. LET WELL ALONE, as much as possible in all matters of trade and national intercourse, is a maxim that should never be lost sight of. The Americans have committed an error, and it is not for us to help them out of the scrape. Moreover, in its effects it can only be productive of temporary inconvenience even to them; the prosperity of their Southern States and of their manufactures will soon indemnify them for their present temporary privations; because the very effect of the suspended intercourse and prohibitions operates as encouragement to that prosperity, by causing less competition with them in their own markets. In a word, there is more of petulance than wisdom in the pertinacity with which the Americans cling to the desire of having the West India trade again opened, and in this opinion we shall not be surprised to find the enlightened spirit that now pervades their counsels soon concurring.

It is probable that some of the readers of these sketches may say,—Would you have no commercial arrangement with the United States? Far from it. We think something of the kind greatly wanted, but we regard the Colonial Question, in its present relations, as obtaining too much attention.

We see year after year the amazing progress of the United States westward. We are also aware of the progress of our Canadian empire in the same direction: it has already reached a point so far from the natural outlet—the St Lawrence, that the right early secured by treaty to navigate the Mississippi, is fast becoming an object of serious attention. Were the impediments to the navigation between the Lakes and the Mis-

issippi removed—and they are in process of being removed—the voyage from any part of the Canadian territory, on the Erie or the Huron, might be performed to Jamaica in fourteen days. In fact, this voyage, as far as New Orleans, is not greater, considering the current of the Mississippi, than to Quebec. The writer of these sketches has travelled on Lake Erie with persons who have been only thirteen days from New Orleans, against the current of the Mississippi and the Ohio. However, we have said, that the free navigation of the Mississippi is secured to the British by treaty; and as the point is curious, and seems to be none thought of, we shall here quote our authorities.

According to the treaty of peace of 1783, by the eighth article it is stipulated, that “the navigation of the river Mississippi, from its source to the ocean, shall for ever remain free and open to the subjects of Great Britain and the citizens of the United States.” It may be alleged against this, that the stipulation was nugatory, in as much as the mouth of the Mississippi was at the time in the hands of other parties, who were not consenting to this specific agreement. But the answer removes all doubts. If one party engages to give to another a certain property of which he is not at the time possessed, but which he afterwards acquires, he is bound by all law to fulfil his engagement. And this is the state of this matter at this moment.—But that is not all. By the 3d article of the treaty of amity, commerce, and navigation, concluded between this country and the United States in 1794, when the Americans were probably contemplating the acquisition of New Orleans, the free navigation of the Mississippi was again acknowledged. “The river Mississippi,” says that treaty, “shall, according to the treaty of peace, be entirely open to both parties.”

[Here, then, is a point for negotiation between the two countries far more important, as respects their permanent interests, and the welfare of mankind, than any commercial point that has yet been discussed between them. The privilege of the British to navigate the Mississippi, is, at it stands, a dead letter.

Unless communications are made by canals into it, and to its great eastern feeders, it can never be of any value to British interests. Such canals are projected, and are in process of being made. We apprehend, however, that, without the consent of the government of the United States, the permission of the particular States, through which these canals run, could not be given to us to use them. At least, it is our opinion, that the use of them is a question that can only be decided by the supreme government, in agreement with the British government; for the same rule which denies to provinces the power to negotiate treaties, applies to the individual States of the Federal Union.—But there is no great difficulty in the way of a very admirable accommodation of this important matter.

The Americans have not the privilege of navigating the St Lawrence to the sea; nor have they the right to navigate the Canadian canals. Here, then, we have a valuable equivalent in our power to give for free access to the Mississippi. We have been told, it is true, that an American vessel has passed down the Canadian Welland Canal; and we know that a vessel, bearing the British flag, has sailed on the Erie Canal; but no stress can be laid on these circumstances; as, we presume, they were mere holiday courtesies. It argues, however, but little political discretion in the authorities of Upper Canada, to have permitted it to be held out as inducements to obtain subscribers to the Welland Canal, that their profits would be augmented by the Americans using it.—But to proceed with our own immediate argument.

It may be contended, that the navigation of the St Lawrence, considering how much it is interrupted by rapids, would not be an equivalent for that of the Mississippi. This we allow.—But it is not the freedom of the Mississippi that we ask; for we have THAT by treaty already. It is but access to it from the lakes. The Americans, however, are not aware of the power which we possess in the waters of the St Lawrence. They have supposed that they got the main channel of the St Lawrence, when they got Barnhart's Island;

but they are likely to learn another tale. By Barnhart's Island, they have got what they well know the value of—great water privileges. As to the main channel, as ancient Pistol would have said, "A fico for't!" The truth is, that the possession of Barnhart's Island is of very little consequence as to the navigation of the river. It lies in that space of the St Lawrence in which the greatest interruptions to the navigation exist, and which have suggested the plan—that we do not despair of seeing carried into effect—of a canal parallel to the river. This, however, may be made on the American side as well as on ours. The matter to which we allude, however, in speaking so lightly of Barnhart's Island, has reference to the practicability of forming a canal in another direction, and which has only been lately conceived. We shall give some account of it here.

The town of Prescott, in Upper Canada, is some eight or ten miles higher up the St Lawrence than all the rapids. It is at the head of what may be called the drag navigation, and at the bottom of the sailing navigation. About seven miles below this town, immediately above the Galoup rapids, is a small bay in the river called Humphrey's Bay, very near to which the head of a stream called the "Black Creek" rises, a feeder of the Petite Nation river. In wet seasons, there have been instances of canoes passing from Humphrey's Bay, when the waters were high, into the Black Creek, thence down it into the river Petite Nation, and thence into the great Ottawa. This circumstance suggested to a correspondent of ours the practicability of making the Petite Nation river navigable. The original idea went no farther than to open a navigation for boats between the St Lawrence and the Ottawa; but larger views expanded when it came to be considered, that the rapids in the Ottawa were already overcome by a canal recently constructed, called the Grenville Canal, and those immediately above the island of Montreal, by the La Chine Canal; and in consequence it was thought possible to convert the Petite Nation river by lockage into a channel capable of receiving the

same sort of vessels that pass through the La Chine and the Grenville Canals, by which the navigation between Montreal and Prescott might be rendered practicable at a very small comparative expense. It is needless here to trouble the reader with a diagram of the adjacent country and the scheme, because it would of necessity be on too small a scale to be satisfactory; but the writer of this sketch caused the levels to be run from the St Lawrence to the Petite Nation, and the result was exceedingly interesting—suggesting nothing less than the practicability of changing the course of the mighty St Lawrence, at the expense of a few thousand pounds—the most magnificent plan of an inland navigation that has ever been suggested, when the magnitude of the St Lawrence is considered. The report alluded to is as follows. We give it entire, not only on account of the subject, but as a geographical description of an important tract not previously described.

“SIR,

“AGREEABLY to your request, and having obtained the assistance of ———, deputy provincial surveyor, I have proceeded to survey the ground between the St Lawrence and the Petite Nation River.

“After consulting with such of the most intelligent of the inhabitants, as were best acquainted with the local situation of the country between these rivers, for fear of being misinformed, I personally explored such parts of the ground, *regarding* which I could possibly be misled by any incorrect information.

“After which I feel confident in stating, that the most eligible route for a canal between the river St Lawrence and the Petite Nation River is from Humphrey's Bay, above the Galoup rapids, about seven miles below Prescott, at the foot of the steam-navigation, from Lake Ontario by Black Creek. The accompanying rough sketch, drawn from the personal knowledge that I have of the local situation of the country myself, and the best information that I could derive from others, may convey a better idea of this part of the

country, as to its local situation, than perhaps I could be able to give in writing.

“Commenced taking the level from the surface of the waters of the St Lawrence in Humphrey's Bay, fronting lot No. 13, in the 1 Con. of the township of Edwardsburgh—following the lowest ground N.E. and northerly to Black Creek, a distance of $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles nearly, I found the summit to be in a cedar swamp, at the distance of a little better than two miles and a quarter from Humphrey's Bay, and not exceeding thirty feet above the level of the waters at that place—from the summit northerly to Black Creek, a distance of less than one mile, found a descent of $5\frac{1}{2}$ feet. Thence following Black Creek near $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile farther, found the descent to be about 9-10ths of a foot. It may here be remarked, that, from the place at which we came to Black Creek, a distance of three and $\frac{1}{2}$ miles, nearly from Humphrey's Bay, in the fall of the year, two men in a log canoe, with a barrel of pork, and two quintals of flour, went down the Black Creek to the Petite Nation River; and that, in the spring of the year, from the place before mentioned on Black Creek, there is sufficient water to take a loaded boat (say of ten or fifteen tons burden) the same distance.

“From Humphrey's Bay, following the proposed route about seven-eighths of a mile, nearly one-half is cleared land, gradually rising to a swamp, out of which a small meandering stream runs into the St Lawrence; thence, about a mile and a half farther, in a swamp, bordered to the east and west by high lands to a small brook, designated Froom's Creek—thence, about half a mile farther, open tamarack swamp and beaver meadow, free from brush—thence, ash and alder swall to the open meadow at Black Creek—following Black Creek, as far as I went on, there is an open meadow, from two to three chains wide, bordered on both sides by banks from four to eight feet high.

“From the preceding description and accompanying rough sketch, it would appear that the route here described, is not only the most eligible, but particularly designed by all-

bountiful Nature to form a communication between the Ottawa river and the St Lawrence, from which might be derived advantages that are now perhaps little thought of.

"I have the honour, &c."

This report was followed by a second to the subjoined effect:—

"SIR,

"I have the honour to acquaint you, that I on yesterday evening got through with taking the level from Humphrey's Bay to the junction of Black Creek, with the south branch of the Petite Nation River, a distance of about thirteen and a half miles.

"From the summit northerly to Black Creek, found the descent to be about $5\frac{1}{2}$ feet—thence, generally following the serpentine windings of Black Creek, a distance of about $10\frac{3}{4}$ miles to its confluence with the south branch of the Petite Nation, found a descent of about $28\frac{1}{2}$ feet. The ice got so bad, and the land on each side overflowed in consequence of a sudden thaw, that I could not proceed down the south branch; but from what information I could obtain, I am of opinion that from the junction of Black Creek with the south branch, to that of the south branch with the Petite Nation River at the forks, a distance of five or six miles, that there must be, at the least, a farther descent of four feet.

"Black Creek runs in a serpentine course through a flat of land from two to four chains wide, bordered on both sides with banks from four to eight feet high, until within about two and a half miles of its confluence with the south branch, thence in a more direct course in the form of a river within its banks, from three to seven rods wide, and from four to six feet deep, with its confluence with the south branch of the Petite Nation River, in which distance the descent is little more than three feet.

"The ground through which Black Creek passes, is clay and loam, apparently free from stone, is in several places entirely free from timber and brush, and in no part of it more than thinly wooded. The distance of $10\frac{3}{4}$ miles above mentioned, might be much diminished by cutting across narrow necks or points of land. The summit height from Humphrey's Bay

is thirty feet, the descent thence to the south branch (of Petite Nation) thirty-four feet, and the whole distance is about thirteen miles and a half, from which it would seem that nature has done much towards a grand design that might be completed by art, at no great expense.

"I am, &c."

We have quoted these reports to shew that the Petite Nation river runs in a valley lower than that of the St Lawrence, and that the extreme cutting requisite to allow the waters of the St Lawrence to flow into it, is little more than thirty feet, not one-half of the depth of what is called the deep cut of the Welland Canal, to bring down, not the waters of Lake Erie, but those of the river Chippawa. In short, to shew the scientific practicability of completing the navigation of the St Lawrence by a chain of canals with what has been already done, at comparatively small expense.

But independent of any thing being done by the route just pointed out, the great military canal, farther back in the country, between Kingston and the Ottawa, known by the name of the Rideau Canal, is in a state of great forwardness, insomuch, that government is already placed in a condition to offer, not only an adequate equivalent, by the St Lawrence and its chain of communications, for access to the Mississippi, but even to constitute a ground of negotiation for the freedom of navigating the Erie Canal from Buffalo on Lake Erie to Albany on the Hudson, with which the navigation is free to New York.

The importance of opening the navigation of the Erie Canal to the Canadians, may not appear very obvious at first sight; but a few words will make it so. Were New York made, what is well understood in this country, a landing port, and goods allowed to be sent from it under lock and seal, as bonded goods are sent in canals through this country, the European supplies for that extensive portion of Upper Canada, above the Falls of Niagara, could be easily, and with many advantages, sent on to Buffalo on Lake Erie. An opportunity was taken to discuss this subject with that distinguished

character, De Witt Clinton, the late governor of the state of New York, the father of the Erie Canal, and he was favourable to the suggestion. But he saw that the West India Trade Question, which was then in discussion between Mr Canning and Mr Gallatin, presented a great difficulty to the proposition being entertained of opening the canals to foreigners, especially to the British, or even by contract to individuals. We have before us a letter of the 24th February, 1827, in which he says, with relation to this point—"As the subject involves a great many questions, some of them complex in their nature, and intricate, if not doubtful, in their policy, it cannot be sufficiently matured for a considerable time. Congress will adjourn before this letter reaches you, and it does not reassemble until December next. *The interdiction of the Colonial Trade has caused the introduction into that body of a RETALIATORY bill.* If this

collision, which may present an insuperable bar to your views, could be settled diplomatically, PERHAPS ARRANGEMENTS MIGHT BE MADE ADAPTED TO YOUR PLAN."

At the time of this correspondence the extent of equivalent that was then in the power of the British government to offer for the freedom of the inland navigation of the state of New York, was not what it has become. We can treat now on a fair principle of equality; and it is well deserving the consideration of the enlightened spirit which animates the counsels both of Great Britain and the United States, whether the establishment of a fair system of reciprocal intercourse by their inland navigation, is not a subject of quite as much importance to their respective interests, as the Colonial Question, of which the discussion has hitherto led to no beneficial result.

AGRICOLA.

THE SPECTRE SHIP OF SALEM.*

"There was an old and quiet man,
And by the fire sate he,
'And now,' he said, 'to you I'll tell
A dismal thing which once befell
To a ship upon the sea.'"

THE Rev. Cotton Mather, D.D. and F.R.S., an eminent clergyman of Boston, in Massachusetts, who flourished about the end of the 17th century, wrote a curious book, entitled "*Magnalia Christi Americana*," in which he has exhibited, not only his own, but the prevalent superstitions of the times in which he lived. The country had been, in the language of that period, exposed to "war from the invisible world," during which the inhabitants were afflicted with demons, and so wrought upon by spectres, as to pine, languish, and die under excruciating torments. Sometimes the demons attacked one part of the country, and sometimes another; and the object of the learned and Reverend Doctor's book, is to authenticate the very tragical in-

stances in which they infested the houses, and afflicted the persons of the inhabitants. "Flashy people," says he, "may burlesque these things, but when hundreds of the most sober people in a country, where they have as much mother-wit certainly as the rest of mankind, know them to be true,—nothing but the absurd and froward spirit of sadducism can question them. I have not mentioned so much as one thing, that will not be justified, if it be required, by the oaths of more consistent persons than any that can ridicule these odd phenomena." And certainly few facts, if we may judge by the evidence, have been better established than the existence of witchcraft, and the wars of prodigious spirits in the provinces of New England, during

* Dr Cotton Mather's *Magnalia Christi Americana*.

the time of Dr Mather. We have accounts of trials conducted with all the forms and implements of jurisprudence, in which many persons were convicted of holding communion with demons; and we have, what is still more remarkable, voluntary confessions of parties, acknowledging themselves in league with the devil. So far, therefore, as the records and archives of courts of law can verify the truth of any investigation, we must believe that many of the things which Dr Mather has set forth, are not only true as historical events, but also naturally incident, however rarely, to the condition and fortunes of men. It is not for us, however, to argue this matter, but many of the Doctor's stories are really striking, reviewing them merely as connexions of fancy, and some of the phenomena which he describes, and boasts of having witnesses to confirm, have in different ages been seen in similar forms, and in countries far remote from New England. The prodigy of the Cross, which Constantine and his army beheld in the air, is of this description; and the apocalypse vouchsafed to Godfrey, in the Crusade, is of the same character. Dr Mather describes noises and hurlings heard in the air, a short time prior to the Indian war of 1675, accompanied with the beating of drums, as in a battle. But without entering into any particular disquisition concerning these omens and auguries, we shall here present a version of his story of the naval apparition, only premising that it contains several particulars which the Doctor has not noticed, but which, we are persuaded, are not less true than those he has related.

A ship, called "Noah's Dove," was preparing to sail from the port of Salem for "Old England," when a young man, accompanied by his bride, came and engaged berths for himself and her, as passengers. No one in all Salem was in the slightest degree acquainted with this hand some couple, nor did they themselves seek any acquaintance in the town; but until the vessel was ready, lived in the most secluded state. Their conduct was perfectly blameless, and their appearance was highly respectable; but the sharp-sighted people of Salem knew the prestigious ap-

pearances of the demons which afflicted the country, and they discerned something about them which could not be deemed otherwise than mysterious.

Many persons intending to revisit their friends in the old country, took passages also in the Noah's Dove; but the friends of some of them thought they were rash in doing so, and that it would be as well to learn something of their two questionable fellow-passengers, before hazarding themselves at sea with persons so unknown and singular. These admonitions gave occasion to much talk in Salem; but instead of having the effect intended, a fatal obstinacy became prevalent, and prevented every one who proposed to sail with the vessel, from paying the slightest attention to them. This strange infatuation only served to deepen the interest which the town took in the departure of the ship.

At last, the day appointed for her sailing arrived. Never had such a solemn day been seen in Salem; and, moreover, it happened to be a Friday; for the captain was not such a godly man as the mariners of Salem generally were in those days. A great multitude crowded the wharves, to see their relations embark,—all were sorrowful, and many in tears. At last, the ship hoisted the signal for sailing, and, wonderful to tell, at the same time that the flag was unfurled, a black bird, much like a raven, alighted on the hand of the town clock, and by its weight pushed it forward, some said full ten minutes. Every one who witnessed this sight, was struck with horror, and some laid hands upon their relations, to prevent them from embarking. But those who had engaged to go with the fated vessel, were wilful, and would not be controlled.

During these struggles, the two unknown strangers came also to embark, and she that was the bride was in tears, weeping bitterly. However, they stepped on board, and a sudden gust of wind at that moment, (the ship being cast loose from her moorings,) made her yaw off, and she was almost instantly at sea. The crowd, however, remained anxiously watching her progress, until she was out of sight. They then returned to their respective homes; and the whole

conversation of Salem for that evening, was saddened with presentiments and forebodings concerning the Noah's Dove.

In the course of the night, the breeze freshened into a gale, which before the morning was heightened to a tempest. The sea raged with tremendous fury, and the wrack of clouds that careered in the heavens, was scarcely less tumultuous than the waves of the angry ocean below. All the inhabitants of Salem were persuaded that the hurricane had something to do with the mysterious passengers in the Noah's Dove. Many were instinctively convinced, that the ship had perished, and resigned themselves to grief. For three days and three nights, the wrath of the storm was unmitigated. On the contrary, it seemed to increase; for although it was then midsummer, dreadful showers of hail, mingled with fire, and thunder, louder than had ever been heard before, pealed continually. No man could doubt the fate of the Noah's Dove. Indeed, it was the persuasion of all, that every vessel which was so unfortunate as to be within the sweep and frenzy of the winds and waves, could not survive the vehemence of their distraction.

The sun, on the morning of the fourth day, burst through the clouds in great splendour—the winds almost instantly became calm—the hail ceased—the thunder was mute—and the billows, from raging surges, rolled themselves into a noiseless swell. A change so abrupt, convinced the pious citizens of Salem that the doom of the vessel was sealed; and although it was in vain to expect that the sea would present them with any sight of her wreck, or of that of other vessels, they hastened in great numbers down to the shore, where they stood until sunset, gazing and wondering, with anxiety and sorrow.

Just as the sun disappeared, a sound of exclamation and hurry, accompanied by a bustling movement, arose from a group of persons who were standing on the top of a rock, considerably elevated above the crowd, and some one cried that a vessel was in sight. The whole multitude, on hearing this, were thrown into commotion, and fluctuated to

and fro, eager to catch a glimpse of this unexpected phenomenon. It was, however, long before she came distinctly in sight, for any wind which was then blowing was off the shore, and against the vessel; insomuch, that an old greyheaded sailor among the spectators, declared that it was impossible she could work into the harbour that night. But, to their astonishment, she still came forward, with her yards squared and her sails full, notwithstanding she was steering in the wind's eye; before her hull could be properly seen, it was the opinion of all who beheld her that it was the Noah's Dove.

By this time the twilight was much faded, but it began to be observed that the ship brightened, as if some supernatural light shone upon her, and upon her alone. This wonderful circumstance was not long matter of doubt, or question, for, when the stars appeared, she was seen as distinctly as if she had been there in the blaze of noon-day, and a panic of dread and terror fell upon the whole multitude.

The Rev. Zebedee Stebbin, who was then in the crowd, an acute man, and one who feared the Lord, knew that the apparent ship was a device of the prestigious spirits, and that it behoved all present to pray for protection against them; he therefore mounted upon a large stone, and called on the spectators to join him in the 46th Psalm, which he himself began, repeating the line aloud, and then singing. The shores echoed with the solemn melody, and the rising wind wafted it along the increasing waves.

Whilst the worship was going on, the sound of sudden cries and lamentations, as of persons in jeopardy, was heard in the air; the ship at the same time came straight on into the harbour, and being illuminated as described, was seen rigged out in every part exactly like the Noah's Dove. Many of the spectators saw their friends on board, and would have shouted to them with joy, but there was something dismal and strange in their appearance, which awed them to remain silent. The stranger young man and his bride were seen tenderly embracing each other, but no noise or voice was heard on board. At that moment the masts and rigging

fell into the sea as if they had been struck down with lightning, and signals of distress were displayed, but still no sound was heard.

The multitude suspended their breathing, convinced that the vision before them was the unsubstantial creation of the prestigious spirits. This belief entered all their minds simultaneously, and in the same moment the mighty spectre vanished.

The Noah's Dove was never heard of, and it was believed that in that hour, riven by the lightning and the tempest, she had foundered.

"Count me not," says the Rev. Dr Mather at the conclusion of his narration, "struck with the Livian superstition, in reporting prodigies for which I have such incontestible proofs."

NANTUCKET.

SOUTHEY'S VINDICLÆ.*

INTO the two great councils of the realm, we have admitted those as legislators, who, if they be conscientious and religious men, must be decidedly anti-protestant. Such men must profess the doctrines of the Church of Rome in sincerity, and act upon them also, according to so much light of the understanding, as it is not heretical in them to possess. For not with them, as with us, is there allowed to be a charitable consideration for another's errors; they are coerced by a different principle. "If, while men *believe* that they are right, they admit that they are *possibly* wrong, they are naturally disposed to bear with religious opinions which differ from their own. But they who are persuaded, not only that they *do* not err, but even that they *cannot* err in matters of faith, are disposed to consider it as a *duty* to check the growth of all other opinions, which they must consider as dangerous heresy."† With all good will to our brethren of the Roman Catholic profession, as individuals, we must look with a wary eye upon them collectively, as churchmen. Never was it more needful to scour up our knowledge of that church,—of its faith and practice,—of its sayings and doings in old times,—of its charter, its pretensions and its proceedings,—of its validity in proving its lofty claim to universal sway,—and of the effects which those have felt, who have submissively bowed to it. And then it

will be incumbent on us, to consider whether it has foregone any of its usurped prerogatives,—abated its swelling presumption,—corrected its abuses,—and recanted its errors. If we find it yielding in nothing to the light of reason and truth; and, indeed, its adherents boast of nothing so much as its immutability,—it will be well for Protestants to keep upon their guard. We must not be taken by surprise, whether force or stratagem is used to get the better of us. When the grass and underwood are rustling, we ought not to wonder at a snake's appearance, whether it resemble the boa, whose spiral folds crush the opponent by irresistible muscular constriction, or the viper, whose deadly power is condensed in one venomous fang.

That the Romish Church will ever again possess fair England in fee, is perhaps more than its most sanguine votaries ever dream of. But they count wholly on Ireland; and in Great Britain they look for an accession of converts, for possessions and establishments, and room to display their imposing pomp and infatuated mummery; they hope for firmer dominion over those whom they can get under subjection, for the old hoodwinking command over conscience; for greater success in checking the progress of free inquiry; they count on establishing a sectarian censorship over that part of the press, with which their own people may have

* *Vindiciæ Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ*. Letters to Charles Butler, Esq., comprising Essays on the Romish Religion, and Vindicating the Book of the Church. By Robert Southey, Esq. LL.D., &c. &c. Pp. 526. 1826.

† Bishop Marsh's *Comparative View*, p. 214.

to deal, whereby, if they cannot altogether withhold, they may neutralize, the genuine Scriptures; if they cannot distort, and falsify, and impugn the Bible, yet they may so prejudice and confound the minds of those who ought to read it, as that they shall be unable to comprehend its pure and holy doctrines, or perceive how true, and consistent, and solemn are its facts,—how consolatory to the heart and soul of man, are its representations of the dealings of his God and Saviour with him,—how sufficient it is, if duly obeyed, unto salvation. It is a sad truth to aver, —but what impartial inquirer can resist the conviction of it?—that the aim of the Church of Rome is, by fair means or foul, to be dominant; and all its battalions, from the Pope and his conclave in the Vatican, down to the lowest subaltern at their altars, who wears a shaven crown, are trained and sworn, consciously or unconsciously, to promote this one great business, as their primary object. It is not the “high mark of their calling,” to press forward in “seeking first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness,” but the autocracy of the one true church, as they fancy it, or feign to do so.

Highly, then, does it concern all Protestants, who may be associated with members of that church, to be aware of its belief, its system, and its objects; for it is no harmless neighbour, having shewn itself, according as circumstances have allowed, alternately insidious and overbearing. There seem to be two ways of exposing its deviations from true Christianity,—the *theological* and the *historical*. At this time of day, there can be no real necessity to demonstrate anew the untenableness of the points in dispute, between Romanists and Protestants, as far as pure theology is concerned. It is, indeed, the mere embarrassment of riches, which prevents any one from naming a host of champions in this cause, belonging to our Church, from the Reformers, down to Bishop Marsh, whose “Comparative View of the Churches of England and Rome,” will amply satisfy any intelligent enquirer in this field. But the *historical* or *popular* mode of exhibiting the unsoundness of the Papal form of Christianity, cannot ever be dispensed with. It is al-

ways, as time advances, susceptible of amplification and improvement. It may strike different investigators in different lights. It can be adapted to the various qualifications, acquirements, and conditions of the parties addressed. It may be made to combine with, or diverge from, the theological subject, so as to insinuate into the otiose reader more abstruse knowledge than he is prepared to encounter by direct application to a task, without departing from its character as an amusing branch of history. Satisfactory as a theological refutation of error may be, the historical exposure is never without its use. Indeed, we may almost call it an indispensable auxiliary to a statement of creeds and canons, articles of faith and liturgies, comments, interpretations, and glosses; for if any churches will not bear enquiry into their ordinary course of practice, their accustomed inculcations, and the consequent ongoing among their votaries, consecrated as well as laical, it is presumptive proof, that they will not endure the Gospel test of sincerity, that “by their fruits ye shall know them.”

We know of no book so well executed on this plan as Southey's “*Vindiciæ*.” It does not, indeed, embrace every relative topic; for even what he intended was not completed, and it was a partial object which gave rise to it. But it is surprising that it seems to have met with so little comparative success, and to be found in so few hands, considering how thoroughly well he has done what he has attempted. The want of general acquaintance with the book probably results from its title. It looks as if it were written to serve a special purpose; namely, to confute that whining remonstrance against Southey's previous work, “*The Book of the Church*,” which Mr Charles Butler published under the name of “*The Book of the Roman Catholic Church*,” a production as sly as it is presumptuous, as full of the cant of gentlemanly appeal, apparent candour, and paraded reference to documents, as it is in reality of ungentlemanly imputation, pertinacious bigotry, and perilously hazarded assertion; for he has sent Southey to his books and papers, and here he and we have the fruits of it.

Now, probably, nine readers out of ten have fancied that the "*Vindiciæ*" is wholly occupied by a polemical tilting match between Southey and Butler—a war of words, aggressive and recriminatory. They never were more deceived in their lives. We allow that it is a pity that so admirable a work should be founded on a temporary controversy, as it thereby has lost some of its fair proportions. It is, however, one of large compass and had not Southey (according to his own expression) wrought in the quarries for years, he could not have constructed it. It would frighten any ordinary student to see what reading it must have taken to prepare it; and he must indeed be an extraordinary one who could hope to make such a mass of heterogeneous materials pass through his alembic, and issue forth in such a concentration of the spirit of entertainment and instruction. We should like to have it better appreciated than as a heap of justificatory vouchers,—as it were, mere *memoires pour servir*. Instead of this form, which, however valuable, is often very tiresome, these letters pursue each subject in lucid order, with a richness and felicity of illustration, a range of indisputable authorities, a tact in selection and quotation, and a power of copious, distinct, and spirited language, which those who are intimate with Southey's writings were well warranted in expecting.

We shall not pretend to give a regular synopsis of these letters. The more material of them contain the following subjects: There is an introduction, of much interest, as it exhibits some of the accidental reasons which have qualified Southey, both as an eye-witness and as the possessor of a wide extent of documents in various languages, to be a well-prepared writer on Romish affairs. The early state of Christianity, in Britain, among the Anglo-Saxons, is well sifted. The celibacy of the Clergy is treated at great length. The general character of the Popes, with their conduct towards the Jews, is stated in an interesting dissertation or two. The Papal system comes under review, particularly with reference to the devotion paid to the Virgin Mary, to the Saints and their relics, and to the Cross. There is a clear history

of the Rosary; and an excellent discourse on the Origin and Progress of the *Hyperdulia*. Incidentally, we have much amusing information and anecdote;—on the English writers on Romish Ecclesiastical History; on the assumed extent of Roman Catholic converts; on mediæval and modern miracles; on pious frauds; the condition of the Protestant, in contradistinction to the Romish, clergy among their flocks; on the effect of the confessional upon general morals; and on the rivalry of monkish orders.

As a sample of the originality which the reader may expect to meet with, not only in the matter brought into view, but in the deductions from it, we cannot do better than point out what Southey writes concerning Venerable Bede. In the third letter he has compiled such a life of that true worthy of Anglo-Saxon times as no English biography possesses; it leads also to a most curious personal vindication of Bede; for since his authority is alleged for the false miracles of the early ages in England, he is claimed by the Papists as a witness of the assumed perpetual succession of miracles in their church. But hear the just demur of the present writer:

"Upon the nature and value of Bede's testimony, I have some observations to offer. There is a point of view in which I am not aware that it has hitherto been considered; and as that point appears to me of no trifling importance, (were it only as it respects the character of that most venerable person,) I thank you, sir, for having directed my attention to the subject.

"Bede's name is in our Kalendar, and I hope it may remain there when St Dunstan's, and one or two others which disgrace it, shall be expunged. He has the title of saint in yours; and it is laid down as a maxim by one of the most learned men (Ambrosio de Morales) that ever prostrated his intellect to the Romish superstition, (and in other respects also one of the most judicious and acute,) that whatever one saint relates of another, when he writes his life, is reverently to be believed. Unwilling as you might be to subscribe to this as a general rule, I am persuaded that in the case of Bede you will hesitate as little as I do to admit it. It is well known that he relates no miracles of his own performing; and this you may account for satisfactorily by his mo-

desty, and because he has not written any detailed account of his own life. But how will you explain the singular fact, that though his ecclesiastical history and the biographies which he drew up from materials which were supplied to him, are full of miraculous stories, the Lives of the Abbots of Wearmouth, under whom, and with whom he had lived, and which he composed, therefore, upon his own knowledge and responsibility, have no such garnish? How happens it, sir, that when he gives you in so many instances, with a fidelity like that of Dampier, the authorities for his relations of this kind, he never presents one as having occurred directly within his own knowledge? He was a saint himself, and conversant with saints; and miracles were performed by every saint of whom he speaks, except those whom he knew and lived with. They took place everywhere except where he was present. He heard of them from all sides, far and near. He saw persons who had seen others who had seen them performed, or who knew the saint by whom they were worked, or the patients upon whom they worked them; but he never witnessed one himself. It could not be for want of faith, for he believed the cases which were communicated to him, and faithfully recorded them. It could not be for want of opportunity; the United Monasteries contained a constellation of living saints, and a choice assortment of relics, the authenticity of which could not be called in question; they had not been purchased as stolen goods (common as it was so to deal in such articles,) but brought from Rome by Benedict Biscope himself, and were therefore undoubted originals; moreover they were of the first water, of the finest touch, relics of the apostles as well as of the martyrs. He tells us that they were there, and does not relate a single instance of their wonder-working virtue. And yet, believing feelingly and fervently in those things as he did, can it be doubted that he would have recorded such instances with eager delight, if there had been any which, as a wise religious man, he could conscientiously have attested?

"That Bede was aware of the importance of such attestations in these cases is clearly shewn in his writings. He contents himself with a general reference to his documents for the events which are merely historical, and gives it in his introductory Epistle to King Ceolulph once for all; but when he introduces miracles, he is as particular in citing authorities as you have required me to be, sir. This is a remarkable circumstance, and I know not of any other instance in which

such precaution has been of so much consequence to the author's own reputation. By so doing, he has given the most decisive proof of his own trust-worthiness. The only imputation which could have stained his otherwise spotless character was, that of having knowingly concurred in the system of deceit which the Romish church was carrying on; and from that imputation he is thus completely cleared. He was credulous in an age of credulity; and, therefore, he believed and related the miracles of which he heard. But he was too intelligent to be deceived into a belief that he saw any himself, and too upright to increase the currency of fables, by circulating any from the mint of his own invention. Conversant as I was with Bede's historical and biographical works, this observation (and I am persuaded that you will feel its importance) had not struck me till I recurred to them on the present occasion." Pp. 111-116.

Well may Southey declare, that the Romanist's unique boast, the perpetual succession of miracles in their church, should be more properly denominated, a perpetual succession of frauds, or of credulity conjoined with fraud. The system was, indeed, sometimes promoted by good men in good faith, who, while unconsciously deceiving others, were themselves deceived.

"Bede is an example of this: he has lent his authority to a scheme of delusion; but it has been shewn that his veracity is not in the slightest degree impeached by the wonders which he has recorded. The wonders themselves appear, upon examination, to be of four kinds: Those which relate to relics constitute the largest class, and belong as much to the history of medicine as of miracles; dreams form a second class; the third consists of stories in which artifice is apparent; the last of palpable falsehoods, invented and propagated for the purpose of gain. You shall have examples of each, sir, with all the exactness of reference that you have desired." P. 131.

And the proofs arrive with more exactness, it is presumed, than Mr Butler quite relishes. No writer of the present day can, like the Laureate, "wield at will" the limitless hagiologic literature of the cloister. It is evident that it was his poetic organization which mainly led him to revel in it, although he has turned his acquaintance with it to far better purpose than mere poetic fiction. So

wild, so grotesque, or so entertaining a bundle of romances as can be picked out of the *Acta Sanctorum* cannot be paralleled. At the same time, it is well to remember what is the groundwork and tendency of things written with such "deceivableness of unrighteousness;"—and, while we are now amazed as with a fairy tale, now tickled as with the humour of one of the *Arabian Nights*, anon charmed, perhaps, with much that is pathetic or picturesque, and interested by glimpses of ancient manners and obsolete observances, yet we should do well to "keep our heart with all diligence" from being made callous to the enormities we peruse. It is not using too harsh language to say, that lies, perjury, impurity, and blasphemy, are in frequent use by these biographers of the canonized. It is not, therefore, every one who can be trusted to make himself familiar with this legendary lore;—an indevout man will run the risk of losing all sense of the wickedness of what he reads; and a worldly-minded and crafty one will be apt to consider the wholesome influences of religion on a par with the sheer devices of priestcraft, which there stink in the nostrils. After being forced, by his argument, to exhibit the revolting and impious mendacity of the *blessed Alanus de Rupe*, well does Southey say,

"I thank God that long converseance with monastic writers has neither blunted my sense of such impieties, nor abated my abhorrence for the system of imposture and wickedness, which has been raised and supported by such means. But those Protestants who will shudder while they read (and many such I trust there are,) will know how fitting, how needful, it is that these impieties and frauds should be exposed to the people of Great Britain and Ireland at this time." P. 484.

Southey can be allowed to tell these tales, for he is trust-worthy in more senses than one. He does not recklessly set before us what may do harm without the antidote; and he is of unimpeachable credit in what he does tell. He has not thought fit to keep to the manner of relation of those who wrote for dupes. Accordingly, some whole legends, and many pertinent allusions and extracts, are given in a humorous way; the main tale is not altered, but the comments are inevitably in a tone of banter.

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"To laugh were want of decency and grace,

And to be grave exceeds all power of face."

Indeed, the rogues who fabricated the figments had themselves sleeves to hide a titter.

In introducing the *Life of St Fursey*, (which he calls a specimen of Irish Sacred Romance,) he asserts his own honesty in compiling the narrative—

"The originals are of unquestioned antiquity; and though I give it you in a form suited to the place, not as translation, you will find it composed with a fidelity that defies investigation." P. 143.

As a specimen of the wisdom with which, in steering clear of superstition, he also guards against that deadness to religious feeling which the reaction too often brings on, we may subjoin the following passage:

"Let it not be inferred that, in imputing the Romish miracles of this class to mere quackery, and the force of imagination, or not seldom to imposture on the part of the pretended patient, (by one or other of which they may be all explained,) an opinion is implied as if the course of events were in no degree to be influenced by prayer, and the interference of providential mercy. Such an opinion can be entertained by no one who reads and believes the Scriptures. I should belie my own heart were I to dissemble its belief in the efficacy of prayer. Even as no one ever supplicated in vain for support in sorrow, nor for patience under suffering, nor, if the prayer proceeded from a sincere and humble spirit, for strength to resist and overcome temptation; so it is my full persuasion that many are the lives which have been prolonged like Hezekiah's, or that of the ruler's son at Capernaum; when, though the providential interference has not been made manifest to others, by any outward sign, it has been felt, not the less surely by those in compassion to whom it was vouchsafed. The greater, therefore, is my indignation against those practitioners of religious quackery—those traders in superstition, who abuse the natural piety of man; who mock the soul that is 'a-thirst for God, like as the hart desireth the water brooks;' and when it is panting for the well-spring of living waters, mislead it to the broken cisterns which they themselves have hewn out.

"Mine, sir, is neither a cold belief nor a contracted. What Wesley said upon occasion of the cures exhibited at the tomb of the Abbé Paris, is, in my apprehension, a truth of wide as well as charitable application: 'God makes allowance for

invincible ignorance, and blesses the faith, notwithstanding the superstition.' More than once I have expressed, both in prose and verse, a persuasion, that

'The prayers which from a pious heart proceed,
Though misdirected, reach the ear of Heaven.'

I would not condemn this form of superstition, if it were not far more injurious in its general and sure effect, than it ever can be beneficial in individual instances. Were it not for this consideration, I would say with Wordsworth in his youth,

'If the rude waste of human error bear
One flower of hope, oh pass and leave it there'

But it is the tendency of the Romish system always to interpose some crafty device between the soul and its Creator—to intercept its worship—to clip the wings of its aspirations—to debase its thoughts, and deaden its very prayers. Well might the apostle warn his hearers against those false teachers, who would 'through covetousness make merchandize of them;' and well might the wisest of men expose the folly of him, who 'for health calleth upon that which is weak; for life prayeth to that which is dead; for aid humbly beseecheth that which hath least means to help.'—Pp. 135—137.

That these Vindications of the Protestantism of the Church of England are not composed in a spirit of unnecessary hostility to Romanism, we could shew from many passages. The author is not one of those hot zealots, who deny the Romanists to be Christians.

"The points of agreement are so many and so important, that the members of of the one church who will not acknowledge those of the other to be their fellow-christians, shew themselves to be deficient in the fundamental virtue of christian charity. In the general dealings of society, and in the intercourse between nation and nation, it behoves us to remember these, and these only. But the points of difference are not less important."—P. 15.

He has a right to assert his impartiality and willingness to make allowances in his former historical work.

"Sir, if I wrote for party purposes, and merely with temporary views, I should be more solicitous to please some, and more careful not to offend others. My desire, as an historian, has ever been to represent all persons and all parties in the truest light, not in the strongest; neither dissembling the errors nor palliating the offences of those whom I consider

as entitled, on the whole, to the gratitude and esteem of posterity, nor withholding any thing that may abate our abhorrence for those who have rendered themselves infamous. I have always allowed full weight for those motives, however fallacious, by which good men are sometimes led astray, and even bad ones not unfrequently deceive themselves. Judging of actions by the immutable standard of right and wrong, I have endeavoured to judge of men according to the circumstances of their age, country, situation, and even time of life, glad to discover something which may extenuate the criminality of the agent, even when I pronounce the severest condemnation of the act. With this purpose, and in this temper, the Book of the Church was composed. But never will I affect a reputation for candour, (as that term is now abused,) by compromising principles of eternal importance; nor is that current *liberality* to be expected from me, which, if it does not act like a palsy upon the heart, taking from it all sense of indignation at what is base and atrocious, all feelings of admiration at what is virtuous and exalted, perverts its perceptions, so as to make evil appear good, and good evil."—Pp. 45, 46.

We have cited none of the anecdotes and illustrations, which give so vivid a character to the work—their connexion with the argument is their great value, and that could not be shewn but at too great an expense of space. Even Southey thinks of himself, that he may have been too full of proofs; "the steed of the pen having," as the Persians say, "got loose upon the plain of prolixity, outran his intention" of completing a demolition of all Mr Butler's fallacies.

Our opinion, then, on the whole, is, that a production better fitted to disabuse an intelligent mind, hampered in the sophistry, or fascinated by the phantasmagoric illusions of the Romish Church, can hardly be pointed out; nor is it less estimable as a preventative for minds yet unassailed. Good logical heads, indeed, may be sent to take part in the metaphysical skirmishes of theologians, and may range themselves under Bellarmine or Barrow, as the hair-balance of the scales may to their eyes incline. But for every-day readers of ordinary education, the atmosphere of that high region is too thin for daily breath—it may do

for an occasional visit; but they must settle their doubts, and choose their course, on a more earthly level. Now, the sort of treatise we have been recommending brings the affair more home to our businesses and our bosoms. Any one may safely reason, that, if Romanism be in truth such as it is here exhibited in genuine quotations from its own advocates, from their own words, their own declarations and requisitions, their own records of their deeds—if this be their portrait of what they conceive to be “pure and undefiled religion,” then their vaunt of a per-

petual succession of miracles is no more than is needful to prove it. Nay, perhaps doubters may well stand excused, if a miracle to all and each be not vouchsafed to quiet the irrepressible reclamations of natural feeling against what too surely seems superstition, fraud, and tyranny. No such supernatural interference is, however, necessary; the incubus, which craft had conjured up for the oppression of the Christian world, was taken off at the Reformation; and they are timid dreamers indeed, who, after being so relieved, will allow it to cumber them again.

MUSICAL LITERATURE.

THERE are several kinds of literary works connected with music. Of one kind, are those which treat of the doctrine of musical sounds, as a branch of physical science; and of another, are those which treat of music as one of the arts. These two subjects are totally unconnected with each other. The theory of acoustics is of no value to the musician; nor will the most consummate skill in music be of any use to the student of acoustics. This circumstance has been too little attended to; and treatises on the art of music have frequently been encumbered with a mass of mathematical and physical dissertation, calculated merely to perplex the student, and divert his attention from the proper objects of study. We meet, accordingly, with many individuals, who, in consequence of studies of this sort, think themselves musicians; and, because they have investigated the mathematical doctrines of vibrations and ratios, talk learnedly of musical compositions, though they neither possess a spark of the feeling necessary to appreciate them, nor know a single rule employed in their production. We have not yet heard of any body assuming the character of a connoisseur in painting, in consequence of being acquainted with optics.

There is another kind of literature connected with music, which consists of dissertations on the music of the ancients. Upon the strength of such studies, many persons, too, think themselves musicians, while they are

only antiquaries. After reading volumes upon volumes on this subject, all we learn is, that we know nothing of the matter. We acquire, however, a great number of hard and high-sounding words, which are too valuable to be thrown away; and, therefore, to turn our learning to account, we assume the character of musical *conoscenti* and critics; though, for any thing our studies may have taught us, we may as well pretend to be connoisseurs in the music of the spheres.

The study of acoustics is valuable, as a branch of natural philosophy; and the study of ancient music may throw light on the researches of the antiquary; and these studies are, undoubtedly, worthy of the man of science, the man of letters, and the gentleman who bestows his leisure on intellectual pursuits. But no truly great musician ever gave them any share of his attention. There have been men, indeed, like Dr Pepusch, who, with their heads stuffed full of mathematical and antiquarian lore, professed also to be musical artists. But the total want of fancy and feeling, and of every thing that belongs to the poetry of music,—the plodding mechanical disposition which led to the nature of their studies,—have always been found to disqualify them from the production of any beautiful work of art,—and the music of Pepusch (the representative of a class,) is as arid as his studies. Who ever heard of the mathematical or antiquarian learning of Handel, Haydn, Mozart,

or Beethoven? These "mighty magicians," it is well known, never troubled themselves about the divisions of the monochord, or the *genera* of the Greeks. They required no calculation of ratios, to tell them how an interval should be tuned, nor dreamed of looking for musical ideas among the jargon which some learned enquirers have rescued from oblivion, in the shape of hymns to Apollo, &c. To such minds, this solemn trifling would be a drudgery not to be borne.

In speaking of musical literature, then, it is proper to exclude all those works, which entirely, or chiefly, treat of acoustics, or musical antiquities. Such works, indeed, are sometimes written by persons who have musical knowledge and feeling, and contain occasional indications of these qualities. Where this occurs, however, the passage is a mere digression, superfluous in a strictly scientific point of view, but agreeable to the musical student who strays into these regions, to whom it is as delightful as the green spot and cool fountain to the weary pilgrim of the desert. The musical lucubrations of the late celebrated Professor Robison, in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, are as useless to the musician, as valuable to the natural philosopher,—and yet they are worth the perusal even of the musician, were it only for the fine touches of sensibility and taste which they contain. In the same manner, it is difficult to imagine any thing more useless to a musician, than the disquisitions which occupy almost the whole of the first volume of Burney's *History of Music*; and yet that very agreeable writer has contrived to scatter flowers over the path of musical antiquities, which beguile the weariness of the journey, and make us sometimes forget its bootlessness. None of these flowers, however, are indigenous to so barren a soil; they are all exotics, and brought from the very distant regions of fancy and feeling.

It is very common to speak of the *science*, and of the *theory* of music; but this language we cannot help thinking incorrect. Music, we conceive, is not a science, nor has it a theory. It is an art,—like poetry or painting,—in the exercise of which, we are directed by a number of tech-

nical rules, which have no resemblance to the deductions from the theory of a science. It has, however, been the fashion for writers on music, to lay down a "Theory of Harmony," and then to deduce from it the "practice of Composition." Such was the method of Rameau, whose system, as expounded and arranged by D'Alembert, acquired almost universal authority throughout Europe. In the celebrated *Treatise of D'Alembert*, an attempt is made to deduce all the laws of harmony from one or two principles of acoustics; and this is done with such an air of simplicity and apparent demonstration, that the work is captivating to the young student of music, who thinks he has found an unerring clue through all the labyrinths of counterpoint. In this respect he is soon undeceived: but even after he throws aside D'Alembert, he finds it difficult to break the fetters in which he has been bound. He retains, in spite of himself, the habit of referring every thing to the system to which he has been accustomed; and as, in the modern music especially, he meets every instant with combinations, which are irreconcilable to that system, he feels as if music were altogether capricious and lawless. To pursue his studies successfully, he must forget D'Alembert; and this (we speak from experience) is no easy task. Though the authority of this famous system is now at an end on the continent, and even in the country which gave it birth, yet our English treatises on composition still bear too many traces of its influences.

Where music is judiciously taught, all attempts at scientific investigations are abandoned. It is taught, like grammar and rhetoric, by stating and exemplifying a series of rules, which are merely general expressions of the practice of the greatest masters. For the rules of musical *grammar*, no reason can be given, but that an observance of them has been found necessary, by experience, in order to please the ear; and for some of them, probably, all that can be said is, that such is the general practice of composers. The laws of harmony are far from being so fixed as those of the Medes and Persians; and the code of to-day differs enormously from that of a century ago. The works of

Beethoven and Weber contain sounds that would have made every hair of Handel's wig stand upright with horror, and probably would have been the death of the gentle and sensitive Corelli. The harmony of Mozart is now felt, and universally admitted, to be exquisitely pure and delicate; and yet, when his Quartetts first appeared, a copy, sent by the publisher to Italy, was returned on his hands, as being full of mistakes of the engraver! The rules of musical *rhetoric*, however, are of a higher class. They are founded on the unchangeable principles of human nature, and are, therefore, permanent and universal in their application. If music is considered in reference to the inventive power, the imagination, judgment, and profundity displayed in its composition,—in regard to its power of awakening the fancy and touching the heart,—to the truth of its dramatic expression,—to the purity of its style, and the symmetry of its structure,—a great variety of general considerations present themselves, from which canons of criticism may be deduced, according to which the merit of musical productions may be estimated, in every age and country, whatever differences there may be in the rules of musical grammar, and in the conventional forms of musical language. This is what we consider to be musical literature.

Excluding, therefore, works on what is improperly called Musical Science, on Musical Antiquities, and Musical Grammar, it will be found that the extent of musical literature is as yet very narrow. As music, however, is every day acquiring additional importance in England, and the refined and elegant enjoyments which it affords are superseding the grosser pastimes of our ancestors, the principles of the art become a valuable object of enquiry; as it is only by a knowledge of them being generally diffused that the influence of bad taste, fashion, and caprice, can be counteracted. We propose, in this article, to mention a few of the works in musical literature, which are most accessible in this country.

Musical criticism has been long, and, on the whole, successfully cultivated in France. The admirable and eloquent writings of Rousseau compelled his countrymen to open

their eyes to the excellence of the Italian music, in spite of the powerful party that supported the French school, and the yet more powerful influence of national prejudice and vanity. Nothing, however, could withstand Rousseau's glowing eulogies on one hand, and his withering invectives on the other; and the publication of the "*Lettre sur la Musique Française*" may be taken as the era of a great reformation in the French school. Since that time, a splendid succession of Italian and German composers have exerted their talents in writing for the French opera; and the consequence is, (notwithstanding the ignorant sneers of some of our countrymen,) that the present French school of music is excellent. The works of Boieldieu, Berton, and Auber, are not only performed at Berlin and Vienna, but please the fastidious critics of Milan and Naples. Would we could say as much of the works of our English composers!

Rousseau's "*Dictionnaire de Musique*" is, on the whole, a valuable work, and ought to be known to every musician. His articles on musical science, and the principles of harmony, are, for the reasons already mentioned, worse than useless; but his discussions on many subjects of taste and criticism are admirable.

One of the most remarkable works which have appeared in France, is Gretry's "*Essais sur la Musique*." The first volume of this work was published in 1789; and was afterwards republished, with two additional volumes, in 1797. It is little known in England. The author, though not a Frenchman (being a native of Liege) became the most popular of the French dramatic composers,—so much so that many of his airs have become completely *national*. His popularity was well deserved, for his airs are delightfully sweet and graceful, and remarkable for truth of dramatic expression. His accompaniments are too thin and slight for the present taste; but his music altogether is of a kind which will long preserve its attraction. His book is a singular, and, in many respects, an excellent production. It contains an amusing auto-biography, an account of his studies and of his different works, and his reflections on the principles of musical composition.

(especially dramatic) derived from his own great experience. There is a good deal of vanity and prolixity in the book; and the author, from the desire of being profound and philosophical, à la Française, is frequently too abstract to be intelligible: but, with all this, the work is full of original and striking views, and worthy of the serious attention of every dramatic composer. Two or three short extracts from it, we think, will be found interesting.

While a youth at Rome, pursuing his studies, and totally immersed in writing fugues and scholastic exercises, the author, who had been dying to see Piccini, is at last carried by a friend to visit him:—

“Piccini fit peu d’attention à moi; et c’est, à dire vrai, ce que je méritais. Je n’avais heureusement pas besoin d’émulation; mais que le moindre encouragement de sa part m’eût fait de plaisir! Je contempnais ses traits avec un sentiment de respect qui aurait dû le flatter, si ma timidité naturelle avait pu lui laisser voir ce qui se passait au fond de mon cœur. Q’une âme sensible est à plaindre! elle fait faire toujours gauchement ce qu’on desire le plus; si vous ne lui donnez un lendemain vous ne la connaîtrez jamais. O grands hommes! ô hommes en réputation! accueillez, encouragez les jeunes gens qui cherchent à s’approcher de vous; un mot de votre bouche peut faire éclore dix ans plutôt un grand talent. Dites-leur que vous n’êtes que des hommes, à peine le croient-ils; dites-leur que vous avez erré longtemps avant de découvrir les secrets de votre art, et l’art de vous servir de vos idées; mais qu’en fin il vient un instant où le chaos se débrouille, et où l’on est tout étonné de se trouver homme. Piccini se remit au travail qu’il avait quitté pour un instant pour nous recevoir. J’osai lui demander ce qu’il composait; il me répondit: Un oratorio. Nous demeurâmes une heure auprès de lui. Mon ami me fit signe, et nous partîmes sans être aperçus. Je rentrai sur-le-champ dans mon collège; et, après avoir fermé ma porte, je voulus faire tout ce que j’avais vu chez Piccini. La petite table à côté du clavecin, un cahier de papier rayé, un oratorio imprimé, lire les paroles, porter les mains sur le

clavier, tirer des grandes barres de partition, écrire de suite sans rature, passer lestement d’une partie à l’autre; tout cela me paraissait charmant, et mon délire dura deux ou trois heures; jamais ne n’avais été plus heureux; je me croyais Piccini. Cependant mon air était fait; je le mis sur le clavecin et l’exécutai—O douleur! Il était détestable; je me mis à pleurer à chaudes larmes, et le lendemain je repris en soupirant mon cahier de fugues.”

What a fine and natural picture of youthful enthusiasm! There is great truth and importance in the following remark on the value of studying the strict style of composition—a study too much neglected in England—and, indeed, everywhere else, at present.

“Je suis persuadé qu’on ne peut être simple, expressif, et sur tout correct, sans avoir épuisé les difficultés du contrepoint. C’est au milieu d’un magasin qu’on peut se choisir un cabinet. L’homme qui sait, se reconnaît aisément; on entend dans ses compositions les plus légères, quelques notes de basse que l’on sent ne pouvoir appartenir à l’harmoniste superficiel.”

How true this is! and yet it is sufficient to turn over the mass of musical productions which issue from the press in a single month—the songs, pieces for the piano-forte, &c.—to be convinced how little it is attended to.

In his popular Opera of Lucile, there is a charming piece—“Où peut on être mieux qu’au sein de sa famille?”—of which the air is universally popular in France. Concerning this air, the author gives two anecdotes, the one very pretty, though quite French, and the other very ludicrous. They are both contained in the following passage:—

“Ce morceau de musique a servi, depuis qu’il est connu, pour consacrer les fêtes de famille. Je me trouvais moi-même chez un homme qui s’était opposé infructueusement au mariage de son frère; la jeune épouse, belle comme Venus, se présente chez le frère de son mari; elle y est reçue très poliment, c’est à dire, froidement; cependant, comme j’aperçus que les caresses de la dame jettaient du trouble dans le cœur de son beau-frère, je les engageai à s’approcher du piano; je chantai le quatuor avec

effusion de cœur, et j'eus le plaisir de voir, après quelques mesures, le frère et le sœur s'entrelacer de leurs bras en repandant des larmes si douces, celles de la réconciliation. S'il est permis de joindre l'épigramme à ce que le sentiment a de plus précieux, je rapporterai l'anecdote suivante: Des officiers de judicature, créés sous les auspices d'un ancien ministre dont les opérations n'avaient pas eu l'approbation publique, assistaient, dans leur loge, à un spectacle de province; on représentait la tragédie de Samson. Arlequin lutait sur la scène avec un dindon, qui, s'étant échappé, se réfugia dans la loge de ces officiers: aussitôt le parterre se mit à chanter en chœur: *Où peut on être mieux qu'au sein de sa famille?*"

This beautiful air, we may add, contributed, on a memorable occasion, to fan the dying flame of French loyalty immediately before its extinction amidst the storms of the revolution. When the King paid his visit to the National Assembly, after the destruction of the Bastille, his address to that body was received with much applause, and he was accompanied to his palace by the members. On his arrival, he presented himself, with the Queen bearing her little son in her arms, to the assembled multitude. A band of music played the air, "*Où peut on être mieux qu'au sein de sa famille?*" The effect was electrical, and nothing was heard among the immense crowd but shouts of enthusiasm and acclamations of joy—sincere and heartfelt at the moment, but fleeting as the breath that uttered them.

During the Gluck and Piccini war in Paris, almost all the men of letters espoused one side or the other; and innumerable publications were the consequence, in which men of genius and eminence only exposed their own ignorance of the subject. Grimm's musical criticisms, however, in his celebrated "Correspondance," are excellent. Laborde's "*Essai sur la Musique*," a splendid work which appeared in 1780, contains, among a heap of rubbish, a great deal of very curious matter. Chabanon's work "*De la Musique*," published in 1788, is of value. The writings of Stendahl, (if that is his real name, for he seems to have se-

veral), are flippant and conceited, but acute and ingenious. Of his principal work, the *Lives of Haydn and Mozart*, we shall have something to say presently, as, from its having been translated, and published with annotations by an English writer of some pretensions, it may be considered as belonging to English literature. The French journals contain musical criticisms of a very superior cast; and one of them, devoted to music alone, (*La Revue Musicale*), is conducted with great ability.

It does not belong to the object of this article to enter into any details respecting the musical literature of Germany and Italy. It is, however, a subject well worthy of the attention of the able writer of the article "*Mozart*," in a late number of the *Foreign Quarterly Review*.

England is not rich in musical literature. We have no works of much value anterior to the *Histories of Music* by Sir John Hawkins and Dr Burney. These are similar in subject and magnitude, but very unlike in respect to merit. In toiling through the five ponderous tomes of the worthy knight, one wonders what could possibly have induced him to make music the subject of his labours. Every page indicates a man of a coarse and vulgar mind; of great industry, but destitute of a single spark of feeling of the beauties of the art which he has chosen for his subject, or of judgment to guide him in the selection of his materials. His work is a collection of memoirs of a multitude of persons more or less connected with music; and it generally happens, that the degree of attention he pays to any musical name, or subject, is in the inverse ratio of its importance. The divine Pergolese is disposed of in half a page, and even that brief notice is by no means accurate. The whole illustrious family of the Bachs occupy two pages, and the name of Emanuel Bach is never mentioned; nor do we find even the names of some of the greatest Italian and German composers of the earlier part of the eighteenth century; while we are favoured with innumerable details respecting the birth, family, education, life, and death of a number of obscure English singers, fiddlers, or makers of trifling catches or ballads. It is amu-

sing, indeed, to see what a great part of the work does not relate to music at all. The worthy author seems to have found himself but little at home in it, and to have caught every opportunity, however slight, of flying off at a tangent to some other subject, on which he prosed away with great apparent self-complacency. His style is inexpressibly heavy and lumbering, and his sentiments and reflections poor and common-place. On the subject of music he is utterly incapable of any thing like generalization or reasoning; and his "conclusion," where, like that of Rasselas, "nothing is concluded," is, truly, "lame and impotent." In short, this is a most unreadable book, though not totally useless. It contains curious specimens of old compositions, not readily to be found elsewhere; and it may be used with advantage as a book of reference for dates, and other particulars connected with the lives of musicians.

Dr Burney's work has long enjoyed great celebrity both in England and abroad. Burney was a man of considerable intellectual powers—of great learning, and a very elegant mind. His knowledge of music was extensive, and his love of it enthusiastic. His work was the fruit of the labours of many years spent in study and research, in the course of which he cultivated a personal intercourse with all the greatest musicians of his time throughout Europe. On this work it would be superfluous to make any detailed remarks, as it is very generally known. It is so agreeably written that it recommends itself to every reader. Dr Johnson said, that there were few works he could take a larger slice of than Burney's. His estimates of the characters of musicians are, in general (though with some exceptions, as in the case of the celebrated Marcello, and of our countryman, Greene, to neither of whom he does justice,) correct, and his criticisms sound and discriminating; and his general views are enlightened and instructive. Burney, however, is, in some degree, liable to the charge of too great minuteness in his account of obscure musicians and their works, and consequently has made his book too large. But, altogether, it is an admirable work, and will long sustain

its reputation. Burney's lesser works—his Musical Tours in Germany, and in France and Italy—his Account of the Commemoration of Handel—(which contains an admirable criticism on many of the greatest works of that greatest of musicians)—and his Life of Metastasio—are all valuable, from their agreeable style, their good sense, and the variety of information they contain.

Avison's "Essay on Musical Expression" has enjoyed a sort of reputation in England, to which its intrinsic merits give it little claim, and which can be ascribed only to the poverty of our musical literature. He was a composer of small talent; and, in his literary character, though he writes with correctness, and frequently with good sense, yet he exhibits no originality or depth of thought. He seems to have entertained a silly dislike to Handel, whose works he endeavours to depreciate; for which wretched folly he was chastised by the anonymous author of "Remarks on Avison's Essay on Musical Expression,"—a work of much more talent than his own, and which may be read with advantage even at the present day.

The "Essays on Poetry and Music," by Dr Beattie, are, we think, by far the best prose work of that elegant writer. His "Essay on Truth," though it produced a great sensation when it appeared, and was hailed as a complete antidote to the sceptical poison of Hume, is now acknowledged to be a somewhat shallow work. The author did not appreciate either the depth or the subtlety of the arguments he controverted, and eked out his superficial answer with a good deal of clamorous invective, which pleased mightily the dispensers of good things, of which, accordingly, the Doctor came in for his share. Though no very profound metaphysician, however, he was an elegant poet, scholar, and critic, and a most excellent and amiable man. He was, besides, a good practical musician, and was thus well qualified to write upon the subject of music. In these Essays, his criticisms are deduced from broad general principles, and are ingenious and happy; as in his instances of the use and abuse of musical *imitation* in the works of Handel. In his remarks on

the pleasures derived from association, we find the following beautiful reflections on the love of national music :—

“It is an amiable prejudice that people generally entertain in favour of their national music. This lowest degree of patriotism is not without its merit; and that man must have a hard heart, or dull imagination, in whom, though endowed with musical sensibility, no sweet emotions would arise on hearing, in his riper years, or in a foreign land, those strains that were the delight of his childhood. What though they be inferior to the Italian? What though they be even irregular and rude? It is not their merit which, in the case supposed, would interest a native, but the charming ideas they would recall to his mind;—ideas of innocence, simplicity, and leisure—of romantic enterprise and enthusiastic attachment; and of scenes which, on recollection, we are inclined to think, that a brighter sun illuminated, a fresher verdure crowned, and purer skies and happier climes conspired to beautify, than are now to be seen in the dreary paths of care and disappointment, into which men, yielding to the passions peculiar to more advanced years, are tempted to wander. There are couplets in Ogilvie’s translation of Virgil which I could never read without emotions far more ardent than the merit of the numbers could justify. But it was that book which first taught me the ‘tale of Troy divine,’ and first made me acquainted with poetical sentiments; and though I read it when almost an infant, it conveyed to my heart some pleasing impressions, that remain there unimpaired to this day.”

This passage, worthy of the author of *The Minstrel*, should convey a lesson to many of our highly refined and fashionable *dilettanti*, who think themselves bound to shut their ears, and harden their hearts, against the strains of their native land; who, to their own great misfortune, have divested themselves of the delightful associations so beautifully described by the poet and musician whose words we have quoted; and who, in their rage for every thing foreign, listen with counterfeited rapture not to the national melodies of Italy only,

but of France, Spain, Portugal, Russia, any, in short, but those of our own islands; though these, putting association out of the question, are not greatly surpassed even by those of Italy, and are superior to those of any other country. That such is the case may be concluded from the fact, that every foreigner of taste, after putting the Italian airs first, and those of his own country next, gives the third place to the melodies of Scotland and Ireland. In regard to the music of England, though that country has not a body of *traditional* national music of the same magnitude and antiquity as those of the sister kingdoms, yet it does possess a very great quantity of music which may be called national; as it consists of melodies, which, though by known composers, having become popular from their great beauty, are now as generally diffused, and as closely interwoven with our earliest associations, as any national music can be. And yet this music is still more despised by the fashionable *dilettanti*, than even the Scotch and Irish, which meets with some small favour from them, because it is in some degree foreign, and is, to them, comparatively free from the vulgar quality of being capable of exciting, by association, some of the finest and most exquisite feelings of which human nature is capable.

Brown’s “Letter on the Poetry and Music of the Italian Opera,” is an admirable little work. It was published at Edinburgh in 1789. The author was a painter of great genius, and was rising rapidly to eminence, when he was cut off at an early age. These letters exhibit a highly cultivated taste, and great knowledge of music; they are held in much estimation by those who are conversant with musical literature, but are long since out of print, and not easily to be met with. They describe the Italian opera, of course, as it existed forty years ago; but so immutable are the true principles of musical taste, that, notwithstanding all the changes in the *fashion* of music that have taken place, the reader will find that the author’s remarks on the composition, or performance, of the operas of Pergolese or Jomelli, are perfectly applicable to those of Mozart or Rossini.

We have already mentioned the "Lives of Haydn and Mozart," as belonging to English literature. It is agreeable and entertaining, and has been very popular in England. We shall make no quotation from so well known a work; but we cannot refrain from making an observation or two on the "Notes by the author of the Sacred Melodies,"—that is, Mr Gardiner, a musical writer of considerable pretensions. This gentleman favours the public with his sentiments on a number of musical matters; but his remarks are sometimes too profound to be intelligible, and his principles of criticism are not remarkable for soundness.

In a long note, in which he professes to determine, with minute precision, the *character* of each key, he says, that music, in the 15th century, was generally written on the key of F, and its relative D minor: "And as some of the grandest sounds of the natural world—the rushing of the storm—the murmurs of the brook, and the roar of the sea, are to be referred to this harmony, it may be denominated *the key of nature*." So that the storm rushes, the brook murmurs, and the sea roars, in the key of F, or D minor! We should like to know by what means Mr Gardiner discovered the key-note of all these different performances. He says that the key of B flat is the least interesting of any, which is an injurious attack on the good name of this key. Look through any number of musical pieces, and it will appear that composers in general have a better opinion of its character.

Mr Gardiner praises Haydn for his use of the wind instruments; and, as an instance, he cites the passage in the Creation,

"O, Lord, from thee they beg their meat,
Thou openest thy hand,
And *sated* all they are;"

and his remark is, "the symphony opens with a flute," &c.—"so full and delicious as to produce the *sated* effect which the words demand." The greatest composers have been childish in their attempts at musical imitation; but that Haydn had so silly a quibble in his head as is here ascribed to him, we cannot believe. It is plain enough that the word *sated* here, has no reference to the feeling

of *satiety*; it is employed by the German writer of the English words of the Creation, to mean that the creatures had their wants supplied or satisfied. The reason of Mr Gardiner's supposition is, that a certain combination of wind instruments is full and delicious. Is that so uncommon an occurrence?

On a similar false principle, Mr Gardiner discovers a reason for admiring a passage (certainly a fine one) in Beethoven's Mount of Olives; the movement which describes the march of the Roman soldiers when they go out in search of our Saviour. He says, "the mutations of the harmony are constantly turning the course of the melody into every direction. *No place or corner seems unexplored*." Here is another quibble ascribed to a great composer, which, we verily believe, he never dreamed of. Beethoven, it seems, imitates the soldiers going about in search of their object, by turning the course of the melody into every direction, so as to produce the effect of no place or corner being unexplored; as if it were not very commonly the case, in movements of any length, that there is a great deal of modulation, which is all that can be meant by saying, that the mutations of the harmony turn the melody in different directions. If it be said that the effect is produced by turning the same fragment of melody in different directions, the answer is, that it is the uniform practice of the greatest masters, where the modulation is most various and rapid, to stick closely to one *motivo*, or melodic phrase, so as to preserve unity of design in the composition.

Several other remarks might be made on Mr Gardiner's mode of discovering musical beauties. But we can now only refer our readers to his analogy between different colours, and different musical instruments, and his illustrative account of the passage in the Creation descriptive of the rising sun. Here we have "the oboes beginning to shed their yellow lustre, while the flute silvers the mounting rays of the violin!" with a good deal more to the same purpose, and all equally *luminous*.

It is highly injudicious to applaud the puerile attempts at musical imitation, which are sometimes really

to be found in the works of great masters, and still worse to find them where they do not exist. Such imitations were in very common use in the older and more gothic periods of art; but the same progress of taste which has banished puns, quibbles, and conceits, from poetry, has nearly banished similar devices from music. Handel occasionally offends in this way—as when he expresses men falling on their faces by the instruments suddenly falling from a high note to a very low one—when, in a song, the words “depth of pain and height of passion” are expressed, as often as they occur, by a *low* note to the word *depth*, and a *high* one to *height*—when, in Israel in Egypt, he represents the leaping of frogs by a sort of leaping motion of the notes, &c. The principles which ought to regulate musical imitation and description are now seldom departed from. Music, being sound, cannot *directly* imitate any thing but sound. Thus, the song of birds, the murmur of a rivulet, the roar of a torrent, the howling of a storm, the sound of thunder, of bells, &c. may produce pleasing effects, particularly if the imitations are produced by the orchestra. If given to the voice, they have the disagreeable appearance of mimicry. The cries of the nobler and more formidable animals, such as the roaring of the lion, may be admitted, though very sparingly, even into serious music; but, except in music expressly meant to be ludicrous, imitations of the ordinary sounds of animals are in bad taste. In the Creation, Haydn, in the accompaniment to the recitatives which describe the creation of animals, imitates the snorting as well as the prancing of the horse—a conceit which is sadly out of place in so majestic a composition. There is, besides, a kind of *indirect* imitation, by which musical sounds are made to convey ideas of objects of the other senses. This is done by sounds which produce sensations or feelings analogous to those produced by the object meant to be suggested. Of this nature is Haydn’s celebrated passage, “and God said, Let there be light, and there was light!” in which the instant blaze of new-born light is represented by a sudden burst of sound;—a passage which certainly

has a most magnificent effect, but which, without the explanation given by the words, never would have been understood to have conveyed any representation of light. In the same manner, Haydn’s representation of the rising of the sun is effected merely by making one or two of the instruments commence as softly as possible, and gradually increase in number and loudness till the moment of the appearance of the luminary is announced by a *fortissimo* from the whole orchestra. The composer, in these instances, endeavours to produce impressions on the hearing similar to those which the appearance of light (sudden or gradual) produces on the sight, and thus to affect the mind in a similar way; and on this principle all music of this kind is composed. Where attempts are thus made to describe the grand, or beautiful phenomena of nature, the effect will generally be good; because, even if the composer fail in being able to suggest the precise object in view, the images with which his fancy is occupied will impart a picturesque character, notwithstanding its vagueness, to the music. But it is dangerous to indulge in such imitations of ordinary objects. We cannot help thinking, that Haydn, in thus describing the leaping of the tyger, the galloping of the horse, the creeping of the worm, and the tumbling of the whale, in such a work as the Creation, gives a grotesque air to his music, which is inconsistent with the dignity of the subject. In the Seasons of the same great author, the imitative or descriptive passages which occur have a much better effect, as they are more in accordance with the nature of the subject. The celebrated *Sinfonia Pastorale* of Beethoven is an exquisite specimen of descriptive music. It requires a key to understand all the intentions of the author, though some of them cannot be mistaken; but, when the whole design of the piece is understood, how delightfully it fills the mind with rural images! But we must return from this digression, and bring our observations to a close.

It remains to speak of the Musical Literature of the present day; and as the periodical press has engrossed the talents of a great part of our

ablest writers in every department of letters, it is not surprising, that, notwithstanding the great diffusion of musical knowledge in England, our musical literature at present should be almost wholly periodical. Some of our weekly journals, particularly the *Spectator* and *Examiner*, have excellent musical criticisms; and we have a *Journal* (*The Harmonicon*) entirely devoted to music.

The plan of the *Harmonicon* is admirably calculated to render it extensively useful and agreeable. It is published monthly, in a very elegant form; each number consisting of two separate parts, one of which is devoted to musical literature, and the other contains a selection of musical pieces. The literary part contains papers on interesting subjects, either original, or extracted from works not easily accessible—reviews of musical publications—ample accounts of all the new operatic pieces brought out at the theatres, and of all remarkable musical performances—and (what forms a very interesting portion of each number) a foreign musical report, drawn partly from the foreign journals, and partly from private correspondence, and containing the musical news of every place of consequence in Europe. Those parts of the work which are from the Editor's pen are written with spirit and elegance; the reviews are manly and impartial, and the faults and beauties of composers are pointed out with a clearness and discrimination highly instructive to the student, while the young artist of genius is sure to meet with approbation and encouragement. Abuses and errors in the management of musical affairs are detected with acuteness, and exposed with firmness, and without respect of persons. And the consequence of all this is, that the *Harmonicon* has acquired much popularity and influence, and is contributing greatly to the improvement of taste, and the diffusion of musical knowledge.

It is not, we think, in the highest classes of society that this improvement is most conspicuous. Among them, the reign of fashion and frivolity continues too absolute to admit of substantial improvement in anything—even in those arts of refinement and elegance which seem pe-

culiarly calculated for their gratification. An institution for the cultivation of music, indeed, has lately been established under great and splendid patronage; but the consequence of this splendid patronage is, that the showy and superficial seems to be substituted, in the system of tuition, for the substantial and useful. In place of spending years in severe study, and of being formed upon the greatest models of excellence, the young pupils of the Royal Academy of Music are taught to get up flashy public representations of Rossini's operas! An institution so conducted will not do much for the advancement of English music. "Yes!" says the Editor of the *Harmonicon*, in the number before us, "English music would prosper exceedingly in an Academy where all the vocal masters employed, and a considerable number of the teachers of various instruments, are foreigners; and where English music is as much despised, and as seldom heard, as in the mansions of the fashionable protectors of this institution!"

In consequence of the want of a good school of music in England, the acquirements of its professors are not, generally speaking, on a level with the present advanced state of musical taste and knowledge throughout the kingdom; and hence the demand for foreign compositions is universal. It is quite a mistake to talk of this as a rage, or fashion. The truth is, that the public are now accustomed to hear good music, and know what it is. There may be fashion in running to hear an Italian *prima donna* at the Opera-House; that is, many people may do this for fashion's sake, though even the votaries of fashion cannot listen to a Pasta or a Malibran without acquiring some taste for what is great and beautiful in music. But it is not fashion that has rendered it necessary to resort, almost exclusively, to Germany or Italy for the music which is employed to gratify the miscellaneous crowds who frequent the English theatres. Even they, since they have been accustomed to the music of Mozart, Rossini, and Weber, will no longer listen to the paltry productions, dignified with the name of operas, by our present race of composers. We need hardly say, that

we do not speak of Bishop at present. Bishop is a man of talent, and a good musician; but even he cannot stand beside the masters of Italy and Germany;—as was shewn by his ill-advised attempt to contend with Weber by bringing out his *Aladdin* as a rival to the *Oberon* of that great man—an attempt which was judged, without a dissenting voice, to be a signal failure. In all other kinds of music the case is the same. The press groans with paltry ballads, and with equally paltry compositions for the piano-forte, consisting of airs with variations, and medleys, (or *pot-pourris* as they are called), made up by stringing together pieces from foreign operas; and these have a sale among boarding-school misses and others, to whose slender capacities they are especially adapted. But no English composer of the present day (and we say this without any hazard of contradiction) has written a single instrumental composition which has been found worthy of a place beside the works of the great foreign composers. We do not mean to say that Bishop is the only good musician

among the English composers. Several names may be mentioned as proofs of the contrary. But they do not affect the justice of the foregoing general remarks.

The advancement of learning and skill among practical musicians, therefore, not keeping pace with the general improvement in taste and knowledge, one of two consequences must follow. Either the public will resort to foreign markets for an article which cannot be well manufactured at home, or our English artists must strive successfully to improve the quality of their goods. We believe that the former of these consequences, after having taken place to a very great extent, will eventually lead to the latter. As soon as our young artists are thoroughly aware that profound study and unwearied application are necessary to their success, they will labour and study of course; and then England may acquire a pre-eminence in music equal to that which, by the same means, she has already acquired in the sister art of painting.

MADAME DE GENLIS.

THAT a Frenchwoman in her eighty-third year should consider the value set upon the opinions of old women as the surest, if not the only test of the moral, religious, and intellectual state of a country, is not, perhaps, altogether unaccountable. We must, nevertheless, acknowledge, that the first enunciation of such a theory, when we met with it the other day, in *LES SOUPERS DE LA MARECHALE DE LUXEMBOURG*, (a work written by Madame de Genlis, expressly for its elucidation,) so startled us, that we verily believe the mental shower-bath sort of shock with which it acted upon our inward man, is the immediate and efficient cause of our sitting down at this present moment, to communicate to the world at large, and our readers in particular, our thoughts concerning the *ci-devant* fair, but now venerable, authoress, and some of her voluminous writings. Let us not, however, be suspected of a petulant and boyish contempt for old women. Boys we are not; and although, as the uncivilized natives of a foggy and half-barbarous island,

whose sons (the *bêtes Anglaises* of our more polished neighbours) are shrewdly suspected of caring more about public, or, what is tantamount, party interests, than *les petits soins*, even towards youthful beauties, who are, moreover, accustomed in our vernacular language to apply the words, "old woman," familiarly, and not in a sense especially laudatory, to individuals of both sexes, we cannot be expected to participate in the octogenarian authoress's views of the subject, or fully to comprehend the beauty of the text; still our chivalrous love, and our Gothic blood, have taught us not to limit the Spartan reverence for gray hairs, derived from our classical studies, solely to such gray hairs as grow upon the face, to the exclusion of those that surmount and surround the brow. We are, therefore, we flatter ourselves, prepared to treat all old ladies with the degree of respect to which they may be individually entitled; and towards Madame de Genlis herself, we feel most peculiarly kindly disposed, regarding her as the

mother, or rather grandmother, of the whole living family* of female writers, and retaining a lively and grateful recollection of the amusements she frequently afforded us in our childhood and early youth. There is, however, a pitch of surpassing absurdity beyond what the most indulgent partiality can tolerate—a climax of pedagoguish vanity which the pride of grown men and women cannot stand, even from a French grannam; and accordingly, after bearing a good deal of annoyance of both kinds from Madame de Genlis, we are at last, despite all tender recollections, provoked to give vent to our long accumulating bile, by the *SOUPERS DE LA MARECHALE DE LUXEMBOURG*—a last year's book, though, as we have said, it fell into our hands only a day or two ago. Time was when three little pink-coated volumes, from such a pen, would not have solicited our notice in vain for as many days as these have months.

Madame la Comtesse de Genlis began her literary career by writing for children, then, we believe, an almost new idea, at least in the style she introduced or adopted, combining instruction with entertainment. She has since been rivalled, and perhaps excelled, in this modest, but useful, department of literature; but assuredly, her *THEATRE D'EDUCATION*, her *ANNALES DE LA VERTU*, &c. &c. possessed very considerable merit; we ourselves well remember reading them with lively interest, and, we think, with profit. We beg leave, though, by the bye, to protest, in our character of stanch anti-innovators, against that desperately rational system of education which, now-a-days, proscribes Jack the Giant-Killer, Little Red Riding-Hood, and Co. from the juvenile library. Why should not the young imagination be sometimes idly delighted? We should as soon think of denying the Waverley Novels to readers of mature age and taste. But to return to Madame de Genlis. Her books for children were followed, or accompanied, by others for the benefit and direction of the papas and mammas of those children, and here begins our quarrel with this most didactic lady. Undoubtedly there is much in *ADELE ET THEODORE* that is good and judicious; but it is throughout defiled and vitiated by an artificial system

of views, feelings, and morals, as well as of measures. The plots got up for the purpose of affording infant delinquents the advantage of individual experience, are such as every boy or girl of ordinary capacity must immediately detect; and we should boldly assert, that we had never known the principles of this work acted upon, even partially, without mischievous results, were we not checked by the authoress's own apparent success in educating the present Duke of Orleans. We say apparent success, because we have no means of ascertaining how far the princely pupil may be indebted for his moral excellence to the laborious schemes of his instructress, or how far Nature, like a kind mother, may have enabled him to acquire it, in spite of the governess's course of pious frauds and sentimental ethics.

Madame de Genlis next, we think, took to novel writing, and again, in this line, we freely acknowledge ourselves considerably indebted to her. Some of her earlier *Romans*, especially *LE SIEGE DE LA ROCHELLE*, and *LES MERES RIVALES*, highly interested and entertained us at the time of their publication; a time, however, when it is not unlikely that we might be somewhat less fastidiously critical than the subsequent lapse of years may have rendered us. But even in her *Romans*, the same factitious system of morality prevailed; and we are satisfied that we very much helped them to please us, by resolutely disregarding the lessons they were designed to enforce. Gradually the desire of instructing, so natural to a practical governess, encreased in strength, and the novels grew proportionably more didactic, more historical, more *anti-Erotic*, more *anti-Encyclopedique*, and duller; till, by little and little, they lost even the *pseudo-Roman* form, and were metamorphosed into *Souvenirs*, autobiography, and, finally, into such anomalous productions as, *LE DICTIONNAIRE DES ETIQUETTES*, *LES DINERS DU BARON D'HOLBACH*, *LES SOUPERS DE LA MARECHALE DE LUXEMBOURG*, and many others we apprehend, though we cannot tax our memory, nor, if we could, would we burden our pages, with their multifarious and multitudinous titles.

Upon the memoirs of the Authoress's own life, we seized with avidity the

stant they appeared. Madame de Genlis had passed years in the intimate, scandal said too intimate, society of the late Duke of Orleans, *alias* M. Egalité, and must, consequently, whatever were her position in the *Palais Royal* prior to her undertaking the education of the young princes and princesses, have associated familiarly, at one period, with many distinguished persons of the *Ancien Régime*, and at another with divers of the marked characters, best and worst, of the earliest era of the Revolution. We, therefore, looked for political and historical information, of the kind so often found in the private memoirs of those who have lived habitually with the principal actors in the busy drama of public life. But we reckoned without our host, inasmuch as we were then ignorant of the fact of Madame de Genlis having learned from Pope, that politics make women old and ugly. Had we, however, been aware of these anti-cosmetic effects of female sympathy with the keenest and most engrossing anxieties of sons, husbands, brothers, and fathers, respecting the highest interests of their fellow-countrymen, we should still have confidently anticipated amusing and curious gossip touching some of these various personages, certainly touching the Lady's royal and notorious lover or friend. What was our disappointment when we found that Madame de Genlis herself—whether in her leading strings, (we beg her pardon, in her Cupid's attire, of which she had a holiday and a working-day suit,) or in the splendour of her youth, beauty, harp-playing, and literary fame,—whether amidst the perplexities of her romantic adventures, (the most romantic of which was a practical hoax of poor Sheridan's,) or in the distress occasioned her by the violent sentimental passions she was always exciting, notwithstanding her declared antipathy to love, and latterly, notwithstanding her advanced age,—still Madame de Genlis herself was the only creature concerning whom any information was to be expected in this most truly, if not most true, autobiographical work.

Our disappointment in the *MEMOIRES* put us out of heart or out of humour; and we have since then pretty nearly given over reading the

volumes that bear the once valued name of Madame de Genlis upon their title pages. But in an idle hour last week, accidentally picking up a volume of the already-mentioned *Suppers*, we opened it, partly out of a lingering kindness for the authoress, and partly out of curiosity to see what so unpromising a title could possibly mean. What we then read induced us to persevere, not certainly by the entertainment it afforded us, for never was unpromising title better assorted to the matter announced; and even the ill-natured pleasure we might have derived from the book, that of seeing the Advocate of absurdity refute herself, almost loses its power of agreeably tickling our self-love with a supercilious consciousness of our own immeasurable superiority, when, as in the present case, such advocate is really, or professedly, actuated by the highest and noblest aim of human genius, the desire of upholding the cause of religion and virtue. A cause, be it observed, far oftener injured by its injudicious champions than by its adversaries. But, despite the uninviting title, and the unamusing nature of the book, we persevered, deeming the matter therein, however slight, such as it was proper to animadvert upon. Besides the cup being grievously full, such a mere drop as the *SOUPERS DE LA MARECHALE DE LUXEMBOURG* caused it to overflow, and we forthwith determined to write both what we have now written, and what we are further about to write.

In these volumes, Madame de Genlis presents us with a picture of that French society, so puffed as *la bonne société par excellence*; that French society in which, as she assures us, so profound was the veneration displayed towards women, that their verdict, upon almost all subjects, was without appeal; that French society, in fine, of which she so pathetically laments the downfall in her *MEMOIRES*, when reprobating the conduct of the Frenchmen of the present day, who actually turn their backs upon the lady of the house where they are visiting, in order to wrangle about politics. It is the transcendental perfection of this society of which Madame de Genlis chiefly seems to regret the loss in the over-

throw of the *Ancien Régime*; judging the charter, the destruction of the *Bastille*, the abolition of *Lettres de Cachet*, and the improved condition of the peasantry, to be dearly purchased by—not the inconceivable horrors of the Reign of Terror, and the interminable wars of the empire, but—the concomitant revolutionary innovations upon the structure and forms of *la bonne Société*. For our own parts we are willing enough to admit, that existing French society is a good deal duller, and that existing Frenchmen are a good deal more ungallant, than English society and Englishmen have ever been within our recollection, though less so in all likelihood than these were some 50 or 100 years ago. But this is the utmost length we can go with the panegyrist of *la bonne Société*. The very picture she exhibits to captivate our admiration, would alone suffice to prevent our joining in the painter's regrets for this empire of politeness, gaiety, religion, morality, and dowagers. Nay, we think, that even did we ourselves labour under the misfortune of being old women, these volumes, written by our ambitious sister to prove our legitimate supremacy, instead of inflating our *anile* vanity, would, by its representation of the result of such supremacy, have inspired us with an ultra humility that must have induced the immediate abdication of even that sceptre universally recognised as lawfully and naturally appertaining to the sisterhood, *i. e.* the nursery sceptre. And such, we are fully persuaded, will be the sentiments of every ancient dame in the British empire, who shall read the account we shall now give of the vaunted *bonne Société*, under Madame de Genlis's admired and lamented *graocracy*.

The Maréchale de Luxembourg is held up to us as a perfect sample of the despotic elderly ladies of those their happy days; and assuredly no old woman under the sun ever did, can, or will desire, a sovereignty more absolute than she is represented as enjoying. Her hotel is frequented, her society is courted, by bishops, judges, and literati, as well as by great ladies of good and of bad repute; by Princes of the Blood, and fine gentlemen. All these visitors treat their aged hostess not merely with the courteous deference requi-

red by good-breeding towards a hospitable entertainer of her age and sex, but with the submissive respect of school-boys and school-girls, towards an awe-inspiring pedagogue, or the subserviency of courtly dependents. They receive her word as law in matters of taste, morals, and literature; and young persons of both sexes are presented to her upon their first entrance into the world, or, what we call, coming out! that the station they are to occupy in it may be determined by her judgment respecting their look, dress, manner, and conduct. Yet this same Maréchale, as her admiring friend and eulogist allows in the introduction to the very work of which we are speaking, was not only destitute of *instruction, Anglicé*, book-learning, but had in her youth been one of, we believe, the most profligate of that most avowedly profligate of Courts, the Court of the Regent Duke of Orleans. And her having *donné dans la dévotion*, or taken to piety, according to the then established French fashion for such ladies as did not profess philosophy, and had arrived at that melancholy period of female life, at which even the vainest usually despair of again inspiring *la belle passion*, was held, it seems, not only sufficient to reinstate her in her original place in society, but to invest her with this judicial authority over the morals and manners, the character and social rank of her acquaintance, which if to be exercised at all by old women, ought at least to be the guerdon of a cultivated mind, and a well-spent life. But as if this were not enough, amongst the heterogeneously mingled chatterers of both sexes, about religion and morality in these delectable *coteries*, we find Madame la Comtesse d'Egmont, the congenially worthy daughter of her notorious father, the arch-profligate Duc de Richelieu.

It is assuredly needless to declare, that we hold the dogmatically blasphemous, and seditious effusions of the French *Encyclopédiste* school of philosophy, in as thorough detestation as its indefatigable antagonist, Madame de Genlis herself, can do, and in rather more contempt probably; but really such twaddling polemics in defence of religion, virtue, and loyalty, such revolting exhibitions of impudence, hypocrisy, or, at best, of unimaginable self-delusion,

amongst their *soi disant* partisans, excite a sensation of irritation, of loathing disgust, that renders it no small effort of moral fortitude to refrain from some little sympathy with the *Encyclopédique* disdain for a cause so championed. We are not even enabled to facilitate this heroic effort, by hoping that the selection of such characters as Mesdames de Luxembourg and d'Egmont, for her patterns of right feeling upon these great subjects, was owing either to the partial blindness of an authoress in her dotage, to her deceased friend's vices, or to a pardonable, though injudicious, desire to disguise those vices to the eyes of posterity, by placing the individuals accused of them in a favourable light. Madame de Genlis informs us, that, during twelve years, she assiduously frequented the suppers she now commemorates, and every night made notes of every thing worth remembering that she had seen or heard at the *Hotel de Luxembourg*; which notes she has scrupulously abstained from employing in any of her other books, having long meditated the use she now makes of them. We must, therefore, needs believe that the sentiments ascribed to the several speakers are, at least, such as they were in the habit of expressing. We must likewise, as a consequence of this statement, take the conversations of which the three little volumes mainly consist, as specimens, not of the writer's skill in dialogue, but, of that celebrated French conversational talent, which we have so long and so often been called upon to admire, with the mortifying assurance, that it would be the very frenzy of blind vanity, and ignorant self-conceit in us dull islanders, even to aim at emulating.

Of these supper dialogues,—and surely the conversation at a French *petit souper* must be the very quintessence of French conversation,—we shall take a portion at random, translate it with our very best care and ability, somewhat amend the grammar, (a science about which Madame de Genlis usually professes less solicitude than about orthography,) and then leave it to our readers to

admire, or, should they agree with Pope and Horace, that “Not to admire” indicates a happier frame of mind, we leave them to enjoy this greater happiness.

SECOND SUPPER.

The Maréchale, Duchesse de Lauzun (her grand-daughter), Comtesse Amelie de Boufflers, Chevalier de Chastellux, Marquis de Clermont d'Amboise.

Marquis. There was a great wedding supper last night at M. de * * *'s, and I was there.

Maréchale. Of course you had Biribi? *

Mar. Can that be even a question at a wedding? There were at least fifty of us; and the Spanish ambassador, who never misses a Biribi, or a faro table, came at half past nine in all her diplomatic solemnity. The Baron de Buzenval, who alighted from his carriage just as she came in, heard her answer her servants' enquiries for orders—“At noon tomorrow.”

Maréchale. That order is the true sublime of a lady gamester.—It will have a run. †

Chevalier. Has Madame la Maréchale heard of M. * * *'s misadventure at Madame d'Eg * * *'s? ‡

Maréchale. No.

Chev. He set about telling a story that was really ultra-scandalous, and Madame d'Egmont, with that positive manner we all know so well, interrupted and silenced him.

Maréchale. She did very right; it was a personal affront.

Chev. M. * * * would have excused himself, by alleging that the circumstance was matter of public notoriety.

Duchesse. It had been before a court of justice, then?

Maréchale. A very proper question; for without that, the expression “public” notoriety is but a poor passport for calumny.

Chev. The courts never had, and certainly never will have, any thing to do with so ridiculous an affair.

Maréchale. I am quite glad to know

* A game then fashionable.

† It had a great run.

‡ Probably the Madame d'Egmont of whom we have spoken.

this. (*She rings, and a Valet de Chambre appears.*) Bid the porter scratch M. * * * off my visiting-list, and take care never to let him in.

Chev. M. * * * the more deserves this severity, for having maintained his assertions with a degree of violence; falling foul of the honoured reputation of three persons.

Maréchale. If that was revenge, it was infamous, because in such cases mere exaggeration is so, and those who speak in passion always will exaggerate. If it was sport, such jests richly deserve that the jester should be for ever condemned to low company.

Mar. Last year Madame la Maréchale executed justice upon an ingrate. Now she exerts her social authority against a scandal monger. It is impossible not to applaud the equity of her decrees.

Maréchale. Unworthy conduct, that the laws cannot reach, ought to be punished by the sound portion of society.

Mar. Sedulously may we preserve this delicacy and this equity!

Comt. It is in such good taste!

Chev. This is what gives French society its brilliant reputation. This is what renders us the most amiable nation in Europe. Should we ever lose these qualities, we should, in some respects, be inferior to the English, the Germans, the Italians, the Spaniards, &c.

Mar. Nothing short of a revolution could rob us of them.

Maréchale. And luckily a revolution in France is a chimera.

Mar. In the arts only, thank Heaven, is one possible.

We are tired of translating, and is not this sufficient? What blue *soirée*, what *haut ton* dinner, what village tea-table, can rival such polite conversation? We trust our youthful readers will be able to find support in philosophy or religion sufficient to prevent their quite breaking their hearts at being deprived, by the unfortunate lateness of their respective births, of all possibility of ever delighting and improving their minds by participating, in the character of humble listeners, in such "Feasts of Reason," such "flow of soul," and of fancy. We should add, for the farther consolation of the weaker fe-

male portion of those youthful readers, that Madame de Genlis positively asserts, that the mere admission of spinsters into society must inevitably deteriorate from its consummate and brilliant perfection in all and every point; so that were the Maréchale's supper even now in a course of being eaten, they would still be as much debarred from the enjoyment of the refined conversation, of which we have treated them to a specimen, as they actually are, by the fact of not having been born until the suppers were eaten, and almost all the eaters dead. But even the brilliant interlocutors in this *beau-ideal* of dialogue did not, it should seem, judge themselves equal to supporting such intellectual exertions, to displaying such coruscations of talent, night after night. Conversation was consequently now and then relieved and enlivened by readings; of which readings, likewise, these volumes afford us some specimens; viz. a bishop's sermon, a *critique* upon Voltaire, especially upon his *HENRIADE*, (which *critique*, though now extant, independently of Madame de Genlis, in the form of a printed and published book, is here introduced as read in MS. by its author,) and two short tales, the first founded upon three unconnected, improbable facts, the improbability of each being skilfully increased, and the second, as far as we could make out, containing no story at all.

But enough of the Maréchale de Luxembourg's suppers; and enough too, though we really grieve to say it, of Madame la Comtesse de Genlis. We would fain part from our whilom favourite in perfect amity, having felt much of our juvenile predilection in her favour revive whilst writing these remarks, and thinking of such of her works as we were wont to like; and we accordingly take our leave of the good old lady with a cordial wish, that she may yet live as long as she finds life enjoyable and desirable; but we must couple this with a second, qualifying, wish, that her enjoyments may be unconnected with literary labour. May she taste the proper *otium cum dignitate* of advanced age, and at 82 give up the notion of playing School-Mistress General to mankind.

THE TAXES.

EVERY man has a natural antipathy to taxes, therefore declamations against them, however devoid they may be of reason and proof, are always palatable to him; and the production of such declamations is perfectly easy to every capacity. It, of course, happens that diatribes against taxes always rank amidst the grand means with which demagogues, parties, and factions, operate on public ignorance and credulity.

The community is in grievous distress, and it is assured on all sides, that the great cause is taxation. The public disturber to give success to his schemes—the political economist to conceal the falsification of his principles—the Whigs and ministerial Tories to divert public attention from the total failure of their experiments, the terrible evils they have produced, and their errors, profligacy, and incapacity, all harmoniously join in the cry—You are ruined by the taxes!

It is somewhat marvellous that this should be the case with a generation which dilates so incessantly of its omniscience and wisdom. It might, at any rate, have been expected, that the real effects of taxation, forming, as they do, a question of such universal and gigantic importance, would be familiarly known to all—that “scientific education” would enable the humblest mechanic to discover, at a glance, how far taxes were the cause of public evils. When we see that this clamour against taxes is not only raised by the boasting oracles of the age, but joined in by the country at large, we are constrained to think the fashionable “school-master” is a sorry dunce, whose tuition only propagates ignorance. When men at public meetings declare they are overwhelmed with loss and misery, and then only declaim against taxes, and call for no other relief than the miserable repeal of the duties on malt and beer; the humiliating fact compels us to suspect that the march of intellect, which is so much spoken of, is merely a retrograde one to barbarism. We fervently wish that there was less boasting and more knowledge—that the march of intellect had less puffing, and a better direction.

We should not trouble ourselves with the clamour, were it not calculated to have very pernicious consequences. It is easy to foresee that Parliament will charge the calamitous condition of the country on the taxes, make, at the best, some unimportant reduction of them, and treat the mention of other causes and remedies with contempt. Thus it will be made the instrument for stifling enquiry, suppressing the truth, and withholding all efficient relief. It therefore becomes a matter of the first importance to enquire how far public misery can be truly ascribed to the taxes.

The war, which was the parent of so large a portion of them, is loudly condemned; and the landed interest shares the condemnation for having supported it. Whether the war was necessary, or unjust, is a matter of no moment; because the right of those for whom this portion of the taxes is collected, is as sacred in the one case as in the other. If the State expend the money which it borrows in a guilty manner; this can form no ground for defrauding its creditors. As to the landed interest, it will obtain no relief for its own sake; if it obtain any, it will be on the score of general good alone; therefore its conduct touching the war is out of the question.

But, however unnecessary it may be, we will, in the first place, hastily glance at the character and consequences of the war. In the words of Mr Pitt, it was “A contest undertaken in compliance with the faith of treaties, and for the defence of our allies; undertaken to repel the daring, unprincipled, and unprovoked aggression of the enemy; undertaken for the maintenance of our own independence, and the support of our own rights; undertaken for the preservation of our constitution and laws, and in obedience to those principles of policy by which the conduct of England has so long and so gloriously been directed; undertaken from a union of all these causes, and a combination of all these motives, to a degree for which the annals of the world present no parallel.” So spoke Mr Pitt, December

30, 1796, and his sentiments were those of the country. During its progress, no great change took place in the nature of the war; it was to the last a defensive one, waged to protect and secure every thing dear to the empire.

If there be any man, who, after reading the history of the revolutionary government of France, believes that this country could have avoided war, and in remaining at peace could have preserved its independence, constitution, and freedom, its colonies, and even Ireland; we shall not labour to convince him to the contrary, because his belief can only arise from insanity, or a depraved resolution to reject the clearest proofs. It is matter of demonstration, that this country could not have avoided war, without losing what we have named; therefore the question is, Would the loss of these have been a smaller evil, than the debt is, which the war created? We need not answer it.

But did the war provide nothing towards paying the debt and taxes, of which it was the parent? It gave to this country various valuable colonies, which constitute a regular source of wealth and naval power. The high prices, which nothing but it could have produced, raised an enormous mass of comparatively worthless land to the average points of fertility, and gave hundreds of millions of property to the land-owners and farmers. The general prosperity which flowed from it caused a vast accumulation of capital throughout the community. And it created an immense field for the investment of capital, which could not otherwise have had existence. When all this is looked at, it may be safely assumed, that the war produced as much capital as debt, and that it in a great measure provided the means for paying the taxes it imposed. The evils are not to be charged upon it, which, since its close, have flowed from destructive changes and experiments. It must be remembered, that a considerable part of the taxes it imposed are in reality paid by those who receive them.

Farther defence of the war, and of the landed interest for supporting it,

is needless. And now, putting it and its fruits out of sight, we will proceed with our enquiry.

If the taxes had only been imposed when the effects of the existing Free Trade and Currency Laws commenced, it might have been made matter of doubt whether they, or these laws, had produced the misery. But the fact is this. During the war the population was much smaller, and the taxes were far higher, than they are at present; the taxes, in proportion to the population, were almost double what they now are, and in addition, trade with various foreign nations was nearly destroyed; yet the country enjoyed unexampled prosperity. This conclusively demonstrates that the misery cannot possibly have been produced by taxation.

The country was prosperous when the taxes were so much higher, because every man had a greater income than he now has. The land-owners, farmers, manufacturers, traders, and labourers, had income which both enabled them to pay the higher taxes, and put them in possession of much more money for other purposes. They are distressed because this income has been to a great extent taken from them; it has not been taken by the taxes, on the contrary, the only alteration which has been made in these, has been calculated to enlarge it; therefore they manifestly have had no share in creating the distress. The latter has unquestionably been produced by the things, whatever they may be, which have taken away the income.

Every member of the community has a certain amount of taxes to pay; it does not increase and diminish with his income, but, on the contrary, it either remains stationary, or a rise of his income reduces, and a decrease, raises it. Whatever may be the individual exceptions, this holds good on the average; the community, to be honest, must pay a certain sum as taxes.

The community, to be honest, must pay a certain amount of taxes: this amount remains the same, whether its income—we mean by the word the aggregate of individual income—rises or falls; and it is only through a rise in such income that it can be effectually reduced. The whole of

the taxes, practically, form one grand poll tax; every man on the average must contribute to them the same sum, no matter how his income may vary. Taking them in round numbers at fifty millions, the community must pay this sum, whether its income be five hundred, or a thousand millions; and, of course, as its income fluctuates, they are in their pressure raised or reduced. From one of a thousand millions they take only five per cent; from one of five hundred they take ten per cent, and from one of two hundred they take twenty five per cent. Thus, if each member of the community on the average have his income raised fifty per cent, it in effect is a proportional repeal of his taxes; if in consequence he pay more of the latter by raising his standard of living, the ultimate effect is still the same; he produces surplus revenue, by which the taxes are actually reduced. It is from all this essential to keep general income at the highest practicable point, not only that the per centage of taxation on it may be kept at the lowest, but that the progressive extinction of taxes may be accomplished.

This is, to a great extent, true, in regard to what the community pays to foreign nations for goods, and to capitalists as the interest of fixed capital. The sum it so pays is but little varied by fluctuations in its income; and, therefore, as the latter rises or falls, foreign goods are in effect made cheaper or dearer, and such interest is reduced or raised. When this income sinks to the lowest point, the price of these goods and this interest practically rise to the highest.

A wise and able ruler will, of course, constantly labour to keep general income, that is, profits and wages, as high as possible; and a foolish and incapable one will do exactly the reverse. A better test than this for ascertaining the character of a government, could not be conceived.

When we apply this test to those who have governed the British empire in late years—we do not mean this ministry, or that party, but the Tories, Whigs, and Liberals, who, however they may have differed in name, have agreed in principle—what is the result? It is this:—they have regularly laboured on system to reduce individual and general in-

come as far as possible; they have constantly acted on the doctrine, that cheapness produced by the destruction of profits and wages, is highly beneficial. In consequence, they have, as far as practicable, taken every man's income from him, and thereby, in reality, raised to him, as far as practicable, the taxes, the price of foreign goods, and the interest on fixed capital. According to the test it follows, that these rulers were never surpassed in folly and incapacity.

These men, when they commenced their new system, found the empire in great prosperity; the taxes have been since in some degree reduced; foreign trade has encountered no material impediments; and the course of nature has produced no evils worthy of notice. Putting their conduct out of sight, every thing, both at home and abroad, has conspired to add to trade and riches. Yet, in spite of all this, their system has filled the empire with calamity and misery.

And these men still have the incredible hardihood to proclaim, that none but themselves are capable of governing the empire, and that they are infallible; they coolly survey the horrible sufferings of the community, and then oracularly declare the principles which produced these, to be unerring; they even still deny all knowledge and intellect to those who differ from them. But perhaps this ought not to be matter of wonder; it may be very natural for so much folly and incapacity to be combined with so much assurance and egotism.

It is, however, urged that, no matter what the causes of the distress may be, a reduction of taxes would yield great relief. Let us examine the truth of this, putting practicability out of the question.

We will take, in round numbers, the taxes at fifty millions, and the income of the British population at two hundred millions, or about fourteen pounds for each individual on the average. In this case, the taxes as a whole, form an income tax of twenty-five per cent, and each individual contributes to them about £3, 10s. yearly.

Let one-fifth of them, or ten millions, be abolished, and they will still form an income tax of twenty per

cent; the gain to each individual will only be fourteen shillings per annum.

Let the public debt be swept away, and thirty millions of them be abolished, they will then form an income tax of ten per cent; and the gain to each individual will be £2, 2s. per annum.

The individual gain would be no more than this, if the taxes could be abolished solely through surplus revenue. But this is impossible; they can only be reduced by taking income from one part of the community to give it to another. If the public debt were totally destroyed by the "sponge," the population, as a whole, would gain nothing from it; the profit of one number of families would be the loss of another.

If, then, the whole public debt were destroyed by the "sponge," the benefit on the average to each individual, save the fundholders, would not exceed two pounds, or guineas per annum. In proportion as general consumption would be enlarged amidst others, it would be reduced amidst the creditors of the state. Therefore general business and employment for labour, could not receive much increase. The contribution to the taxes varies very greatly in regard to both individual and class; let us therefore enquire how the benefit would be divided.

The farmer gives more or less rent in proportion as his taxes, wages, and cost of maintaining his family are lower or higher. We have the best authorities with us in saying, that the taxes levied on his farm are ultimately paid by his landlord. If the whole public debt were destroyed by the "sponge," it would yield the farmers, as a body, very little benefit; they would soon have to pay that in rent which they now pay in taxes and duties. The gain would be principally reaped by the landowners.

If the house and window-duties should be abolished, the occupiers of houses and shops in towns would soon have to pay proportionately higher rents; the gain would go chiefly into the pockets of their landlords.

With the same corn law, the prices of corn and animal food would not be reduced in any degree worthy of notice by the abolition of the taxes. They are wholly above the control

of farmers and landowners; they govern, but are not governed by, rents; and a rise of the latter from a reduction of taxes would not affect them. Such reduction would raise them, should it increase consumption. Of course corn, animal food, wool, and various other commodities, would be about as dear as they now are: the more important articles of dress would be very little cheaper, provided wages should not be reduced. The gain would consist principally in the reduced prices of tea, sugar, tobacco, spirits, &c.; and, in consequence, it would scarcely reach the poorer part of the population. The millions who, from the lack of employment, or insufficient wages, are enduring practical famine, would find the things which they expend their pittance in nearly as dear as they are at present, and probably they would find them on the whole dearer.

Of the best paid labourers it is not necessary to speak, because they form the insignificant minority in their classes, and belong to that part of the community which needs no relief.

Thus the farmers would draw scarcely any profit from the use of the "sponge;" but, granting that it would yield them from five to twenty pounds per annum, according to the size of their farms, would this make the difference to them between heavy loss and prosperity? It would be equal to two or three per cent on their prices; and would an advance to this amount yield all the relief they require? It is sufficient to say in reply, that their losses have been for some time equal to their rents.

The distressed part of the working classes would draw very little benefit from it; but granting that amidst these classes each individual on the average should gain from threepence to sixpence per week, would this remove the distress? Is this all the relief required by the workman who is destitute of employment, or by him who cannot, by fourteen or sixteen hours of toil per day, earn what will keep his family from starving? Answer is needless. A very large part of the labouring orders would in the course of the year, lose as much in parish relief as they would gain from the reduction of taxes.

Supposing that the manufacturers

and traders should each gain from five to forty or fifty pounds per annum, this would perhaps be equal to one-half per cent in the profit on the sale of their goods; and, is nothing more necessary for giving them prosperity? Does a yearly difference of five or ten pounds in profits render the small trader insolvent, or of forty or fifty pounds plunge the large one into bankruptcy?

There would be the same glutted markets, stagnation of trade, insufficient profits, losses from bad debts, inadequate wages, scarcity of employment, and pauperism; therefore, the relief would be scarcely felt. These are the great sources of the suffering; the "sponge" would have very little effect in removing them; and if it should not remove them, they would, after its application, soon make the suffering more insupportable than it is. Employment for labour would still be in great deficiency, therefore wages would continue to decline, and this would bring down the price of agricultural produce; the fall in both would reduce trade and profits amidst the manufacturers and traders, and all this would far outweigh the benefits produced by the "sponge."

We have looked at the question in the most favourable light, and in one much too favourable. The corn law and general protecting duties stand on the difference between the taxes of this country and those of other states. Remove this difference, and according to the fashionable system, they must no longer exist; there must even, on the ground taken by the landed interest, be a perfectly free trade in agricultural produce, as well as in other things. The consequent fall in the prices of such produce must, as all sides declare, be followed by at least an equal fall in wages.

In this case, the income lost by the fundholders would not be gained by the rest of the community. Allowing for the difference in taxation, the landowners would have far less revenue than they now have, the farmers would be in a great measure driven out of business, because much of the land would no longer yield tenant's profit; and real wages, at any rate, would be no higher than they are at present. Every man

knows that a reduction of taxes cannot benefit him, if it be accompanied with an equal, or greater, reduction of his income. While the fundholders would lose their all, the landowners, farmers, and labouring classes—the great mass of the population—would, on the whole, sustain a great loss of income. We need not say how fatally this would operate on consumption, trade, and wages. If it be said in any quarter, that the cheapness of labour would raise profits in manufactures and trade, our reply is—there is not a cotton or woollen manufacturer, who does not know from experience that if profits were made good by a fall of wages or any other cause than briskness of trade, his brethren would at once bring them down, by underselling each other; and that without such briskness, they would sink to what they are, if labour could be obtained for nothing. If it be asserted that the fall of prices would increase trade, we say, that instead of doing this, it would cause foreign nations to raise their protecting duties, and produce a fall in the prices of foreign competitors. If this be insufficient, we ask, why have not reductions of wages raised profits, and of prices increased trade, in late years? Nothing can be more certain than this—profit would be as low in rate as it is at present, in manufactures and trade; and it would be infinitely less in yearly amount.

Having said this on the whole, it is not necessary for us to say much on the part. It is argued that the reduction of a portion of the taxes would be highly beneficial. In the present state of the revenue, such reduction can only be made by diminishing the establishments of the empire, or by taking the amount from the public creditor.

If the establishments of the empire be no larger than its protection and the proper management of its affairs require, a reduction of them would of course yield loss instead of profit. This needs no other proof than a glance at the condition and feeling of its different parts. It is averred that they are larger; but the point is not to be decided by the assertions of a newspaper or a party. It is very obvious that for the sake of

general gain, they ought to be too large, rather than too small. Saying nothing of the mighty evils which might flow from an undue reduction of the army and navy, such a reduction in the more important public offices might easily lose the country some millions annually. That is not economy, which by saving shillings in salary loses pounds in inefficient management.

If five millions of taxes could be removed, what would be the amount of the benefit? Past experience proves, that should the reduction be spread over different taxes, it would be scarcely felt by the consumer, and that it would yield the most advantage, by being confined to one. The duty on sugar, we believe, amounts to about five millions. If it be abolished, part of the gain must go to the producer, and sugar will be made about two-pence per pound cheaper to the community at large. The benefit will be principally reaped by the more wealthy classes; it will be only about sixpence per week to the families which consume three pounds of sugar weekly; and it will be scarcely felt by the vast body of the poor. To each individual, on the average, it will amount to seven shillings per annum.

Much has been said in favour of the repeal of the assessed taxes. They are chiefly paid by the rich. In the country, the working classes are almost wholly exempted from them; to the farmers they are of no great amount; and as we have already said, they ultimately fall, in a great degree, on the landowners. In towns, the mass of the inhabitants are practically exempted from them; they are, to a great extent, really paid by the owners of buildings, who have less need of relief from taxation, than any other part of the community. Not only the labouring, but a very large part of the other classes, live in lodgings, which would not be in the least cheapened by the abolition of these taxes. The latter, looking only at those on whom they really fall, rank amidst the most unobjectionable ones.

With regard to the repeal of the malt and beer duties, which is so loudly called for, it involves the existence of about seven millions of taxes. If these were abolished, it

would, according to a sensible and able article, contained in the last Number of the Quarterly Journal of Agriculture, make a difference in the price of strong beer, of something more than three half-pence per quart! Only a part of this difference would be gained by the consumer. But granting that he should gain the three half-pence, it would, on a consumption of a pint per day, amount to five-pence farthing weekly. The gain on table beer, would be almost below notice. By the more distressed part of the community, the benefit would be scarcely felt.

We have said amply sufficient, for proving that, if a reduction of taxes to the amount of two or three millions could be accomplished, by reducing the establishments of the empire, it would yield very little relief to the community, even if it should subject no part of the latter to loss. But "retrenchment" has already been carried so far, that such reduction could only be made, by adding a great number of soldiers, seamen, clerks, and labourers, to the destitute portion of the population. We have likewise said sufficient to prove, that if five millions of taxes could be removed, by despoiling the fundholders, it would yield comparatively trifling relief to the country at large.

The reductions of taxes made since the war ceased, were, to a great extent, made at the cost of no one. They were effected, partly through additions to the public debt, the increase of population and revenue, and the fall of prices; as government diminished its purchases on account of them on the one hand, peace extended trade on the other. But in so far as they deprived soldiers, clerks, &c. of bread, they clearly produced evil rather than benefit, by adding to the glut of labour, and to pauperism. Some of the most important of them were followed by a decline of general consumption; and they only raised it, when they were made through increase of revenue. But if the taxes be now reduced, one part of the community must lose as much as the other will gain; therefore, it cannot yield much benefit to general consumption.

All this will shew the exact value of the fashionable declamations in favour of "economy and retrench-

ment." That the latter ought to be carried to the proper point, is unquestionable; and it is equally so, that no relief of moment can be safely extracted from them.

It will likewise shew the real character of the projects for despoiling the church. If, by the "revision of church property," it be intended to abolish tithes without compensation, this will merely give the property of the clergy to the landowners;—it will yield no pecuniary benefit to the community at large. If it be intended to despoil the church, for the purpose of reducing the public debt, what will be the real gain? Granting that ten, or even twenty millions of the debt could be liquidated in this manner, it would only admit of a repeal of taxes to the amount of about eight hundred thousand pounds—and this would be scarcely felt by the mass of the community. One number of families would lose what another would gain.

If more evidence be necessary, let us now appeal to experience. In the last fifteen years, the taxes, taking all things into account, have been reduced almost one half; nearly thirty millions of them have been removed. In addition to this, foreign commodities have fallen greatly in price, and various domestic ones have been much cheapened by improved modes of production, saying nothing of other causes. From this it may be confidently said, that *the whole of the taxes* paid during the war have been practically repealed. Yet when the community had all these taxes to pay, it enjoyed unexampled prosperity; while it is now enduring unexampled distress.

The landowners and farmers have been relieved from the property-tax, and a considerable part of the assessed taxes; the middle and lower classes have been relieved from a large part of the duties on windows, salt, leather, tobacco, gin, rum, wine, and other articles; general prices have been made far lower to all; yet every man is now much poorer than he was before all this took place, and general consumption, according to the revenue, is sustaining gigantic diminution. That men and newspapers can be found to assert, in the face of all this, that public suffering

is caused by the taxes, and that a repeal of five, ten, or even twenty millions of them, would alone remove it, is as striking a proof of the ignorance and folly of this boasting age as could be conceived.

But it is argued, that the fundholders lent their money in a depreciated currency, and are receiving payment in a gold one; therefore, the taxes have been in effect greatly raised. Nothing of moment is, or has been, paid them, save their interest; and, in consequence, the payment of the principal may be put out of the question. It is alleged, that the "depreciated currency" made money far more abundant and cheap; if it did so, it of necessity caused the rate of interest to be lower; and if it did this, it of course compelled them to lend their money for a less amount of taxes as interest. Granting, for the sake of argument, that with a gold currency prices would have been lower, and, in consequence, less money would have been borrowed, still the smaller sum would have required as great an amount of taxes for interest as the larger one has done. It is generally admitted, that the paper currency produced great prosperity, and if it did this, it, of necessity, by adding to the savings of the country, enabled the state to borrow at a lower rate of interest.

If, then, the currency had continued a gold one, the taxes for paying the fundholders' interest would not have been lower than they are; our conviction is, that they would have been higher.

But putting this out of sight, and conceding to the currency people all they contend for, what does it amount to? Since the war ceased, more than one-third of the taxes have been repealed; therefore, if one-fourth have been virtually added to the remainder by the change of currency, the country is still much less heavily taxed than it was before this change was made. This has nothing to do with what is called "adjustment." Granting, for the sake of argument, that the gold currency has virtually added greatly to public debt, and has made the existing taxes much heavier than they otherwise would have been; still it is demonstrable,

that according to the fashionable currency doctrines, the taxes are much lighter, really as well as nominally, than they were before the war terminated.

When, therefore, such a large actual and virtual reduction of taxes has been followed by intolerable suffering, it is the height of absurdity to suppose that this suffering can be removed by a further comparatively trifling repeal.

It is a grand argument against the taxes, that they prevent this country from competing successfully with foreign ones. Remove our taxes, say the senseless landowners, and we will consent to a free trade in corn. Your principles are right in the abstract, say the opponents of free trade, but their application is injurious from the weight of taxation. Remove the taxes, cry all, and then we can have free trade in everything, and defy the world!

This evidently stands on the miserably false assumption—that the circumstances of British producers and foreign ones, are precisely the same, with the exception of a difference in taxation.

Is this difference the only cause which makes foreign, so much cheaper than British, corn and cattle? Are the mode and standard of living of foreign agriculturists the same as those of British ones? Land abroad will not yield tenants' profit, therefore there are in comparison no farmers; the owners cultivate it themselves at trifling cost; instead of paying wages, they suffer their labourers to occupy a part free of rent on condition of labouring on the remainder gratuitously; and they have great difficulty in extracting from their estates the most scanty revenue. Their labourers live in the most wretched manner; they subsist chiefly on rye and vegetables, wear the coarsest clothes, and consume scarcely any of the articles which are taxed in this country.

Let this state of things be established in England. Let the farmers be annihilated, the landowners lose nearly all their rents, and the husbandry labourers be compelled to live on barley, potatoes, and beans, to wear clothes of their own fabricating, and to abandon the use of tea, sugar, and other taxed commodities—let this be

done, and then, but not before, the British agriculturist will be able to compete with the foreign one.

The greater consumption of wheat, animal food, butter and poultry in England, is sufficient to cover to the agriculturist the difference of taxation. Place him on an equality with the foreigner in taxes, exempt him from poor rates, then give him free trade in corn; and he will lose as much in regard to such consumption, as he will gain in relief from taxes and poor rates.

If we suppose that the agriculturists even pay nearly half the taxes, or twenty-four millions, and that the difference amounts to one-third, then, to be placed on a level with the foreigners, their taxes ought to be reduced by the sum of eight millions. If we suppose that their annual sales do not exceed one hundred and twenty millions in value, this difference of taxes can only add about seven per cent to their prices. Let them have seven per cent for their produce more than the foreigners obtain, and it will enable them to pay fifty per cent more than the latter of taxes. Will any man say, that if they could afford to take about eighteenpence per quarter less for their wheat, and a proportionately lower price for other kinds of produce, they would be able to compete successfully with foreigners? If we take the annual sum paid to the fundholders at twenty-eight millions, and assume that the agriculturists contribute even half of it, while their annual sales do not exceed one hundred and twenty millions; in this case the total abolition of the public debt would only make a difference of about seven shillings in the quarter of wheat, and a proportionate one in other kinds of produce. Our opinion is that this debt does not make a difference of more than five shillings in the quarter of wheat, and of a half penny in the pound of shambles' meat.

The truth is, it is not because the taxes are heavier here, or because the land is more fertile abroad, that British agriculturists require higher prices than foreign ones. The cause is to be found in the difference in standard of living and revenue drawn from the land.

Let us now look at labour. We

have shewn that the difference between the taxes of the British agriculturist and those of the foreign one, cannot alone make a great difference in the cost of bread and animal food. To the family which consumes four quarters of wheat per annum, and seven pounds of shambles' meat weekly, this cost can only have about ninepence per week added to it by the whole interest of the public debt. Such family to be able to consume so much, must earn 15s. or 20s. per week, consequently the additional cost cannot be more than four or five per cent on its wages.

The taxes cause some other necessities to be much dearer here than they are abroad; but as a counterpoise various commodities are much dearer abroad, than they are in this country. The more necessary articles of dress, and other things of constant consumption with the poor, rank among them.

We have only to look at the sums paid for building-ground to be convinced that the high rents of houses and lodgings flow in but a small degree from the taxes. It is not taxation which causes building-ground to be so dear. The standard of living was, until lately, far higher in this, than in other countries; and this had far more effect than the taxes in making many commodities comparatively high in price.

If the continental labourer and the English one had precisely the same mode and standard of living, the disadvantages which the mere difference of taxes imposes on the English one would be found extremely small.

But the fact is, they differ widely in mode and standard of living. The foreigner uses in his diet comparatively little wheaten bread, animal food, butter, and colonial produce; he subsists in a great degree on rye, vegetables, and fruits. What the Englishman has until lately subsisted on, we need not mention. This difference has had infinitely more effect than the taxes in making provisions dear; if the labouring orders had not consumed wheat and animal food as they have done, corn and cattle, in spite of the taxes, yes, and of the paper currency also, would have been almost as cheap here, as on the continent. Is it not then preposterous to argue, that the difference in taxa-

tion is the sole, or principal, cause which prevents British, from competing with foreign labour?

Let the most perfect equality of taxation be established, and this country will still, in many articles, be unable to compete with foreign nations, if its labourers be not brought down to the standard of living of foreign ones. The labourer necessarily pays taxes in proportion to the amount of his wages. If each member of the community contribute about two pounds per annum to the interest of the public debt, the members of those families which have not more than eight or ten shillings per week to subsist on, must contribute far less. If we assume their share to be thirteen shillings each, this only amounts to threepence per week; and it will hardly be contended that such an amount of taxes can prevent competition.

And now what is in reality the doctrine, that if there were equality of taxes, trade might be, and ought to be, perfectly free? It is this—Give us a shilling in taxes, and take from us in return a pound in profits and wages; if the difference in taxation were removed, the landowners ought to lose the main part of their property and revenue, the farmers ought to be ruined and destroyed, the labouring classes ought to be reduced to the lowest standard of living, and the great body of the middle classes ought to be deprived of trade, and cast down into the labouring ones. Such is this doctrine in plain truth; it maintains that there ought to be equality, not only in taxes, but in poverty, want, misery, and barbarism.

But looking at this doctrine in respect of taxes only, it in fact asserts, that the repeal of them ought not to produce benefit. It maintains that prices and wages ought to fall with taxes, and, of course, that the real weight of taxation ought never to be diminished. It is the constant observation of men in power,—Your taxes have been reduced, therefore how can you expect to obtain your former prices and wages? This is equivalent to saying, the real pressure of taxes ought to be for ever the same.

The absurdity of the doctrine is made manifest by this—if a restrictive system enables this country to pay taxes which it otherwise could

not pay, it of necessity gives it profits which it otherwise could not possess. Now, why should a repeal of taxes render it advisable to throw away these profits? If free trade would give to this country riches which it could not otherwise possess, it of necessity would enable it to pay more taxes than it can now pay. The weight of taxation, therefore, instead of forming an argument against free trade, must form an irresistible one in its favour.

In cottons, woollens, iron, &c., in the leading articles of export, it is neither taxation nor dear food which cripples this country in its competition with foreign ones: it is the protecting duties of other States. In the absence of these it could, in such articles, sell at a much cheaper rate than its foreign competitors. According to past and present experience, these duties would be raised in proportion as its prices might be reduced by the repeal of taxes, or any other cause; therefore the repeal would yield little benefit in regard to competition. Excessive production would cause prices to fall with the taxes. In regard to other articles, the taxes, as we have shewn, have very little effect in preventing competition; the whole of such effect would be counterpoised by a trifling difference of wages. This country could not be enabled, by the abolition of taxes, to compete in them with foreigners abroad; and it can prevent the import of them, therefore the attempt to compete in them could only produce loss and injury.

Foreign nations are enabled to undersell this in many commodities solely by their poverty. The landowners can scarcely extract any income from their property, farmers cannot exist, and the labourers are in the utmost indigence; from all this the trading capitalist can afford to take low prices. The trade thus gained benefits comparatively a few individuals, but it yields no national riches, it produces little public revenue, and it keeps the population, both individually and as nations, poor and miserable. From general bad wages and prices, there is no domestic trade of moment, and small capitals cannot be collected and employed amidst the body of the people. England, until recently, obtained

higher prices for such commodities; and, in consequence, while the mercantile and manufacturing capitalists were enriched, the landowners, farmers, and smaller traders, had good profits, and the working classes good wages. The good wages and general profits created abundance of universally diffused domestic trade; and, in conjunction with it, produced abundance of small capitals, and beneficial employment for them. This enabled her to pay an infinitely greater amount of taxes than other countries, and made her taxes, in reality, much lighter than theirs.

England could still retain these higher prices, and the incalculable benefits she has drawn from them, but she is voluntarily casting them from her. She can only compete with foreign nations in these commodities by reducing herself to their poverty and misery. To do it she must cut down general wages to famine ones, and destroy profits to all save the great manufacturer and merchant; she must root up her domestic trade and small capitalists, annihilate the sources of accumulation to the mass of her inhabitants, throw her wealth and revenue, as a nation, to the winds, increase the real weight of her taxes tenfold, and render the reduction of them by honest means an impossibility. All this she is doing, or means to do, merely that she may sell certain goods as cheaply as other countries, when she is exposed to no competition in them, and cannot draw from it any increase of foreign trade or other countervailing advantages! To call it folly or madness would be a degradation of the terms.

We must now guard ourselves from misapprehension. We are not saying that taxes are beneficial, or that a repeal of them made in the proper manner would not be a good. We affirm the contrary. What we insist on is this—the taxes are neither the sole, nor a leading, cause of the public misery; no material reduction of them can be honestly made; and all the reduction practicable will yield very little relief; if the public debt were totally abolished, through the robbery of the public creditor, it would not remove the misery, to any great extent; reduction of taxes, to be duly beneficial, must not be made

by taking from one man to give to another; and other means than such reduction must be resorted to, or the distress of the community will increase but not diminish. We say, let all improper expenditure of the public money be rigorously prevented, and carry retrenchment and economy to the highest point compatible with the general interests of the empire; but truth compels us to add, although this ought to be done, it will yield but little relief in regard to the repeal of taxes.

What measures then ought to be adopted?

Most of those who call for a reduction of taxes would be content with one of ten millions; and one of twenty would satisfy the most craving of them. We have shewn that a reduction of ten millions made at this time would greatly injure a part of the community, and only yield to each individual of the remainder 14s. per annum. One of twenty would injure the one part still more, and only yield 28s. yearly to each individual of the other. The benefit would be to a large extent monopolized by the more wealthy, and it would scarcely reach those who are the most distressed.

Now let a clear five per cent be added to individual wages and other kinds of income, and this will be equivalent to the repeal of ten millions of taxes; let it be ten per cent, and it will be equal to one of twenty; let it be fifteen, and it will be equal to the whole interest of the public debt; let it be twenty-five, and it will be about equal to the whole of the taxes.

While a repeal of taxes would add nothing of moment to general consumption, an addition to income would increase it considerably. An addition of five per cent would yield more benefit to the most distressed part of the community than the abolition of twenty millions of taxes.

The reduction of the taxes, to be beneficial to all, must be made by paying to the public creditor his principal through surplus revenue, and providing him with the means of employing it profitably. The extinction of the public debt, if accomplished in this manner, would yield great benefit; the gain would be shared by all, and it would directly

and indirectly much exceed the interest of the debt. This can only be done by raising individual income; no honest reduction of taxes worthy of notice can be made in any other manner.

While a comparatively small addition to income would be equal to a very large reduction of taxes, it would annually make an actual reduction. It would not only at once relieve the community practically from the principal portion of the taxes required by the public creditor, but it would form the means of positively relieving it from the whole. Through it a large reduction of the debt would be annually made.

On several former occasions, we pointed out how such an advance of wages and other kinds of income might be easily made, as would be immediately equivalent to the repeal of the whole of the taxes; space will not permit us to add to what we then said, and it is not necessary.

But although the suffering could be removed with little difficulty, there is no ground for hope. A glance at the proceedings of the Legislature is sufficient to produce the conviction, that, so far as regards human means, the ruin of the empire is inevitable. These proceedings are alike astonishing and incomprehensible. Low as the estimate of parliamentary intellect is, which was lately given to the world, it seems to be infinitely too high for the truth.

The Ministry, to a large extent, denies the existence of public suffering!

The Prime Minister argues, that all the gold issued by the Bank is in circulation, and that, as there is abundance of idle money in the London banks, there cannot be any scarcity of capital in any quarter!

The Chancellor of the Exchequer maintains, that the distress will soon vanish without the aid of remedy; and that the influx of Irish labourers into Britain can do no harm, because Irish corn and cattle accompany them!!

Mr Baring asserts, that if corn had been a few shillings per quarter higher, it would have produced famine!!!

All sides, save the Ministry, confess, that the suffering is general and

extremé; they charge it on the change of currency; they offer nothing in defence of this change worthy of notice; and yet they insist that it shall not be disturbed. They declare, that what they believe to be the grand source of the terrible distress which overwhelms the community shall be religiously preserved, although all the evils which were ever ascribed to small notes form a feather in the balance against this distress. They decide that no remedy shall be resorted to!

While it is admitted, that low prices, produced by a change of currency, form the parent of gigantic loss and misery; it is denied, that low prices produced by any other cause can be other than beneficial. Laws which bind the great mass of the population to such ruinous prices, as it is alleged the suppression of small notes has produced, are praised as the source of wealth and prosperity!

Provided the working classes be fully employed, it is asserted, that they endure no distress, although fourteen or sixteen hours of daily toil will not enable them to procure a sufficiency of necessaries. It is proclaimed that laws which take from the workman the greater part of his wages, and sink him to the lowest state of penury, are beneficial to him, provided they do not deprive him of employment!

When a reduction in the prices of corn is spoken of, it is asserted that it will be productive of profit to all; the loss of property to the producers of corn, and its effect on the market for merchandise, manufactures and labour, is wholly overlooked. It is asserted that it must greatly benefit the labourer, although his wages must be and ought to be reduced in proportion.

It is maintained that if three farthings be taken from the cost of the pint of porter and ale, it will be a sovereign remedy to public distress!

It is proclaimed that if threepence or sixpence per week in the shape of relief from taxes be given to the labourer who is destitute of employment, or who cannot by the extreme of toil preserve his family from famine, it will give him competence!

While an advance in the prices of cottons, woollens, sugar, and indigo,

of manufactures and foreign merchandise is held to be beneficial, remunerating prices of agricultural produce are held to be destructive to the public weal. It is promulgated that to injure the profits of the manufacturer and trader, is an evil; but to destroy the bread of the labourer, and both the profits and property of the landowner, is a good.

We need not give farther specimens of the talent and wisdom of Parliament. The fact that all sides in it have ascribed the distress almost solely to the change of currency, forms the most astonishing proof of ignorance which we think was ever displayed in any country. It is universally admitted that agriculture is in very great suffering. Now in the last three harvests the crops have been more or less short, and as Lord Stanhope truly observed in his able and patriotic speech, short crops always previously formed a source of prosperity to the farmer. The reason was, such an advance of price was obtained as did more than compensate for the deficiency of crop. But in these years the farmer has had with short crops ruinous prices: why? because an enormous quantity of foreign wheat, oats, barley, beans, peas, and rye, has been poured into the market. It is a matter of demonstration that the millions of quarters of foreign corn which have been consumed in these years have formed the sole reason why scarcity prices have not been obtained; yet their effect on prices is wholly put out of sight, and it is asserted that the latter have been and are kept down solely by the change of currency. As soon as any kind of corn reaches a certain price, a vast quantity of foreign growth is at once taken out of bond, and importation is very great so long as this price can be maintained; the inevitable consequence is that the price is almost immediately sent down again. It is of course utterly impossible for prices to stand at the point which will permit importation; they must in general be considerably lower, and therefore losing ones. Did the currency in former times, when it was almost wholly gold, prevent corn from being dear when crops were short? No, it suffered wheat to rise to six, eight, or ten pounds per quarter. The distress of the

farmers arises in a considerable degree from the low price and unsaleable character of wool, and are we to believe that they flow from the change of currency? It is made matter of boast by Ministers that the importations of live stock, &c. from Ireland are immense, and can they have no effect on prices? It is not to be wondered at that writers in newspapers, magazines, and reviews, should be ignorant of such matters; but it certainly fills us with amazement to find the owners and cultivators of land asserting that importations of corn, wool, and cattle, can have no effect on prices.

But it is even still more amazing that the shipowners should be taught to ascribe their distress to the change of currency. What is their complaint? It is, that foreigners can build and navigate ships at a far cheaper rate than they can do, and that in consequence they cannot obtain adequate freights. Now, it is alleged on all hands, that the change of currency has greatly reduced prices; if it have done this, it must have reduced the cost of building and navigating ships to the British owner, without yielding any proportionate advantage to the foreign one, therefore it must have been beneficial to him. As to the fall in the value of shipping, it is notorious that it took place before the change in question took effect. A measure which, as it is said, has greatly reduced their expenses, without reducing their freights, is held up to the shipowners as the source of their suffering!

And are we still to be told that the low prices of the manufacturers of silks, gloves, lace, &c. have been produced by the change of currency? Will the cotton and woollen manufacturers assure us that this change is the reason why they cannot obtain higher prices in foreign countries, and consequently in the home market? When it is demonstrable that the distress of agriculture, the silk trade, and most other interests, has flowed from other causes, must we charge the famine, wages, and want of employment it has created, solely on the suppression of small notes? We repeat these matters again and again, because in this currency-clamour the grand sources of public

misery, and in consequence the proper remedies, are disregarded.

The average price of the quarter of wheat is five or six shillings higher than it was two years ago, and cotton, sugar, wool, and other articles, are higher than they were some months since; how this is to be reconciled with the theory of those who maintain that the currency governs prices, we cannot determine.

It is said that, as we have returned to the currency of a former period, we must return to the prices of that period. Is there then no change of circumstances? Wages are lower than they were in the former period; the cost of production in agriculture and manufactures has been greatly diminished by improvements, and surely, with the same kind of currency, these and numberless other things must have their effect on prices. As to what is said of the standard of value, it is entitled to little notice, because the relative value of such standard, no matter what it consists of, continually varies. With a metallic standard, prices are never the same for two years in succession; they are, in respect of corn as well as other articles, ten, twenty, or thirty per cent higher in one year than in another; and they are often as high for a series of years, as they are with a standard of another description.

The argument, that the metallic currency has raised the value of money, by reducing its quantity, is overturned by the fact, that idle money abounds infinitely more than it did, when the currency was paper. Prices, according to this argument, ought to be higher now than they ever were.

It was one of the great arguments against small notes, that by creating abundance of money, they caused speculation and high prices. Speculation is, and must, in the nature of things, be made principally with idle money; such money as that which cannot now find employment, is at all times the parent and instrument. The suppression of these notes has been followed by an unexampled abundance of speculation money; and it is, therefore, evidently worthless, as a preventive to speculation and consequent high prices.

We have always maintained that this suppression has produced great evil, by diminishing the capital of the small and middling traders; but we have always denied, and we still do the same, that it has produced the ruinous low prices, or been the principal cause of the distress. Holding this opinion, it is our duty to repeat it continually, so long as the delusion, to which it is opposed, exists. The proposition, that with unlimited issues of bank notes, prices would be generally high, no matter what the supply of commodities might be, is in our eyes, one of the most fallacious ones that error could conceive. It is demonstrable, that if corn were somewhat dearer than it is, although still far cheaper than it was during the war, the weekly supplies of it at all the leading markets would be quadrupled by importation; and that the same cause would have the same effect on all commodities not under constant prohibition. Yet we are to believe, that such enormous additional supplies would not sink prices! It is only worthy the understanding of babes,—women would treat it with the derision it deserves. The more able advocates of the theory we are combating, indeed, admit that prices are in a great degree governed by supply and demand,—and this destroys their theory; for if the difference between one kind of currency and another, only make a difference of five or seven per cent in prices, it is of little practical moment. But the present currency-clamour denies that supply and demand have any influence, and imputes a fall in

prices of forty or fifty per cent, solely to the difference in the kind of circulating medium.

But censure is deserved by others, as well as by the members of Parliament.

The agriculturists know that their low prices are the cause of their distress, and that these flow from the importations of foreign produce, and the terms on which such produce is admitted into the market; yet they are silent on the great cause, and blame only the currency!

The farmer has been for some years his whole rent out of pocket, yet he believes that a reduction of rents will restore to him his profits. In his petition to the legislature he says, that a few pounds taken from his taxes will give him prosperity!

The manufacturer and trader who are in a state of insolvency from the want of business and profits, proclaim to the legislature that they need nothing to make them prosperous save a petty reduction of their taxes!

The labourer who is starving from the want of employment or inadequate wages, and who never tastes malt liquor, declares to the legislature, that he shall have abundance if malt liquor be cheapened, or if twopence or threepence per week be allowed him in decrease of taxes!

Conduct like this in the constituents must naturally produce similar conduct in the representative. It cannot be accounted for on the ground of want of knowledge and intellect, or on any other than that of national insanity. Once more we say, What must be the end?

THE REQUIEM OF GENIUS.

BY MRS HEMANS.

Thou art fled
 Like some frail exhalation, which the dawn
 Robes in its golden beams—ah! thou hast fled!
 The brave, the gentle, and the beautiful;
 The child of grace and genius. Heartless things
 Are done and said i' the world, and mighty earth,
 In vesper low or joyous orison,
 Lifts still her solemn voice—but thou art fled!

No tears for thee!—though light be from us gone
 With thy soul's radiance, bright, yet restless one!

No tears for thee!

They that have loved an exile must not mourn
 To see him parting for his native bourne,
 O'er the dark sea.

All the high music of thy spirit here,
 Breathed but the language of another sphere,
 Unechoed round;
 And strange, though sweet, as midst our weeping skies,
 Some half-remember'd song of Paradise
 Might sadly sound.

Hast thou been answer'd? Thou that from the night,
 And from the voices of the tempest's might,
 And from the past,
 Wert seeking still some oracle's reply,
 To pour the secrets of Man's destiny
 Forth on the blast.

Hast thou been answer'd?—thou that through the gloom,
 And shadow, and stern silence of the tomb,
 A cry didst send,
 So passionate and deep, to pierce, to move,
 To win back token of unburied love
 From buried friend.

And hast thou found where living waters burst?
 Thou that didst pine amidst us in the thirst
 Of fever-dreams!
 Are the true fountains thine for evermore?
 Oh! lured so long by shining mists that wore
 The light of streams!

Speak! is it well with thee? We call as *thou*,
 With thy lit eye, deep voice, and kindled brow,
 Wert wont to call
 On the departed! Art thou blest and free?
 Alas! the lips earth covers, ev'n to *thee*,
 Were silent all!

Yet shall our hope rise, fann'd by quenchless faith,
 As a flame foster'd by some warm wind's breath,
 In light upsprings.
 Freed soul of song! Yes! thou hast *found* the sought,
 Borne to thy home of beauty and of thought,
 On morning's wings.

And we will deem it is *thy* voice we hear,
 When life's young music, ringing far and clear,
 O'erflows the sky:
 No tears for thee! the lingering gloom is ours—
 Thou art for converse with all glorious powers,
 Never to die!

THE EXHIBITED DWARF.

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

I LAY without my father's door,
 A wretched dwarfish boy;
 I did not dare to lift the latch,—
 I heard the voice of joy:
 Too well I knew when *I* was near,
 My father never smiled;
 And she who bore me turn'd away,
 Abhorring her poor child.

A stranger saw me, and he bribed
 My parents with his gold;
 Oh! deeper shame awaited me—
 The dwarfish boy was sold!
They never loved me, never claim'd
 The love I *could* have felt;
 And yet, with bitter tears, I left
 The cottage where they dwelt.

The stranger seem'd more kind to me,
 He spoke of brighter days;
 He lured each slumb'ring talent forth,
 And gave unwonted praise:
 Unused to smiles, how ardently
 I panted for applause!
 And daily he instructed me—
 Too soon I learn'd the cause.

I stood upon his native shore;
 The secret was explain'd;
 I was a vile, degraded slave,
 In mind and body chain'd!
 Condemn'd to face, day after day,
 The rabble's ruffian gaze;
 To shrink before their merriment,
 Or blush before their praise!

In anguish I must still perform
 The oft-repeated task;
 And courteously reply to all
 Frivolity may ask!
 And bear inhuman scrutiny,
 And hear the hateful jest!
 And sing the song,—then crawl away
 To tears instead of rest!

I know I am diminutive,
 Aye, loathsome, if you will;
 But say, ye hard hearts! am I not
 A human being still?
 With feelings sensitive as *yours*,
 Perhaps I have been born;
 I could not wound a fellow Man
 In mockery, or scorn!

But *some* there are who seem to shrink
 Away from me at first,
 And *then* speak kindly; to *my* heart
 That trial is the worst!
 Oh, then I long to kneel to them,
 Imploring them to save

THE TEA-TABLE.

'Tis there all meet,

* * * * *
The downright clown, and perfectly wellbred.

BLAIR'S GRAVE.

THOUGH all unknown to Greek and Roman song
 The paler Hyson, and the dark Souchong;
 Though Black nor Green the warbled praises share
 Of knightly Troubadour, or gay Trouver,
 Yet scorn not thou, as alien quite to numbers,
 That friend to prattle, and that foe to slumbers,
 Which Kien Long, imperial poet, praised
 So high, that cent per cent its price was raised;
 Which Pope himself would sometimes condescend
 To place, commodious, at a couplet's end;
 Which the sweet bard of Olney did not spurn,
 Who sung the music of the "hissing urn:"
 Let her, who bade me write, enact the Muse,
 Inspire my genius, and my Tea infuse:
 So shall my verse the hovering Sylphs delight,
 And critic Gnomes relinquish half their spite.
 Clear, warm, and flowing as my liquid theme,
 As sweet as sugar, and as soft as cream.
 May it awhile engage the gentle fair,
 Then gambol gaily in the morning air,
 Twined in the tendrils of her nut-brown hair!

Who has not read in chronicle or fable,
 Of good King Arthur and his famous Table,
 Where Kay and Tristrem talk'd by fits and starts
 Of love and murder, broken heads and hearts?
 Like this the modern talk at time of tea,
 Of the Round Table and its chivalry,
 Who speak, with even voice and equal zest,
 Of hearts ensnared, and heads absurdly drest.
 'Tis true, a softer race the board environ,
 Who corslets wear indeed, but not of iron;
 Who play—but seldom combat by the card,
 And drink—but drink not through the helmet barr'd.
 The fair alone with Chalybean proof,
 Support their busts, their lovers keep aloof,
 The Muse is female, and may dare reveal
 What I have heard, and some, perhaps, may feel.

King Arthur kept his court in Camelot,
 But the Round Table graces every cot.
 Palace and farm enjoy the gentle feast
 That blends the products of the West and East.
 Where'er, on British ground, our footsteps roam,
 We find it still, and find it too at home.
 Whether till eight the formal guests delay,
 Or meet at seven in a friendly way:
 Sooner or later, still the board is crown'd—
 The lacquer'd tray and argent spoons resound—
 The homely delft, or far-sought porcelain,
 In circling ranks are marshall'd on the plain.
 The polish'd chest with curious art inlaid,
 Or quaintly wrought by some ingenious maid,
 Displays the lawful spoils of venturous trade.
 But not alike in every place and time,
 The social banquet that provokes my rhyme;

Not social there, where law or logic lours,
 At inns of court, or academic bowers :
 In silence sip the solitary tribes
 Of lank-jaw'd students, and of sallow scribes.
 Pot after pot is drain'd, yet not a word
 From lady's lip in those confines is heard :
 Nought save the knell of " midnight's dreary noon,"
 And the dull jingle of the circling spoon.

Hie we from thence, nor shall we long delay
 About the homely meal of every day :
 For the dear comforts of domestic tea
 Are sung too well to stand in need of me,
 By Cowper and the bard of Rimini.
 Besides, I hold it for a special grace
 That such a theme is rather common-place.
 The joyous blazing of the new-stirr'd fire,
 The mother's summons to the dozing sire ;
 The whispers audible, that oft intrude
 On the forced silence of the younger brood ;
 The blooming daughter's ever-ready smile,
 So full of meaning, and so void of guile ;
 With all the little, mighty things that cheer
 The closing day from quiet year to year,
 I leave to those whom more benignant fate
 Or merit destines to the wedded state.
 A stranger I, a wanderer upon earth,
 A thriftless prodigal of tears and mirth,
 Must learn, without a cherish'd hope, to see
 The loving looks that look not love to me ;
 Happy, if time at length shall teach me this,
 To find my proper joy in others' bliss :
 But ne'er be mine the selfish heart forlorn,
 The tear of envy, or the laugh of scorn.

I grow too grave, and must in haste return
 To the frail China, and resplendent Urn.

Behold the table spread, the lady set ;
 Matrons and spinsters, all are duly met ;
 The younger belles disposed in scatter'd troops,
 In rows demure, or gaily whispering groups ;
 The female elders chat the time away,
 (I often wonder what they find to say,)
 Or sort the pearly fish in painted pools,
 (Their light exchequers,) while their coffee cools.
 What various tones from female organs flow,
 How briskly smooth, or languishingly slow ;
 The pretty creatures laugh, and weep, and rail,
 In all gradations of the vocal scale,
 From fell Xantippe's emphasis of brass
 To the soft murmur of the melting lass ;
 The smoking board sets all their tongues in motion,
 Like many billows of the voiceful ocean ;
 From note to note the keen remark descends,
 In squalls begins, and in a whisper ends.
 For loud and shrill the bulky bourgeoisie
 Accosts the beauty of departed days—
 With accents tuned with unavailing skill,
 The Vestal answers to the Matron shrill ;
 With temper'd melody of cautious speech
 The Hostess doubts, and yet accords with each :
 Then round and round the breezy murmurs glide,
 And every absent Miss is named a Bride.
 Yon rosy lass, just arrived from school,
 Where all must look, and think, and feel by rule,

Uneasy novice of an order strict,
That on her tongue has laid an interdict,
With her small hands the weighty secret spells,
And weaves her fingers into syllables.

Of things like these my infant mind took note
Ere yet my limbs had felt the strait culotte :
Ill could I else by human wit divine
What Ladies do, when Gents are at their wine.
At length the summons of the simpering Maid,
Or bold-faced footman, tardily obey'd,
Calls Lords, and Knights, and Squires, and Priests, and Bards,
From White and Red to Coffee, Tea, and Cards.
When the rude North comes roaring up the vale,
To silence sinks the lily-bending gale :
So sinks the converse of the soft-robed clan
At the hard step of heavy-tramping man.
Lost is the tale, adjourn'd the cutting jest,
The secret kept, the sly charade unguess'd.
With many a smother'd laugh, and many a flush,
The buzzing watch-word passes—hush—hush—hush—
'Tis but the Parson—perhaps it is but I—
Then wherefore, Ladies, all this mystery ?
The Parson, sure, cannot excite your fears,
And I, you know, have neither eyes nor ears—
Then let the tale, the jest, the laugh revive,
As if there were not such a quiz alive.
Oh ! let me hear your sweetness ; and I'm stunn'd
With thine, Ricardo, and the Sinking Fund.

As when victorious troops, to pillage bound,
In scatter'd bands, obey the bugle's sound,
So, one by one, the jovial swains repair
To the soft standard of the muster'd fair.
First, the prim Dangler, complaisant and sleek,
With frill that flutters, and with shoes that creak,
Tells all the news to every aged she,
And points each slander with a low congee ;
Pays for each morsel that the Lady gives
With parasitical superlatives :
Whate'er he tastes—'tis excellent—divine—
Above the Coffee—as below the Wine.
Next comes a thing, I know not how to name,
Of doubtful sex, which neither sex will claim—
So rank with Bergamot and Attargul,
That every nose will wind him for a fool—
A thing so fine, so exquisitely nice,
It has no *gout* for virtue, no—nor vice.
Its waspish waist, elaborately thin,
Its heartless leer, and apathetic grin—
That arching eyebrow of inane pretence,
That eye of unimpassion'd impudence—
Are these permitted at a lady's side ?
Forbid it, Modesty, and Maiden pride.
Shall he your soft embosom'd thoughts engage
That joins the negatives of youth and age ?
Boyish in brain, in heart as weak and cold
As a French Courtier fifty winters old,
Yet oft the feeling heart, the thinking brain,
Attempt to ape him, but attempt in vain :
For, let kind Nature do the best she can,
'Tis Woman still that makes or mars the Man.
And so it is—the creature can beguile
The fairest faces of the readiest smile.

The next that comes the Hyson to inhale,
 If not a Man, at least we own a Male ;
 His worst offences are against your ears,
 For, though he laughs too loud, he seldom sneers.
 He knows the Coachman's craft, the Hunter's hollo,
 The Fancy phrase, that might confound Apollo.
 Right well he loves, in *Row*, or *Lark*, or *Spree*,
 To " sound the base string of humility."
 His rural friends are Nimrod's genuine seed,
 The best among them are his Dog and Steed.
 His town acquaintance, form'd on midnight bulks,
 Adorn the Nubbing Cheat, or man the Hulks.
 With iron grasp—with face and voice of Brass,
 He shouts loud greeting to each bonny lass.—
 Then bolts his tea—and straight begins a story
 Of Hunter's perils, or of Bruiser's glory.
 Talks in an unknown tongue of *Max* and *Milling*,
 And doubtless fancies he is mighty killing.
 Now up the stairs, disputing all the way,
 Two keen logicians urge their wordy fray :
 Abrupt they enter, voluble and loud,
 But soon remember that they have not bow'd ;
 That error mended, both at once relate
 To some fair Maid the subject of debate :
 To her kind judgment both at once refer—
 For each expects a judgment kind from her.
 But she, too meek, too witty, and too wise,
 To judge between the vassals of her eyes,
 To each Polemic seeming to incline—
 Allots to each the happy chance—to shine.
 Through four full cups their nice distinctions run,
 And all suppose them just where they begun :
 Till a gruff senior, and his copper nose,
 Arrive to part the Dialectic Foes.
 " Young Men," says he, " be sure you both are wrong,
 And all your Theories are not worth a song :
 The point is one that elder heads has puzzled ;
 Presumptuous boys like you should all be muzzled."
 Then to the maid he turns his solemn pace,
 And gravely tells her he has judged the case.
 But now the lingering votaries of port
 Make to the fair—their long-delay'd resort.
 What bulky forms around the table press !
 D. D. and LL. D. and A. S. S.
 The china rings—the urn is nigh o'erset,
 By such a Bacchanalian Alphabet.
 With glowing faces, and with watery eyes,
 They pass about their pury gallantries.
 What beauties they in every dame behold—
 Inspired adorers of the plain and old :
 If men were still so happy and so blind,
 Could men or women call their fate unkind ?
 They not remark the glance—the laugh suppress—
 In the pert virgin's newly-budded breast ;
 Nor see their wives' contracted brow severe,
 Their daughter's blush, that moves the Dandy's sneer ;
 Nay, scarce young Nimrod's merry roar can hear.
 Hark—like the rumble of a coming storm,
 Without we hear the dreadful word, Reform—
 Last of the rout, and dogg'd with public cares,
 The politician stumbles up the stairs ;

Whose dusky soul not beauty can illume,
Nor wine dispel his patriotic gloom.
From guest to guest in turbid ire he goes,
And ranks us all among our country's foes.
Says 'tis a shame that we should take our tea
Till wrongs are righted, and the nation free;
That priests and poets are a venal race,
Who preach for patronage, and rhyme for place;
That boys and girls are crazy to be cooing,
When England's hope is bankruptcy and ruin;
That wiser 'twere the coming wrath to fly,
And that old women should make haste to die.
As froward infants cry themselves to sleep,
If unregarded they are left to weep,
So patriot zeal, if unopposed, destroys
Its strength with fervour, and its breath with noise.
Allow'd resistless as the Son of Ammon,
Behold the great Reformer at Backgammon:
Debt, taxes, boroughs, and decline of price,
Forgotten all, he only damns the dice.

But pause—the urn that sweetly sung before,
Like a crack'd lute, is vocal now no more;
Dry as the footsteps of the ebbing sea,
Effete and flaccid lie the leaves of tea.
And I, who always keep the golden mean,
Have just declined a seventh cup of green.
The noise, the tumult of that hour is flown;
Lost in quadrille, whist, commerce, or Pope Joan,
With eager haste my theme is clear'd away;
And, Tea concluded, shall conclude my lay.

ANNALS OF THE PENINSULAR WAR—BY THE AUTHOR OF
CYRIL THORNTON.*

THE history of the war in the Peninsula and the South of France, from the year 1807 to the year 1814, possesses an undying interest to all the friends of freedom, and especially to the people by whose surpassing heroism that war was brought, through a series of hard-won conquests, to a glorious close. From the beginning to the end, that war was just; and therefore, throughout the whole sanguinary struggle, which was distinguished by many alternations of good and bad fortune, the heart of Britain never fainted, but was confident of the tyrant's final overthrow. With us, whatever may have been the case with the Spaniards, it was a great national contest. We, as a military nation, were pitched against the French. At sea we had ever been victorious, and had at last annihilated their navy—

“ Had swept the deep from Denmark to the Nile.”

But on land, France was deemed invincible—not only so deemed by herself, but, it may be truly said, by all the nations of Europe. The Peninsula, then, was the field on which it was to be decided, foot to foot, whether there was not one nation left able to cope with them who vaunted themselves to be the conquerors of the world.

How stood the French power in the Peninsula? The extent and population of the French empire, including the kingdom of Italy, the Confederation of the Rhine, the Swiss Cantons, the duchy of Warsaw, and the dependent States of Holland and Naples, had enabled Bonaparte, through the medium of the conscription, to array an army in number nearly equal to the great host that followed of old the Persian against Greece; like that multitude also, his troops were gathered from many nations, but they were trained in a Roman discipline, and ruled by a Carthaginian genius. The organization of

Napoleon's army was simple, the administration vigorous, the manipulations well contrived. The French officers, accustomed to success, were bold, enterprising, of great reputation, and feared accordingly. By a combination of discipline and moral excitement, admirably adapted to the mixed nature of his troops, the Emperor had created a power that appeared to be resistless.† Some unexpected reverses, and above all, the shameful surrender of Dupont's army at Baylen, had indeed shown that even the French armies were not always superior to defeat; and Joseph's abandonment of Madrid had left a breathing-time to the Spanish people, who at this period of the war deserved the name of Patriots. But Portugal was entirely in the possession of the French—and to drive them out of that kingdom (as she had, indeed, formerly done out of Egypt,) was a design worthy of the nation, who, having for many years strenuously exerted one sinew of war—gold—it may be said nearly in vain—for the salvation of Europe—now resolved to try the other sinew—iron,—iron in the hands not of mercenaries, who might be bought and sold, but of her own incorruptible and unconquerable sons.

And how stood the power of England? Formidable as the French army undoubtedly was, from numbers, discipline, skill, and bravery, the British army was inferior to it in none of those points save the first, and in discipline it was superior, because a national army will always bear a sterner code than a mixed force will suffer.‡ True that the ill-success of the expeditions in 1794 and 1799 seemed to justify the ignorant contempt with which the British nation had foolishly and ungratefully regarded the British army; but had those failures been traced to the true cause, that ignorant contempt would have been extinguished in

* *Annals of the Peninsular Campaigns, from 1808 to 1814.* By the Author of Cyril Thornton. In three volumes.—William Blackwood, Edinburgh: and T. Cadell, Strand, London.

† Napier, p. 5.

‡ Napier, pp. 10, 11.

just admiration. From the time of those disasters, down to that when the first British armament sailed for the Peninsula, the Duke of York had perfected the discipline of the army; so that, in 1808, England was scorned both at home and abroad, as a military power, when, says Colonel Napier, she possessed, without a frontier to swallow up large armies in extensive fortresses, at least two hundred thousand of the best equipped and best disciplined soldiers in the universe, together with an immense recruiting establishment, and through the medium of the militia, the power of drawing upon the population without limit. Her military force consisted of thirty thousand cavalry, six thousand foot-guards, a hundred and seventy thousand infantry of the line, and fourteen thousand artillery; of which between fifty and sixty thousand were employed in the colonies and in India. The remainder might be said to have been disposable; for from eighty to one hundred thousand militia, differing from the regular troops in nothing but the name, (such is the character given them by Colonel Napier,) were sufficient for the home duties. If to this force we add thirty thousand marines, the military power of England must be considered as prodigious—greater than that with which Napoleon won the battle of Austerlitz, and double that with which he conquered Italy.

But though Britain, as a military power, was thus able to cope with France in Spain, as the event gloriously proved, the spell of invincibility that had so long hung, in imagination, over the French armies, was strong and appalling; and the Whigs, cowards ever, declared that an expedition to the Peninsula would be madness. What! oppose Bonaparte and his Marshals? In a few months, the French would spread over the Peninsula, like fire along stubble; any army that might be sent from our shores to stop the conflagration, would soon be itself consumed; blood and treasure would be lavished in vain, for a thankless people, and a hopeless cause; and defeat and disaster would hasten the day of the decline and fall of our own empire. Counsels, nobler and wiser, prevailed; and their spirit being worthy of our national character, redeem-

ed the many errors which were afterwards committed, both at home and abroad; and, in spite of them all, brought this great contest to a conclusion, that changed, for ages to come, the destinies of all the civilized kingdoms of the earth.

The history of all those glorious campaigns has been writ aright by many pens; and, as is fitting, by pens in the same hands that wielded the sword. Some of the French officers have given us their narratives; but we are justified in saying, that in them it would be absurd to look for the truth. They carried on a war of unjust aggression. The conflict between the hardy veterans of Bonaparte, and the bloody vindictive race he insulted, assumed, says Colonel Napier, in a work, as many think, too favourable to the French, a character of unmitigated ferocity, disgraceful to human nature; for the Spaniards did not fail to defend their just cause with hereditary cruelty; and the French army struck a terrible balance of barbarous actions. In recording the events of such a war, the French officers, therefore, had much to conceal, to deny, or gloss over; but the British army fought, from beginning to end, as liberators; and therefore, its officers needed not to recoil from the narration of the inevitable horrors of war. Excesses there must be in all wars, at which humanity shudders; but here there were no enormities to record, except such as must ever be perpetrated in those tragedies which go sweepingly over the bloody stage, when a whole land is the theatre for the acting of a succession of dreadful dramas. Besides, we hesitate not to say, that, generally speaking, the whole system of French bulletins has ever been one of falsehood; and that of English Gazettes one of truth. National prejudices and partialities will prevail among every people; but who will dare to deny, that one and all of the narratives by British officers of the Peninsular campaigns, are free from the open-eyed and resolute lies, which disfigure and disgrace all those that have been given to the world by the most distinguished officers in the French service? Colonel Napier himself not unfrequently denounces the falsehood and ferocity of our enemies, while he bears testimony to their

skill and valour. In our opinion, a far higher sense of honour reigns in the bosoms of the officers of the British army—from Generalissimo to Ensign—than in the French, for which it would be easy to account by the operation of general and national causes; and surely, when we farther consider the temptation to falsehood, to which the best and worst parts of their nature must have been exposed, as well when fighting in Spain, as when writing about the conflicts—not with regular armies, but with Guerillas and bands of armed or unarmed peasantry,—not in open fields of battle, but in enclosures of murder,—we must—be we as liberal, and as much citizens of the world, as it is possible to be, without despising all moral distinctions,—confess, that in the very nature of things, it was inevitable that the deeds of an army so placed and so acting, must be recorded—when its own officers write—with fingers which will often falter to the truth, and often expunge and obliterate, till the effect of the entire tale be that either of misrepresentation or falsehood. Has any one officer of the British armies that fought in Spain, been guilty, in any account of these campaigns, of any one deliberate lie? Of how many deliberate lies have not several French officers been notoriously guilty?—And guilty, because, had they spoken the truth, they would have confessed themselves actors in scenes of shame and infamy, beyond the reach of redemption?

The work, of which we are about to present our readers with some specimens, which we shall suffer to speak for themselves, is one of great and peculiar merit, and cannot fail to be popular, even after the many other histories completed, or in progress, of the Peninsular war. The author has attempted—and the attempt has, in our opinion, been most successful—to give a sketch of all the chief features of all the campaigns. In some of them he was himself present—and he writes throughout, not only like an accomplished scholar and a man of genius—which his celebrated novel *Cyril Thornton* proved him to be—but like a soldier who “the division of a battle knows,” and who can bring a battle before our eyes like a very picture, breath-

ing and burning on the canvass. Many of these pictures are admirable; but after all, the distinguishing powers of this annalist are clearness of conception and strength of sagacity, which enable him to give to his readers a comprehensive and unfused eagle-eye view of all the various operations of each campaign, along with a distinct understanding of the great objects of each, and a knowledge of the extent to which they were attained. This, we suspect, can be done but by writers who are military men; and when done, it is an excellence that might well cover a multitude of sins. But, in the present case, it is an excellence which shines conspicuously over other merits of a high and rare description. For the style of narrative, always uncommonly elegant and graceful, is, whenever the occasion demands or requires it, most animated or vigorous; it rises or falls with the subject in a way that shows a mind obedient to the interest of the action; and hence, with almost uniform simplicity, there is a frequent richness and variety in the composition that is felt to be very delightful—a tinge even of poetry—both of sentiment and description—that is felt not to be out of character in a narrative of incidents and events, often as great and as glorious as were ever recorded in heroic or epic song. But these are mere “fiery flashings and out-breaks” of an imagination kindled by a soldier-like sympathy with perils and achievements, with which of old the writer was personally familiar on flood and field; and sentences occur, evidently written under such inspiration, which rouse the spirit within one—even of such peaceful civilians as ourselves—like the sound of a trumpet. But the prevalent character of the whole composition is sustained and equable elegance, simplicity, and strength—unaccompanied by any visible effort—and seeming to flow from a mind of native vigour, cultivated by education, full of knowledge, and inspired by love of his subject. With all the causes near and remote of the Spanish invasion—and with the state of all the political parties, factions, and cabals, that distracted Spain during the whole contest—as well as with the policy pursued by our go-

ernment at home—(of which he often speaks very freely)—he proves himself to be as thoroughly conversant, as with the details of all military operations. Indeed, there are no symptoms of haste or hurry in the getting up of these volumes, such as deform some other narratives of the Peninsular war, which were lunged forth into the maw of the public, ahunger and athirst for stories of peril and strife. The work has been composed and corrected most carefully from all the best authorities, and is every where breathed over by that spirit of enthusiasm, which is deepened and strengthened even by the caution which accompanies knowledge. The author is, on the whole, an admirer of the Spanish character, and does ample justice to their heroic sufferings, sacrifices, and achievements. Here he is at issue with that most able writer and distinguished officer Colonel Napier. But they who defend the conduct and character of the Spaniards—through thick and thin—will find him as little in agreement with such fancies, as they who abuse the “universal Spanish nation” as the scum of the earth, will find him in agreement with such libels. He does burst out into triumph with the Spaniards at the surrender of Dupont’s army at Baylen—and far more enthusiastically does he declare the praises of the defenders.

“Of Zaragoza naked to the gales
Of fiercely-breathing war!”

Had he not done so, we should have been ashamed of him, and of ourselves for praising his work, notwithstanding the great abilities which it displays; but while he is just to the many virtues of the Spanish character, and delights to record the triumph which they achieved, under as great difficulties as ever weighed heavy on the efforts of any people struggling to deliver themselves from a foreign yoke, he does not spare the vacillating, and worse than vacillating spirit, that too often characterised the councils of their Juntas—the obstinacy and folly of many of their captains—nor yet of some the disaffection and cowardice. But that the Spanish people contributed to their own liberation, and greatly contributed too, he believes; and he proves it by a

narrative in which neither vices nor virtues, defeats nor victories, national disgraces or national glories, are ever exaggerated—but set down fully and fearlessly whenever they happen, in what he conscientiously thinks the light of truth. In the same fair spirit does he, in our opinion, speak of the French. He does not hold himself ready, on all occasions, to pour forth upon them—officers and soldiers—a flood or stream of eulogy—though he admits them to have been at all times,

“Foemen worthy of our steel.”

That the French armies committed great enormities, in which the soldiers were sometimes countenanced by their officers, he proves; and he likewise proves, that such was not—to nearly the same extent—the conduct and character of our army. Some may call this prejudice, partiality, and injustice; we call it—Truth. So, all the battles, great or small, in which the British army routed, overthrew, or destroyed the French, he calls Victories; and, instead of striving to underrate such achievements, by weighing them in that calm, cool, balancing spirit, with which a grocer’s apprentice would deal you out half-a-pound of brown sugar, he declares them at once to have been most glorious to the British arms, and such as proved officers and men to be superior—often infinitely superior—in skill and courage, to their enemies, whom often—contrary to all the rules of war—they scattered and trode under foot like dust. And was it not so? During all that Seven Years’ War, did the British army—though often far outnumbered—ever once suffer a decisive defeat? Did it not sometimes make a drawn battle under circumstances which must have been fatal to any other power? Did it not, on every field where victory was possible, achieve victory? And did it not continue kicking one French army after another across rivers and sierras, sheering their strength as with a scythe, till it kicked them finally into France, in a style most painful and disgraceful to the hinder parts of the “*Grande nation*,” which must be aching, one would think, even unto this day?

Such being, in our estimation, the character of this work, we do not he-

sitate to declare, that the author has accomplished what he intended, "a work which should introduce to the intimate acquaintance of the great body of the people, the events of one of the most memorable periods in the history of their country, which should diffuse and imprint, more widely and more deeply, a fitting pride in the great achievements of the British arms, and render Englishmen more familiar with the circumstances of the most splendid and important triumph ever gained by the supporters of liberty, justice, and the rights of man, in opposing the gigantic usurpation of wild and profligate ambition."

Let us now turn to the first campaign of the British army in Portugal, 1808, for some specimens of this admirable work. We must take for granted in our readers, a general acquaintance with the situation of the French army for some time previous to the opening of the campaign. On the 14th of August, first blood was shed at a village called Brilos; and on the 17th, the French General Delaborde, whose object it was to retard the advance of the English army, in order to gain time for a junction with Loison, occupied a position in the front of Roliça. Sir Arthur Wellesley, having formed his army into three columns, advanced to the attack. The right consisted of 1200 Portuguese infantry, and 50 Portuguese cavalry, intended to turn the left flank of Delaborde's position, and penetrate into the mountains in the rear. The left, consisting of Major-General Ferguson's and Brigadier-General Bower's brigades of infantry, three companies of riflemen, and about forty cavalry, British and Portuguese, was destined, under command of General Fergusson, to ascend the hill of Obidos, in order to turn the posts which the enemy still held on the left of the valley, as well as the right of his position at Roliça. This corps was likewise directed to watch for the approach of Loison, who was known to be in the neighbourhood, in order to prevent the junction of force with that of Delaborde. The centre column, commanded by Sir Arthur in person, and consisting of Major-General Hill's, Brigadier-General Nightingale's, Brigadier-General Crawford's, and Brigadier-General

ral Fane's brigades, with 4000 Portuguese light-infantry, and the main body of the British and Portuguese cavalry, were ordered to assemble on the plain, and attack the front of the position. The whole army consisted of about 14,000.

"Such was the order of attack. It was morning, and a calm and quiet beauty seemed to linger on the scene of the impending conflict. The heights of Roliça, though steep and difficult of access, possessed few of the sterner and more imposing features of mountain scenery. The heat and droughts of summer had deprived them of much of that brightness of verdure which is common in a colder and more variable climate. Here and there the face of the heights was indented by deep ravines, worn by the winter torrents, the precipitous banks of which were occasionally covered with wood; and below, extended groves of the cork-tree and olive; while Obidos, with its ancient walls and fortress, and stupendous aqueduct, rose in the middle distance. To the east the prospect was terminated by the lofty summit of the Monte Junto, and on the west by the Atlantic.

"As the centre column commenced its advance towards the steep acclivity in front, the enemy gave no demonstration of hostility; and all was still and peaceful, as when the goat-herd tended his flock on the hilly pastures, and the peasant went forth to his labours, carolling his matin song in the sunrise. Such was the scene about to be consecrated in the eyes of posterity by the first considerable outpouring of British blood, in a cause as pure, just, noble, and generous, as any of which history bears record.

"The position of the enemy could only be approached in front by narrow paths winding through deep and rocky ravines, and surrounded by masses of brushwood, in which Delaborde had stationed his light infantry. Till reaching the bottom of the heights the British troops were protected by the cork and olive woods from the fire of the enemy's artillery. But in their ascent the troops had to encounter a resistance, which became at every stage of their progress more fierce and vehement. A heavy fire was opened on the assailants from the brushwood on either flank, and at every point at which they became exposed to the action of artillery, a shower of cannon-shot came sweeping down the ravines with terrible effect.

"Even in these difficult and disheartening circumstances, no symptoms of confusion were manifested in the British columns. The advance of General Night-

ingale's brigade was led by the twenty-ninth regiment with singular bravery and resolution. They beheld themselves suffering from attacks which it was impossible to repel; but the high discipline of the regiment enabled it to surmount every obstacle; and, under every disadvantage, they kept on their way steady and unbroken. The Honourable Lieut.-Colonel Lake, by whom it was commanded, fell, as the head of the column reached the summit of the hill, and became exposed to a heavy and destructive fire from the vineyards occupied by the enemy. The grenadier company of the twenty-ninth were in the act of forming, when a French battalion, after pouring in a volley, advanced to the charge, and succeeded in overpowering the small but gallant body, which had already crowned the heights. This success was temporary. The remainder of the regiment came up; and, supported by the ninth regiment, the colonel of which was also killed, they drove back the enemy, and succeeded in maintaining their position, against every effort to regain possession of the heights.

"The success thus gallantly achieved was rendered more decided by the brigade of General Hill, which had already formed on the heights, and the appearance of the column of General Ferguson, which at first had taken a wrong direction, but was now observed to be traversing the right flank of the enemy's position. Delaborde's situation had now become one of extreme peril; and he was too skilful a general not at once to perceive the necessity of immediate retreat. Precipitately abandoning his position, he retired to the village of Zambugeira, where he again made demonstration of resistance. From this, by a most gallant charge, he was driven by General Spencer.

"The loss of the French, in this engagement, was six hundred killed and wounded; among the latter of which was their brave and skilful leader. That of the English was somewhat less. It is stated by the official returns to have amounted altogether to four hundred and eighty-two. The force of Delaborde, in the action, is known to have amounted to five thousand men."

The numbers of the troops on both sides actually engaged were nearly equal. Before the appearance of the columns of Trant and Ferguson, the enemy had already been dislodged from his position; and the brigades of Hill and Nightingale were in a condition unaided to have driven him from the village of Zambugeira. Considering the disadvantages under which

they fought, and the magnitude of the obstacles overcome, the achievement was one unquestionably highly honourable to the troops. This action, our author observes, is memorable, as constituting one of those rare occasions, in which the judgment and prudence of the greatest general of the age may fairly be called in question. For it is now admitted by all military men, that the attack on the part of the second position at Rolica was injudicious. The columns of General Fergusson and Colonel Trant were alone sufficient to have dislodged the enemy, who must instantly have retired on their appearance. It is indeed difficult to conceive, he says, how Sir Arthur Wellesley, the reinforcement of whose army depended on contingencies beyond his control, with a force barely equal to make head against the combined army of his opponents, should, in such circumstances, have been so rashly lavish of the lives of his soldiers. They were brought into action with every possible disadvantage, and fought for an object which a skilful general could unquestionably have obtained without bloodshed. Probably, Sir Arthur Wellesley was unprepared for the obstinate and vigorous resistance which the enemy opposed to the columns of Hill and Nightingale; and that his object was to press Delaborde in his retreat more closely than could otherwise be done. But he suffered for his temerity.

The British army, on the 19th, moved on to Vimiero, having been joined by a reinforcement under General Auckland, and by the brigade of General Anstruther; so that it now amounted to 16,000 fighting men, with eighteen pieces of artillery, exclusive of Trant's Portuguese and of ten British regiments, under General Beresford, which were with the fleet at the mouth of the Tagus. Sir Arthur, estimating Junot's whole force at 18,000 men, judged that, after providing for the security of Lisbon, the French general could not bring more than 14,000 into the field. It was known at head-quarters, that a junction had taken place between the corps of Delaborde, defeated at Rolica, and that of Loison, on the 18th, and that their united force was concentrated in position at Torres Vedras. That position was understood

to be accessible only by a long and difficult defile—and the enemy sent forward patrols of cavalry into the neighbourhood of the British army, which was too weak in that arm to offer effectual opposition to such movements. Under these circumstances, Sir Arthur had formed the resolution of advancing rapidly along the coast-road to Mafra, and thus turning the position of Torres Vedras. Our author enters into an inquiry into the merits of this scheme, which he thinks was founded on sound data, and that, had it been carried into execution, the acquisition of Lisbon might have been effected with smaller loss, and with circumstances more honourable to our arms, than by the more timid policy which led to the Convention of Cintra. Colonel Napier, too, speaks highly of this scheme. Sir Arthur possessed very exact military surveys of the country, through which lay a road leading between the sea-coast and Torres Vedras, and which, turning Junot's position, opened a way to Mafra. He had projected, by a forced march, says that able writer, on the 21st, to turn the position of Torres Vedras, and to gain Mafra with a strong advanced guard, while the main-body, seizing some advantageous heights a few miles short of that town, would be in a position to intercept the French line of march to Montachique. The army was reorganised during the 20th in eight brigades of infantry, and four weak squadrons of cavalry, and every preparation was made for the next day's enterprise. "But at that critical period of the campaign," says the Colonel, in his usual strong style, "the ministerial arrangements, which provided three Commanders-in-Chief, began to work." On the evening of the 20th, a frigate, on board of which was Sir Harry Burrard, arrived in Marceira Bay. Sir Arthur, thus suddenly superseded in command, lost no time in reporting to that officer the situation and circumstances of the army, and the plan of operations which it had been his intention to pursue. Of the latter Sir Harry Burrard expressed his disapprobation. He directed the cessation of any active movements until the army should have been still farther increased by the arrival of Sir John Moore, which

might have been expected in a few days. Sir Arthur tried to convince him that the corps of Sir John Moore would more beneficially contribute to the common cause by marching on Santarem, and thus narrowing and obstructing the communication and retreat of the French army, than by uniting itself to a force already fully adequate to all the purpose it was intended to effect. But, to use a somewhat figurative expression, not unsuitable to the character of Sir Harry—Sir Arthur might just as well "have sung psalms to a dead horse." Our author is very tender on Sir Harry Burrard—saying, "that he will probably be considered to have decided wrong—yet he unquestionably decided to the best of his judgment." We are not sure of that—for he was jealous of Sir Arthur—and petty feelings so blinded the little mole-eyed judgment he possessed, that he could not see a yard beyond his snout. Besides, bating the blindness brought on by petty and paltry feelings, all men act to the best of their judgment on all occasions; and if they act absurdly, ignorantly, or timidly, they must bear the odium belonging to such conduct. "Fault," says our author, "can, therefore, be attributed only to those [not *only*, say we] who sacrificed the interest of their country, by placing a man of narrow capacity, yet of honest intention, in a situation for which he was manifestly unfit. That officers of such acknowledged talent and pretensions, as Sir John Moore and Sir Arthur Wellesley, should have been superseded in command by Sir Hew Dalrymple and Sir Harry Burrard, is a tolerably convincing proof, that the selection of military leaders was, in those days, regulated by principles very different from that of *detur digniori*." But though Sir Harry had ordered a cessation of hostilities on the part of Sir Arthur Wellesley, he had not laid Junot under any such restrictions; and, accordingly, at midnight of the 21st, Sir Arthur was aroused by a German officer of dragoons, (so Napier tells us,) who galloped into camp, and with some consternation reported that Junot, at the head of 20,000 men, was coming on to the attack, and distant but one hour's march. Sir Arthur visited the advanced posts, but could discern

no sign of an approaching enemy. About four o'clock, however, a cloud of dust was observed in the extremity of the horizon, slowly moving towards the position of the British; and at eight o'clock, a strong body of the enemy's cavalry was observed on the heights, to the southward. In a short time, a strong column of infantry appeared on the road from Torres Vedras to Lourinha; and it became evident, that a general engagement was on the eve of taking place between the armies. The battle of Vimiero has been described by Southey and Napier, yet our author's picture of it may bear comparison with that of either,—and is certainly far superior to that from the pen of the Marquis of Londonderry,—though *it* too is spirited and martial.

“The village of Vimiero stands in a valley watered by the little rivulet Macceira, at the eastern extremity of a high mountainous range, which extends westward to the sea. In front of the village is a hill of inferior altitude, terminating in a plateau of considerable extent, and commanded from several points. On the left is another strong ridge of heights, stretching to the eastward, and terminating on the right in a deep ravine. Over these heights passes the road to Lourinha, through the villages of Fontanel and Ventoso.

“Such were the more prominent features of the ground. It was thus occupied by Sir Arthur Wellesley: Six brigades were stationed on the mountain to the westward of the village. The advanced guard, under General Fane, and the brigade of General Anstruther, with six pieces of artillery, occupied the plateau. The cavalry, and reserve of artillery, were posted in the valley, between the heights, ready to support the troops on the plateau, should that part of the position be attacked. The Lourinha road was guarded by the Portuguese troops and a small body of riflemen. The ground having been taken up on the previous evening, rather with a view to temporary convenience than military defence, a piquet only had been stationed on the ridge to the westward. As it was obvious, however, from the enemy's demonstrations, that the left and centre were about to become the chief theatres of conflict, the brigades of Generals Ferguson, Nightingale, Acland, and Bowles, were successively moved from the mountain on the west to the heights on the Lourinha road, in order to strengthen what was evidently the most vulnerable part of the position.

“At nine o'clock the action commenced. Marshal Junot had formed his army in two divisions. The first of these, consisting of about six thousand men, was commanded by General Delaborde. The second, under Loison, was nearly equal in amount. The reserve, composed of four battalions of grenadiers, was commanded by General Kellerman, and acted as a connecting link between the two principal divisions. The cavalry, under General Margaron, was stationed partly on the rear of the reserve, and partly on the right of Delaborde's division.

“The two divisions continued their advance across the rough and wooded country in front of the position, towards the plateau in the centre. On approaching the scene of action, however, each division separated into several minor columns, which commenced nearly simultaneous attacks on different portions of the British line. The most vehement was that headed by Delaborde in person, who first came in contact with the brigade of General Anstruther, which occupied the left of the plateau, and the village of Vimiero. During its advance, this body was exposed to a destructive fire of artillery, which it bore with great steadiness and gallantry, and rapidly forced back the skirmishers who had been stationed in the woods on either flank. A check, however, was soon given to the progress of the assailants, who, having reached the summit of the plateau, were met by a destructive volley from the fiftieth regiment, which afterwards rushed on to the charge, and drove them in confusion, and with great slaughter, down the face of the hill. The attack on General Fane's brigade was no less decisively repulsed; and a regiment, which was advancing on the village by the church, was opportunely attacked in flank by the brigade of General Acland, then moving to its position on the heights. A most gallant charge, by the small body of cavalry led by Colonel Taylor, completed the discomfiture of the enemy in this quarter. They fled in utter confusion, and were vigorously pursued by Colonel Taylor and his squadron for nearly two miles; when General Margaron, who commanded the French cavalry, observing the small number of the assailants, advanced to the charge; and the remnant of this brave band were compelled to retreat, with the loss of their leader. General Kellerman, having rallied the fugitives, made a last effort with the reserve to retrieve the fortunes of the day. A column, strongly supported by artillery, was again sent forward to gain possession of the village of Vimiero. In advancing by the road, it

was encountered by the forty-third regiment, and after a short but desperate struggle was driven back. No farther attempt was made on this part of the position; and the enemy retired, leaving seven pieces of artillery, and a great number of prisoners, in possession of the victors.

"While these events were passing in the centre, an attack, no less resolutely supported, was made on the left of the British, which occupied the heights, on the Lourinha road. In that quarter, General Ferguson, whose brigade had been moved from the right to the left of the line, had scarcely taken up his ground, when he found himself assailed by a strong body of infantry, supported by cavalry. The engagement was fierce, and resolutely maintained on both sides. The troops of Ferguson remained immovable under every effort to dislodge them; and, on the coming up of the eighty-second and twenty-ninth regiments, the enemy were charged with the bayonet, and driven back in confusion. The French cavalry endeavoured to retrieve the misfortune of the infantry by several charges, but in vain. They were uniformly repulsed with unshaken steadiness, by the brigades of Ferguson and Nightingale, and at length ceased from farther attack.

"The fruit of this achievement, was the capture of six guns; and General Ferguson, leaving the seventy-first and eighty-second regiments to guard these honourable trophies, was in full pursuit of the discomfited enemy, when the brigade of Brenier, suddenly emerging from the ravine, attacked the two battalions, and for a moment succeeded in retaking the captured artillery. But the regiments instantly rallied; and by a desperate charge with the bayonet, at once drove back the brigade of Brenier into the ravine, and remained masters of the guns. In this charge, General Brenier was made prisoner.

"Affairs were in this situation on the left, when General Ferguson received an unexpected order to desist from the pursuit. His corps was accordingly halted; and the enemy, taking advantage of this unlooked-for supineness of their opponents, were rallied by General Thiebault, and withdrawn, under protection of the cavalry, to a position in rear of Toledo. In the subsequent retreat of the army to Torres Vedras, it was reinforced by the junction of two battalions, which had not come up in time to be of service in the action.

"The results of this brilliant victory were, the capture of a general officer and several hundred men, thirteen pieces of

cannon, and twenty-three waggons loaded with ammunition. The total loss of the enemy, in the battle, has been estimated at three thousand. Generals Foy and Thiebault do not admit it to have exceeded eighteen hundred. But, considering all the circumstances of the action, the latter calculation will probably be held to be as much below the truth, as the former is above it.

"With regard to the relative numbers of the armies, there exists also much difference of statement. There can be no doubt that the British army was numerically superior to its opponent; but Foy and Thiebault, in estimating the amount of the French force at only nine thousand two hundred men, are, unquestionably, not entitled to credit. A French order of battle, found on the field, gave a total of fourteen thousand men present under arms; and this amount accords too accurately with other estimates, and also with observations made at the time, to leave any doubt of its authenticity and correctness.

"While the battle was yet in progress, Sir Harry Burrard arrived on the field; but, from motives of delicacy, declined assuming the command till the enemy were repulsed. Towards the close of the action, when the ultimate success of the British arms could no longer be considered doubtful, Sir Arthur Wellesley was naturally anxious to reap the full fruits of his victory, and represented to his superior in command the importance of following up with vigour the advantages already gained. But to this measure, Sir Harry Burrard, actuated by an unfortunate dread of responsibility, refused his consent. It was urged to him, in vain, that the enemy, severely beaten and discomfited, had already commenced a hurried and confused retreat; that one half of the British army had borne no part in the action, and was, consequently, in a condition to follow up the pursuit with vigour and effect; that the road to Torres Vedras being already in possession of General Hill, it was now in our power to anticipate the enemy by the occupation of that important pass, and even to reach Lisbon before him. But these arguments produced no beneficial consequence on the resolution of Sir Harry Burrard. With the caution of an aged commander, and the diffidence of an inexperienced one, he declined encountering the risks attendant on the brilliant scheme of operations proposed for his adoption, and declared his determination of awaiting, in the position of Vimiero, the arrival of Sir John Moore.

"General Ferguson, on receiving, in the full career of success, the mortifying or-

der to desist from farther operations, immediately sent his aid-de-camp to represent the great advantage to be anticipated from continuing the pursuit, and to state, that he himself might have cut off a considerable body of the enemy. Sir Arthur carried the aid-de-camp to Sir Harry Burrard; but this second representation likewise failed of effect. The accounts he had received of the state of the Portuguese troops, was such as, in his opinion, to preclude all hope of their being found serviceable. The artillery horses were, or were supposed to be, inefficient; and the want of cavalry appeared an insuperable objection to undertaking such operations as those contemplated by Sir Arthur Wellesley. These difficulties, in the mind of Sir Harry Burrard, were decisive. The army remained in their position; and the French were suffered to retreat unmolested, and to re-organize at leisure their broken and fugitive troops."

The whole army of Junot had been defeated, when not above one half of the British had been engaged. With regard to the enemy, General Foy has told us, that every corps—every soldier—had fought; and such were the necessities of Junot, that even the volunteer horse-guard, composed of French merchants of Lisbon, was made to bear its part in the engagement. The whole corps of the enemy, therefore, were tired and dispirited, while a very large proportion of the British was fresh and untouched, and ready for any operation which its leader might judge serviceable to the cause. Hill's division, before the close of the battle, was in possession of the road to Torres Vedras! True, that he would have been exposed, on his march thither, to the attacks of the French cavalry, which were strong, and had suffered but little in the battle;—yet, why needed a victorious division of British infantry to have been controlled in their operations, by a cavalry even more numerous than Junot's? Had Hill reached Torres Vedras,—which, beyond all doubt, he could have done, without much loss,—there he might have maintained his position,—for the ground is the strongest in the world,—under every effort to dislodge him, till he had been enabled to open a communication with the main body of the army. The consequence of such a movement would, in all probability, have been, to cut off the retreat of the French army on Lisbon; to

gain possession of their baggage and military stores; and what was more important than either or both of these, to have saved the British arms from the stigma which attached to them in the eyes of Europe, from the unfortunate Convention of Cintra. It is, however, says our author, but fair to Sir Harry Burrard to state, that his opinions were supported by those of Sir Henry Clinton and Sir George Murray—than whom—with the exception of Wellington—the service boasts no higher names.

Our author then enters into an account of the Convention of Cintra—the evacuation of Lisbon—the embarkation of the French army—and close of the First Campaign. He, Napier, Londonderry, and, as far as we know, all good military authorities, however sore they feel at the Convention of Cintra, and however disgusted or indignant with some of its details—all agree in thinking it was rendered necessary, or at least adviseable, by the position of affairs after the Battle of Vimiero. Had that victory been followed up, Junot was gone; and, instead of a convention, there would have been a—capitulation. We cannot leave this volume without quoting what appears, to us, a most masterly review of the operations of this short campaign:

"In reviewing the operations of the short campaign, of which we have just detailed the more prominent events, it must be admitted, we think, on all hands, that the conduct of Sir Arthur Wellesley, while in command, was marked by a degree of skill, boldness, promptitude, and fertility of resource, which can only be found united in a mind of the first order. Like an early sketch of a great master, it is perhaps possible to detect in it some error of conception, or fault of execution; yet he must be blind indeed, who does not perceive, in the general vigour and boldness of the design, promise of lofty excellence and splendid achievement. The measure of landing his army, without waiting for reinforcements, has been condemned by men of different mould, as rash and imprudent. Never was an objection more futile urged against the measures of a great commander; and when stated by Sir Hew Dalrymple, in his defence before the Court of Inquiry, it drew forth a most triumphant refutation from Sir Arthur Wellesley. The truth is, that the determination of Sir Arthur Wellesley to

engage his army in immediate operations against the enemy, was the result of the nicest and most accurate calculation, and of a deep and well-grounded conviction, that his force was fully adequate to the expulsion of the French army from the capital. Had the projects of Sir Arthur Wellesley been carried into effect by those who succeeded him in command, there can be little doubt that the campaign would have been conducted to a more glorious result. To say nothing of the advance on Mafra, on the morning of the 21st, it was the decided opinion of Sir Arthur Wellesley, expressed in the Court of Inquiry, that by a vigorous prosecution of the victory of Vimiero, and pushing forward the right wing on the road to Torres Vedras, we might have anticipated the enemy in reaching Lisbon, and have at once placed Junot in a situation in which another defeat must have terminated in unconditional surrender.

"To say that an operation of this bold and splendid character was attended by hazard, is, in fact, to say nothing. All warlike operations are so. But the point is, did the one in question hold out a fair and reasopable prospect of success? and, was the object to be obtained of magnitude and importance sufficient to justify the risk? These are questions which gave rise to much difference of opinion at the time, and on which it would ill become the most gifted writer to express his conviction with any thing approaching to dogmatism. Yet we know not why we should conceal our own decided belief, that the conclusions of those military reasoners who would answer these questions in the negative, are founded on narrow and timid views, by which it was more than improbable, that a genius like that of Sir Arthur Wellesley could be influenced.

"On Sir Hew Dalrymple and Sir Harry Burrard we would cast no censure. Successively called on to assume the command of the army in the immediate neighbourhood of an enemy, of whose strength and situation they knew nothing; in a state of utter ignorance of the localities of the country, and the temper of the inhabitants, these officers were placed, by the bungling mismanagement of government, in a situation of difficulty, which it conveys no imputation to assert they were unequal to overcome.

"Up to the period of the armistice, the chief impediments felt in all the operations of the army arose from want of cavalry, and the miserable condition of the artillery horses. Why, we may ask, were these things so? Why was an expedition, thus crippled and incapacitated for vigorous operation in the field, sent forth to

encounter difficulties, which might so easily have been avoided? It was solely owing to our deficiency in cavalry, that Delaborde was enabled to effect an orderly and unmolested retreat from the position of Roliça; and had our strength in that arm been greater, not only would the advantages acquired by the victory of Vimiero have been prodigiously increased, but all obstacle to a vigorous pursuit would at once have been removed. Whatever degree of lustre, therefore, the operations which terminated in the field of Vimiero, may cast on the skill of the General, or the valour of his troops, they can contribute nothing to the honour of a ministry, by whose negligence or incapacity so many important advantages were lost to the country.

"On the subject of the Armistice and subsequent Convention, we have a few—and but a few—observations to make. In favour of the principle of the Convention, and of its sound policy in the circumstances of the armies, the weight of evidence so decidedly preponderates, as almost to preclude a doubt with regard to a subject, on which we know that the highest military authorities entertained none. All the Generals of the army in Portugal, whose general or local information could lend weight to their opinions, declared their decided conviction that the Convention was founded, in the main, on a sound view of the situation and resources of the enemy, and of our own means of offensive operation. From the very commencement of hostilities, it is known to have been the decided opinion of Sir Arthur Wellesley, that the general interests of the cause would be best promoted by adopting the most speedy measures for the expulsion of the French from Portugal, and bringing a British force to co-operate with the Spaniards on the Ebro. That it was in the power of the British army—numerically superior as it was to the enemy—to have expelled him from Portugal by force of arms, has never been denied. But it as little admits of a negative, that when the event of another battle should have compelled Junot to evacuate Lisbon, the province of Alentejo was open for his retreat, and that magazines had been already formed for the supply of his army during its retreat to the frontier. The strong fortress of Elvas was in his possession; and the difficulty of provisioning the British army, in advancing into the interior, must have materially retarded the vigour of pursuit. It was judged too—and we think rightly judged—that the cause of the Spanish patriots would be more efficaciously promoted by the presence of thirty thousand British soldiers, and of four thou-

sand liberated prisoners, than it could suffer disadvantage from twenty thousand additional French troops being thrown, at no very remote period, into the country.

“So much for the principle of the Convention. That many of its details were objectionable cannot be denied: and here alone it is that censure can fall justly on Sir Hew Dalrymple. It was certainly incumbent on that officer to have insisted on a specific stipulation by which the French should have been forced to disgorge their disgraceful plunder, and to have taken strict measures for securing its execution. It became Sir Hew Dalrymple, we think, and it was due to the character of the army he commanded, to have assumed a higher moral tone in demanding all possible reparation from the infamous marauders, who had proved themselves alike destitute of principle and honour. That the Armistice and preliminary convention were concluded without the knowledge or participation of the Portuguese general, we hold to have been another error. It ought not to have been forgotten that we stood in a relation of singular delicacy to the Portuguese Sovereign and people; and it should have been the object of the British General to regulate his conduct in such a manner as to avoid exciting either jealousy or distrust in a nation whose cordial co-operation was so essential to the successful prosecution of the war. Sir Hew Dalrymple must have known, that the patriots of the whole Peninsula were abundantly ready to misinterpret both the motives and actions of their allies; and he must likewise have been aware, that an union of sentiment between the authorities of the two nations, was, on such an occasion, above all things desirable.

“On the whole, it will probably be admitted that the stipulations of the treaty were more favourable to the French than it was either prudent or politic to grant. To have gained the confidence of the Spanish nation in the purity of her motives and the prowess of her soldiers, was, to England, worth more than a victory. This, however, the Convention of Cintra did not tend to acquire for her. With an army flushed with recent victory, and greatly superior in numbers, and with the whole nation on our side, we shewed too plainly that the vanquished enemy was still formidable to the victors. The moral impression throughout Europe, arising from the measures in question, was decidedly unfavourable to our arms. Our military reputation was lowered; and the British generals were regarded as having scandalously sacrificed the interest of their

allies. This impression may now, in a great measure, be regarded as unfounded; yet we believe that no Englishman looks back with pride on the Convention of Cintra, or would not feel happy could all record of it be erased for ever from our annals.”

We shall now turn to the Annals of the Campaign of Sir John Moore, in which so much noble blood was shed, and on which so much ignoble ink has been spilt, by writers who never saw a sword but at a shop-window, or at a review. That that good and great man has been often grossly calumniated, admits no doubt; but his conduct in a situation of great—indeed almost unexampled difficulty and peril, is nevertheless a fair subject of discussion; and perhaps the writer of this book, who steers a middle course between Londonderry and Napier, may be, by the best judges,—among whom we certainly are not,—thought to be nearer the truth, than either of these distinguished officers. Be that as it may, the spirit in which he speaks of Sir John Moore’s talents and virtues is above all exception,—as enthusiastic, and probably more judicious, than that of some of his most devoted eulogists. That he committed some errors, he does not deny; but so far from seeking to exaggerate them, or to detract from his military genius, he points out, with perfect candour and complete knowledge, all the difficulties by which he was surrounded at all times, on all hands; so that at the close of his most impartial narrative, we regard Sir John Moore, though baffled and unsuccessful, in the light, nevertheless, of a great captain. In this admirable work,—admirable, indeed, no less for talent, than for a truly British spirit,—Colonel Napier will find not a trace of “the baseness of Moore’s posthumous calumniators.” Some opinions there are, which that most accomplished person will condemn; but not even he, with all his eloquence,—and eloquent he is, in the fervour of a high heart, and the vigour of a most masculine understanding,—has drawn a more interesting and impressive character of that illustrious leader, whose death has been so nobly lamented in one glorious line, by our great national poet, basely said by some pi-

tiful persons, to have been a political enemy of Moore's fame—

“ And sad Corunna mourns her battle won.”

On the liberation of Portugal by the Convention of Cintra, it was determined to dispatch an expedition to the north of Spain. It was to consist of a corps of 20,000 men, detached from the forces in Portugal, with two regiments of German light cavalry, and a suitable body of artillery, and 10,000 men, then assembling at Falmouth, under Sir David Baird. Sir John Moore was directed, as commander-in-chief, to proceed immediately with the troops under his more immediate command, and to fix on some place of rendezvous for the whole army, either in Galicia, or on the borders of Leon. No sooner had he assumed the command, than he found he had great difficulties to overcome. Few effective preparations had been made for the equipment of the troops, by his predecessors in command. Magazines were to be formed, and means of transport to be provided, in an impoverished and exhausted country. All the complicated preliminaries necessary for the forward march of the army, before the rainy season should set in, (for he preferred reaching his destination by land, rather than by sea,) were still to be accomplished; but such was Sir John Moore's energy, that in less than a fortnight, from the period of his assuming the command, the great part of the army was on its march to the frontier. Deceived by erroneous information, as to the state of the roads, he determined to divide his army into three columns,—a dangerous arrangement, our author thinks, and one by which the period of concentration would, of necessity, be retarded. On his arrival at Salamanca, on the 13th of November, 1808, he heard of the defeat and dispersion of the Spanish army, under Belvidere, before Burgos; and next evening he was awakened by an express from General Pignatelli, conveying intelligence, that the enemy had pushed on a body of cavalry to Valladolid, a city not above three marches from Salamanca. He had with him at this time only three brigades of infantry, and not a single gun. The enemy were in his front,—his situation had

thus suddenly become one of great peril; and under such circumstances, he assembled the Junta of Salamanca, and declared his resolution, should the French continue their advance on his front, to retire on Portugal.

The French, however, withdrew to Palencia; and Moore directed Baird and Hope to close with their divisions on Salamanca. Meanwhile, Blake had been utterly routed at Espinosa; and by this destruction of the left wing of the Spanish army, which had occupied a line reaching from Bilboa to Burgos, the flank of the centre, under Castanos, was laid open to the enemy. The French were completely interposed, at this time, between the Spanish and British armies, and might, at any moment, advance on the latter in overwhelming force. Now, Moore had completed all his arrangements on the assurance, that the assembling of his forces, by three different routes, would be protected by the Spanish armies. But to effect the union of his divisions, had now become an operation of danger and difficulty; for he was placed as a central point between the two wings of his army, and it was impossible to approach the one, without hazarding the safety of the other.

“ Thus compelled to remain inactive at Salamanca, Sir John Moore endeavoured to stimulate the local authorities into the adoption of such measures of promptitude and vigour as were suited to the exigence of the crisis. In this effort he failed. The Spanish people, though still influenced by fierce and unmitigated hatred towards their invaders, were no longer animated by that uncalculating and convulsive energy, which, in the commencement of the struggle, had goaded them like madness into furious resistance. The fierceness of the paroxysm had passed; and though, in the cause of their country, the hand of every Spaniard was prepared to gripe the sword, the blows it dealt were directed with an erring aim, and by a feebler arm. Their detestation of a foreign yoke was undiminished; but it had become a fixed and inert sentiment, rather than a fierce, uncontrollable, and all-pervading impulse.

“ Before entering Spain, every thing had contributed to conceal the real state of the Peninsula from the penetrating vision of Sir John Moore. The British government, itself deceived, had become,

in its turn, the involuntary propagator of deception. At the commencement of the struggle, it had dispatched military agents to the head-quarters of the different Spanish generals, to act as organs of communication, and transmit authentic intelligence of the progress of events in the seat of war. The persons selected for this service were, generally, officers undistinguished by talent or experience, and therefore little suited to discharge, with benefit, the duties of an office so delicate and important. They seem generally to have become the dupes of the unwarranted confidence and inflated boasting of those by whom they were surrounded; and their reports were framed in a strain of blind and sanguine anticipation, not deducible from any enlarged or rational view of the prospects or conditions of the people. Instead of true representations of the numbers, character, and state of efficiency of the armies, they were deluded into adopting the extravagant hyperboles of rash and vain-glorious men, and contributed what in them lay to propagate false and exaggerated notions of the military power of the Spanish nation. They did not venture to obtrude on the British Cabinet the unpalatable truth, that the national army was, in effect, nothing more than a congregation of separate and independent bands, miserably armed, possessing but a scanty and ill-served artillery, and almost destitute of cavalry. Had they done so; and had they stated likewise, that this army was without magazines of any kind, without generals of talent or experience, without officers sufficiently versed in the details of war, to instruct and discipline the raw levies which constituted the greater part of its numerical strength; and, further, that the different leaders were prevented, by frivolous jealousies, and discordance of opinion, from cordially uniting in the execution of any great operation, the calamitous events on the Ebro would probably not have come like a thunderbolt to crush and stultify the combinations of a government, which was at least sincerely anxious to co-operate in the cause of freedom.

"England had furnished Spain with supplies; she had poured arms and munitions into the country with a profuse hand; but she had taken no efficacious measures for their judicious application. She exercised little influence on the counsels of the Spanish government; and even while providing the very thewes and sinews of the war, her voice was seldom listened to with obedience or respect. Arms, placed at the disposal of men swayed by petty views and local interests, were wasted and misapplied; and the supplies

of money, clothing, and ammunition, so liberally afforded, became a bone of contention and of petty jealousy to the rival authorities. In truth, the provincial governors were actuated by no liberal and enlarged views of the public benefit. Supine in danger, and vain-glorious in prosperity, at once untalented and unenlightened, no men could be more unfitted to direct the resources of a nation with vigour and effect.

"In such men Sir John Moore could place no trust. His expectations had been deceived. He found supineness where he expected energy; a people not filled with an active spirit-stirring enthusiasm, but reposing in a dull, immovable, and lethargic confidence in their own prowess and resources, even in the immediate neighbourhood of a triumphant enemy. His mind became not only perplexed but irritated by the disappointment of his hopes. At Salamanca he knew himself to be placed in a difficult and precarious position, unprotected in front, separated from the wings of his army, with nothing but a barren country to retire upon. To the concentration of his forces, he was aware, indeed, that no present obstacle existed; but how long such a state of things might continue, he had no data on which to form a judgment. The enemy at any moment might interpose a body which would prevent the possibility of a junction, for there existed no Spanish force from which he could anticipate protection.

"To the other embarrassments of Sir John Moore must be added, the difficulty of receiving true and faithful intelligence of the events passing around him. On public and official reports no confidence could be placed, and of more authentic sources of intelligence, he was in a great measure deprived. He had been sent forward without a plan of operations, or any data on which to found one. Castanos was the person with whom he had been directed to concert his measures; but that officer had been superseded by Romana; and of the situation of the latter, Sir John Moore only knew that he was engaged in rallying the remains of Blake's army, at a distance of about two hundred miles. Naturally distrustful of the apocryphal intelligence transmitted by the British military residents, he could rely only on the reports of Colonel Graham and Captain Whittingham; and these, in conjunction with the information which his own officers were enabled to procure, contributed still further to deepen the gloom by which his mind was overcast."

Meanwhile, intelligence came, for which Sir John Moore was certainly

not unprepared, as he had written to Mr Frere, the new minister at Madrid, respecting the probability of such an event. Castanos had been defeated at Tudela with great loss; and the road to Madrid was now open to the French armies. He had written to Frere the very day before the arrival of this intelligence, saying, in that event,—“I must either march upon Madrid, and throw myself into the heart of Spain, and thus run all risks, and share the fortune of the Spanish nation, or I must fall back on Portugal. In the latter case, I fall back upon my resources, upon Lisbon—cover a country where there is a British interest—act as a diversion in favour of Spain, if the French detach a force against me—and am ready to return to the assistance of the Spaniards, should circumstances again render it eligible.”

In pursuance of this plan, Sir John Moore, without waiting for Mr Frere's reply, determined on immediate retreat, transmitting orders to Baird at Astorga, and Hope at the Escorial, for the former to retire on Corunna, and the latter to push forward, if possible, to Salamanca. Baird, too, was directed to write instantly to England, that a supply of transports might be sent to the Tagus. “They will be wanted,” said he; “for when the French have Spain, *Portugal cannot be defended*,”—an opinion, by the way, not very consistent with the tenor of his letter, quoted above, to Mr Frere.

All the world knows that this resolution astounded Mr Frere, who strongly urged the General to advance on Madrid; or, if he was determined against that step—a pretty bold one, it must be confessed—then he suggested the alternative of taking up a position in the strong country around Astorga. A retreat from that place to Corunna would, he argued, be less difficult than through Portugal to Lisbon; and in that position the army might wait for reinforcements of cavalry, to enable it to act on the flat country, which opens immediately from that point, and extends through the whole of Leon and Old Castile. Two Spanish Generals, dispatched by the Supreme Junta to the head-quarters of the British army, in order to concert with its com-

mander an united plan of operations, corroborated the exaggerated statements of Mr Frere, with regard to the strength of the Spanish armies. General San Juan was said to be in possession of the pass of Somosierra, which he had fortified so strongly as to render abortive all the enemy's hopes of reaching Madrid. But, lo and behold! Colonel Graham had just arrived with intelligence, that the pass had been forced by the French! Justly disgusted with all this ignorance and weakness, Sir John Moore would not hear of the proposal of these gentlemen to form a junction with Romana, and thereby create a diversion favourable to the defence of the capital. Morla, now at the head of the Junta, and Governor of Madrid, had written to Sir John Moore, informing him that 25,000 men of the army of Castanos were falling back on that city; that 10,000 men from the Somosierra were likewise concentrating, and that nearly 40,000 other troops were prepared to join in the defence of the capital. While Moore was deliberating on this communication from Morla, (whether Morla was then a traitor, or not till a few days afterwards, 'tis not easy to say,) Charmilly, a French emigrant in the British service, arrived with dispatches from Mr Frere. He had been in Madrid on the 1st of December, and had witnessed the strongest and most unequivocal demonstrations of ardour among all the classes of the people. The whole mass of the population was rising in arms; the streets were broken up, houses barricaded, and peasants from all quarters flocking into the city, to bear part in its defence. The Duke del Infantado had commissioned him to make known this state of things to the British General, and to entreat him to make some movement that might operate as a diversion for the capital, which its defenders had determined to hold out to the last extremity. “I have no hesitation,” said Mr Frere, “in taking upon myself any degree of responsibility which may attach to this advice, as I consider the state of Spain to depend absolutely, for the present, on the resolution you may adopt. I say *for the present*, for such is the spirit and character of the

country, that, even if abandoned by the British, I should by no means despair of ultimate success."

Sir John Moore felt that he could not resist all these official statements—he could not suspect that the Junta would deceive him in a mere matter of fact—that a person of Mr Frere's known perspicacity, had become the dupe of a mere flimsy delusion—that the ardour and effervescence of the popular spirit, which Charmilly declared he had seen, was but a dream; and therefore deciding on a change of plan, he sent orders to Baird to stop his retrogressive march, and return to Astorga. These orders reached him at Villa Franca, late on the 7th of December, when in full retreat to Corunna. Hope was already at Alba de Tormes, and thus the position of the army at Salamanca was secure. Meanwhile, Charmilly, ignorant of Sir John Moore's change of plans, delivered to him another letter from Mr Frere, requesting, that in the event of the General continuing his resolution to retreat on Portugal, Charmilly might be examined before a Council of War. This letter Moore tore into pieces, and instantly ordered Charmilly to quit Salamanca.

"On a calm review of the circumstances connected with this unpleasant collision, we feel little disposed to attribute blame to either party. Both unquestionably decided on the purest and most conscientious motives. Both were animated by a vehement desire to act as might most contribute to the honour of their country, and the interest of the common cause.—The style of Mr Frere, indeed, is somewhat less courteous than might have been expected from so accomplished a diplomatist; and the opinions of Sir John Moore were certainly entitled to greater respect than the minister seemed inclined to afford them; but the question on which they differed, was one on which men, zealous for the same end, might arrive at dissimilar conclusions, without imputation on the motives of either.

"In truth, the minds of Mr Frere and Sir John Moore were of different mould and consistency. The one, ardent and enthusiastic, was disposed to rely with too facile a credence on the energy and devotion of the assertors of a noble cause. The other, too strongly disgusted, perhaps, with repeated proofs of ignorance and imbecility in the Spanish leaders, regarded the scene around him with the eye of a

general. He felt little disposed to anticipate a fortunate issue to the resistance which popular enthusiasm might oppose to military skill and highly disciplined troops. They beheld the same events through different media."

Having now determined to advance, Moore wrote to Romana, expressing a strong wish for the speedy junction of their armies, in order that combined efforts might be made for the support of Madrid. But, alas! what an army! Romana had under him 20,000 men; but they were without haversacks, cartridge-boxes, or shoes, or many even *without clothing*. Besides, they durst not stir a foot. For a corps of about 10,000 Frenchmen were posted between Sahagun and Almanza, the apparent object of which was to check his movements; and therefore he could not think of abandoning his present position. Farther, any approach with his corps towards the British army, if he chose to run that risk, would leave the French free ingress into Asturias, from which he drew large supplies, and would likewise endanger Galicia. So much for Romana. The Junta of Toledo now informed Moore, that they intended to reunite the dispersed armies in that quarter, and defend the city to the last extremity. The General instantly sent a British officer to reside at Toledo, and concert measures for its defence. But on the first approach of a column of the enemy, the Junta retired from the city, and it was occupied, without opposition, by the corps of Victor. So much for the Junta and city of Toledo. Two days afterwards, Colonel Graham, who had been dispatched to Madrid, returned with intelligence of its being already in occupation of the enemy. So much for Morla the Deceiver, and for Mr Frere the Deceived! Yet the fall of Madrid did not deter Moore from pursuing his projected operations. The great bulk of the French army, which might have been employed against him, had been carried into Catalonia, or towards Madrid; and Moore considered, that, by a forward movement, and effecting a junction with Baird, he would be able to menace the communication of the enemy; thus creating a diversion in favour of those Spaniards who still

remained in arms, and giving time for the raising and embodying of new levies in the south. But he never ceased to contemplate the necessity of retreat, whenever the British army should become the chief object of the enemy's attention. It was not long till that happened; for, on the 14th of December, a dispatch from Berthier to Soult was intercepted, directing him to occupy Leon, Benevente, and Zamora, to drive the Spaniards into Galicia, and maintain subjection in the flat country. It stated, that no annoyance need be apprehended from the English, who were already supposed to be in full retreat on Portugal. But should that not be the case, the movement of the fourth corps on Badajos would speedily realise the anticipation. It likewise appeared from this dispatch, that Soult was at Saldanha with two divisions; and that Mortier, with another, had orders to march on Zaragoza. The eighth corps, under Junot, (so much for the Convention of Cintra,) was stated to have passed the Pyrenees, and would probably be concentrated at Burgos.

It had been Moore's intention to push onward to Valladolid; but he now thought it high time to alter his plans; so he removed his headquarters to Toro, and ordered Baird to concentrate his division at Benevente. At Toro he received letters from Mr Frere, and from the Supreme Junta, still assuring him of the unabated enthusiasm of the Spanish people, and that Romana was about to join him with 14,000 men; and urging him to engage immediately in active operations against the enemy. The chief command of the Spanish armies was offered him; but against his better judgment, he had already engaged in operations from which he had anticipated little beneficial result; and now he was resolved to act for himself, and to turn a deaf ear to all requests or remonstrances. At this very moment of perplexity, though not of irresolution, he received intelligence that Romana, who, according to Mr Frere, was to join him with 14,000 men, had actually commenced his retreat from Leon on Galicia! Romana, however, expressed his readiness to return, and join in any operation

against the enemy. Moore therefore resolved, if possible, to attack Soult in his position at Saldanha, about 80 miles to the northward of Toro.

He considered that even an unprofitable victory could scarcely fail to lend encouragement to the Patriots; and at all events, the forward movement would necessarily draw on him the whole French force in Spain, and thereby create a diversion which would give the Spanish armies in the south time to rally and recover from the effects of recent disasters. But at Sahagun, a letter arrived from Romana, stating that the French were in motion to the northward. From other quarters, Moore learnt that the corps of the enemy which was directing its march on Badajos, had halted at Talavera; and it was said, that Napoleon himself had set out from Madrid, with the avowed intention of proceeding to Benevente without a halt. Moore now felt convinced that nothing but immediate retreat could extricate him from the difficulties of his situation. He considered that the beneficial object of his movement had already been attained—for the progress of the enemy's armies had been arrested in the south, and they were now advancing on all hands to surround him. On the 26th of December, the situation of the British army is thus described:

"At this moment, the British army had become almost girdled by the enemy. From the 22d to the 24th, Soult had received strong reinforcements, and his army alone was already superior in number to the British.

"Junot, with the army liberated by the Convention of Cintra, had advanced from Burgos to Placentia, and threatened their right flank.

"Napoleon, in person, had set out from Madrid with all the disposable force in that quarter; and on the same day that the van of the British quitted Sahagun, the advanced-guard of his army passed through Tordesillas, a town about fifty miles distant from Benevente.

"The corps of Lefebvre had changed the direction of its march, and was now advancing on Salamanca. The retreat of the British army on Portugal was thus cut off.

"The whole disposable force of the enemy, forming an irregular crescent, were thus advancing in *radii* on the British army as a common centre. To cut off its

retreat was now the chief object of Napoleon.

"On the 26th, an engagement took place between the British cavalry and that of the enemy. Detachments from the army of Napoleon had been pushed on to Villalpando and Mayorga; and in the neighbourhood of the latter place, a considerable force of the enemy was observed to be drawn up on the acclivity of a hill, with the view, apparently, of cutting off any stragglers who might wander from the line of march. Two squadrons of the tenth hussars were instantly ordered to dislodge them. These, under the command of Colonel Leigh, rode gallantly up the hill, and by a successful charge, drove back the French cavalry in confusion. In this affair, many of the enemy were killed, wounded, and above one hundred made prisoners.

"On the same day, the cavalry, the horse-artillery, and a brigade of light infantry, halted at Castro Gonzalo; and the divisions under Generals Hope and Fraser marched to Benevente. On the twenty-seventh, the rear-guard crossed the Eslar, and followed the same route, having blown up the bridge. The hardships to which the army were now exposed, tended greatly to increase the general feeling of dissatisfaction at the measures of their leader. The route lay over miserable roads, and through an exhausted country. The weather was more than usually severe; heavy showers of rain and sleet drenched the soldiers to the skin, and it was not always that even at night they could procure shelter from the elements. Turbulence and insubordination broke forth in the ranks. The soldiers, indignant at the Spaniards, who generally locked their doors on their approach, and concealed their little stock of provisions, were guilty of violence and robbery. These criminal excesses increased the evil. Hatred and disgust sprang up on both sides; and frequent scenes of bloodshed were the consequence.

"On the twenty-seventh of December, the column reached Benevente; and Sir John Moore issued a general order to the army, characterizing its excesses in strong language. He expressed his deep regret, that the army should have forfeited its former praise for exemplary conduct and discipline. The atrocities committed in Valderas, he declared to have exceeded any thing he could have believed of British soldiers. The situation of the army was such as to call for the display of qualities the most rare and valuable in a military body. These were not bravery alone, but patience and constancy under fatigue and hardship, obedience to com-

mand, sobriety, firmness, and resolution, in every situation in which they might be placed. It was only by the display of such qualities, that the army could deserve the name of soldiers,—that they could be able to withstand the forces opposed to them, or fulfil the expectations of their country."

At Benevente, where the army halted for two days, intelligence was received that the army of Napoleon were endeavouring, by forced marches, to overtake the British. The stores of the army, for which no transports could be procured, were ordered to be destroyed, and the retreat continued by Astorga.

"The march of the cavalry, however, had not yet commenced, when a body of the enemy's horse were observed to be attempting a ford near the ruins of the bridge which had been blown up; and presently between five and six hundred of the Imperial Guards plunged into the river and crossed over. They were instantly opposed by the piquets under Colonel Otway, which had been appointed to act as a rear-guard. Though this body mustered little more than two hundred men, they boldly advanced against the enemy, and continued bravely to dispute every inch of his advance. Repeated charges took place between the front squadrons; and upon the arrival of a small party of the third dragoons, the front squadron, by a furious charge, broke through that of the enemy, and were for a time surrounded. By another charge, however, they soon extricated themselves from this dilemma, and re-formed with the rest of the detachments.

"Lord Paget soon reached the field, and Brigadier-General Stewart, assuming the command of the piquets, made repeated charges on the enemy, the squadrons being sometimes intermingled. In order to draw the enemy still further from the ford, General Stewart gave ground; when the tenth hussars, which had already formed, advanced to the charge, and the enemy's line was in an instant broken. They fled in great disorder to the river, closely pursued by the tenth, leaving fifty-five killed and wounded on the field, and seventy prisoners, among whom was General Lefebvre, the commander of the Imperial Guard. Immediately on reaching the opposite side of the river, the enemy formed on the margin; but a few rounds from the horse artillery, which came up at that moment, was sufficient to disperse them. The loss of the British in this affair amounted to about fifty killed and wounded."

At Astorga he found Romana, who he hoped had retired on the Asturias, with 5000 men in a state of utter destitution of clothing, accoutrements, arms, ammunition, or even food.

"A malignant fever had broken out among them, and the number of sick was sustaining hourly augmentation. Never did any congregation of human beings exhibit less external semblance of a military body. The soldiers under arms little exceeded in number the sick borne on cars and mules; and as they passed slowly along, enfeebled and emaciated by disease, the procession had more the appearance of an ambulatory hospital, than of a force by which the country was to be defended.

"Such was the condition of the army of Romana. Let it also be recorded, that this brave and suffering band bore their multiplied privations with unshrinking patience; that they uniformly displayed, even in the very depth of their misfortunes, a courage and devotion worthy of that cause, in behalf of which they were alike prepared to bleed or suffer."

The head-quarters of Napoleon's army had, on the preceding evening, been at Villalpando, a village only sixteen miles distant. No defensive measures had been attempted, and the General determined to continue the retreat on Villa Franca. Of this measure Romana disapproved—declaring himself ready to join the English army in defending the strong ground around Astorga, from whence a secure retreat could, in any event, be open to them by the almost impregnable passes of Manganel and Fonceladon, which a small body might successfully maintain against any numbers. Moore, however, did not approve of this plan—the stores, of which Astorga had been made the depot, were destroyed, or distributed among the Spanish troops, and the sick were abandoned to the enemy.

"In the miserable condition of the Spanish army, it might have been supposed, that this half-naked, half-armed, half-famished, and diseased multitude, would have sought protection in their retreat from the English columns. It was not so. With a spirit which death alone could extinguish, this suffering but high-minded band, still confided in their own exertions to keep the field; and when Sir John Moore proposed to Romana that he should retire by Orense, the proposal was instantly acceded to. Ro-

mana only requested that the British troops might be restrained from the further perpetration of those acts of disgraceful violence, which had hitherto marked their progress; a request which it must have imbibed the spirit of Sir John Moore to know that his power was inadequate to grant.

"At Astorga, the light brigades under General Crawford separated from the army, and marched by way of Orense to Vigo, where Sir John Moore had directed transports to be sent for the embarkation of the army. This detachment preceded Romana's army in the line of march; and when the miserable band of patriots, after a halt of only one night, took their way to Orense, they found the country through which they passed already stripped of supplies. This completed the wreck of this gallant but unfortunate army. The infantry at length became completely disorganized, and Romana, with the cavalry and guns, retired to the valley of the Mincio."

The plot was now fast thickening, and drawing towards a catastrophe. On the first of January, Napoleon entered Astorga, and formed a junction with Soult. Leaving Ney, with 18,000 men, to keep Leon in subjection, he directed Soult, by forced marches, to continue the pursuit, and counter-marching with the rest of his army, Napoleon in a few days returned to France.

"It is melancholy to contemplate the condition to which the British had already been reduced. During the march to Villa Franca, the rain came down in torrents; men and horses, sinking through fatigue, covered the roads; and the soldiers, whose strength still enabled them to proceed, maddened by the continued suffering of cold and hunger, were no longer under any subordination. In such circumstances pillage could not be prevented. Wherever they came, the inhabitants fled from their dwellings, and sought shelter among the mountains. Enormities of all kinds were committed. Houses, and even villages, were burning in all directions. The ravages of the most ferocious enemy could not have exceeded in atrocity those perpetrated by a British army on their allies.

"At Benevente, an order had been issued by the General, assuring the army, that the only object of the retiring movement was, not to evacuate the country, but to secure a more favourable position. It had, therefore, been confidently expected, that a stand would be made at the almost impregnable defiles through which

the army passed after quitting Villa Franca. The country had been traversed by Sir David Baird on his advance; and it was generally held incredible that the retreat should be continued beyond that point. The sufferings which the army had already endured, and the lamentable want of discipline to which the rapidity of the retreat had given rise, tended to strengthen the conviction that the General would gladly avail himself of the great defensive advantages which the country afforded. This hope was disappointed. Sir John Moore saw no safety but in embarkation; and the retreat was continued with unrelenting speed.

"At every step of their progress, however, the misfortunes of this devoted army seemed to accumulate. The mortality among the horses was excessive; and no sooner did these noble animals become unable to proceed than they were shot, in order to prevent their being serviceable to the enemy. The ammunition-waggons, which had hitherto kept up, were falling one by one to the rear, and the ammunition they contained was destroyed. In the towns, many of the soldiers, in the recklessness of despair, broke into the cellars, and giving way to the most desperate excess, were found dead by the enemy. During the marches, the number of stragglers was enormous. Under different pretences, whole regiments strayed from their colours; and, as often as a store or wine-house was discovered, scenes of the most revolting character ensued. The enemy's cavalry was continually pressing on our rear; and, under such circumstances, no pause could be made to afford protection to those who, from intoxication or exhaustion of strength, were compelled to fall behind. At Bemibre, in particular, the town, on the departure of the reserve, was filled with these unfortunate wretches. Every effort was made to save them from the miserable fate which they so madly courted; but in vain. The rear-guard was at length compelled to march. A small detachment of cavalry still remained, in hopes that some, at least, of the victims might be rescued. But the enemy came on in force; and the French dragons, charging onward through a crowd of men, women, and children, slashed to the right and left with their sabres, sparing neither age nor sex. Never did British troops gaze on a spectacle more appalling than those who, escaping death, came up bleeding and lacerated, and were, by order of the General, paraded through the ranks as a warning to their comrades.

"It is well that these humiliating circumstances should be recorded. It is well that war should be gazed on in all its

aspects; and not unprofitable, perhaps, that such episodes should be commemorated in the emblazoned volume of our victories."

From Villa Franca to Lugo, the retreat was even more horrible and disastrous, till, in front of that town, the General took up a position with the intention of offering battle to the enemy. Then, insubordination was instantly at an end; stragglers hastened to join their regiments; worn frames became reanimated with vigour, and the promiscuous assemblage of disorderly soldiers became again invested with all the attributes of a disciplined army!

It was now ascertained by the General, that Corunna was a more eligible place for embarkation than Vigo, and also nearer, so orders were dispatched to recall the light brigades and the division of General Fraser, which had been previously directed to proceed to Vigo; but they did not rejoin the army at Lugo without the loss of about 400 men. About mid-day on the sixth, the French columns were observed to be advancing on the English position; preparation was immediately made for their reception; but no engagement took place; for several hours the lines continuing to gaze on each other, till the hope of battle gradually faded; and at last evening closed, and the troops returned to their quarters.

"On the following morning the enemy advanced four guns, protected by a few squadrons of cavalry, towards the centre, and commenced a sharp cannonade. The fire was immediately returned by the English, with such effect, that one of their guns was dismounted, and the rest silenced. For above an hour no further hostilities took place. The enemy then made a feint on the British right, in order to cover the advance of five guns, and a strong column of infantry on the left. Sir John Moore immediately rode at full speed to that part of the line. In the meanwhile, a warm skirmish had taken place with the piquets, which were driven hastily back. The enemy's column were already ascending the height occupied by the seventy-sixth regiment, which gradually fell back, until joined by the fifty-first, when, after a few discharges of musketry, these regiments advanced to the charge, and drove back the French in confusion. The setting in of night again disappointed the hope of immediate engagement; and the British army retired

to their quarters, with the fervent wish that the dawn of morning might light them to battle.

"Sir John Moore was impressed with the conviction, that this wish would be realized. He considered the preceding attack as made only, by Marshal Soult, with the view of reconnoitring the strength of the force opposed to him, and expected that the day following would produce a more general engagement. In this he was disappointed. On the morning of the eighth the French were still observed in their position; yet hour after hour passed, and they made no movement. At length night fell, and with it fell all the fond hopes of battle which had been cherished by the army. In order to deceive the enemy, large fires were lighted along the line; and at ten o'clock the British army again commenced their retreat.

"No sooner did Marshal Soult become aware of the evasion of his enemy, than the pursuit was immediately recommenced, and followed up with unabated vigour; but the British had already gained so much ground, that it was not till the evening that the enemy's advanced-guard came up with the rear. The horrors of this march were of the most aggravated description. The night was dark and stormy, the cold intense, and the sleet fell heavily. The troops already jaded and half-famished, and many of them barefoot, marched along roads knee-deep in mud. Insubordination again spread among the ranks,—and the number of stragglers was enormous.

"About ten in the morning the army arrived at Valmeda. Here positive exhaustion compelled a halt; and the men lay on the open ground for several hours, exposed to the continual action of a heavy rain. But even this brief interval was not granted to undisturbed repose. A cry arose, from time to time, that the enemy were advancing; and, at such alarm, the troops were ordered to fall in. Such an intermission was little calculated to refresh the worn strength of the soldiers; and towards evening, when they again resumed their march, little benefit was found to have resulted from the halt."

At last the army reached their destined point of embarkation; but the transports had not yet arrived from Vigo. Only a few ships lay in the harbour, on board of which the sick, who preceded the army, were immediately embarked; and it became necessary that the army should assume a position, and once more shew front to the enemy. That this necessity was imposed on Sir John

Moore, says our author, with great animation, never to any Englishman can be matter of regret. It saved the British army from the disgrace of having quitted Spain like downcast and disheartened fugitives; of having sought refuge in their ships from the hostility of an enemy, with whom they had never measured strength in combat. Such, however, were the disadvantages of the position which Sir John Moore had to take up, that some of the general officers recommended him to propose terms to Soult, in order to induce him to permit the army to embark unmolested. Thank Heaven! this proposal he treated with disdain; and "England was not destined to blush for her sons." Often and well as the battle of Corunna has been described, never better than by the author of these Annals.

"The preparations for embarking were completed on the morning of the sixteenth, and Sir John Moore gave notice, that, in case the enemy should not move during the day, the embarkation of the reserve should commence at four o'clock. The tranquillity of the armies remained undisturbed till noon, when the General, mounting his horse, rode off to visit the outposts. He had not proceeded far, when he received a report from General Hope, stating that the enemy's line were getting under arms; and a deserter who came in at the same moment confirmed the intelligence. He spurred forward. The piquets had already opened fire on the enemy's light troops, which were pouring rapidly down on the right wing. A heavy fire was shortly opened from the French battery on the height; the piquets were driven rapidly back; and four strong columns of the enemy, supported by a reserve, were observed descending the hill. Two of these—one emerging from a wood, the other skirting its edge—threatened the right of the position; another directed its march on the centre; and the fourth on the left. The two first of these columns advanced with rapidity, and, by a bold attack, at once carried the village of Elvina. Thus far successful, they endeavoured to turn the right of the position. It was defended by Lord William Bentinck's brigade, having the brigade of Guards in their rear. In order to prevent the success of this manœuvre, General Paget was ordered to advance with the reserve, and take post on the right of the line.

"Lord William Bentinck's brigade re-

ceived the attack with firmness; and the fourth regiment, being thrown back *en potence*, met the enemy with a well-directed fire. The order was at length given to charge; and the forty-second and fiftieth regiments advanced to regain the village of Elvina. The ground around the village was so intersected by walls and enclosures as to prevent any general collision. A severe but irregular fight ensued, which terminated in the French being driven back with great loss. The fiftieth regiment, led by Major Napier, rushed into Elvina, and with great gallantry drove out the enemy with the bayonet, and pursued them for some distance beyond it.

"In the meanwhile, from some misapprehension, the forty-second had retired; and the enemy being reinforced, took advantage of that circumstance to renew the conflict. Elvina became again the scene of struggle; the forty-second, after a brief but animating address from the General, returned to the attack; and the Guards being brought up to their support, the enemy gave way.

"It was at this period of the action that Sir John Moore received his death wound. He was engaged in watching the result of the contest about Elvina, when a cannon shot struck him on the breast and beat him to the ground. He raised himself immediately to a sitting posture, and continued with a calm gaze to regard the regiments engaged in his front. Captain Hardinge threw himself from his horse, and took him by the hand; then, observing his anxiety, he told him the forty-second were advancing, and on this intelligence his countenance was observed to brighten.

"His friend Colonel Graham now dismounted, and from the composure of his features, entertained hopes that he was not even wounded; but observing the horrid laceration and effusion of blood, he rode off for surgical assistance.

"Sir John Moore was removed from the field by a party of the forty-second. As the soldiers placed him in a blanket, his sword became entangled, and the hilt entered the wound. Captain Hardinge attempted to take it off, but he stopped him, saying, 'It is as well as it is, I had rather it should go out of the field with me.' Sir David Baird had previously been disabled by a severe wound; and the command of the army now devolved on General Hope.

"In the meanwhile, all went prosperously in the field. The reserve pushed on to the right, and, driving back the enemy, continued advancing on their flank, overthrowing every thing before them.

The enemy, perceiving their left wing to be exposed, drew it entirely back.

"An attack made on the British centre, was successfully resisted by the brigades of Generals Manningham and Leith. The ground in that quarter being more elevated and favourable for artillery, the guns were of great service.

"On the left, the enemy had taken possession of the village of Palavio on the road to Betanzos. From this a fire was still kept up by their troops, till Colonel Nichols, at the head of some companies of the fourteenth, attacked it and beat them out.

"Day was now fast closing; and the enemy had lost ground in all parts of the field. The firing, however, still continued, and night alone brought the contest to a close.

"Thus ended the battle of Corunna. Let no man say that it was fought in vain, because it was attended with no result of immediate benefit to the victorious army. It gave a glorious termination to an inglorious retreat. It vindicated, in the eyes of Europe, the character of the army. It embalmed the memory of their commander in the hearts of his countrymen. It erased a dark stain from the military blazon of England. It gave to the world an imperishable proof, that, after a retreat of unexampled suffering and privation, the firmness of British troops remained unshaken. The courage of her sons was assayed by the ordeal of fire, and it is, and will be, the pride of England, that it came forth pure gold from the furnace.

"While Sir John Moore was removing from the field, the expression of his countenance remained unchanged, and he gave utterance to no expression of pain. From this circumstance, Captain Hardinge gathered temporary hope that the wound might not be mortal, and expressed it to the dying General. Hearing this, he turned his head for a moment, and looking steadfastly at the wound, said, '*No, Hardinge, I feel that to be impossible.*' Several times he caused his attendants to stop and turn him round, that he might gaze on the field of battle, and when the firing indicated the advance of the British, he signified his satisfaction, and permitted the bearers to proceed.

"On examination by the surgeons, the wound of Sir John Moore was at once pronounced to be mortal, and from increasing pain he could speak but with difficulty. Observing his friend Colonel Anderson by his bed, he asked if the French were beaten, and then said, '*You know, Anderson, I have always wished to die this way. You will see my friends as soon as you can. Tell them every thing. Say to my mother*

—Here his voice failed from agitation, and he did not again venture to name her. When his strength was fast waning, and little more than a glimmering of life remained, he said to Colonel Anderson, '*I hope the people of England will be satisfied ! I hope my country will do me justice.*' After a while, he pressed the hand of Colonel Anderson to his body ; and in a few minutes died without a struggle.

" Thus fell Sir John Moore. Kind in feeling, generous in spirit, dauntless in heart,—no man was more beloved ; none more lamented. Other leaders have been more fortunate in life ; none were ever more glorious in death. Whatever may have been the military errors of such a man, however little the cast and temper of his mind may have fitted him for the task he was called on to discharge, at a crisis of peculiar difficulty, what is there in this,—what is there in any failing which even malice has ventured to charge on Sir John Moore, that England should quench her pride in so noble a son ? Columns may rise to others, and temples and triumphal arches may consecrate a nation's gratitude in the memory of posterity to warriors of prouder fame and more brilliant achievement ; but the name of Moore will not die. It will be loved and honoured in all after generations, and his memory will stand undimmed by time, *κτῆμα εἰς αἰῶν.*

" The night succeeding the action was passed in the embarkation of the troops. At ten o'clock they moved off the field by brigades, and marched down to Corunna. Major-General Beresford was posted with the rear-guard, on the lines fronting Corunna, to watch the motions of the enemy. Major-General Hill, with his brigade, was stationed on an eminence behind the town, ready to afford support to Beresford, if necessary. The embarkation proceeded rapidly during the night, and no attempt was made to molest the covering brigades. On the following morning, however, the enemy pushed forward a corps of light troops to the heights of St Lucia, which commanded the harbour, and, planting a few cannon, fired at the transports. At three o'clock General Hill's brigade was withdrawn, and at night the rear-guard embarked without molestation from the enemy.

" At twelve o'clock, on the night of the sixteenth, the remains of Sir John Moore were removed to the citadel of Corunna. He had often said, that, if killed in battle, he wished to be buried where he fell ; and it was determined that the body should be interred on the rampart of the citadel. A grave was dug by a party of the ninth regiment, the Aides-de-camp attending by

turns. No coffin could be procured ; and the body, without being undressed, was wrapt by the officers of his staff in a military cloak and blankets. The interment was hastened, for, about eight in the morning, the sound of firing was heard, and they feared that, in the event of a serious attack, they might be prevented from paying the last duties to their General.

" The body was borne to the grave by the officers of his family ; the funeral service was read by the chaplain ; the corpse was covered with earth ; and Sir John Moore ' was left alone with his glory.'

" During the retreat to Corunna, his country sustained a severe loss in the death of Major-General Anstruther. No man had more honourably distinguished himself by zeal, gallantry, and talent. He died of inflammation of the lungs, brought on by exposure to the extreme inclemency of the weather. His devotion to the service induced him to neglect the precautions and remedies his situation required ; and he continued to perform his duty till approaching dissolution rendered farther exertion impossible. When no longer able to mount his horse, he was placed in a carriage, and conveyed to Corunna. There he expired, amid the universal regret of his fellow-soldiers ; and his remains were deposited in a grave on the ramparts, near that of his commander.

" The campaign of Sir John Moore has perhaps given rise to greater differences of opinion than any other portion of the Spanish war. Almost every operation by which its progress was marked has been made to furnish matter for vehement and angry discussion. By one party, the combinations of the General have been indiscriminately lauded as a masterpiece of strategy ; by another, the misfortunes of the army are considered to have solely originated in the vacillation and timidity of its leader. Friends have praised, enemies have abused, and both have at last rested in conclusions from which more unbiassed reasoners will probably feel inclined to dissent. The indiscriminating defenders of Sir John Moore are actuated by motives, generous though mistaken ; his opponents, by somewhat more of personal and political prejudice, than can be made to comport with the character of disinterested and impartial enquirers after abstract truth.

" But, thank Heaven ! party spirit is not eternal, though truth is. Twenty years have passed since the retreat to Corunna, and the time has at length come, when it is possible to write with strict justice and impartiality of Sir John Moore. In doing so, there is no fear of derogating from his just and well-earned reputation.

The fame of Moore is not, as the injudicious eulogies of his friends would leave us to believe, a sickly and infirm bantling, which requires to be nursed and cockered into life by praise and puffery. The column of his honour rests, not on any single achievement of extraordinary genius, but on the broad pedestal of a life actively, zealously, and successfully devoted to his country's service,—of a character marked by a singular combination of high and noble qualities, and of a death worthy of such a character and such a life."

The man who writes thus of Sir John Moore, will assuredly write with perfect impartiality of the conduct of the campaign, at the close of which he poured forth his life. To use his own language, "influenced neither by the zeal of a partisan, nor the hostile vehemence of a declared opponent," "he will nought extenuate, nor set down aught in malice," regarding the "fame of the name" of one of Britain's most illustrious warriors. This fact, at least, is undoubted; he declares, that in the very outset of the campaign, Sir John Moore was placed by his government in a situation of difficulty to which no general should be deliberately exposed. He was sent into Spain without any concerted scheme of operation, or the possibility of forming one, and entirely in the dark with regard to the plans of the Spanish government. This was senseless conduct in our Ministry; and none but the base or bigoted can overlook it, on forming an estimate of Moore's merits. From the first moment he was appointed Commander-in-chief, he was put into a situation in which no human wisdom could enable him to act with success. It is all very well to fix upon some subsequent point, and to try to nail him down there; but justice demands that we see how he became enveloped and entangled in a net of circumstances not of his own creating, and into which he was driven or decoyed by his very appointment to that command.

Sir John Moore not only was without any organized channel of communication with the chiefs of the Spanish armies, but the fundamental assumption on which he had been directed to rely, was soon proved to be fallacious—namely, that it would be possible to concentrate his forces under the protection of the Spanish

armies on the Ebro. These were in succession overthrown; indeed, at the time Moore was appointed to the command, 6th of October, the Spaniards were weak and divided—the head of the grand French army—as Napier tells us—was already in the passes of the Pyrenees—and the English were forty marches from the scene of action. Before Moore could effect a junction with the divisions of Baird and Hope, he found himself exposed to an enemy who might at any moment take advantage of his situation and force him to retreat.

But here the author of the "Annals" avows his belief that part of these difficulties must be attributed to Sir John Moore's own arrangements. For, deceived by an imperfect survey of the roads in Portugal, he sent his infantry by Almeida, and his cavalry and artillery by Merida and Traxillo—and thus, so difficult was it to collect his army, that he was compelled to remain above a month inactive at Salamanca.

Colonel Napier, however, holds that the division of his forces could not have been prevented; and that we must judge of the capacity or incapacity of a general by the energy he displays, the comprehensive view he takes of affairs, and the rapidity with which he accommodates his measures to the events that the original view of his appointment will not permit him to control. Now, the first separation of the English army, Napier rightly says, was the work of the ministers who sent Baird to Corunna. The after separation of the artillery was Sir John Moore's own act. But although a brigade of light six-pounders did accompany the troops to Almeida, the road was *not practicable*; for the guns were in some places let down the rocks by ropes, and in others carried over the difficult passes—a practicable affair with one brigade; but how could the great train of guns and ammunition-waggons that accompanied Sir John Hope have passed such places without a loss of time, that would have proved more injurious to the operations than the separation of the artillery?

Napier observes farther, that the advance of the army was guided by three contingent cases, any one of which arising would have considerably influenced the operations.

First, Blake on the left, or Castanos and Palafox on the right, might have beaten the French, and advanced to the Pyrenees. If they had done so, then there was no risk in marching by divisions towards Burgos, which was the point of concentration given by the British and Spanish ministers. Secondly, they might have maintained their position on the Ebro, in which case the British army could safely unite at Valladolid. Thirdly, the arrival of reinforcements from France might have forced the Spaniards to fall back upon the upper Douro on one side, and on the mountains of Guadalaxara on the other. In this third case, Napier shews how the concentration of the whole British army, notwithstanding its being in divisions, might have been secured at Salamanca. He concludes, therefore, that in the three anticipated cases, the separation of the artillery was prudent, and promised to be advantageous. A fourth case, indeed, there was, says Napier. All the Spanish armies were dispersed in an instant—utterly effaced! But how could Sir John Moore have divined that catastrophe while his ears were ringing with the universal clamour about the numbers and enthusiasm of the patriots? And if he had foreseen even a part of such disasters, he would never have advanced from Portugal.

Ought, then, Moore to have kept to his first resolution of retiring on Portugal? Had he done so, the author of the "Annals" says that, in a mere military point of view, he would not have been held liable to censure. The relative conditions of the hostile parties, which had formed the very basis of his advance into Spain, had undergone a sudden revolution. But Sir John Moore was willing to dare something—nay, much—for the sake of the Spanish cause; and who will blame him *now* for not having retired upon Portugal? Surely, not those who, with Mr Frere and Colonel Charmilly, were for his advancing upon Madrid.

If it be asked, then, why did Moore advance to Sahagun, Napier's energetic reply seems conclusive,—because Napoleon having directed the mass of his forces against the capital, the British army was enabled to concentrate,—because Madrid shut her

gates,—because Mr Frere and the Spanish authorities deceived Moore by false information,—because the solemn declaration of the Junta of Toledo, that they would bury themselves under the ruins of their town, rather than surrender, joined to the fact, that Saragoza, in fighting heroically, seemed to guarantee the constancy and vigour of that patriotic spirit which was apparently once more excited,—because the question had become once more political, and it was necessary to satisfy the English people, that nothing was left undone, to aid a cause which they had so much at heart,—and, finally, because the peculiar situation of the French army at the moment, afforded the means of creating a powerful diversion in favour of the southern provinces. "These," says Napier, "are unanswerable reasons for the advance towards Sahagun."

The author of the "Annals" holds a very different opinion from Colonel Napier on this point,—and that our readers may have both views, we quote the following able statement:

"Sir John Moore had proceeded to Alaejos, with the intention of concentrating his forces in the neighbourhood of Valladolid, when the information derived from an intercepted dispatch, induced him to change his plans, and advance against Soult at Saldanha, in hope of bringing him to action before the arrival of reinforcements. Never, surely, was an offensive operation undertaken on the chance of a more improbable contingency. Sir John Moore could scarcely calculate on the blunders of an opponent so skilful and experienced in the game of war. Yet, by some gross and inconceivable blunder alone, could Marshal Soult have suffered himself, in the circumstances of his army, to be drawn into a battle. Soult's policy manifestly was to retreat, not to fight; to induce his enemy to advance, and thereby give time for the coming up of forces already on the march, by which his retreat would be cut off. On the advance of the British, Soult, as a matter of course, would have fallen back on Burgos, where his corps would have effected a junction with that of Junot. Nothing, therefore, could be more visionary than the prospect of defeating Soult, while nothing could be more imminent than the danger which the British were certain to incur in the attempt of bringing him to action. Indeed, it was to the Spanish general alone that the British army was indebted for

its safety. Had Romana not communicated the information, that the enemy, under Napoleon, were in full march from Madrid, the advance on Carrion and Saldanha would have taken place, and the retreat of the army would, in all probability, have been cut off. As it was, Sir John Moore was barely able to extricate himself from the danger he had so imprudently courted, by a rapid and precipitate movement. But the very letters of the General afford abundant proof, that, even in his own opinion, the advance on Saldanha could be productive of no beneficial result. Why, then, was it undertaken? Why was a gallant army thus ingloriously perilled, and subsequently compelled to seek safety in one of the most calamitous retreats of which history bears record?—*Not* with the hope of animating and invigorating the spirit of the Spanish nation, because that spirit was believed by Sir John Moore to have been utterly broken and subdued, but because it was considered ‘necessary to risk the army, to convince the people of England, as well as the rest of Europe, that the Spaniards had neither the power nor the inclination to make any efforts for themselves!’”

But to return for a moment to the subject of the separation of the artillery, Napier clearly proves, that whatever road the artillery had taken, the British army could not have averted the ruin of the Spaniards. For, on the 10th November, Napoleon struck the first blow, by beating Belvidere and seizing Burgos. Baird marched from Corunna on the 12th, and did not bring up the whole of his troops to Astorga before the 4th of December. Suppose, then, the British army concentrated at Salamanca, even on the 13th of November, they must have advanced either to Valladolid or to Madrid. If to Valladolid, the Emperor was at Burgos with the Imperial Guards, ten or twelve thousand cavalry, and a hundred pieces of artillery. The first corps was within a day’s march, the second and fourth corps within three marches, and the sixth corps within two marches. Above 100,000 French soldiers, therefore, would, according to Napier, have been concentrated in three days; and Sir John Moore never had 25,000 in the field. Suppose Moore had gone to Madrid. In that case, Napier shews that the separation of the artillery was a decided advantage; and the separation of Baird’s corps, which was not the

General’s arrangement, was the error.

The author of the “Annals” thinks that Sir John Moore might have preferably retired across the Tagus, where, in a country of great strength, his army might have served as a rallying point and a protection to the Spaniards in the southern provinces, to which the enemy had not yet penetrated. There it was that he was most dreaded by Napoleon. This plan is not approved of by Napier. He says, that to retreat over the Tagus, was to adopt the southern provinces for a new base of operations, and might have been useful if the Spaniards would have rallied round him with enthusiasm and courage; but would they have done so when the Emperor was advancing with his enormous force? The author of the “Annals” replies, that this may be so—and Sir John Moore was professedly a nullifidian in Spanish energy and patriotism; but the true question is, would not the army have been better employed, have afforded a greater quantity of protection to our allies, with a smaller quantum of risk than was incurred by the advance to Sahagun, consequent on the concentration of the army? We confess ourselves unable to come to a decision on this point. We know what the evils of the retreat were; we do not know what might have been the result of a retreat over the Tagus. But we confess we do not see how it could have been so disastrous as the flight to Corunna.

Colonel Napier, however,—a high authority certainly—before discussing the retreat from Astorga, undertakes to shew that the line of Portugal, although the natural one for the British army to retire upon, was not at that period either safe or useful, and that greater evils than those incurred through Galicia, would probably have attended a retrograde march on Lisbon. For, the rugged frontier of Portugal lying between the Douro and the Tagus, is, he affirms, vulnerable in many points to an invading army of superior force. It may be penetrated between the Douro and Pinhel; and between Pinhel and Guarda, lie roads leading into the valleys of the Zezere and the Mondego; between the Sierra de As-

trella and the Sierra de Gata, by the road from Alfayates to Sabugul and Penamacor, or that by Guarda and Coria; and again, between the Sierra de Gata and the Tagus, by Idanha Velha, Castello Branco, and Tobraira Formosa; and, finally, from the Tagus to the Guadiana, a distance of about twenty leagues, the Alentejo presents an open country, without any strong fortress save Lalippe, which may be disregarded and passed without danger. Now, Moore advanced from Salamanca on the 23d December; and at that period, the fourth corps of the French army was at Talavera de la Reyna, nearer to Lisbon than the British army; and Napoleon was preparing to march on that capital with the sixth corps, the guards, and the reserve. He marched on a shorter line and a better road; and what, asks Colonel Napier, was to have prevented him from penetrating, as the Duke of Berwick once did, by both sides of the Tagus, and if the British had retreated from Salamanca, reaching Lisbon before Sir John Moore? Colonel Napier therefore thinks, that if a retreat upon Lisbon was advisable before Napoleon took Madrid, it was not a safe operation after that event, and that Sir John Moore neither lightly nor injudiciously adopted the line of Galicia.

The author of the "Annals" regrets, along with many other good judges, that Sir John Moore was not led to regard, with a more favourable eye, the project of defending Galicia. No part of Spain, he says, offers equal advantages for a defensive war. Its natural strength is very great; and, by judiciously occupying its almost impracticable defiles, an army could maintain its ground against an enemy of immense numerical superiority. The geographical position of Galicia, is likewise highly favourable. By means of its numerous seaports, an easy and rapid intercourse might be maintained with England. Protected by a strong frontier, from the direct line of the enemy's operations, its proximity to it was still so great, as continually to endanger his communications. A victory achieved at any time by an enemy on the border of Galicia must have paralysed the operations of the enemy throughout the whole Peninsula. The mere presence of a British force in that

quarter must have prodigiously increased the difficulties of Napoleon. It would have demanded the continual employment of an army greatly superior to watch its operations; it would have narrowed, cramped, and hampered the whole schemes of the enemy; it would have lent new spirit and vigour to the Spanish people, and would have constantly acted as a powerful diversion in favour of the Spanish armies in any part of the Peninsula. Such being the importance of Galicia, and such the extended influence which an army posted on its frontier would have exercised on the whole war, the author of the "Annals" thinks it extraordinary indeed that Sir John Moore, with this important province within his grasp, should never have adopted any measure for its occupation. He seems to have regarded the assumption of a defensive position on the Gallician frontier, and the permanent defence of that province, as a sort of *dernier resort*, to be adopted only when the more perilous experiment of advancing on Valladolid or Saldanha should have been tried. The experiment was tried and failed, and then the British army retreated, not to defend Galicia, but to their ships. No minute and accurate knowledge was required of the localities of the country; no positions had been fortified; no depots established; and, indefatigably pursued by a powerful enemy, the contemplated project of defending Galicia—if seriously contemplated it ever was—at once vanished into thin air.

Such is the forcible statement of the author of the "Annals," made from no wish to disparage the military talents of the lamented General, but from a conviction of its truth.

Colonel Napier holds here, too, a very different opinion. He says that Sir John Moore, hoping that the Spaniards would finally make an effort, announced his intention to hold the Gallicias. But his correspondence with Mr Stuart, informing him of many disheartening calamities, deprived him of that hope; and the presence of Napoleon, the great amount of his force, and the vehemence with which he pressed forward, confirmed the unhappy truth that nothing could be expected from the South. Until he reached Astorga his flanks were exposed; and how, indeed, could

he, Colonel Napier asks, maintain himself with 23,000 men against the whole French army? The natural strength of the country between Astorga and Corunna, misled, he says, those persons who have since talked of passes where an hundred men could stop an army and so forth. Moore knew, he admits, that he could fight any number of men in some of the mountainous positions on the road to Corunna; but unless he could make a permanent defence, such battles would have been worse than useless; and a permanent defence was impossible, inasmuch as there were neither carriages of transport, nor money to procure them; a severe winter had just set in, and the provinces being poor, and the peasantry disinclined to aid the troops, few resources could be drawn from the country itself; nor was there a position between Astorga and Corunna which could be maintained for more than a few days against a superior force. That of *Rodrigo* could be turned by the old road leading to *Villa Franca*; *Villa Franca* itself by the valley of the *Syl*; and from thence the whole line to Corunna might be turned by the road to *Orense*, which also led directly to *Vigo*,—and till he reached *Nogales*, Sir John Moore's intention was to retire to *Vigo*. Besides, the French could have marched through the richest parts of *Gallicia* to *St Iago* and Corunna on the left, or from the *Asturias*, on the right, by the way of *Mondonedo*.

If, says Napier, it be asked why they did not do so? The answer is prompt. The Emperor having quitted the army, the jealousies and misunderstandings usual between generals of equal rank impeded the operations. A coolness subsisted between *Ney* and *Soult*; and the former committed a great error by remaining at *Villa Franca*, instead of pushing his corps, or a part of it, (as recommended by *Soult*,) along the valley of *St Orense* to *St Iago de Compostella*. The British army would, in Colonel Napier's opinion, have been lost, if the sixth corps had reached Corunna before it; and what would have been the chances in the battle, if three additional French divisions had been engaged? Colonel Napier, then, finally concludes, that, granting that the troops could have been nourished during the winter—

Villa Franca, *Nogales*, *Constantino*, and *Lugo*, were not permanently defensible by an army whose base of operations was at Corunna. Hence it was that Sir John Moore resolved to regain his ships, with the view to renew the war in the south—and *Hannibal* himself, adds the enthusiastic soldier, could have done no more.

The author of the "*Annals*," again, maintains, and with great shew of reason, that, had the information of the General, with regard to the country traversed by his army, been more accurate and extensive, he would have known that there was no road leading to *Betanzos* and Corunna, by which the enemy could, at any season, have advanced with rapidity sufficient to have endangered his communications. The roads on the right and left of that occupied by the British, most difficult at any season, must, at the period in question, when covered with deep snow, and intersected by swollen torrents from the mountains, have been utterly impracticable. At all events, no measures were taken to ascertain whether these roads were occupied by detachments of the enemy or not. Sir John Moore relied only for safety on the celerity of his marches; no attempt was made to impede the progress of the pursuers, by destroying the bridges which led across the numerous ravines; the soldiers, worn by incessant privation and fatigue to the lowest pitch of exhaustion compatible with life, became utterly demoralized; and all the proud attributes of a British army, save that of innate and indefeasible courage, were unnecessarily sacrificed.

Colonel Napier, again, thinks, that the retreat to Corunna was deficient in nothing, except, perhaps, something in discipline; but that that fault did not attach to the General. Sir John Moore had a young army suddenly placed under his guidance; and it was scarcely united, when the superior numbers of the enemy forced it to a retrograde movement, under very harassing circumstances; he had not time, therefore, to establish a system of discipline; and it is in the leading events, not the minor details, that we must seek for the just criterion of his merits. That, says he, with an earnestness highly honourable to him, is an honourable retreat, in which

the retiring General loses no trophies in the fight; sustains every charge without being broken; and, finally, after a severe action, reembarks his army in the face of a superior enemy, without being seriously molested. It would be honourable to effect this before a foe only formidable in numbers; but it is infinitely more creditable, when the Commander, while struggling with bad weather, and worse fortune, had to oppose veterans with inexperienced troops, and to contend against an antagonist of eminent ability, who scarcely suffers a single advantage to escape him during his long and vigorous pursuit. All this, says Napier, Moore did; and finished his work by a death as glorious as any that antiquity can boast of.

In much of this eloquent defence the author of the "Annals" joins; for he says, whatever may have been the errors of Sir John Moore, it must be admitted that fortune also was against him. The elements were his opponents; and those most deeply conversant in warlike operations will be the first to acknowledge, how easily the wisest calculations may be overthrown by the occurrence of contingencies which human prudence could neither foresee nor arrest. The concluding words of the author of the "Annals" are—"But enough. Such as Moore was, England is proud of him; and the moral perceptions of her people must indeed be blasted when they shall cease to regard his memory with love and honour."

We cannot abstain from giving one pretty long quotation from Colonel Napier's book, that our readers may know exactly and fully what is his final opinion of Sir John Moore's retreat.

"The rear-guard quitted Astorga on the 1st of January. On the 3d, it repulsed the enemy in a sharp skirmish at Calcabelos; the 6th, it rejoined the main body at Lugo, having three times checked the pursuers during the march. It was unbroken, and lost no gun—suffered no misfortune; the whole army offered battle at Lugo for two successive days; it was not accepted, and the retreat recommencing, the troops reached Betanzos on the morning of the 10th, and Corunna on the 11th. Thus, in eleven days, three of which were days of rest, a small army passed over a hundred and fifty miles of good road. Now, Napoleon, with fifty

thousand men, left Madrid on the 22d of December; the 28th he was at Villapando, having performed a march on bad roads of a hundred and sixty-four miles in seven days. The retreat to Corunna was, consequently, not precipitate, unless it can be shewn that it was unnecessary to retreat at all beyond Villa Franca; neither can it be asserted that any opportunity of crippling the enemy was lost. To fight a battle was the game of the French Marshal; and if any censure will apply to his able campaign, it is that he delayed to attack at Lugo. Victorious or beaten, the embarrassments of his adversary must have been increased; Sir John Moore must have continued his retreat encumbered with the wounded, or the latter must have been abandoned without succour in the midst of winter.

"At Corunna, the absence of the fleet necessarily brought on a battle; that it was honourable to the British troops, is clear, from the fact, that they embarked without loss after the action; and that it was absolutely necessary to embark, notwithstanding the success, is as certain a proof how little advantage could have been derived from any battle fought further inland, and how prudently Sir John Moore acted, in declining an action, the moment he had rallied his army at Lugo, and restored that discipline which the previous movements had shaken. But, notwithstanding the clamour with which this campaign has been assailed,—as if no army had ever yet suffered such misfortunes,—it is certain that the nominal loss was small, the real loss smaller; and that it sinks into nothing, when compared with the advantages gained. An army which, after marching in advance or retreat, above five hundred miles before an enemy of immensely superior force, has only lost, including those killed in battle, four thousand men, or a sixth part of its numbers, cannot be said to have suffered severely, nor would the loss have been so great, but for the intervention of the accidental occurrences mentioned in the Narrative.

Night marches are seldom happy; that from Lugo to Betanzos, cost the army, in stragglers, more than double the number of men lost in all the preceding operations. Nevertheless, the reserve in that, as in all the other movements, suffered little; and it is a fact, that the light brigades detached by the Vigo road, which were not pursued, made no forced marches, slept under cover, and were well supplied, left, in proportion to their strength, as many men behind, as any other part of the army. Thus accumulating proof upon proof, that inexperience was the primary and principal cause of the disorders which attended the retreat. These disorders

were sufficiently great; but many circumstances contributed to produce an appearance of suffering and disorganization, which was not real. The intention of Sir John Moore was, to have proceeded to Vigo, in order to restore order, before he sailed for England. Instead of which, the fleet steered home directly from Corunna. A terrible storm scattered it; many ships were wrecked, and the remainder, driving up the Channel, were glad to put into any port. The soldiers, thus thrown on shore, were spread from the Land's End to Dover. Their haggard appearance, ragged clothing, and dirty accoutrements, things common enough in war, struck a people only used to the daintiness of parade with surprise; the usual exaggerations of men just escaped from perils and distresses, were increased by the uncertainty in which all were as to the fate of their comrades; a deadly fever, the result of anxiety, and of the sudden change from fatigue to the confinement of a ship, filled the hospitals at every port with officers and soldiers; and thus the miserable state of Sir John Moore's army became the topic of every letter, and a theme for every country newspaper along the coast. The nation, at that time unused to great operations, forgot that war is not a harmless game, and judging of the loss positively, instead of comparatively, was thus disposed to believe the calumnies of interested men, who were eager to cast a shade over one of the brightest characters that ever adorned the country. Those calumnies triumphed for a moment; but Moore's last appeal to his country for justice will be successful. Posterity, revering and cherishing his name, will visit such of his odious calumniators, as are not too contemptible to be remembered, with a just and severe retribution; for thus it is that time freshens the beauty of virtue, and withers the efforts of baseness; and if authority be sought for in a case where reason speaks so plainly, future historians will not fail to remark, that the man, whose talents exacted the praises of Soult, of Wellington, and of Napoleon, could be no ordinary soldier.

" 'Sir John Moore,' says the first, took every advantage the country afforded to oppose an active and vigorous resistance, and he finished by dying in a combat that must do credit to his memory."

"Napoleon more than once affirmed, that, if he committed a few trifling errors, they were to be attributed to his peculiar situation; for that his talents and firmness alone had saved the English army from destruction.

" 'In Sir John Moore's campaign,'

said the Duke of Wellington, 'I can see but one error. When he advanced to Sahagun, he should have considered it as a movement of retreat, and sent his officers to the rear to mark and prepare the halting places for every brigade; but this opinion I have formed after long experience of war, and especially of the peculiarities of a Spanish war, which must have been seen to be understood. Finally, it is an opinion formed after the event.'

We have now presented our readers with ample means of judging rightly of Sir John Moore's character and conduct in this campaign—from the opinions of by far the two ablest writers on the subject, themselves conversant with military affairs. Colonel Napier, as we have seen, justifies the General at all points, except that he allows there may be some trifling objections in the details of the execution of the movement towards Sahagun. Perhaps it would have been better, he says, to have carried the army on the 21st at once to Carrion, and neglected Sahagun and Saldanha; but in its stratagetical and political character, it was well conceived and well-timed, hardy and successful. But he denies that there is a single blot on Moore's scutcheon. We confess, that we are nearly converts to his opinion; nor can we do otherwise than admire his generous zeal in defence of the fair fame of the illustrious dead. With the views of an able writer in this Magazine, in his review of the Marquis of Londonderry's Narrative of the Peninsular War, we could not, even then, coincide; though we did not scruple to give our *Imprimatur*. That distinguished officer rather hints—insinuates objections to the conduct of the campaign—if, indeed, campaign it can be called—than states them in any tangible and permanent shape. In one page he is manifestly dissatisfied with something or other, and in the next qualifies or retracts any derogatory expressions, so that you cannot tell whether he means to praise or blame, pity or admire. He makes no positive charge against Sir John Moore; and yet he leaves on the minds of those who may choose to be influenced by vague and indefinite phrases, an impression that he was not a great—nay, even not a good commander. Thus the Marquis says, "The truth is, that Sir John Moore,

with *many of the qualities* requisite to constitute a *General*, was deficient in that upon which, more perhaps than any other, success in war must depend. He wanted confidence in himself,—he was afraid of responsibility,—he underrated the qualities of his own troops, and greatly overrated those of his adversary. *Yet, let justice be done,”* &c. Now, if *this be the truth*, Sir John Moore was nothing but a very poor creature; for, consider these defects, and you at once see that among the many qualities requisite to constitute a *General*, which the Marquis allows he possessed, not one is included, requisite to constitute a great or good General; while want of confidence in himself, fear of responsibility, and ignorance of the qualities of his own troops,—after a life spent in the most active and perilous service,—together with a worse ignorance of the real qualities of the French troops, against whom he had often before fought,—go a long way to constitute a blockhead or a poltroon. “*Yet let justice be done,”* &c., comes in absurdly, if not insidiously; and they who dislike the libel, scorn the eulogy. The Marquis elsewhere says,—“It would be affectation to deny, that Sir John Moore, during his disastrous retreat, issued many orders, in the highest degree painful to the feelings of honourable men, who felt that their conduct had not merited them. His warmest admirers have acknowledged this, and his best friends have lamented it; but, in all probability, no one could have lamented it more heartily than himself, had he lived to review, in a moment of calmness, the general conduct of this campaign; because there never lived a man possessed of a better heart, nor, in ordinary cases, of a clearer judgment.” That is poor weak stuff, indeed; and there is too much of it in the volume.

There were many causes,—too obvious to need being pointed out,—of unjust judgments, at the time, on Sir John Moore’s retreat. The nation was disappointed, and the ministry were dissatisfied; and it sometimes requires long years to wear out of the understanding an impression which has been strongly stamped upon it, even after it knows that the impression is erroneous and false. The people of this country do

not like retreats; and they have too little sympathy for unsuccessful Generals. Yet a man can but die for his country after all; and had Moore had twenty lives, he would have been willing to have parted with them all at Corunna. Had he survived that bloody day, Heaven knows how he might have been received in England. He would have seen that his country was not satisfied, or willing to do him justice; and heroic as his heart was, it was also most sensitive, and would probably have been broken. On the other hand, had he again commanded an army under “no malignant star,” and been victorious in some great battle, who then would have troubled themselves with criticising his former retreat, fatal as it was, and most disastrous, any more than people now trouble themselves with criticising—as they once did—Wellington’s retreat from Burgos—remembering his advance from Waterloo?

But we must conclude our article, which has extended far beyond the limits we designed for it—though we cannot fear that it will be thought too long, since it embodies the opinions on a subject that must be interesting to every truly British heart of two writers who stand in the first rank of military annalists—or, say rather—historians. We have borrowed freely and openly from both for of what value would any thing be which *we* might say about the war in Spain? Let them speak who were there to see—to suffer—and to act—and who write of campaigns, like old campaigners—having changed their spears, not into pruning-hooks but into steel-pens—and their swords not into ploughshares, but into penknives, to sharpen the nibs when they become blunt or obtuse. Colonel Napier’s volumes (two are now published—and may the other soon appear!) have already acquired a high reputation—but not higher than is due to their character. Of the “Annals of the Peninsular War,” we have now given such an account of such specimens as will make thousands anxious to see the Work itself—and we do not doubt, that by confining our review to a few chapters we have enabled our readers to form a truer notion of its general merit than if we had vainly tried to sketch the contents of all the three volumes.

NOTICE.

I. CAN there be one single solitary human creature so isolated in life as not to know that the Editor of Blackwood's Magazine is—Christopher North? Why, there would seem to be many such; and as they are getting troublesome, we beg to lay down a few rules for their future conduct. There is no monster behind our throne greater than the throne itself; so, Ladies and Gentlemen, who wish to have any thing to say or do with Us, ye must venture at once to the fountain-head. For a few years past, persons of communicative dispositions and habits have not unfrequently honoured several of our friends by contributions to *Maga*, addressed to them as Editors of that justly-popular periodical. Most of those who behave so are pure fools; but now and then this folly is committed by persons of some understanding; and, perhaps, some twice or thrice a-year, by first-raters, abouring, we presume, under temporary delirium. The Gentlemen thus honoured, by having their identity lost in ours—or rather ours in theirs—being remarkable for urbanity and good-nature, are not always disposed—we are sorry to say—to return such packets to their lawful owners—with a few hearty curses on their stupidity or impertinence. They have hitherto contented themselves with merely flinging them into the fire, or into lampers. Will the Public, then, have the kindness to allow us to announce that, in future, all Articles sent to any of our celebrated Contributors, for *Maga*, will be burnt publicly at the Cross of this City—unread—on the first of April, (an annual incrimination,) by the hands of Dr Nimmo. An additional Balaam-box—constructed on a principle entirely new—has been purchased by us at considerable expense, for the reception of all such articles. 'Tis on the principle of the sliding bottom. This Balaam-box, which runs on wheels—*ponderibus librata suis*—seems at our bidding, though of cast-iron, as if instinct with life, to march into the Devouring Element. The Doctor, at safe distance from the conflagration, stands with the pen-ultimate and ultimate links of a steel-chain in his hands—and, at a given signal, pulls out, with one dexterous jerk, the sliding-bottom from the above Balaam-box, which forthwith drops into the flames all “that it inhabit,” *in articulo moris*. We have had several private exhibitions of this Balaam-box, called by Mullion “The Patent Purger,” before a few select literary friends, at the Lodge; and it has performed to a miracle. But 'tis not possible for the Public, from any description, to form a just idea of this most meritorious machine. She must see it—at work. The Exhibition will open precisely at one o'clock A. M., of April 1, 1830—as the effect is very fine by night—and it is hoped that there will not be much moon, only a few stars, and a proper assemblage of clouds. To prevent any effervescence in the minds of the Contributors to this Particular Conflagration, a strong Constabulary Force will keep the Ring—and it is trusted that the Public will witness the spectacle with her usual decorum. On the subsiding of the flames into a state of safety, the Populace will be suffered to roast potatoes or apples in the embers.

II. We have taken twenty opportunities, within the last twenty months, of telling all dealers in tag-rag-and-bobtail—*i. e.* Poems—that they are not the salt, but the scum of the earth. Unluckily, we once said, “with a few exceptions;” and into that narrow door have they all made a simultaneous rush—helter-skelter—as if they would force the Sanctum. Perhaps they trust to their numbers for impunity; each bardling deluding himself with the hope that his own puny posteriors, in particular, will escape the knout. “Hope tells a flattering tale;” but, “Consideration, like an angel comes, and whips the offending Adam out of them.” Let there be no more stuff of the sort sent to us, then; for we are determined to bear it no longer—and if farther provoked, will make some terrible examples. The culprits may have as silly faces as they choose; but the most lack-lustre eye will fail to inspire our hearts with pity,—nor will lisp, burr, or stutter, be suffered to soften the immitigable ferocity of our justice. Let Felicia Hemans and Caroline Bowles—for the present—suffice as Stars in our poetical hemisphere—with Delta so placed, that either luminary alternately seemeth the

apex of the Triangular Constellation. One or two other shining points look out—occasionally—through the blue abyss. But our heaven needs no more—and even they sometimes willingly pale their fires before the Aurora Borealis.

III. We wonder how any Periodical contrives to protract its existence to the age of manhood. Contributors are a strange race. They volunteer articles, and order books. The books, folios, quartos, or octavos, are sent as per order; and from the hour of their arrival at their respective places of abode, the name and nature of our Correspondents remain wrapt in oblivion. Month follows month,—year, year,—decade, decade,—a quarter becomes half a century,—and at last we see their deaths announced in the newspapers, in remote counties,—perhaps in Cornwall. They have lived on the fame of belonging to the Sacred Band; and a starry Noctes shines over their graves. Not one sentence had they ever written in *Maga*, from baptism to burial; yet are they shrouded in her sheets, and Christopher North is said to have been chief mourner at their obsequies. Thus, about the tenth of each month, are we in a state of utter destitution of all articles. *Maga* seems on her last legs, and to be tottering to the tomb. Yet still a strong spirit of vitality embues her frame; she is tenacious, as ten cats, of life; and on the first of the month, often lean as a lath, but oftener fat as a Senior Fellow, she takes her seat on the top of the mail-coach, and trundles off to London seven thousand strong. Honest *Maga* has been brought, by rueful experience, to know that in all this wide world she has but one staunch friend. But he is worth a thousand; and as long as Old Kit “is to the fore,” she fears not, with ilka new moon, to renew her horns. Sometimes she suspects that her light is indeed waning away into irrecoverable dark; but oil replenishes her lamp, like dew descending from heaven, and the nations know not that trouble had touched the planet.

IV. But let us not be ungrateful to the Faithful Few that rally round the Old Man,—and when faint and weary he reclineth on his crutch, take the labouring oar into their powerful hands, and pulling up our wherry against wind and tide, pop her nose through below London Bridge, like those jolly young watermen, Williams and Noulton, twenty boats’ lengths, at least, ahead of all competitors on the silver Thames. On such occasions, we tidily lay ourselves down all our length on our back,—with our eyes fixed on a point,—and the tiller trembling to the touch of our little finger,—steering straight as a sunbeam. Crossing and jostling all fair,—but we take the lead, and keep it,—and that prevents all fouling. Our sideboard is consequently covered with gold cups.

V. Now, we have no objection to admit a few good scullers into our crew. But let us have no epistolary bother. Let the man who desires to join us, appear at the Stairs. He may take a spell at bow or stroke oar, whichever he chooses; if in a quarter of a mile we turn him round, he must go elsewhere, and serve another seven-years’ apprenticeship; but if he hold his own tolerably in such a trial, we, with our own hands, will fasten the badge upon his breast, that shall make him thenceforth freeman of every river in Albion.

VI. Ladies and Gentlemen—read *Maga* well before you aspire to figure in her spotless pages. Observe how each Department is already filled up—by Us, and by our own Sons and Daughters. We must have no Intruders—no Interlopers—no Imitators,—though, we confess, that her whom all admire many will strive to imitate. But be Yourselves—be Original. Strike out something at once natural and new. An ounce of Genius is worth a ton of Talent. The one is all buoyancy—the other but ballast. In running before the wind—as we often do—we fling all our sand-bags overboard; but, in beating to windward, we stow away our talents—close-packed—as near midships as possible—and close down upon the keel,—and then it does the Wind’s Eye good to look on us, as our cut-water *snores* through the swell, and laughs to scorn the lee-shore and all its breakers.

MONTHLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LONDON.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Memoirs and Correspondence of Thomas Jefferson, late President of the United States. Edited by Thomas Jefferson Randolph. 4 vols. 8vo.

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J. Rowley, Cor. do.
- 1 F. Ens. Wilson, Lt. vice W. M. Mackenzie, dead 10 do.
F. A. Wetherall, Ens. do.
Paym. Sharp, from Royal Afr. Corps, Paym. vice Grant 3 Dec.
- 4 Lt. Gordon, Capt. by purch. vice Nickle, ret. 12 Nov.
Ens. Faunce, Lt. do.
H. Zouch, Ens. do.
- 15 J. H. Gray, Ens. by purch. vice O'Grady, prom. 24 do.
- 17 M. Gen. Sir J. Elley, K.C.B. Col. vice Lord R. E. H. Somerset, 1 Dr. 23 do.
Capt. Bouverie, Maj. by purch. vice Lachlan, ret. 26 do.
— P. Macpherson, from h. p. Capt. do.
Ens. Allez, Lt. by purch. vice Des Vœux, prom. do.
J. R. Holden, Ens. do.
- 20 Lt. Palmer, from h. p. R. York Rang. Lt. vice Stephens, Rif. Br. 3 Dec.
Lt. Mackey, Capt. by purch. vice Wroughton, ret. do.
- 22 Ens. Bayly, Lt. do.
J. Chalmers, Ens. do.
- 24 Assist. Surg. Fitz Patrick, from h. p. 51 F. Ass. Surg. vice O'Toole, h. p. 10 do.
- 25 Lt. Dean, from late 1 Vet. Bn. Paym. vice M'Leod, rev. to former h. p. do.
- 26 Lt. Sweeny, from h. p. N. S. W. Vet. Com. Lt. vice Carthew, cane. 19 Nov.
- 33 Lt. Massy, from 90 F. Lt. vice Hornsby, 91 F. 3 Dec.
- 36 Lt. Burrows, from R. Afr. Col. Corps, Lt. vice Smith, prom. 24 Nov.
- 37 Capt. Kell, Maj. by purch. vice Bruce, ret. 19 do.
Lt. Cunninghame, Capt. do.
Ens. Willis, Lt. do.
W. Smelt, Ens. do.
- 42 Cap. Fraser, Maj. vice Malcolm, dead 3 Dec.
Lt. M'Kay, Capt. do.
Ens. Campbell, Lt. do.
- 46 T. W. Bremner, Ens. by purch. vice Sweeting, ret. do.
- 47 Lt. Warburton, from 69 F. Lt. vice Atherton, prom. 18 do.
- 48 Ens. Tidy, Lt. by purch. vice Finly, ret. 3 do.
J. Massy, Ens. do.
- 50 Lt. Foy, Capt. by purch. vice Kyle, ret. 26 Nov.
- 50 F. Ens. Tudor, Lt. 26 Nov. 1829.
G. Foskett, Ens. do.
Staff Surg. Millar, from h. p. Surg. vice Ricketts, ret. do.
Assist. Surg. Molyneux, from h. p. R. Afr. Corps, Assist. Surg. 19 do.
Lt. Gen. Sir W. Anson, K.C.B. Col. vice Gen. Nichols, dead 7 Dec.
- 69 Lt. O'Meara, from 2 W. I. R. Lt. vice Warburton, 47 F. 18 do.
- 83 Maj. Hon. H. Dundas, Lt. Col. by purch. vice Cother, ret. 5 do.
Capt. Trydell, Maj. do.
Lt. Harrison, Capt. do.
Ens. Bowles, Lt. do.
Hon. R. Clifford, Ens. do.
- 90 Lt. Rogers, from h. p. Cape Reg. Lt. vice Massy, 33 F. do.
- 91 Lt. Hornsby, from 33 F. Lt. vice Foskey, h. p. Cape Reg. do.
- 97 Bt. Maj. Tyler, Maj. by purch. vice Pattison, prom. 18 do.
Lt. Barlow, Capt. do.
Ens. Nagel, Lt. do.
J. Gillow, Ens. do.
- Rifle Brig. Lt. Stephens, from 20 F. Lt. vice Der- ing, h. p. York Rang. 3 do.
- 2 W.I.R. Lt. Buchanan, from h. p. Royal York Rang. Lt. vice O'Meara, 69 F. 18 do.
- Cey. Reg. Lt. Col. A. Macalester, from h. p. Lt. Col. vice Bird, dead 19 Nov.
W. E. Fitz E. Barnes, 2d Lt. vice Roddy, prom.
W. Dickson, 2d Lt. by purch. vice Hon. W. F. Cowper, Horse Gds. 3 Dec.

Medical Department.

Dr C. Farrell, Bt. Insp. of Hosp. from h. p. Dep. Insp. of Hosp. 15 Oct. 1829.

Unattached.

To be Lieut.-Col. of Infantry by purchase.

Maj. Pattison, from 97 F. 18 Dec. 1829.

To be Captain of Infantry by purchase.

Lieut. Des Vœux, from 17 F. 26 Nov. 1829.

To be Lieutenant of Infantry by purchase.

Ens. O'Grady, from 15 F. 24 Nov. 1829.

The under-mentioned Lieutenant, actually serving in a Regiment of the Line, whose Commission is dated in the year 1811, has accepted promotion upon half-pay, according to the General Order of the 27th Dec. 1826.

To be Captain of Infantry.

Lieut. Atherton, from 47 F. 18 Dec. 1829.

Exchanges.

Lt.-Col. Custance, 63 F. rec. diff. with Lt.-Col.

Battersby, h. p.

Maj. Waring, 2 F. Maj. M'Mahon, 39 F.

Capt. Phillips, 7 Dr. rec. diff. Capt. C. C. Vivian,

h. p.

— Pringle, 7 Dr. do. with Capt. Sir J. H. Stuart,

Bt. h. p. 9 Dr.

— Lord J. Fitz Roy, 10 Dr. do. with Capt. Gif-

fard, h. p. 7 Dr. Gds.

— Le Mesurier, 22 F. do. with Capt. Wrough-

ton, h. p.

Lieut. M'Pherson, 61 F. do. with Lieut. David-

son, h. p.

— Gore, 74 F. do. with Lieut. O'Grady, h. p.

— Vandeleur, 10 Dr. with Lieut. Ward, 12 F.

Ens. Reid, 39 F. with Ens. Willock, h. p. 3 F.

Resignations and Retirements.

Lieut.-Colonels.

Cother, 83 F.

Cox, R. Mar.

Majors.

Lachlan, 17 F.
Bruce, 17 F.

Captains.

Hay, 5 Dr. Gds.
T. W. Giffard, 10 Dr.
Nickle, 4 F.
Wroughton, 22 F.
Kyle, 50 F.

Lieutenants.

Finly, 48 F.
Jones, h. p. 5 F.
Baillie, h. p. 15 F.
Bourne, h. p. 21 F.
Gee, h. p. 49 F.
De Ruvynes, h. p. 50 F.
Lewin, h. p. 70 F.
Urquhart, h. p. 71 F.
Entwistle, h. p. 84 F.
Layard, h. p. 89 F.
Oliver, h. p. 93 F.
Atkinson, h. p. 95 F.
Hohue, h. p. 96 F.
Atkinson, h. p. York Chass.
Bouthillier, h. p. Canadian Voltigeurs.
Neill, h. p. Unatt.

Cornets and Ensigns.

Franklen, 2 Life Gds.
Sweeting, 46 F.
De Carteret, h. p. 12 Dr.
Graham, h. p. 1 F.
Reed, h. p. 3 F.
Lewin, h. p. 30 F.
Wilson, h. p. 39 F.
Tipton, h. p. 56 F.
Dely, h. p. 87 F.
Williams, h. p. 92 F.
Grey, h. p. 7 Gar. Bn.
Burslem, h. p. Unatt.
Noel, do.
Hon. G. F. R. Harris, do.

Adjutant.

M'Cullough, h. p. 101 F.

Medical Department.

Staff Surg. Clarence, h. p.

Cancelled.

Lieut. Carthew, 26 F.

*Deaths.**Generals.*

Nicolls, Col. of 66 F. Chichester. Dec. 29.
Lord C. Fitz Roy, Col. of 48 F. London, 20 do.

Lieut.-Generals.

Bingham, late of 3 F. London, 18 Nov. 29.
Sir H. Clinton, G. C. B. and G. C. H. Col. of 3 F. Hampshire, 11 Dec.
O'Donovan, late 6 Dr. Baulahan, Ireland, 6 do.

Major-General.

Codd, Brompton, Dec. 29.

Majors.

Malcolm, 42 F. Cork, 14 Nov. 29.

Cruise, h. p. 6 W. I. R.,
Ricketts, h. p. Unatt.,

29 Jan. 29.
13 Nov. 28.

Captains.

Hall, R. Mar. 12 Oct. 29.
Bright, (Barrack Master,) h. p. R. Mar. 1 Sept.
Curson, h. p. 21 Dr. 20 Nov.
Ravenhill, h. p. 91 F. 8 do.

Lieutenants.

Mackenzie, 1 F. Demerara, 18 Sept. 29.
Alexander, 16 F. Fort William, Bengal, 9 May.
Mackrell, 44 F. Cawnpore, Bengal, 5 June.
Phillips, late R. Art. Wareham, 25 Sept. 24.
Blair, h. p. Art. Drivers, Glasgow, 25 Nov. 29.
Carrington, R. Mar.
Painter, h. p. R. Mar.
Averell, do.
Hawkins, do.
Millett, do.
Hodson, h. p. 14 Dr. 10 July 29.
Waters, h. p. 25 Dr. 13 do.
Quarrier, h. p. 1 F. 4 Dec.
M'Minn, h. p. 15 F. 11 June.
Bradford, h. p. 40 F. 1 Dec.
Thomas Wilson, h. p. 56 F. 12 Aug.
M'Connell, h. p. 6 W. I. R. Antigua,
Fallon, h. p. R. Corsican Ran. Rosecommon, Nov. 29.

2d Lieutenants and Ensigns.

Kinsman, R. Mar. Art. 27 Jan. 29.
Rogers, late R. Mar. 28 June.
J. Mackay, h. p. R. Mar.
Hulkeley, do.
Thomas, do.
Denman, do.
Williamson, do. 3 June, 29.
Gundry, do. 5 Aug.
Greenham, late 10 Vet. Bn. Bristol, 14 Dec.
Sommers, h. p. 38 F. 30 April, 27.
M'Lauchlan, h. p. 56 F. 16 May.

Paymaster.

Grant, 38 F. Ghazeeapore, Bengal, 25 May, 29.

Veterinary Surgeon.

Ganly, 11 Dr. Bengal, 9 June, 29.

Quarter-Masters.

Scott, h. p. 11 Dr. 21 Oct. 29.
Macdonald, h. p. 7 Dr. Gds. 21 Nov.

Commissariat Department.

Commiss. Gen. Davidson, h. p. 10 Dec. 29.
Young, h. p. Scotland, 31 Oct.
Dep. Com. Gen. Singer, h. p. Ireland, 10 Dec. 27.
As. Com. Gen. Hannaghan, h. p. Ireland, Dec. 28.
Dep. As. Com. Gen. Louis, h. p. Corfu, 13 Dec.

Medical Department.

Surg. Carter, h. p. 50 F. 25 March, 29.
As. Surg. Brydon, 1 F. Fort George, N. B. 3 Dec.
Dep. Purv. Morris, h. p. 14 Mar.
Hosp. As. Grubb, h. p. 29 Sept.

Barrack Department.

Barrack Mast. Kinsey, Windsor, 15 Dec. 29.
N. B. The death of Deputy Purveyor James Mould was erroneously inserted in last Month's List.

January, 1830.

7 Dr. Gds. Cor. Atkinson, Lt. by purch. vice Os-
borne, prom. 17 Dec. 1829.
H. C. Singleton, Cor. do.
1 Dr. E. Littledale, Cor. by purch. vice
Mainwaring, cane. 24 do.
7 G. Edlin, Vet. Surg. vice Dorville; h. p. 17 do.
16 Cor. Agar, Lt. vice Seward, dead 5 Jan. 1830.
T. W. M'Mahon, Cor. 24 Dec. 1829.
Gren. Gds. Qua. Mast. Serj. R. France, Qua.
Mast. vice Ferris, ret. do.
1 F. Hosp. Assist. Steele, Assist. Surg. vice
Brydon, dead 17 do.

2 F. Lt.-Col. Baumgardt, from 31 F. Lt.-
Col. vice Williams, dead 23 Dec. 1829.
J. Hall, Ens. by purch. vice Craigie,
ret. 28 April.
3 Gen. Sir G. Don, G.C.B. and G.C.H.,
from 36 F. Col. vice Lt.-Gen. Sir
Henry Clinton, dead 21 Dec.
Lt. Lukis, from 59 F. Paym. vice
Boyd, dead 24 do.
6 Ens. Latham, Lt. vice Thompson, 26
F. 20 April.
T. G. Egerton, Ens. 24 Dec.
17 C. G. Campbell, Ens. by purch. vice
Gosset, 64 F. do.

26 F. Lt. Poynton, Capt. vice Marshall, dead Mar. 13, 1829.
 Lt. Gregg, from 30 F. Lt. 24 Jan.
 Ens. Secombe, Lt. 31 do.
 Ens. Welby, vice Boyes, dead 25 June.
 A. Forbes, Ens. do.
 Serj. Maj. A. Macdonald, Adj. and Ens. vice Poinson, prom. 13 Mar.
 30 Lt. Poyntz, Capt. vice Mann, dead 23 Dec.
 31 Bt. Lt.-Col. Mitchell, from Rifle Brig. Lt.-Col. vice Baumgardt, 2 F. 24 do.
 Ens. Stock, Lt. vice Strode, 16 F. 1 Feb.
 F. Spence, Ens. 24 Dec.
 33 Ens. Whitfield, from 86 F. Lt. vice Fiske, cash. do.
 36 Lt.-Gen. Sir R. H. Sheaffe, Bt.-Col. vice Sir G. Don, 3 F. 21 do.
 40 Lt. Serjeantston, Capt. by purch. vice Morrow, ret. 17 do.
 Ens. Valiant, Lt. do.
 H. F. Wakefield, Ens. do.
 41 Capt. Dempster, from h. p. Capt. vice Guinness, 94 F. do.
 44 Lt. Browne, Capt. by purch. vice Clarke, ret. 27 April.
 Ens. Stuart, Lt. do.
 J. Dunne, Ens. do.
 45 Capt. Boys, Maj. by purch. vice Hilton, dead 24 Dec.
 48 Lt.-Gen. Sir T. Hislop, Bt. G.C.B., from 51 F. Col. vice Gen. Lord C. Fitz Roy, dead 25 do.
 49 Ens. Daniell, Lt. 1 Feb.
 — Macnamara, Lt. vice Stean, prom. 1 April.
 J. M. Montgomery, Ens. 24 Dec.
 Serj.-Maj. A. M'Ewen, Adj. and Ens. vice Simpson, dead do.
 51 M. Gen. Sir B. D'Urban, K.C.B. and K.C.H. Col. vice Sir T. Hislop, 48 F. 25 do.
 54 Lt.-Col. Fane, from 98 F. Lt.-Col. vice Kelly, ret. 24 do.
 Maj. Murray, Lt.-Col. by purch. vice Nott, ret. 25 do.
 Capt. Clarke, Maj. do.
 Lt. A. Lord Harley, Capt. do.
 Ens. Chinnery, Lt. vice Henderson, 49 F. 20 April.
 — Wheeler, Lt. by purch. vice Lord Harley, 25 Dec.
 D. Macdonald, Ens. vice Chinnery 20 April.
 H. D. Williams, Ens. by purch. vice Wheeler 25 Dec.
 5 Capt. Grant, from h. p. 6 W. I. R. Paym. vice Wright, dead 24 do.
 63 Maj. Logan, from Rifle Brig. Lt.-Col. by purch. vice Battersby, ret. 17 do.
 64 Capt. Freeth, Maj. by purch. vice Johnson, prom. 24 do.
 Lt. Draper, Capt. do.
 Ens. Duberley, Lt. do.
 — Gosset, from 17 F. Ens. do.
 77 J. E. Lewis, Ens. by purch. vice Whalley, prom. 12 Jan. 1850.
 86 J. Scott, Ens. vice Whitfield, 33 F. 24 Dec. 1829.
 90 E. Eyton, Ens. by purch. vice White, ret. 17 do.
 94 Capt. Guinness, from 41 F. Capt. vice Sadlier, ret. do.
 Lt.-Col. Fitz Gerald, from h. p. Lt.-Col. vice Fane, 54 F. 24 do.
 Assist.-Surg. Turnbull, from h. p. Cape Regt. Assist.-Surg. vice Lawder, 59 F. 25 do.
 Rifle Brig. Capt. Stewart, Maj. by purch. vice Logan, 63 F. 17 do.
 — Johnston, Maj. vice Mitchell, 31 F. 24 do.
 Lt. Saumarez, Capt. by purch. vice Stewart 17 do.
 — Ridgway, Capt. vice Johnston 24 do.
 2d Lt. Dolphin, 1st Lt. by purch. vice Saumarez 17 do.
 — J. W. Smith, 1st Lt. vice Ridgway 24 do.

Rifle Brig. G. H. Cavendish, 2d Lt. by purch. vice Dolphin 17 Dec. 1829.
 Gent. Cad. R. Petley, from R. Mil. Coll. 2d Lt. vice T. W. Smith 24 do.

Ordinance Department.

R. Art. Gent. Cadet W. H. Askwith, 2d Lt. vice Gosset, prom. 18 Dec. 1829.
 — F. Dunlop, do. vice Beauchamp, prom. do.
 — F. Dick, do. vice Strickland, res. do.
 — A. Tylee, do. vice Skinner, prom. do.
 — E. J. Jones, do. vice Alcock, prom. do.
 — C. J. Dalton, do. vice Luard, prom. do.
 — W. H. Forbes, do. vice Teesdale, prom. do.
 — D. E. Wood, do. vice Gore, prom. do.

Unattached.

Maj. Johnson, from 64 F. Lt.-Col. by purch. 24 Dec. 1829.
 Lt. Osborne, from 7 Dr. Gds. Capt. by purch. 17 do.
 Ens. Whalley, from 77 F. Lt. by purch. 12 Jan. 1850.

The undermentioned Lieutenant actually serving upon Full Pay in a Regiment of the Line, whose Commission is dated in the year 1809, has accepted promotion upon Half Pay, according to the General Order of the 27th Dec. 1826.

Lt. Grant, from 24 F. Capt. by purch. 12 Jan. 1830.

Exchanges.

Lt.-Col. Armstrong, 1 F. with Lt.-Col. Campbell, 26 F.
 Capt. Craw, 2 Dr. rec. diff. with Capt. Hobart, h. p.
 — Creighton, 81 F. do. with Capt. Hill, h. p.
 — Brooke, 81 F. do. with Capt. Ogilvy, h. p.
 Lieut. Waddell, 38 F. with Lieut. Bristow, 47 F.
 — Brett, 62 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Kirkaldy, h. p. 30 F.
 Ens. Hutchins, 2 F. with Ens. Craigie, 14 F.
 — Strong, 26 F. with Ens. Perrot, 30 F.
 Vet. Surg. Jones, 1 Dr. Gds. with Vet. Surg. Melhows, h. p. 18 Dr.

Resignation.

Quar. Mast. Ferris, Gren. Gds.

Retirements.

Lieut.-Colonels.

Kelly, 54 F.
 Nott, do.
 Battersby, 63 F.

Captains.

Morrow, 49 F.
 Clarke, 44 F.
 Sadlier, 94 F.

Lieutenant.

Murdoch, h. p. 35 F.

Ensigns.

Craigie, 2 F.
 White, 90 F.

Cancelled.

Cornet Mainwaring, 1 Dr.

Deaths.

Colonel.

T. Nuthall, E. I. C. S. London, 14 Aug. 1829.

Lieut.-Colonels.

J. Nuthall, E. I. Comp. Serv. Reigate, 26 March.
 Knox, do.
 Fitz Gerald, do. Bath, 3 May.
 Sir J. Mouat, Bt. do. on board the Prince Regent, on passage to England, 9 do.
 B. Stewart, E. I. Comp. Serv.

Nation, do. Cawnpore, 2 Aug. 1828.
Taylor, 48 F. Belariy, Madras, 10 Aug. 1829.
Reh, h. p. 4 Line German Leg. 24 July.

Majors.

Spottiswoode, E. I. Comp. Serv.
Taylor, Royal Art. Woolwich, 2 Jan. 1830.
Marlay, h. p. 83 F.
T. Otway Cave, h. p. Unatt. London, 19 do.

Captains.

Fead, late 1 R. Vet. Bn.
Lucas, late 2 R. Vet. Bn. Torquay, Devon, 16 do.
Kenyon, h. p. 25 F. (formerly 2 Life Gds.) Brandon, Suffolk, 20 do.
Stewart, h. p. 61 F. 13 Nov. 1829.
Wall, h. p. 4 F.

Lieutenants.

Myline, 22 F. Jamaica, 9 Nov.
Ball, 83 F. Malta, 22 do.
Milligan, h. p. Unatt. (late Rifle Brig.) Jan. 1828.
Meheux, R. Mar. 27 Sept.
H. B. Gascoigne, h. p. R. Mar.

2d Lieutenants and Ensigns.

Kinloch, h. p. 52 F.
Dusautoy, R. Mar. 23 July 1829.

Cornish, h. p. R. Mar. 30 Sept. 1829.
French, h. p. R. Mar. 10 Oct.
Roch, do. 19 June.
Prytherch, do. 9 Sept.
M'illireach, late 8 R. Vet. Bn. Portchester, 4 Jan. 1830.

Huntly, h. p. Cape Regt. Cape of Good Hope, 9 May 1829.

Adjutant.

Eastaff, h. p. 21 Dr. Reading, 31 Jan. 1827.

Quarter-Masters.

Graham, late 6 R. Vet. Bn. Ayr, North Britain, 18 Jan. 1830.
Bruce, h. p. Roxburgh Fenc. 2 do.

Veterinary Surgeon.

Bloxham, late 1 Life Gds. Eton, Windsor, 25 Dec. 1829.

Surgeon.

M'Adams, h. p. Calais, 15 Dec.

N.B.—The death of William Hannagan, Esq. on the Half Pay of the Irish Commissariat, was erroneously inserted in the Army List for last month.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF ENGLISH BANKRUPTCIES, announced from the 22d o Dec. 1829, to the 23d of Jan. 1830, extracted from the London Gazette.

Addis, T. Hereford, builder.
Alsop, J. Manchester, grocer.
Audley, W. Grafton-street, victualler.
Armitage, W. Netherend-in-Denby, fancy manufacturer.
Bowles, J. Balsham, grocer.
Bloxham, J. M. Halesowen, apothecary.
Bowes, J. Leeds, flax-spinner.
Baynton, T. Spa, Gloucester, coach-proprietor.
Burt, J. Whitechurch, linen-draper.
Bowler, J. Kidderminster, carpet-manufacturer.
Buckingham, S. I. Islington, victualler.
Branker, T. Leeds, merchant.
Birks, J. Wickersley, maltster.
Birks, J. Doncaster, cattle-salesman.
Budd, J. Minchinhampton, maltster and baker.
Brashier, E. J. Chancery-lane, shoemaker.
Brett, J. and J. sen. and jun. Luton, dealers.
Buxton, O. and T. Preston, corn-dealers.
Carne, G. H. Limehouse, victualler.
Crawley, S. Hemel-Hampstead, linen-draper.
Crole, D. Sweeting's-alley, broker.
Crump, T. and J. Tewkesbury, woollen-drapers.
Clark, T. B. and W. Woodbridge, drapers.
Cooke, S. Coventry, riband-manufacturer.
Clarke, E. and A. deacon, Goswell-street, drapers.
Coppock, J. and C. Cross, Gutterlane, silk-ware-housemen.
Crook, H. Preston, coach-proprietor.
Dewhirst, T. Sheffield, grocer.
Davenport, E. Bristol, grocer.
Dawson, W. Tetford, carpenter.
Davis, S. S. and J. S. and J. Robinson, Liverpool, merchants.
Downing, H. Smethwick, iron-master.
Ellam, T. Liverpool, bricklayer.
Elgie, G. T. Silver-street, wine-merchant.
Fisher, W. Keswick, jeweller.
Fraser, J. Bath, perfumer.
Farrant, T. Egham, upholsterer.
Franklin, R. Southampton-row, tailor.
Fox, S. of Hackney, Edmonton, Stoke Newington, and Blackfriars-road, surgeon and apothecary.
Guy, A. Chippenham, money-scrivener.
Goodchild, J. Reading, grocer.
Gore, E. Worcester, brewer.
Geddes, R. Fenchurch-street, wine-merchant.
Gray, J. Lambeth, coal-merchant.
Gaskell, N. Wigan, iron-master.
Howard, R. High Holborn, baker.
Hattersley, D. Bilton-with-Harrogate, innkeeper.
Hammond, G. Piccadilly, draper.
Hastie, T. Whitehaven, merchant.
Huddleston, S. Ardwick, saddler.

Hendrey, J. Great Newport-street, plumber.
Howells, R. Llandoverly, shopkeeper.
Hall, T. G. Kingston-upon-Hull, merchant.
Hawkins, C. E. Crown-street, Soho, victualler.
Haxby, J. Brotherton, lime-dealer.
Horridge, J. Liverpool, confectioner.
Harris, J. Stepney, currier.
Judson, C. jun. Ripon, upholsterer.
Jacobs, J. Walton-upon-Thames, auctioneer.
Jacobs, S. and J. Houndsditch, furriers.
Kemball, J. Haverhill, grocer.
Leach, J. H. Canterbury, draper.
Lloyd, J. Liverpool, linen-draper.
Lang, N. Teignmouth, grocer.
Lodge, D. Almondsbury, fancy-manufacturer.
Lamb, J. jun. Nottingham, tobacconist.
Luckett, W. Bloxham, dealer in cattle.
Mears, W. Chapel-street, Mayfair, baker.
Mortlock, W. Rochester, linen-draper.
Meekley, W. East Retford, lace-manufacturer.
Murgtroyd, W. Sculcoates, grocer.
Moody, R. Romsey, plumber.
May, R. Davenport, tobacconist.
Morgan, J. Exeter and Woodbury, grocer and farmer.
Mitchell, G. jun. Brighton, broker.
Mayor, J. Freckleton, and H. Crook, Preston corn-merchant.
Mayor, J. Freckleton, and H. Bursough, and H. Crook, Preston, corn-merchants.
Marshall, J. Norwich, silk-merchant.
Morris, R. Regent-street, auctioneer.
Mosman, A. Liverpool, merchant.
Nevett, J. George-yard, agent.
Noye, E. H. Canon-street, money-scrivener.
Nimmo, W. Calthorpe-place, baker.
Newcombe, E. Brentwood, corn-chandler.
Neale, W. and R. Hale, Southwark, druggists.
Oke, E. Falmouth, tailor.
Price, C. Strand, umbrella-manufacturer.
Packman, W. Ludgate-hill, tavern-keeper.
Page, D. Epsom, horse-dealer.
Preis, P. M. Regent's-park, wine-merchant.
Preis, P. M. and W. Donne, of Donna, Park terrace, wine-merchants.
Peters, J. Hoxton, ale-brewer.
Pays, W. Leeds, coach-maker.
Petrie, T. S. Liverpool, wine-merchant.
Packwood, T. Welshpool, innkeeper.
Pearce, R. A. Southwark and Pimlico, livery stable-keeper.
Pain, J. Bentinck-street, dealer in beer.
Pearson, W. York-castle, tanner.
Potter, J. Maidstone, grocer.
Rix, E. Brighton, linen-draper.

Rastall, J. Kilburn, builder.
 Richmond, T. Stone's-end, Southwark, corn-dealer.
 Rowe, J. St George's in the East, shipowner.
 Rayner, R. Crawford-street, iron-monger.
 Ripamonti, A. G. Fox, Ordinary-court, merchant.
 Shepherd, J. L. Castle-street, linen-draper.
 Sprigg, O. Birmingham, fire-iron-maker.
 Scrivener, N. Ratcliffe, Highway, builder.
 Smith, J. Nottingham, lace-manufacturer.
 Smith, G. Nottingham, currier.
 Smith, T. Bromley, sheep salesman.
 Sirley, J. East Peckham, baker.
 Scott, W. Bristol, merchant.
 Sainter, W. Kingston-upon-Hull, worsted manufacturer.
 Sainter, J. Snaith, worsted manufacturer.
 Smith, D. Walham Green, stage-coach proprietor.
 Stephenson, J. R. Manchester, ironmonger.
 Smith, J. & J. Hutchinson, Liverpool, shipowners.
 Thompson, N. Dartmouth, master-mariner.
 Taylor, J. Kirby-Misperton, timber-merchant.
 Thackeray, J. Manchester, cotton-spinner.

Tidman, E. Birmingham, victualler.
 Thatcher, W. Westminster, victualler.
 Tatton, J. H. Thames-bank, coal-merchant.
 Vandercom, T. Hampstead-road, plasterer.
 Williams, W. Bristol, iron-founder.
 Williamson, J. & T. Rishworth, Keighley, worsted-spinners.
 Walker, J. Clehonger, miller.
 Walters, T. jun. Cheadle, innkeeper.
 Watson, W. & T. Yeoman, jun. Cliffe-cum-Lund, miller.
 Wildblood, S. Rayton, maltster.
 White, J. Bolton-upon-Dearne, innkeeper.
 Wright, J. & J. Davies, Liverpool, grocers.
 Wood, J. Haddenham, baker.
 Wiek, P. Holloway-road, cheese-monger.
 Whitby, T. Liverpool, miller.
 Wagner, G. & W. Chapman, Greek-street, drapers.
 Wake, M. Wapping, anchor-smith.
 Weston, G. Lane End, Stafford, earthen-ware manufacturer.
 Yeoman, T. Sutton-upon-Derwent, corn-factor.
 Yates, C. Stafford, banker.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF SCOTCH BANKRUPTCIES, announced from the 1st of December, 1829, to the 31st of January, 1830.

Arrol, William, cotton-spinner at Houston, and merchant in Glasgow.
 Beath, James, merchant, Leslie.
 Bennet, Alexander, haberdasher, silk-mercer, and clothier, Dundee.
 Borrowman, John, writer and steam-boat proprietor, Glasgow.
 Bruce, Alexander, appraiser, auctioneer, and dealer in furniture, Edinburgh.
 Caldwell, John, grocer and spirit-dealer, Edinburgh.
 Cameron, Robert, iron-monger, Glasgow.
 Creighton, James, cabinet-maker, Dumfries, Hutchesontown of Glasgow.
 Dickson, Robert, fish-curer in Auchmutty, near Arbroath.
 Dowell, James, cabinet-maker and upholsterer, in Edinburgh.
 Dow, Alexander, spirit-dealer, South St David-street, Edinburgh.
 Dunlop, James, cattle-dealer and grazier, Provanhill.
 Eastons, R. & R. manufacturers and merchants, Glasgow; and R. Easton, sole surviving partner of that concern.
 Finlayson, Wm. merchant in, and agent at, Arbroath, for the Montrose Bank.
 Forrester, Alexander, & Co. wood-merchants, Glasgow, and Forrester, Alexander, the only individual partner.
 Fraser, John, *tertius*, draper, Inverness.
 Fraser, Hugh, draper, Inverness.
 Fyfe, Charles, & Co. merchants, Aberdeen, and Fyfe, Charles, merchant there, only partner.
 Gianetti, Joseph, perfumer and toy merchant, George-street, Edinburgh.
 Gibbs, Wm. vintner and spirit-dealer, Glasgow.
 Gordon, Andrew, residing at Newington, late merchant and manufacturer, Bristo-street, Edinburgh.
 Gourley, James, blacksmith, Dundee.
 Harvey, James, merchant, and dealer in sharp and moulding sand, and writer in Glasgow.

James, Alexander Leith, woollen-draper and haberdasher, Aberdeen.
 Johnston & son, painters, Glasgow.
 Liddell, Archibald, painter, oil and colour-merchant, Glasgow.
 Mitchell, James, grain-dealer and merchant, Water of Leith, near Edinburgh.
 Nicol, Samuel, cattle-dealer at Herdhill, near Kiriemuir.
 Petrie, John, sen. merchant, Arbroath.
 Robb, Donald, merchant and fish-curer, Wick.
 Robertson, Walter, stone and earthenware merchant, north-west Circus Place, Glasgow.
 Rose, Alexander, spirit-dealer and grocer, Arbroath.
 Ross, John, vintner and trader, Brechin.
 Russell, Thomas, grazier and cattle-dealer at Maidenlee, and Russell, Christopher, apothecary and druggist, in Hamilton, carrying on business as cattle-dealers and graziers.
 Secular, Thomas, grain and spirit-dealer in Paisley.
 Stuart, James, stage-coach proprietor, and gig and horse hirer, Dundee.
 Sutherland, George, & Co. ironmongers, Aberdeen, and Sutherland, George, ironmonger, there, as an individual, the only known partner.
 The Charlestown and Limekilns Ropery Company, carrying on business as sail and rope makers at Limekilns, under that firm, and also under the firms of Francis Anderson & Co., and of Newton and Anderson, and William Hood Newton, merchant and commission-agent, Edinburgh, and Francis Anderson, merchant and rope and sail maker, Limekilns, the individual partners, as individuals.
 The Saint Rollocks Foundry Company, iron-founders in Glasgow, and of Robert Pollock and Thomas Girdwood Hardie, partners of said company.
 Walker, David Ferney, brewer, Livingstoneyards, Edinburgh.
 Watt, John, sen. builder and coffee-dealer in Paisley.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

July 8, 1829. At Calcutta, the lady of Adam Freer Smith, Esq. of a daughter.
 Aug. 9. At Madras, the lady of Lieut. William Bremner, 47th regiment, and fort-adjutant of Belary, of a son.
 Sept. 22. At the Cape of Good Hope, Lady Arbuthnot, of a daughter.
 4. At Bogota, the lady of Robert Haldane, Esq. of a son.
 Oct. 30. At St Petersburg, the lady of Dr Walker, of a daughter.
 Nov. 27. At Kinsblethmont, the Lady Jane Lindsay Carnegie, of a daughter.
 29. At Cowdenknows House, Mrs Captain Cuthbert, of a son.

29. At Innerwick Manse, Mrs Forman, of a daughter.
 — At West Houses, Mrs Williamson, of a son.
 Dec. 1. At Braehead, Lochwinnoch, Mrs Captain R. R. Hunter, of a daughter.
 — At No. 3, Lothian Road, Mrs James Denham, of a son.
 2. At No. 30, South Hanover Street, the lady of Captain John Paterson, East India Company's service, of a son.
 — At No. 14, India Street, Mrs Clerk Maxwell, of a daughter.
 — At Edinburgh, Mrs John Hamilton, of a son.
 3. At Parkhill, the lady of William Gordon Cumming Skene, Esq. of Pitlurg and Dyce, of a daughter.

5. At Brussels, the Hon. Mrs George Fairholme, of a son.

6. At No. 29, Windsor Street, Mrs Duncan, of a son.

7. At Carluke Manse, Mrs Wylie, of a son.

16. At Allanfield, North Leith, Mrs Scott, of a daughter.

12. At Atholl Crescent, the Hon. Mrs Ogilvy of Clova, of a daughter.

13. At No. 1, Moray Place, the lady of James Anstruther, W.S. of a daughter.

— At Catherine Bank, North Leith, Mrs Buchanan, of a son.

14. At Musselburgh, Mrs James Kemp, of a daughter.

15. At Penicuik, Mrs Charles Cowan, of a son.

— At No. 9, Castle Street, Mrs Dr Pitcairn, of a daughter.

17. At Mistle Hall, the lady of the Right Hon. the Speaker of the House of Commons, of a daughter.

19. At No. 3, Fettes Row, Mrs Marshall, of a son.

— At Lathallan, the lady of James Lumsdaine, Esq. of a son.

20. At No. 11, St John Street, Mrs Yule, of a daughter.

21. At Viewforth, Mrs George Crichton, of a daughter.

22. At 60, Great King Street, Mrs Bridges, of a son.

24. At Edinburgh, the lady of Lieut. L. Browne, Bombay army, of a daughter.

25. Mrs Horsburgh, of Lochmalony, of a daughter.

— At the Manse of Abbotshall, Mrs Murray, of a son.

— At the Manse of Coldingham, Mrs James Home Robertson, of a son.

26. At Kilmarnock New Manse, Mrs Smith, of a son.

31. At Springhill, Aberdeenshire, the lady of George Forbes, Esq. of a daughter.

Jan. 1. 1850. At Edinburgh, Mrs Wemyss of Wemyss Hall, of a son.

— At No. 15, South Charlotte Street, the lady of James Hope, jun. Esq. of a daughter.

— At No. 58, Great King Street, Mrs Spence, of a daughter.

4. At Arncliffe Place, Newington, Mrs Peter Forbes, of a son.

5. At No. 6, Howe Street, Mrs Thomas C. Smith, of a son.

6. At St Andrews, the lady of David Hill, Esq. chief secretary at Madras, of a son.

— At No. 5, Salisbury Road, Newington, Mrs Pender, of a daughter.

7. At Eddleston Manse, Mrs Robertson, of a daughter.

8. At No. 67, Queen Street, the lady of Francis Balfour, Esq. of Fernie Castle, of a son.

10. At Hope Street, Leith, Mrs William Wyld, of a son.

— At Spylaw, Mrs Dudgeon, of a daughter.

11. At Monk Castle, Ayrshire, the lady of John Deans, Esq. of a son.

12. At the College of Glasgow, Mrs Sandford, of a daughter.

13. At Ayr, Mrs Fullarton of Skeldon, of a son.

— At No. 9, Coates Crescent, Mrs Henry Paget Gill, of a son.

— At Buccleuch Place, Mrs Andrew Muir, of a son.

— At Penninghame House, Mrs Houston Stewart, of a son.

16. At Kilkenny, the lady of Captain George McDonald, 92d Highlanders, of a daughter, who only survived half an hour.

— At No. 7, St Vincent Street, Mrs John Moinet, of a son.

18. At the Priory, St Andrews, the lady of John Small, Esq. of a daughter.

— At Ratho, Mrs James Craig, of a daughter.

— At Regent Terrace, the lady of Dr J. Easton of a son.

— At Carlow, the lady of Thomas Capel Loft, Esq. 92 regiment, of a son.

23. At Kirkbank Cottage, the lady of Sir Charles Abraham Leslie, Bart. of a daughter.

24. At St Davids, Fife, Mrs Meiklejohn, of a son.

24. At Merchiston House, the lady Elizabeth Thackeray, of a son.

25. At St John Street, Mrs Dr William Reid, of a daughter.

— At James Place, Leith Links, Mrs George Goodlet, of a daughter.

26. At 41, Northumberland Street, Mrs David Cannan, of a daughter.

— At Carberry, the lady of Colonel Turner, 1st regiment of Bombay light cavalry, of a daughter.

— The lady of P. G. Skene, Esq. of Hallyards of a daughter.

29. At No. 29, Northumberland Street, Mrs John Hannay, of a son.

Feb. 1. At No. 25, Anne Street, Mrs Hunter, of a daughter.

Latelly, At Castle Craig, the lady of Sir David Kinloch, Bart. of Gilmerton, of a son.

— At Government House, Sydney, the lady of Lieut-General Darling, Governor of New South Wales, of a daughter.

— At Caen, the lady of Lieut.-Colonel Melville Browne, (late of the 8th, or King's regiment,) of a son.

— At East House, Hampstead, the lady of Captain Macdonald, of the 16th regiment, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

Feb. 4, 1829. At Hobart Town, Van Diemen's Land, James Clark, Esq. of Dunrobbin, John's River, Van Diemen's Land, to Jane Mackay, daughter of the late Kenneth Mackenzie, Esq. Ledberg, Sutherlandshire.

June 22. At Cawnpore, Lieut. Robert S. Trevor, interpreter and quarter-master 3d regiment Bengal cavalry, to Mary, youngest daughter of William Spottiswoode, Esq. Lethendy, Perthshire.

Nov. 10. At La Canardiere, near Quebec, the Hon. Francis Ward Primrose, only brother to the Earl of Rosebery, to Percy, third daughter of the late Lieut.-Col. Ralph Gore, ordnance store-keeper.

30. At Perth, Mark Richardson, M.D. to Miss Isabella Young, second daughter of the late John Young, Esq. of Ardbenny.

— At Edinburgh, Mr Charles Raisbeck Hanzell, of King Square, London, to Matilda, only daughter of Mr William Pollard of Ardwick, Manchester.

— At Glasgow, Mr John Allan, writer, to Ellen, eldest daughter of Francis Adam, Esq.

— At Glasgow, Mr Alexander Galloway, jun. to Agnes, third daughter of Francis Adam, Esq. merchant, Glasgow.

Dec. 1. At Edinburgh, the Rev. James Turnbull, to Margaret, daughter of James Weddell, Hanover Street.

7. At Springbog, near Glasgow, Mr Robert Chambers, bookseller, Edinburgh, to Anne, only child of the late John Kirkwood, Esq. of the Customhouse, Glasgow.

— At Dublin, the Hon. Robert King, M.P. eldest son of the Viscount Lorton, to Booth Gore, only sister of Sir Robert Booth Gore, Bart. of Lissadell, county of Sligo.

— At Dumfries, Alexander Melville, Esq. M.D. there, to Miss Maxwell, eldest daughter of Wellwood Maxwell, Esq. of Barneleuch.

8. At Ellon Cottage, the Rev. William Liston of Redgorton, to Mary, third daughter of the late Alexander Forbes, Esq. of Salt Pond Hut, Jamaica.

— At Edinburgh, John Oliver, Esq. youngest son of William Oliver, Esq. of Dinlabyre, to Margaret, daughter of the late Charles Kerr, Esq. of Abbotrule.

— At Edinburgh, John Augustus Lloyd, Esq. of Little Cloisters, Westminster, to Fanny Drummond, eldest daughter of Malcolm MacGregor, Esq. his Majesty's consul at Panama.

9. At Glasgow, the Rev. John Macalister of Glenlyon, Perthshire, to Margaret, eldest daughter of the late Mr John Cuthbertson, Gorbals.

14. At Old Liston, Mr Thomas Allan, merchant, Leith, to Janet, daughter of the late Thomas Allan, Esq. of Allanfield.

— At Campbelltown, Mr James Reid, merchant in Glasgow, to Miss Watson, daughter of William Watson, Esq. merchant in Campbelltown.

15. At Hampton, John Kingston, Esq. of Clairmont, Demerara, to Louisa Henrietta, second

daughter of the late Sir Charles Edmonstone of Duntreath, Bart. Stirlingshire.

16. At Edinburgh, Mr William Turnbull, Hascadden, to Margaret, second daughter of Mr Robert Scott, Todshawhaugh, Roxburghshire.

17. At Edinburgh, Mr Andrew Neilson, Bank of Scotland, to Miss Christina Bonar, daughter of the late Thomas Bonar, Esq.

— At Hope Park, Mr W. D. Scott, No. 13, Andale Street, to Agnes, second daughter of Mr Archibald Dunlop, late of Whitmuir, Roxburghshire.

— At Milbrook, near Southampton, Andrew Crawford, M.D. of Winchester, to Emma, youngest daughter of the late A. F. Nunez, Esq. of Basing Park, Hants.

— At Manse of Forgue, Thomas Middleton, Esq. of Davieston, Cromarty, to Eliza, daughter of the Rev. Alexander Allardyce, minister of Forgue.

— At London, Alexander Rennie, Esq. M.D. Queen Street, Mayfair, London, to Mary Helen, third daughter of John Anderson, Esq. of Gladswood.

18. At London, James Stewart, Esq. of Cairnsmore, Kirkcudbrightshire, to Elizabeth, only daughter of the late Gilbert M'Leod, Esq. Gloucester Place, London.

21. At Crailing House, Edward Jones, Esq. of Liverpool, youngest son of the late Richard Jones, Llyfball, Denbighshire, to Harriet, third daughter of the late James Paton, Esq. of Crailing, Roxburghshire.

22. At Old Greenlaw, Mr William Leighton, West Maitland Street, Edinburgh, to Sarah, daughter of the late Mr William Hogg.

— At Inverness, John Limont, Esq. Leith, to Catherine, daughter of the late Mr Robert Ettles, Inverness.

24. At Stornoway, Alexander Stewart, Esq. to Ann, daughter of John Mackenzie, senior, Esq. of Stornoway.

— At Inverury Manse, the Rev. James Bisset, minister of Bourtie, to Mary, eldest daughter of the Rev. Robert Lessel, minister of Inverury.

24. At Edinburgh, Dr James Boyd, of the Royal High School, to Jane Reid, eldest daughter of Mr John Easton, late merchant there.

25. At Wester Balado, Kinross-shire, James Beveridge, Esq. younger of Balado, to Agnes, second daughter of the late Alexander Beveridge, Esq. of Wester Balado.

26. At Lauriston Place, William Ross, to Flora G. MacRae, daughter of William MacRae, Esq. Beaulieu, Inverness-shire.

29. At Stirling, Robert Lamond, Esq. writer, Glasgow, to Catherine, youngest daughter of the late Mr James M. thie, dyer, Stirling.

Jan. 4, 1830. At Dalkeith, Mr David Park, to Miss Mary Irving Scott.

5. At Gladswood, Berwickshire, Francis Bucher, Esq. wine-merchant, Frankfort-on-the-Maine, to Christina, second daughter of John Anderson, Esq. of Gladswood.

— At Lude, William Fraser, Esq. major of his Majesty's 61st (Argyleshire) regiment, to Elizabeth, youngest daughter of the late James M'Inroy, Esq. of Lude.

7. At Edinburgh, Samuel Darwick Beresford, Esq. M.D. of the colony of Berbice, to Mary Stuart, second daughter of James Anderson, Esq. Burrowloch.

12. At Paris, Alexander Pringle, Esq. of Whytbank, to Agnes Joanna, daughter of the late Sir William Dick, Bart. of Prestonfield.

13. At Canterbury, John G. K. Burt, M.D. to Mary Peckly, eldest daughter of the Rev. J. Peckly Francis.

14. At Paris, the Viscount Charles de Mentque, to Miss Caroline Susannah Spencer, daughter of the Hon. Mr Spencer.

— At London, John Kerr, Esq. of Westfield, in the county of Edinburgh, to Elizabeth Mary, eldest daughter of Neil Malcolm, Esq. of Pottaloch, Argyleshire, and Lamb Abbey, Kent.

15. At Lixmont, Lieut.-Col. Fairfax, only son of the late Vice-Admiral Sir William George Fairfax, to A. Montgomerie, third daughter of Thomas Williamson, Esq.

— At Tuam, Captain Henry Gascoigne, of the 34th regiment, son of General Gascoigne, member for Liverpool, to Elizabeth, third daughter of the Bishop of Tuam,

20. At Abbey Park, near St Andrews, the Rev. William Merson, minister of Crail, to Jessie Grant, daughter of Lieut.-Col. Andrew Glass, of the Hon. East India Company's Service.

22. At Stirling, Mr Gordon Stewart, merchant in Edinburgh, to Miss Margaret Lennox, Stirling.

25. Mr James Alison, jun. clothier, 55, Princes Street, to Jessie Isabella, daughter of William Napier, Esq. Customs, Fisharrow.

28. At 31, Moray Place, John Watson Barton, Esq. of Saxby, county of Lincoln, to Miss Juliana Hope, second daughter of James Hope, Esq. W.S.

Lately, at Chelsea, John O'Neil, Esq. of the Quarter-Master-General's Office, to Janet, daughter of Captain William M'Leod.

— At Newbattle Abbey, Colonel Sir William Maynard Gomm, K.C.B. of the Coldstream regiment of guards, to Elizabeth Ann, eldest daughter of the right Hon. Lord Robert Kerr.

— At London, Lieut.-Col. Craigie of Ferry Bank, Fife, to Harriet, widow of the late Lieut.-Gen. MacIntyre, of the Bengal Artillery.

— At London, William, youngest son of the late Col. William Rickart Hepburn of Rickarton, to Eliza Maria, second daughter of the late Major William Mitchell, of the Hon. East India Company's service.

— At the Hague, at the residence of the British Ambassador, Captain Northey, of the Coldstream Guards, to Miss Boreel, daughter of Gen. Boreel.

DEATHS.

Mar. 20, 1829. At Berhampore, Bengal, James Simson, Lieutenant and acting Adjutant of his Majesty's 49th regiment of foot, son of Mr James Simson, late in Posso, Peebles-shire.

July 3. At Ellickpoor, East Indies, Helen, second daughter of the late Hon. William Erskine, Lord Kinnedder, one of the Senators of the College of Justice.

6. At sea, on her passage to Calcutta, Mrs Mary MacDonald, wife of Lieut. John Bartleman, of the Hon. East India Company's service.

16. On his passage home from Bombay, John Poole, Assistant-Surgeon of the Queens, second son of Richard Poole, M.D.

Aug. 10. At Ballary, Lieut.-Col. Taylor, of the 48th regiment.

Sept. 7. At Port Talbot, Upper Canada, James Henderson, surgeon, son of the late Rev. Thomas Henderson of Kilmalcolm; and, on the 10th, Mrs Margaret Murray, his wife.

16. At St Vincent's, the Hon. Robert Gordon, president of his Majesty's council of that island, in the 91st year of his age.

18. At Demerara, Lieut. William MacKenzie, 1st foot, Royal Scots.

Nov. 5. At Brussels, M. C. Heyliger, wife of Lachlan Cumming of Blackhills, and second daughter of John Heyliger, Esq. formerly governor of the colony of Berbice, south America.

14. At Cork, in his 39th year, Major John Malcolm of the 42d regiment, or Royal Highlanders.

19. At Aberdeen, the Rev. William Brown, minister of the gospel at Inverury, in the 54th year of his age, and 28th of his ministry.

— At Bristol, in the 17th year of her age, Elizabeth, only daughter of the late Rev. Frederick Gwyne, formerly of Edinburgh.

23. At Falkirk, William Schaw, Esq. surgeon, in the 78th year of his age.

— At Cavers Caree, William Riddell, Esq. of Camiestoun, in his 84th year.

— At Annfield House, Fifeshire, Mrs Jane Falconer Colquhoun, wife of David Kemp, Esq. and eldest daughter of the late Sir James Colquhoun of Luss, Bart.

24. At Leamington, Jane, the wife of G. Crawford Antrobus, Esq. M.P. second daughter of Sir Coutts Trotter, Bart.

26. At 15, Hart Street, aged 12 years, William, youngest son of Mr Douglas, miniature painter.

— At Addington, John Simson, Esq. of Blainslie.

27. At Lochhead, Argyleshire, of a sudden but severe illness, John Campbell, Esq. sen.

28. At Aberdeen, the Rev. William Robertson, in the 78th year of his age, and about the 20th of his ministry.

29. At Huntingtower, Wm. Keir, Esq.

30. At London, Henry Viscount Harborton.

Dec. 1. At Edinburgh, in the 24th year of his age, Mr William Proudfoot, student of divinity, and late teacher at Leadhills.

1. At Manchester, David Bannerman, Esq.
— At London, Mr Alex. Shirreff, jun. eldest son of the late Alex. Shirreff, Esq. merchant, Leith.
— Atholl Crescent, Col. William Douglas Hunter Knox, Hon. East India Company's service.
— At Hastings, Charles, son of Major Pyffe of Logie, aged six years.
— At 27, Castle Street, Miss Eleanora Menzies, youngest daughter of the late Mr Robert Menzies, merchant, Ayr.
2. At Mountpleasant, near Dublin, Anne, wife of Alexander Johnson, late paymaster of the 25th regiment.
— At Vienna, at the advanced age of 78 years, his Excellency Baron Von Sturmer.
— At Chichester, in the 35d year of his age, Dr Ronald MacLachlan, physician in Alton, Hampshire, second son of the late Alex. MacLachlan of Corrieavan, Esq.
3. At Chichester, in the 89th year of his age, General Nicolls, Colonel of the 66th regiment.
— At Airdrie House, in the 85th year of his age, the Right Hon. Methven, Earl of Kellie.
— Janet, youngest daughter of the late Mr John Hutton, writer, Dunfermline.
5. At Sunnyside, East Lothian, Mr Francis Slate, aged 73.
— At 42, York Place, Margaret Tod, second daughter of Thomas Bell, Esq. Belmont, Dundee, aged 16.
6. At Plateock House, near Fortrose, Mrs Janet Wood, relict of the late Alexander Wood, late minister of the parish of Rosemarkie, in the 77th year of her age.
— At Portobello, Miss Christian Swinton, youngest daughter of the late Mr William Swinton, Southside Bank.
— At Middleby Street, Newington, Mr Alexander Brunton, formerly of Glasgow.
— At Kilmichael House, James Lamont of Knockdow, Esq.
— At Dumfries, William Collow, Esq. of Aucheechan.
— At Hastings, the Lady Anne Catherine Kerr, fourth daughter of the Marchioness Dowager of Lothian, by the late Marquis.
— At Glasgow, the Reverend John Macfarlane, minister of the Relief Church, Bridgeton.
7. At No. 62, Great King Street, James Andrew, infant son of Dr Graham.
8. At Arbroath, Mr William Stephan, ship-builder.
— At Edinburgh, Miss Susan Wright, aged 16, only child of the late Captain James Wright, of the 21st regiment of foot.
— At Hastings, Graham, youngest son of Major David Pyffe of Logie, aged two years.
— At Kennington, Lady Murray, widow of Sir R. Murray, Bart.
9. At Dunkeld, in the 70th year of his age, Charles Blair, Esq. merchant and Chief Magistrate.
— At Bourdeaux, William Urquhart, Esq. of Byth, advocate.
— At Thurso, Mrs Menzie Sinclair, relict of the late William Henderson, Esq. merchant, Thurso.
10. At the house of the Dowager Lady Knightly, in Seymour Street, London, Catherine Erskine, wife of D. Rowland, Esq. of Frants, Sussex.
— At Edinburgh, the Honourable Sophia Napier, daughter of the late Francis, Lord Napier.
— At Glasgow, Mrs Elizabeth Warrand, widow of the late Matthew Robertson, Esq. bookseller, Glasgow.
11. At Portobello, Vice-Admiral Fraser, aged 82 years.
— At No. 16, Royal Circus, Marion Agatha, infant daughter of William Renny, Esq. W.S.
— At Edinburgh, Joseph, eldest son of Mr Joseph Lawrie, hosier.
12. At No. 73, Northumberland Street, Alexander Horsburgh of Horsburgh, Esq. aged 76.
13. At No. 21, St Andrew Square, Miss Jean Traill, niece of the late Gilbert Meason of Linderis, Esq.
— At No. 16, Howe Street, Mrs Margaret Stuart, widow of the late John Gordon, Esq. of Balmuir, W.S. in the 79th year of her age.
— At No. 12, Albany Street, Euphemia, third daughter of the late George Tower, Esq. Aberdeen.
14. At Glasgow, Mr Thomas Kidson, in the 44th year of his age.
14. At Shanklin, Isle of Wight, Mr David M'Laren, wine-merchant, Leith.
— At Longtown, Peter James, Esq. Chief Officer on board the Honourable East India Company's ship Malcolm, and son of the Reverend John James of Nichol Forest.
15. At the Manse of Kirkmichael, the Reverend Allan Stewart, minister of that parish, in the 68th year of his age, and 40th of his ministry.
— At No. 7, Scotland Street, Campbell Gardner, Esq.
16. At No. 30, Royal Circus, Miss Amelia Grant, daughter of the deceased Lieutenant James Grant, R. N. Perth.
— At Glencraig House, John Beatson of Glencraig, Esq.
17. At Scorton, in Yorkshire, Mr John Dinsdale, aged 24, late Officer of Excise in Bathgate.
18. At Edinburgh, Farquhard Campbell, Esq. of Ormsary.
— At Dunfermline, James Blackwood, Esq. of Colton, late Provost of Dunfermline, aged 65.
— At Hamilton, the Reverend William Carriek, of the Relief Church there.
19. At London, Miss F. Cockburn, daughter of the late Sir James Cockburn of Langton, Bart.
— At Dunfermline, Mr Thomas Hall, one of the oldest travellers on the road.
20. At London, General Lord Charles Fitzroy, of Wicken, in Northamptonshire, second son of Augustus Henry, Duke of Grafton.
— At Dublin, J. Leland, Esq. barrister.
— At Bristol, Lieutenant Charles Lockhart, R. N.
21. At Edinburgh, Mrs Helen Cunningham, widow of the late Walter Brown, Esq. of Currie.
22. At Balgowrie, Mary Isabella, eldest daughter of Mr Forbes of Balgowrie.
23. At No. 4, Scotland Street, Alexander Bertram, youngest son of James MacAllan, W.S.
— At Tournay, Richard Foley, Esq. a captain in the royal navy, and nephew of Admiral Sir Thomas Foley, G.C.B.
— At Barr House, Argyllshire, Colonel Mathew Macalister of Barr.
— At Oxford, aged 68, Robert Bourne, M.D. Clinical Professor in that University, and formerly Fellow of Worcester College.
24. At the Manse of Monkton, the Reverend John S. Oughterson, minister of that parish.
— At Stowell Lodge, Wilts, Admiral Sir George Montague, G.C.B. aged 69 years.
25. At Edinburgh, David Beatson, Esq. keeper of the council records, aged 57 years.
26. At Brighton, Mrs Ann Blackadder, widow of the late Rev. Alexander Glen, Drileton.
- At Florence, Mrs Ann Montgomery Campbell, wife of Thomas Hamilton, Esq.
27. At Haugh, Stirling, Mr James Robertson, of Haugh.
28. At London, the Dowager Marchioness of Donegall.
— At 54, Broughton Street, John Dick, bookseller, Edinburgh.
— At his own house, Mr Thomas Tayler of Bankhouse, near Falkirk, in his 72d year.
29. At Naples, the Hon. Gerard Vanneck, second son of the late and brother of the present Lord Huntingfield.
— At 12, Charlotte Street, Mrs Jean Morrison, wife of John Home, Esq. W.S.
30. At 50, Rankeillor Street, Mr David Emslie.
— At 60, Great King Street, Mrs Jane Macdonald, wife of James Bridges, Esq. W.S.
31. At 7, Rankeillor Street, Miss Elizabeth Colvill, second daughter of the late Rev. Alexander Colvill of Hillside, minister of Ormiston.
— At Thurso, Mr Wm. Clyne, merchant there.
— At Frederick Street, Alexander Murray Guthrie, Esq. younger of Craigie.
- Jan. 1, 1850, At 10, West Maitland Street, Sarah Hogg, wife of Mr William Leighton.
2. At 1, Blenheim Place, Mrs Janet Geddes, aged 65 years.
— Mr James Macklin, comedian, in the 56th year of his age, in want of almost the common necessities of life.
3. At Chessell's Court, Miss Euphemia Chancellor, daughter of the late Alexander Chancellor of Shieldhill, Esq.
4. At Langlee Park, in the county of Forfar, James Cruickshank, Esq. in his 82d year.

1. At Edinburgh, the Dowager Lady Menzies Menzies.

5. At Chudleigh, Devonshire, John Ewart, q. late of Mullack, in his 78th year.

— At Edinburgh, Neil Campbell, Esq. of Dunffrae.

6. At Chatham, Ranken McAdam, son of Lt. McAdam, R. M. aged nine years.

— At Musselburgh, Mary Fergus, relict of Mr William Wood, late of Tranent Lodge.

— At London, W. M. Willet, Esq. aged 68. He was the editor of the *Statesman* during the P. war in 1829; he also edited the *British Traveller*, and many other periodicals since.

— At Hadleigh, in the county of Suffolk, in his 72d year, the Rev. Edward Auriol Hay Drummond, D.D. son of Archbishop Drummond.

— At Ayr, the Rev. Robert Dealtry, LL.D. rector of Wicklow, and one of the prebendaries of St Patrick's, Dublin, &c. &c.

— At 32, Royal Circus, Mrs Margaret C. Gordon, wife of Alex. Dunlop, Esq. of Clober.

— At 13, Hope Street, Mrs Barclay.

— At 35, South Bridge, Miss Helen Mitchell Milans.

— At Wester Anstruther, Mr James Monroe, aged 58 years.

7. At his residence, in Russell Square, London, Sir Thomas Lawrence, President of the Royal Academy, after an illness of only seven days, from which his physicians did not apprehend danger until the evening before his decease. For the last thirty years, Sir Thomas Lawrence enjoyed the highest reputation as a portrait-painter. In early life, he was involved in great difficulties; and many remember his painting heads at the price of three guineas each, when he lived in Soho Square. The grace and elegance of his female portraits were even then remarkable; and his present Majesty, when Prince of Wales, having seen the paintings by Mr Lawrence of several ladies whom he knew, was struck with the beautiful fidelity of the likenesses, and gave the artist some commissions. This at once stamped his reputation, and laid the foundation of his fortune. Mr Lawrence's gentlemanly manners and courteous address, raised him also to a share of the Prince's personal esteem, and he continued to receive frequent marks of the royal favour, until his elevation to the chair of the Academy, vacant by the death of Mr West, crowned him with the highest honours of art. His fame has from that time continued to increase; and the number and rank of his sitters was a perpetual homage of genius, talent, and wealth, to his transcendent skill as a painter. The characteristics of his style were, brilliancy of colour, and a delicate mode of conveying a faithful resemblance, with an elegant contour. This perception of beauty and grace was combined with a strong sense of individuality of character; and the eye of the master was obeyed by the hand of taste, accomplished in all the refinements of art that practised skill could render available. His female portraits, for womanly sweetness, and the charm of natural beauty and loveliness, heightened by grace and elegance, were unapproached by any living artist; and they surpassed in richness of colour, fleshiness, and accurate representation of nature, even the female portraits of Vandyke himself. He has left a name immortalized by his works.

8. Suddenly, on his way from the Hague to Brussels, Thomas Gardener, Esq. the celebrated aurist.

— At Tors, near Kirkcudbright, Mr John Macgartaght, late civil engineer on the Rideau Canal, in Canada, and author of the "Three Years in Canada," &c.

— At London, Anne, Countess Dowager of Galway, in her 88th year.

— At Kilmarnock, Argyleshire, Captain Alex. Campbell, late of the royal regiment of Scots Greys.

10. At Glasgow, William Penny, Esq.

11. At 4, Maryfield, Easter Road, Marion, youngest daughter of Mr John Bell, late supervisor of Excise.

— At Sauchiehall Road, Glasgow, Mr Alexander Campbell, late of Kilmore, Argyleshire.

— At Inverness, Ann, youngest daughter of the late John Lawrie, Esq. Leith.

11. At Paisley, Dr John White, aged 75.

12. At Jedburgh, Major John Rutherford, late of Mossburnford, in his 84th year.

13. At Inches, Hugh Robert Duff, Esq. younger of Muirtown, and late of the grenadiers of the 9th regiment, aged 21 years.

— At Edinburgh, Henry Home Blackadder, Esq. surgeon of the Medical Staff.

— At Comely Bank, Robert Dunbar, Esq. of the General Tax Office, aged 65.

14. At London, Mr William Blair, youngest son of the late David Blair, Esq. merchant Glasgow.

— At Melville Street, the Right Rev. Bishop Sandford. Bishop Sandford was of the eminent and honourable family of Sandfords, in Shropshire; was educated at Oxford, and became a student of Christ Church. By his marriage he was connected with Scotland. He settled in Edinburgh, as a private clergyman, between thirty and forty years ago. He was much admired as a preacher, his matter being always sound; his manner excellent; his voice clear, distinct, and impressive. His piety was pure and unaffected, and, therefore, in the private duties of his profession, in visiting the sick and in consoling the afflicted, he was particularly admired, and eminently useful. Dr Sandford was the happy means of commencing and completing the union of Scottish and English Episcopalians in this part of Scotland, by which the respectability and usefulness of that community have been so much promoted. His influence in this respect, and the general respectability of his character, induced his reverend brethren to elect him to be their Bishop—an election not unanimous only on their part, but earnestly desired. His promotion was confirmed with equal zeal by the Bishops, by whom he was consecrated on the 9th February 1806. As a private clergyman his merits will be long remembered by his friends and his flock. The mild and conciliating manner in which he exercised the duties of his Episcopal office was generally felt—by his clergy in particular. The impressive solemnity with which he performed the religious duties appertaining to that office has been frequently remarked, and was indeed remarkable. He will be long lamented, not by his family and his friends only, but by all who knew him, and especially by the church with which he was so long and so honourably connected. The Bishop was in his sixty-fourth year.

15. At Brechin, Mr Alexander Mitchell, merchant, there, in his 75th year.

— At Hermitage Hill, near Leith, Andrew Waddell, Esq. late of Kidderpore, Bengal.

— At Oxnam, the Rev. John Hunter, in the 76th year of his age, and 43d of his ministry.

— At Broughty Ferry, in his 90th year, Mr William Strachan, for 68 years tenant on the estate of Craige.

16. At his seat, Batsford Park, Gloucestershire, the Right Hon. Lord Redesdale, in the 82d year of his age. His Lordship was born on the 18th of August, 1741. Early in life, when Mr Mitford, he entered as a member of Lincoln's Inn. In due time he was called to the Bar; and in 1788 he was returned Member of Parliament for a borough in the west of England. About 1790, he was appointed Solicitor-General, and received the honour of knighthood, and in a few years afterwards he was appointed Attorney-General. In 1801, he was chosen Speaker of the House of Commons, and a few months afterwards was appointed Lord Chancellor of Ireland, and created Baron Redesdale. His Lordship married, in 1805, Lady Frances Perceval, daughter of the Earl of Egremont. His Lordship was always considered a very high legal authority in appeals and Committees of the House of Lords. The benevolent measure of affording relief to men in a state of insolvency, originated entirely with his Lordship; and, however much the privilege may have been abused by fraudulent individuals, the insolvent debtors' laws will be a lasting monument to the philanthropy of Lord Redesdale.

— At Winchester, Arthur Clifford, Esq. son of the late Hon. Thomas Clifford of Tixal, Staffordshire.

17. At Coldstream Manse, the Rev. Robert Scott, minister of Coldstream.

18. At Newton Green, Ayr, Captain Graham, late of the 12th veteran battalion.

19. At Glasgow, Andrew Wilson, Esq. senior, type-founder, in the 89th year of his age.

20. At No. 58, Northumberland Street, Mrs Barbara Pearson, wife of Andrew Johnson, younger of Rennyhill.

21. At the Palace, St Asaph, in the 71th year of his age, the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of St Asaph.

— At Williamslea, Thomas Oliver, late farmer of Kirkton, in his 84th year.

— At Ayton Castle, Margaret, third daughter of the late Mr Archibald Park, formerly of Lew-shope.

— At Merchant Street, Mr John Greig, of the Weigh-House, Edinburgh.

22. At Perth, Mr John MacDonald.

23. At Ashkirk Manse, Joanna Miller, relict of James Walker, Esq. late of Antigua.

— At Arbutnott House, in the 81st year of her age, the Hon. Charlotte Arbutnott, aunt of Viscount Arbutnott.

24. At London, Mr Owen Owens, who was for 36 years clerk to Sir Samuel Shepherd, the Lord Chief Baron of Scotland, and afterwards deputy-keeper of the seal of the Exchequer of Scotland.

25. At London, the Right Honourable George Tierney, acknowledged as the Leader of the Whig party in the House of Commons, though latterly he has left the weight of debating to younger men. "The day before his death," says the *Morning Chronicle*, "he was remarkably cheerful. A friend called upon him, and found him reading Lord Byron's Life. They talked and laughed on various subjects for half an hour, and Mr Tierney never appeared in higher spirits. The day on which he died, he transacted a great deal of business, and was very cheerful. About two o'clock the servant announced Colonel Phipps; and, to the horror of himself and the Colonel, Mr Tierney was found quite dead, sitting in his arm-chair, with his head reclining a little on one side, in the position in which he occasionally took a nap. His physician was of opinion, that, feeling perhaps a little faint or drowsy, Mr Tierney had reclined his head against the chair, and thus changed the one state of existence for the other, not only without the slightest pain, but without the least consciousness of the awful transition. As a speaker, he was exceedingly original. From the moment he opened his mouth till he sat down, the attention of his hearers never flagged for one moment. In a style which never rose above the colloquial, the most cutting sarcasms, level to the most ordinary understanding, escaped from him, as if he were himself unaware of their terrible effect. How often have we seen his opponent writhing for hours under a succession of sarcasms, which it almost exceeded human patience to bear! His sneer was withering. We are certain that of all the speakers, contemporaries of Tierney, no one was so much dreaded as he was. His irony was inimitable. From the simplicity of his language, the reporters never misunderstood him; but from the rapidity of his colloquial turns, and the instant roar with which they were followed in the House, it was impossible to record all that fell from him; and the reports, therefore, though almost always characteristic of him, were far from complete. But his manner and intonation added immensely to the effect of what he said. He never attempted continuous discourse—never declaimed—and never attempted

what is ordinarily understood by wit. It was the conversation of a shrewd man of the world, who delivered his observations on the subject under discussion with an apparent candour, which contrasted singularly with the knowing tone and look of the speaker. No man ever possessed, in such perfection, the talent of seizing on a weak point of his adversary, and exhibiting it in a ludicrous light. His mode of taking an argument to pieces and reconstructing it in his own way, astonished his hearers, who recognised the apparent fidelity of the copy, and yet felt at a loss how he had himself failed to perceive, during the preceding speech, what seemed now so palpably absurd. Yet, though Mr Tierney was shrewd and acute, he could not be said to take comprehensive views. We are not aware that he ever delivered an observation that could be separated from the question before him. He could not be said to possess political wisdom or foresight. He was entirely practical. In financial discussions he argued rather like an accountant than a politician."

26. At Wallace Place, William Laing, son of Mr James Laing, baker.

27. At 54, Bristo Street, Alexander Scott, in the 22d year of his age.

Lately, At Montmeim, in the Burman Empire, Lieut. Duncan Archibald Campbell, Madras Artillery, second son of Duncan Campbell, Alfred Place, London.

— At Hyderabad, Eliza Jane, wife of Captain Ivie Campbell, and second daughter of Colonel P. Littlejohn, of the Bengal Army.

— At London, Honore Maruerite Francoise, wife of Dr Spurzheim.

— At St James's Palace, London, Sir Frederick Augustus Barnard, K.C.H.

— A. Cheteauraux, France, Madame Bertrand, the mother of the General who accompanied Napoleon into exile.

— At Dublin, Louisa, only daughter of the late W. Edgworth, and grand-daughter of Captain T. Edgworth, formerly of that city.

— At Ethy House, near Lestwithiel, Vice-Admiral Sir Charles Venicombe Penrose, in his 71st year.

— At Rothsay, in the island of Bute, Mary Anne Eliza Shairp, eldest daughter of Norman Shairp, Esq. younger of Houston.

— At 41, Rankeillor Street, Mr Buchan, bank of Scotland, in his 77th year.

— Hassan Pacha, the Governor of Smyrna, of an apoplectic fit. He was a man of much prudence and sagacity, and was generally beloved.

— At London, at the age of 21, Mr Robert Ward of Liverpool, sculptor.

— At 22, St Patrick Square, Robert Ross, Esq. late bookseller.

— At 50, Buccleuch Street, Mr James Hossack, in the 78th year of his age.

— At 31, Gayfield Square, Mr James Brown, formerly merchant in Edinburgh.

— At Kilmallock, Mrs Mary Finn, at the extreme old age of 105 years.

— At the very advanced age of 108 years, Mr Thomas Harris, of Hinton Blewett, near Temple Cloud, Somerset. This extraordinary man enjoyed uninterrupted health during his long life, and retained his mental faculties to the last moment.

BLACKWOOD'S

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VOL. XXVII.

THE INFLUENCE OF FREE TRADE UPON THE CONDITION OF THE LABOURING CLASSES.

THE necessity of providing employment for the multitudes of manufacturing, as well as of agricultural labourers, whom political and social changes have thrown out of work, is become at length so urgent and pressing, that it can no longer be overlooked without seriously affecting the prosperity, or even endangering the peace, of the community. The intensity of the distress which prevails among the industrious classes in this country can be properly estimated by those alone who have personally witnessed its overwhelming pressure. Nor is it of a partial character: it is not confined to those who are employed in any particular species of industry for which the demand has ceased in consequence of a change in their public trade. To this partial degree of suffering every manufacturing community is always liable. When metal buttons or buckles, for instance, went out of fashion, the artisans employed in fabricating these commodities were unavoidably plunged into temporary distress. But while manufacturers of buttons and buckles laboured under difficulties, every other branch of public industry continued to yield its usual returns; some branches of manufacture were even benefitted by the change; the demand for ribband and twist necessarily increased in the proportion in which the use of buckles and metal buttons had been discontinued by the public. There was thus no diminution in the aggregate demand for labour, although it varied in parti-

cular branches; the total amount was the same, although the items which formed it differed. It must likewise be added, that the distress occasioned by a relaxation in the demand for particular commodities, was not only partial in its extent, but also temporary in its duration. The labour and the capital disengaged from the fabrication of metal buttons and buckles, were transferred into the manufacture of ribband and twist; and by this means the rate of wages and profit, momentarily deranged by a change of fashion, was soon restored to its accustomed level. Neither the capitalist nor the labourer was in the end much inconvenienced by this change; the falling off in one branch of manufacture being counterbalanced by an increased activity in some other department of public industry.

But far different appears the character of the depression which has recently fallen upon the industry of this country. It seems to be universal; it extends throughout every district of the country; it affects every interest; it pervades the whole mass of our industrious population; involving in one common ruin the agricultural, the manufacturing, and the trading classes. The records of Parliament will testify that there is scarcely a county—scarcely a parish from Penzance to the Orkneys, which has not petitioned, or at least which is not about to petition, the legislature for relief. The cry in every district is the same—general, overwhelming, intolerable distress. The farming classes

are all in a state of absolute insolvency; all incapable of fulfilling the contracts into which they had entered. The landowners have therefore been compelled to compound for their rents, and content themselves with what they can get in lieu of the amount which their tenants had bargained to pay. The farmer, ruined by the fall which has taken place in the price of agricultural produce, is not only unable to pay his rent, but he is likewise deprived of the means necessary to defray the wages of labour; hence the labourers of the country, however able and willing to work, can get no employment. In some parishes they are seen working on the roads, or in gravel pits, at a rate of wages not exceeding two shillings per week; in others, where no labour of any kind is provided for them, they form desperate bands, and rove about in a state of idleness to the great terror of the inhabitants of the district. Some parishes, justly afraid of the consequences which cannot fail to result from this lawless vagrancy, collect their able-bodied labourers once a-week and let them in vestry to the highest bidder. On the fifteenth day of the month of January last, a vestry was held in the parish of Henninghall, in the county of Norfolk, for the purpose of taking into consideration the better employment of the surplus poor; where it was resolved, "That all unemployed labourers shall inform the overseer of their want of work, that their names may be presented by him at the next vestry meeting, to be held on Monday morning in every week, at ten o'clock, that they may be then let at the best price that can be obtained for them for the next week." The same practice has been adopted in the adjoining parish of Winfarthing; and if not speedily arrested, the odious system of putting the labour of human beings up to public auction threatens to spread throughout that part of the kingdom. The gross and pernicious absurdities of the Malthusian school, have inspired the landowners of the country with so much horror of cottages, that the want of that species of accommodation for the labouring poor begins to operate as an intolerable evil in many parts of the country. "I cannot," says the Bishop of Winchester,

in a charge to his clergy, delivered at his primary visitation in the course of last year, "refrain from adverting to an inconvenience unfelt till recently in agricultural parishes, but now beginning to affect them in a manner very prejudicial to the proper habits of the people. I allude to the deficiency of cottages for the accommodation of the poor; arising partly from the excess of population, partly from the natural objection on the part of the landlords, to keep up tenements which are likely to increase the pressure of the poor's rate, but too intolerable already. One parish thus situated, consists of twenty-nine cottages, the inmates of which amount to two hundred and ten persons. By an actual admeasurement of the dimensions of each cottage, it appears that their aggregate contents include an area of three hundred and forty-seven feet in length, by two hundred and eighty-two in breadth; *giving an average space of about twelve feet by ten, for each cottage. In many of those tenements no fewer than eight, and in some instances, as many as ten persons, occasionally of different families, are crowded together day and night, the children literally sleeping under the beds of their parents, without distinction of age or sex.* The consequence of such a state of things to the health and morals of the parishioners, are too obvious to need pointing out; and though in this particular case, local circumstances make it difficult to provide a remedy, I know that a strong desire exists to diminish the evil, and have reason to hope that measures will be taken for this purpose." When Mr Malthus was examined before the Emigration Committee, he suggested, that to render the possession of tenements more difficult to the poor, would prove a salutary measure, by checking population, and preventing too early marriages; he added, that on general principles he saw no objection to the imposition of a tax on a landlord who builds a cottage on his land. The fact stated by the Bishop of Winchester, furnishes an useful commentary on the practical operation of such principles; it seems to operate admirably in destroying the comforts, degrading the character, and deteriorating the morals of the poor: but it appears somewhat doubt-

ful whether it have any effect in preventing improvident marriages, and checking the increase of population. Somehow or other, it would seem that the peasantry of Hampshire contrive to multiply in spite of the pains which have been taken to withhold from them the wicked encouragement of comfortable cottages: it appears that those who cannot command the accommodation of a whole cottage, bring themselves to put up with only a part of a cottage. This conduct on the part of the peasantry, is no doubt very much to be reprehended, as highly inconsistent with the valuable doctrines, dogmas, and suggestions of the Political Economists: these poor and ignorant creatures appear to pay more regard to the law of nature, than to the maxims and warnings of their friends the Political Economists. But whatever may be the motives of their conduct, the effect presents itself in almost every district in England; from the comfortless character of the cottages into which they are crowded, and low rate of wages which they receive, more especially in the winter season, penitentiaries and houses of correction have become objects of desire rather than of terror to the British peasantry; they enter them too often with alacrity, and quit them with regret: to be committed for an infringement of the Game Laws, or some other misdemeanour, instead of shunning as a punishment, too many of them court as a reward; by this means they secure a more comfortable lodging, as well as a more abundant supply of food, than would be furnished them by their parishes or employers.

If we turn from the class engaged in the labours of agriculture, to those employed in manufactures, the scenes which present themselves are equally discouraging: and what renders the distress prevalent in the manufacturing districts of the North of England still more lamentable and alarming, is the fact that it has already subsisted for some years, and yet presents no symptoms of abatement. It commenced, we believe, in the year 1826. In the following year it had, as our readers, no doubt, recollect, become so intense and extensive in its character, that a munificent subscription was raised for the

relief of the manufacturers. To prove the intensity of the suffering of our manufacturing population in 1829, we shall quote a passage from the evidence of a witness examined by the Emigration Committee in the spring of that year. Mr Halton, a gentleman of large landed property in Lancashire, and residing twelve miles from Manchester, four south of Bolton, and about ten from Chorley, in the very heart of the manufacturing districts, made then the following statement before the committee. "I have lived at Halton ever since I came of age, and during that time I have never witnessed any thing at all equal to the present distress. I have been regularly visiting, not leaving it to committees, but I have myself visited all the cottages within a large district around my own house. I believe there is scarcely one loom in my own immediate neighbourhood unemployed now, but the state of the families of the poor is certainly much more destitute than it was when a very great number were actually unemployed. The present distress arises from several causes: the bedding and clothes of the poor are totally exhausted. The misery is beginning to work now by the poverty of the small lay payers; for, as has been mentioned by another witness, our farms are generally very small; they may keep two or three cows; there are exceptions; but they are generally very small; and those lay-payers, whose families were employed in the hand-loom weaving, have left their land in a very bad state; they have generally attended to their loom, now they cannot obtain sufficient to pay their taxes; the consequence is, that the persons to whom their land belongs must suffer. I have ventured to report to the London Committee one or two instances of distress, such as I had not conceived to exist in a civilized country: there is one I have not reported, which was anterior to the last donation we received. Mrs Halton and myself, in visiting the poor, were asked by a person almost starving, to go into a house; we there found on one side of the fire a very old man, apparently dying, on the other side a young man about eighteen, with a child on his knee, whose mother had just died and been buried;

and evidently both that young man and the child were suffering from want; of course our object was to relieve them, and we were going away from that house, when the woman said, Sir, you have not seen all: we went up stairs, and under some rags we found another young man, the widower, and on turning down the rags, which he was unable to remove himself, we found another man who was dying, and who did die in the course of the day. *I have no doubt that family were actually starving at the time.* We have made a very accurate calculation of the families in that neighbourhood who are on the verge of famine, if not suffering actual famine. In the last township we visited, West Houghton, consisting of rather more than five thousand inhabitants, we found *two thousand five hundred totally destitute of bedding, and nearly so of clothes.* I am positive I am correct, when I say that six per cent are in a state such as that described, a state of famine, or that approaching to it; it is from the papers I have prepared for the committee I deduce that to be an accurate statement. In another case of extreme distress, there was a widow and three children, who had not tasted the meal and water, which is the only thing almost they eat there, for eight and forty hours. I found a young man of sixteen in such a state of exhaustion, that I was obliged to send a cart with a litter to bring him home, and he is now under my own care, and we have hardly been able to sustain him in life; we found many families who have not made one meal in twenty-four hours."

It must, perhaps, be admitted, that at the present moment the condition of the manufacturing classes in the Northern districts, is not quite so wretched as it was at the period above mentioned. Their situation appears to be so far improved, that few of them are altogether destitute of some species of employment; but, from the excessive competition which prevails among them, the wages of labour have sustained so great a reduction, that the earnings of the most industrious workman are scarcely adequate to command a full supply of the meanest and coarsest fare. Various enquiries have been recently made into the circumstances and

condition of the working classes in the two great manufacturing counties of York and Lancaster; it is no doubt somewhat difficult to arrive at exactness in an investigation which embraces so wide a field; abundant evidence has, however, been laid before the public, to prove that the wages of manufacturing labour continue ruinously low, and the condition of the workmen incredibly depressed. A keen dispute has recently been carried on between two rival newspapers at Manchester, respecting the amount of wages actually earned by manufacturing labourers in that town and neighbourhood; one of these publications being friendly, and the other hostile, to the present Ministry. The anti-ministerial print asserted, that on a careful enquiry into the circumstances of upwards of two hundred individuals engaged in manufacturing labour, and indiscriminately selected, it was found that, including in the calculation both wages and parochial allowances, the incomings of each individual member of these families did not exceed two shillings per week; while the ministerial print, on the contrary, contended that earnings and parish-pay being included, each of these individuals received for his subsistence three shillings weekly. As we are desirous not to exaggerate the sufferings of the manufacturing classes, we will admit the ministerial statement to be well-founded; but what a dreadful state of things does even this estimate disclose to us—a countless host of industrious workmen, who, after toiling for the space of sixteen hours every day, are unable to earn enough, without parish assistance, to expend fivepence per day upon the lodging, food, and clothing of each member of their families! Surely the prosperity partisans of the Cabinet will not have the effrontery to assert, that the distress prevailing in those districts is only partial? They will not, we should suppose, venture to contend, that as far at least as regards the manufacturing districts of the counties of York and Lancaster, the pressure upon the industrious classes is not overwhelming and universal?

Bad, however, as is the condition of the manufacturers in the North, the state of the clothing districts in

the West of England appears infinitely worse; although most inadequately remunerated for their labour, still the working classes in Yorkshire and Lancashire have something to do; but in Somersetshire, Gloucestershire, and Wiltshire, the same classes of workmen are literally without any employment. At Frome, at Shipton-Mallet, at Bradford, and indeed at all the manufacturing towns of the West, the distress of the manufacturers is unprecedentedly overwhelming and appalling. In presenting a petition from the inhabitants of Frome Selwood, complaining of intolerable distress, and praying for relief, the Bishop of Bath and Wells observed, that "nobody except those who had seen the distress could believe the degree to which misery prevailed at present amongst all ranks. He would not say so if the facts had not fallen under his own notice; but he had seen, and he knew that what he said was true. At Wells, where he generally resided, the distress was appalling to humanity—many of the poor creatures had no fuel. At Shipton-Mallet, there was great distress, and so there was at Frome; at various places, the number of persons claiming relief was greater than that of the rate-payers. *He had seen fellow-creatures yoked to carts, which they were dragging through the country.* They were ready to do any thing to obtain the food of which they stood in need; but with all their sufferings, they had displayed no violence, no disposition to turbulence."

At the once flourishing town of Frome, there were about fifty clothiers: of these only sixteen now remain, with scarcely half their former employment. The inevitable consequence is, that the parish contains at this period upwards of 5000 paupers receiving weekly pay. This class consists of able-bodied men, whom the stagnation of trade has entirely deprived of their usual employment. Not long since some of them were considerable manufacturers, and most of them rate-payers; but now they and their families are wholly dependent upon parochial relief. A few of these distressed workmen evince a spirit worthy of their better days; determined to subsist as long as they can upon the proceeds of their own industry, between twenty

and thirty of them, accompanied by their wives, may be seen harnessed to trucks which they draw daily to the coal pits, about nine miles distant. They return the same evening with from three to five hundred weight of coals, which they dispose of (if they can) at about 10d. per hundred weight. By thus performing the functions of beasts of draught, they contrive to maintain themselves and their families without parochial assistance.

Wherever we turn our eyes, the same scenes present themselves—the same overwhelming distress—the same poignant cry of intolerable suffering. To us it appears manifest that things cannot be allowed much longer to go on as they now do, without compromising even the safety of the State. Some vigorous effort must be made to rescue at least the classes which depend upon the earnings of their labour from the poverty, the degradation, and the misery, into which they have been plunged. The wealthier classes, who subsist upon the profits of capital, can perhaps, without incurring utter ruin, wait until the derangement occasioned by the changes effected in our monetary system rectifies itself; but to the operative classes, who are necessarily dependent for subsistence upon what they earn by daily labour, want of employment is want of food. It gives us, therefore, no ordinary degree of satisfaction to find that the condition of the labouring classes is to be specifically pressed upon the attention of Parliament. We sincerely hope, that nothing will occur which may have the effect of preventing the Duke of Richmond from fulfilling the intention which he has announced, of bringing this matter before the consideration of the House of Lords; and we also hope, that his Majesty's Government will not resist the appointment of a select committee to enquire into this most important subject. We are well aware that at different periods committees have been already appointed by both Houses of Parliament to enquire into the condition of the labouring classes: we also know, that although some valuable information has by that means been collected, it has led to no useful or practical result. The different committees

have collected evidence and framed reports; and there the matter has been allowed to end. It would, however, be illogical to argue, that because one committee, or a series of committees, has answered no useful purpose, another committee must therefore miscarry. Besides, it appears to us, that the visionary and theoretical views of those who have taken the most active part in these investigations, have greatly contributed to render all their labours abortive. Excited by magnificent plans of foreign colonization, they have spurned with contempt the homespun task of searching into the resources which our home territory may contain for the employment of the people. With the most unfeigned respect for the motives, the perseverance, and the industry of the honourable chairman of the Emigration Committee, we must express our disappointment at the result of his exertions. The reports of that committee contain abundant details with respect to the resources of our North American colonies, and the expenses of emigration—upon these points we are furnished with all the information which appears necessary. We are, however, disposed to think, that by treating the matter in this manner, the committee begin at the wrong end. The first step in the inquiry should be a careful examination of our domestic resources: it should be rendered indisputably clear, that we possess no internal means of furnishing the industrious classes with profitable employment before the public can be brought to sanction the expensive, as well as equivocal, expedient of removing from the country any portion of its industrious population. It is no doubt indispensable, both for the happiness of individuals, and the general welfare of the community at large, that employment should be found for the idle hands which now exhaust the resources of the country; but it by no means follows, that in order to accomplish this object, we must look beyond the limits of our home territory.

That an overproportion of the population of this country is now employed in manufactures is a fact which no person will venture to dispute. The extended use of machi-

nery has displaced a vast amount of manual labour. The inhabitants of other countries are now enabled, by the use of machinery, to supply themselves with the wrought commodities which they had been accustomed to purchase in this country. The use of steam tends likewise to break down that species of manufacturing monopoly which we once enjoyed. Our pre-eminence in manufactures must not be ascribed solely to our national superiority, either in skill, industry, or capital. Much of it arose from the greater abundance, and more convenient distribution, of the water which nature had placed at our disposal. This furnished the British manufacturer with a power which few other countries possessed in an equal degree. But the use of steam, as an impelling power, has greatly diminished the extent of this local superiority. A steam-engine can be erected any where, which renders it perfectly practicable to establish a manufactory in any district or country capable of furnishing the necessary supply of fuel. Hence the use of the steam-engine will have the practical effect of equalizing to a great degree the natural facilities possessed by different countries for manufacturing operations. The only pre-eminence which this country can therefore expect to retain in manufacturing industry is that which may arise from the possession of greater skill or more capital. But even in these respects other nations may be seen trading very closely upon our heels. The French have prohibited the importation of British cotton goods; and the consequence is, that the improvement of their manufacture has been so rapid, that the same calico which in Bonaparte's time, sold for five francs or four shillings and twopence per ell, now sells for twenty sous or tenpence. This rivalry will become more intense, and spread into new regions every year. As other countries improve in industry and skill, they will gradually succeed in supplying their own markets with the wrought commodities which they used to receive from our looms and factories. Hence it seems very probable that the demand for British goods will fall off still more in foreign countries; and as a consequence, the demand for labour in

our manufacturing districts may be expected to decline still farther. From these considerations we are led to infer that we have reached a crisis in the history of our national industry. We have an increasing population, while the demand for manufacturing labour is confessedly falling off. Under these circumstances, the prospect before us would indeed be sufficiently gloomy, if we had been left without resource. But fortunately for the country, we possess ample means of absorbing this superabundant population. We have only to adopt the simple and easy expedient of removing a part of our population which now languishes or starves in our decaying manufactories to some neglected portion of our home territory, which, if properly cultivated, would yield an ample return for the labour bestowed upon it, and increase the store, both of human happiness and national wealth. Half the population of Lancashire, for instance, is now pining in indigence, from the low rate at which their labour is remunerated, and half the fields of the same county are nearly in a state of nature from want of tillage. Transplant, at least, some of these people from the cotton mills, in which they now all but starve for want of food, into the corn-fields of the neighbourhood, and they will be able to raise for themselves an abundant subsistence, as well as an increased surplus to go into the pockets of the landowners as rent.

The advocates of the Free Trade system are, in a more especial manner, called upon to use every exertion in facilitating and promoting this transfer of labour from manufacturing operations, where it has become unprofitable, to agriculture, where industry, properly applied, cannot fail to yield the labourer an adequate remuneration. Their grand maxim is, that trade should be left perfectly free and unfettered, and that no branch of manufacture deserves to be upheld which cannot maintain itself without prohibitions and restrictions. Whatever may be thought of this maxim as a guide in commercial legislation, it is manifest that, in the first instance, much individual suffering cannot fail to result from changes in our public policy: when-

ever any manufacture, deprived of the artificial props by which it had been upheld, falls to the ground, the workmen thrown out of employment must, of necessity, become exposed to great distress. Hence the adherents of the Free Trade system are bound by every principle, not only of humanity, but also of policy, to join strenuously in every effort which may be made to open a new source of profitable employment to the industrious labourer, whom the operation of the new system may have thrown out of work. The present condition of the silk manufacture in this country will furnish an apt illustration of this matter. The advocates of Free Trade contend that if this branch of our manufactures cannot sustain itself against foreign rivalry, it is a proof that it is not of a profitable nature with respect to the community at large; and that therefore it ought to be left to its fate. The silk weavers reply, that this may be true as far as the non-productive classes are concerned; and add, that with the declension and fall of the silk trade, their means of subsistence must be greatly diminished, or perhaps entirely fail, when no alternative would be left them except starvation or the work-house. It must, no doubt, be admitted that the opening of the silk trade has not effected the extinction of the silk manufacture in this country; on the contrary, it appears to have increased in extent. But what has been the cause of this extension? The immense fall which has taken place in the rate of wages, and the incredible deterioration which has been brought about in the condition and circumstances of the working classes. The foreign competition which has been let in upon him, forces the British manufacturer to put up with half the remuneration which he had been accustomed to receive for his labour. If he has succeeded in keeping the field against foreign rivalry, it has been done by the application of a double portion of industry; and the fall which has taken place in British silks, to the level of continental prices, is therefore a benefit reaped by the non-productive classes—by those who live on incomes derived from profit, or capital lent out at interest, at the expense of the

producing classes—of those classes who subsist solely upon the earnings of manual industry. The wealthy portion of the community is enabled to purchase silks at a diminished price, but, in order that this may be effected, the working classes are obliged either to perform double tasks, or subsist upon a moiety of their usual wages. The Free Traders appeal to the increased importation of the raw material, as evidence both of the extension of the silk manufacture in this country and of the soundness of their principles. If the earnings of the working classes had continued as high as they were before the change, the fact to which they appeal would have been conclusive; but when it is notorious that the working manufacturer is tasked to the utmost pitch of human ability; and that, notwithstanding this extra exertion, under the constant influence of which individuals too frequently fall into a premature grave, this wretched class can command in return for their labour no more than a moiety of their previous means of subsistence; the circumstance which the Economists put forward as the basis of their triumph, is conclusive of nothing except the unfeeling cruelty of their vaunted system. The silk manufacture has no doubt thriven in appearance in spite of foreign competition. The working manufacturer, finding no opening for the transfer of his labour to another branch of industry, has been compelled to stick to his loom, although the remuneration of his labour has been diminished one-half; still half-a-loaf being better than no bread, he is forced to put up with half the reward which he had been accustomed to derive from his labour. From the effect of this reduction in wages, rendered inevitable by foreign competition and consequent deterioration of the condition of the working classes, it is not to be wondered at that the silk manufacture has greatly extended. The fall in the wages of the workmen has now reduced the price of wrought silk so much, that it has to a very great extent been, on account of its cheapness, substituted for other commodities. The persons employed in manufacturing the commodities thus displaced, have in their turn been injured.

They are obliged to work harder, and content themselves with lower wages. The effect of the change has thus extended itself throughout the whole mass of the industrious classes. The changes projected by the Economists benefit the affluent and non-productive classes, by diminishing the cost of the commodities which they consume; but this advantage is purchased solely at the expense of the productive classes, by diminishing their wages, and adding to their toil. This system is admirably calculated to minister to the luxury and enjoyments of the idle and opulent portion of the community; to foster the dissipation, and augment the splendour of the palace and the hall; but the virtuous and hard-working inmate of the cottage it robs of his comforts, and almost of his necessities. What it adds to the enjoyment of bloated wealth, it takes from the scanty earnings of pining industry. In order that the votary of fashion and extravagance may purchase luxuries at a cheap rate, it trenches with ruthless severity upon the remuneration of productive industry.

This, we apprehend, to be the true ground of the opposition which has been offered to the practical application of the principle of Free Trade. The opponent of this system knows well, that the unrestricted admission of foreign silks into our shops, or of foreign ships into our harbours, will enable him to purchase silk goods and foreign commodities at a diminished price. He is not quite such a bumpkin as to doubt, that a foreign weaver, subsisting on chestnuts and water, can fabricate for him a yard of silk at a less cost than an English artisan, who requires to be fed on beef and porter. Although unblest with the vast intellectual powers of the Economists, he is, notwithstanding, capable of comprehending, that a foreign sailor, content with the coarsest and meanest fare, would carry his tea from China, and his sugar from the West Indies, much more cheaply than a well-fed and jolly British tar. But although he see all this as well, perhaps, as our renowned Economists themselves, he is too generous, too liberal, too honest, to desire to reap these advantages at the expense of fellow-

subjects, whom the employment of foreigners would necessarily throw out of work.

In spite of the boasted illumination of the age, we are not ashamed to recommend these principles to the consideration and support of the community. They are honest principles, and appear to reflect credit on those who maintain them. They are considerate and humane principles, which will prevent one man from being benefited at the expense of injuring, and perhaps of ruining, his neighbour. For our own part, we feel no hesitation in avowing, that we would rather wave all the glittering advantages which are held out to us as likely to result from the practical application of the most wonderful discoveries of Political Economy, than consent to reap them at the expense of any class of our fellow-subjects. Pleasant no doubt it is to the eye of the beholder to see the fair forms of our lovely and fascinating countrywomen decked in the elegant productions of foreign looms; or in British productions, perhaps of equal beauty, which our own mechanics and artisans have succeeded in fabricating at an extra cost of labour. But this pleasure is greatly embittered by the reflection, that it is purchased at the expense of much suffering and privation to the industrious classes. A terrible encroachment upon their moderate and necessary enjoyments has been made by Economists for the purpose of adding to the luxuries and superfluities of the affluent and idle portion of the community.

There is indeed nothing in the conduct of the advocates of Free Trade so deserving of reprehension, as the hypocritical pretences with which they attempt to disguise or conceal the real object of their measures. If we credit their professions, this amiable and enlightened tribe of philosophers has nothing in view except the public good, and the improvement of the condition of the industrious classes. There is, however, room to think, that they overestimate the ignorance and blindness of the community in supposing that the mass of our population can be much longer hoodwinked by this flimsy pretence. If the effect of this system had been at any time a mat-

ter of doubt, recent and dear-bought experience has taught the working-classes, that the free competition of foreign labour *must* diminish the compensation which they can expect to receive for their toil. The artisans and mechanics of this country have probably by this time become pretty well convinced, that the importation and consumption of the produce of foreign labour has no tendency to ameliorate their condition; and that they at least form no portion of that public whom the Free Trade system is said to benefit. We must, however, be allowed to assure the labouring and industrious classes, that they constitute no portion of that public, of whom the Whigs and the Economists talk so loudly and so frequently. In the vocabulary of this sect, the personification called "the public" includes only the idle capitalists, the consuming classes, the "*fruges consumere nati*," but has no reference whatever to the working portion of the community. The Whig Economists regard this class merely as beasts of burden, as animal machinery produced by nature for the purpose of "hewing wood and drawing water" in the service of the non-productive and consuming classes. We apprehend, however, that the moment is arriving, when the Free Traders will no longer find shelter from public scorn and indignation, under the hollow and false pretence of intending to benefit the working classes. The time is approaching when they must cease to insult the understandings of those whom they have irreparably injured. Is it not enough, that, by their innovating measures, they have deprived the labouring portion of the community of employment, and their families of bread? Is it necessary that, with an unusual refinement of malice, they should jeer and flout the unhappy classes whom they have robbed and ruined?

The great principle and discriminating characteristics of that honest party in this country, which stands opposed to all speculative innovation is a determination to uphold in all their useful efficiency the institutions, and social arrangements, which, handed down to them by their ancestors, have been subjected to the test of experience; admitting occa-

sionally such moderate and cautious alterations as the lapse of time or change of circumstances may have rendered indispensable. With this party, therefore, adherence to established and tried arrangements is the rule; change or innovation being merely the exception. But the very reverse of this sound principle is the leading characteristic of the Economists. With this party the rule of action is, that, whatever our forefathers established must be wrong; that every old arrangement or institution ought, therefore, to be swept away, in order to clear the ground for the wild experiments of some conceited projector, or crazy constitution-grinder.

Much industry has been employed in heaping obloquy upon those who are desirous to let well alone, and not to tamper with arrangements, which have been found to work well in practice. They are, it is true, firmly opposed to the experiments and crude projects of wild and unprincipled innovators; on this account they are held up as political bigots, wedded to every abuse, merely because it is ancient; and averse from every modern improvement. We must, however, be allowed to state in their behalf, that their attachment for the ancient and established arrangements of the community does not rest, as their calumniators would fain make us believe, upon a blind and superstitious veneration for antiquity, for "the wisdom of their forefathers," although they do not admit that their forefathers were exactly the fools which they are represented to have been by some of our modern luminaries; but upon the conviction, that these arrangements have, from the length of their standing, become so intimately interwoven with the whole fabric of society, that no change can now be carried into practical effect, without at least endangering, and perhaps irreparably injuring the interests and property of some particular class of fellow-subjects. If the community presented a *tabula rasa*, unencumbered with any existing institutions or regulations, then, indeed, would there be an open field, whereon philosophers and economists might be allowed to disport themselves to their heart's content;

producing no injury, they might under these circumstances be permitted to proceed without opposition. But unfortunately this is not the true state of the case. Our stupid ancestors had no philosophers, no economists, no shining lights, no itinerant lecturers, no "schoolmaster" among them; they indulged in no enlarged and magnificent views of general policy; contracted their political horizon within the limits of their own country: limited their care to the interests of this realm alone; and paid little regard to the concerns of other nations, provided the inhabitants of this island exerted their industry, and secured a liberal reward for their labour. In this *perhaps* they were wrong, illiberal, and narrow-minded. But although we should disapprove of the principles on which they acted, still we cannot escape from the consequences which have resulted from them. We may lament the state of things which has grown out of the practical operation of these principles; but we cannot shut our eyes to its existence. Under the shelter of the policy introduced by our ancestors, the arrangements of society had become exceedingly complicated; from time to time various laws of a prohibitory or restrictive character have been passed for the protection and encouragement of particular branches of industry. These laws cannot now be touched, without affecting in a very material degree, or perhaps even annihilating the individual interests which have sprung up under them. That statesman must, therefore, be much more gifted with philosophy than humanity, who can sanction changes in the arrangements of society, which, however beneficial they may in the end prove to the mass of the community, are sure to exhibit their first effects in destroying the property of private individuals, and reducing them and their families to a state of destitution and beggary.

We are inclined, indeed, to an opinion, entertained, we believe, by a considerable and a daily increasing number of our fellow subjects, that in recent times the persons administering the government of this country have evinced rather too great a facility in listening to the

suggestions of speculative theorists, and sanctioning alterations affecting to a serious degree the interests and property of particular classes. A judicious Minister will be always extremely slow and cautious in adopting changes, which cannot fail to affect particular interests; a wise and considerate Statesman will oppose all innovation until it has been so generally and so unequivocally demanded by public opinion, that to resist any longer would be inexpedient, if not unsafe; his conduct under such circumstances should put it into his power to say to the injured individual, or class, with an honest conscience, "I have protected your particular interests as long as I could; but I can no longer contend against the united voice of the community:

therefore give you warning, to make the best preparation you can against the moment when the change thus called for must be carried into effect." And in every instance where such a measure may be practicable, ample compensation ought to be made to every individual whose interests or property might be affected by such a change.

For these reasons we are disposed to think, that the promoters of the changes which have been recently effected in our commercial policy, have stopped short of the point at which they ought to have aimed. To the silk-weavers, for instance, they might, and we think should, have addressed the following language:—"You are now engaged in a manufacture which can be upheld in this country only by high protecting duties and prohibitory restrictions: the public at large can buy silk goods, of foreign manufacture, fifty per cent under the price at which you can afford to sell commodities of the same quality: it appears to us impolitic any longer to prevent the public from having access to this cheaper market. We are aware that this change will be attended with the effect either of driving you altogether from your present employment, or of reducing your wages fifty per cent, in order to compete with your foreign rivals; but we will enable you to embark in a new branch of industry: we will put it in your power to transfer your labour from factories to fields, which,

being fertilised by your industry, will yield from an equal quantity of work a more abundant supply of the necessities of life than you can secure by continuing your present employment. In this manner the public will enjoy the benefit of cheap silk, while you will derive, from a new and healthy occupation, a full compensation for the losses which you would otherwise have sustained from the change."

If the adherents of Free Trade had reasoned and acted in the manner just suggested, they would have turned aside much of the opposition which their measures have encountered; for the fair opponents of Free Trade ground their objections to the system more, perhaps, upon the effect which it must have upon the social condition and interests of individuals, than upon any general principles of public policy. They have no objection to cheap commodities in themselves; they only object to this advantage to the wealthier classes, when purchased, as it must be, at the expense of the working portion of the community. It may be inconsistent with the theories of the Political Economists, that a rich citizen's wife should be called upon to give a peck of wheat for a yard of silk fabricated in Spitalfields, which she might get from France for half a peck; but if this substitution of French for English silk goods should have the effect either of depriving the Spitalfields weaver altogether of his employment, or cause a reduction of his wages in his own branch of industry, while no opening for his labour should present itself elsewhere, we take upon ourselves to contend, that the admission of foreign silks, when attended with such consequences, is an odious and intolerable act of cruelty. It affords us but little consolation to reflect, that the sleek and pampered citizen should save the value of half a peck of wheat in the purchase of the splendid robe which enfolds her ample frame, when we know that this advantage is obtained at the expense of withholding this quantity of food from the hungry family of the lean and hard-working weaver.

It must, indeed, be conceded to the Free Trade Economists, that the French manufacturer receives only half the food and half the manufac-

tured articles in payment for his labour that the English manufacturer was heretofore accustomed to receive; and hence the article made by this ill-requited workman can be offered cheapest in the market. The wealthy consumer is thus enabled to obtain it at a lower price; but the question is, if, by the demand for labour in England, and by the active employment of every individual, the recompense obtained by the labouring class here is greater than that which is obtained by the same class in France, whether this is to be considered as a benefit or an evil? The rich man, no doubt, pays more,—or, to speak more correctly, before the Free Trade system came into operation, used to pay more,—for the same quantity of labour in England than in France; but we would humbly submit it to the consideration of the Economists, whether this did not produce a great social and political advantage, by promoting the more equal distribution of wealth among all the members of the community. Instead of looking at institutions which affect this object as faulty, we cannot help regarding them as the means of diffusing inestimable blessings among the mass of the people. Is that law wise, is that law humane, is that law friendly to the interests of the industrious poor, which would throw one part of the population out of employment, and produce a glut of labour, and a consequent diminution of the earnings of industry, to enable the rich consumer to purchase more articles of luxury from a foreigner? The truth, however, is, that the self-styled Economists of England regard the poor merely as animals to be driven to death; their aim is to get out of the poor the largest possible quantity of labour for the most scanty remuneration upon which they can be made to subsist. In the vaunted system of those renowned philanthropists, the working classes are set down as animated machines, from the use of which it is sound policy to draw the greatest amount of profit at the least cost. But the real friend of the industrious poor, the enlightened and humane advocate of the lower orders, the man who has the happiness and improvement of his fellow-creatures sincerely at heart, will, as the first

step to civilization, morality, and education, exert all his energy to give employment to the bulk of the people, and insure an adequate reward for their labour. While one human being languishes in inaction and misery, he will stoop to raise him from his abject situation, and do all that lies in his power to give him the means of providing for himself: If he cannot absolutely realise the benevolent and amiable wish of Henry IV., that every peasant may have his chicken in his pot on Sunday, he will at least endeavour to render him independent of the charity of others, and relieve him from absolute want; he will ask, not at how low a money price the luxurious sons of affluence can purchase foreign silks, or pier glasses, or French wines; but his chief, if not only solicitude, will be, to ascertain whether the loom of the native manufacturer is at work, whether the spade of the labourer is employed in digging the ground; his constant enquiry will be, not whether luxury revels in palaces, but whether plenty and content bless the cottage of the poor?

Whatever obloquy, therefore, may be thrown upon that system under which Great Britain had arrived at a pitch of unexampled prosperity with whatever contempt the wise statesmen of the present day may speak of these measures, which attended to foster national industry, the time is not probably far distant when a fatal experience of the evils resulting from an opposite line of policy will produce in the public mind a full conviction of their wisdom and utility. The laws which protected particular manufactures, and prohibited the free importation of corn, gave employment to the general body of the people, and security to the capital which put their industry in motion. These laws gave to every man a full scope for the exertion of his skill, or the application of his property to any pursuit or occupation which held out to him the promise of the greatest return of profit; exacting from him in return no condition, except that he should consent to share his advantages with his fellow-citizens. These laws secured profitable employment to the poor, and restrained the rich from seeking enjoyments to be derived from fo-

eign sources, when these could have been supplied at home. They ministered to the wants of the needy, rather than to the craving desires of the affluent: They protected property and capital engaged in profitable production, as well as the wages of labour. They sacrificed no man or class of individuals to the blind envy of the multitude; but so long as one human being could be found destitute of the means of providing for his own subsistence, the state, like an affectionate parent, watched over and protected the beginnings of his humble industry. But far different is the course pursued by the Political Economists of the present day; in the midst of wide-spreading misery and suffering, they persevere, with a callousness of feeling, and a disregard of all warnings, peculiar to themselves, in the prosecution of experiments which threaten to destroy forever the prosperity of this once happy land.

The Political Economists promised those whom they deluded into the policy of countenancing their experiments, that other nations would be induced to follow the example which we set them, and abolish all restrictions upon the importation of foreign commodities. But other nations, blind to the advantages which were held out to them, spurned the suggestions and exhortations of the philosophers. The French, the Dutch, the Prussians, all, in their turn, laughed at the simplicity of the Free Traders, when proposing that foreign commodities should be permitted to compete with the productions of native industry; nay, the Americans went so far as to establish a prohibitory system at the very moment we were relaxing our own. This is the celebrated reciprocity system, for the introduction of which the statesmen and philosophers of this country claim so much credit. Its advantages, however, are all on one side—We allow foreign industry to come into free competition with that of our own population; while other nations rigidly exclude all wrought commodities which can be manufactured at home.

In their eagerness to secure to the rich and monied classes the advantage of cheap commodities, the philosophers have felt no scruples in

throwing an overwhelming burden upon the shoulders of that class which has vested its capital in the purchase of real property. The thousands of able-bodied workmen whom the new system has thrown out of employment, have necessarily fallen for subsistence upon the poor-rates; nay, so great is the reduction which has taken place in the wages of labour, that a very considerable portion of the maintenance of the workmen constantly employed in the cotton trade is drawn from the parish funds. It is indeed calculated, that in almost every district where the cotton trade has been able to support itself, half the expense of fabricating the wrought commodity is defrayed out of the poor-rates. It thus appears, that an immense tax is levied upon the owners of real property, in order to pay a premium upon the production of cotton goods. No wonder, therefore, that under these circumstances—with wages reduced to a minimum, and one-half of this minimum taken, not out of the capital of the manufacturer, but out of the pockets of the agricultural classes—the cotton manufacture should as yet be able to maintain its ground. The same observation will apply to the silk trade, to the iron trade, and, indeed, to almost every other trade. They are now upheld against foreign competition solely by the bounty which is raised for their support by taxing the owners of real property. In order that the wealthy and monied classes may get their commodities at a cheap rate, half the expense of fabricating them is, in many instances, taken out of the pockets of the owners of real property. A system thus partial and oppressive should by all means be abolished. The agriculturists should, for their own sake, make every effort in their power to withdraw this superabundant population from the factories, in which they are now, at least, partially unproductive, and settle them either as cottagers or colonists in some country district, where they may, by field-labour, replace the whole of the food required for their support.

It will perhaps be said, that, to effect this object, a considerable outlay of capital will be required in the first instance. It will be necessary

to build cottages, and provide the means of maintaining their occupants while tilling the ground during one year, at the very least. It may also be urged, that this amount of capital must be withdrawn from the general capital of the country, and that, therefore, the gain in one place will be counterbalanced by an equivalent loss in some other district. A million sterling, for instance, laid out in establishing cottage-farms, or home colonies, must be abstracted from some other branch of national industry in which it is now employed; and, by being thus withdrawn, it will throw out of work as many persons in the district which has lost it, as it would give employment to in that to which it might be transferred. At the first view of the matter, this seems to be a formidable objection to the scheme now recommended; but when closely analysed, it will, we apprehend, entirely vanish. The question to be disposed of, is not, whether it be expedient to transfer a given amount of capital from a branch of industry, in which it is now productive, into some other department; but whether it be expedient to render a certain amount of capital profitable both to the owners and the public, which is now either entirely wasted, or at best yields but an inadequate return of profit. It will at once be perceived, that we speak here of the enormous capital which is annually squandered in this country in the maintenance of able-bodied but unemployed labourers. The food consumed by this class of persons in a state of idleness, is a pure and unalloyed loss to society. Unlike the food consumed by the industrious labourer, no particle of it is replaced: it is consumption without the most trifling reproduction. This wasted capital, if properly applied, would prove amply sufficient to carry into effect the sort of arrangement which is required to give profitable employment to the whole mass of our industrious poor. An able-bodied labourer out of employment necessarily falls upon the parish for support; assume that from this source he draws annually for his maintenance fifty quartern loaves. Being unable to get employment, he consumes this allowance in absolute idleness; hence it unavoid-

ably comes to pass, that at the end of the year not one ounce of the bread which he has eaten is replaced by the fruits of his own industry. With respect to the inhabitants of the parish who maintain this pauper in unproductive idleness, as well as to the community at large, the effect is precisely the same as if these loaves, or, in the language of the Economists, capital, were thrown into the fire. But assume that a different arrangement had been made for the sustenance of this indigent labourer—suppose that the parish had said to him, “We know that ye have no work, and cannot support yourself by the earnings of your ordinary labour; we are also aware that by the obligation of law, and the principles of humanity, we are bound to find you a maintenance; but upon every principle of honesty and fair dealing, you are equally bound to use your best exertions to replace the food which we advance for your support. We will set apart a small allotment of land for you to cultivate; by an unremitting and judicious application of your industry to the tillage of this portion of land, you will be able at the proper season to gather a crop which will more than replace the food consumed by you while prosecuting your task.”

It should also be always borne in mind, that when a portion of the capital of any country is exhausted by unproductive consumers, the national fund for the employment and reward of productive industry is in an equal ratio diminished; hence the evil effect of maintaining an able-bodied labourer in a state of unproductiveness becomes doubled. Suppose an able-bodied and unemployed labourer draws from the funds of the parish to which he belongs an allowance equivalent to fifty quartern loaves; this quantity of food is not only wasted upon a man who does not replace one of the crusts which he consumes, but the amount thus abstracted from the aggregate capital belonging to the inhabitants of the parish, throws another labourer out of employment. Thus it comes to pass, that an unoccupied labourer not only consumes in unproductive idleness the food which he receives from the parish, but by that very act he also deprives another labourer of

profitable employment. Hence it is that the evil of pauperism spreads so rapidly and extensively in every country, where, from a defective or vicious organization of society, any considerable portion of the working classes may be unprovided with productive employment.

It is very gratifying to find that the system which has recently attracted so much attention,—that of attaching a small allotment of land to the cottage of the industrious labourer, to be cultivated by spade husbandry, spreads so rapidly throughout the country. It would be tedious to specify the various districts to which it has been introduced; it is sufficient to say, that wherever the experiment has been judiciously made, it appears to answer the most sanguine expectations of its advocates; it emancipates the peasant from the condition of a parochial slave, degraded and demoralized by oppression, and places him in a state of comfort and independence. It obtains the countenance not only of the wealthy landowners, but what holds out the promise of making it still more general, the farmers of the country begin likewise to open their eyes to the palpable advantages of the system. The labouring classes evince the utmost eagerness to obtain these small allotments; they are willing and able to pay for them a much higher amount of rent than could be afforded by the ordinary farmer. In a parish not far from Wells, land appropriated to this purpose lets at the enormous rate of eight pounds per acre; it is no doubt of very good quality; and notwithstanding the present depressed state of agriculture, the industrious cottager is enabled to pay this high rent, and at the same time to derive from his allotment a considerable surplus, as a reward for his own labour. The success of these experiments begins to produce its natural effect; landowners begin to see that, by adopting this system, they can derive a much larger revenue from their property, than by letting it to a common farmer; and among the occupiers of extensive farms, the conviction gradually gains ground that nothing short of the general adoption of this plan can prevent the poor-rates from absorbing not only the whole rent of

the landlord, but also the whole of the profits of the occupying tenant. Impelled by these considerations, parishes begin to adopt these means of relieving their poor; instead of giving money to support them in idleness, they allot land, to the cultivation of which every hour which the labourer can spare may be applied. The industrious workman is thus provided for by means which do not cost the community a single farthing; for in every instance he pays an adequate, and in many cases even a high rent for his allotment.

This is a subject which appears to deserve the serious attention of the Legislature; every obstacle which may tend to impede its extension ought to be removed. If generally adopted, it could scarcely fail to remove the most crying evil of the present day—the hopeless pauperism of able-bodied labourers. This is the true and only way of relieving the industrious classes in this country from the oppressive influence of the Free Trade system. The superabundant population of the manufacturing districts would be gradually withdrawn; and the wages of the remainder would consequently rise. The condition of the whole working classes would be thus improved, and content and happiness would once more bless this land. The ruin and misery brought upon the labouring poor by the wicked experiments of the Economists would be removed, and we should be no more alarmed by the vapid and absurd declamations about superabundant population. The population of this country is superabundant, merely because our stupid regulations exclude the people from the fields in which their industry would prove highly productive to themselves as well as the community at large. Let the soil of the country be but properly thrown open to the industry of our labouring classes, and we shall hear no more of a surplus population. The cant and nonsense of the pseudo-Economists will sink first into contempt, and then into oblivion. The patience of the public will be no longer teased by absurd schemes for transporting one portion of the community for the benefit of the other portion; and the public feeling will cease to be outraged by horrible sug-

gestions for checking population. Let the people of Britain have but a free trade in land and cottages, and we care not one farthing to what other branches of industry this principle may be extended; we are convinced that the practical result of throwing the soil of the empire open to the industry of our population, would be to create a want of hands, instead of a want of employment. The present competition for *labour* would be changed into a competition for *labourers*, and this would inevitably secure to the workman the full hire of which he is worthy. To us it appears indeed perfectly unaccountable, that some portion of the overflowing capital of this country has not already taken this direction; it could be rendered perfectly clear, that in no way could it be made so productive as by being invested in building cottages upon small allot-

ments of land; and this would the more especially be the case in populous districts. It is well known, that small houses, even now, return a larger profit for the capital expended in building them than more extensive erections; and it cannot be questioned, that a comfortable cottage, with a small allotment of land attached to it, would prove a still more profitable mode of investing capital. An incalculable amount of the accumulated capital of the nation might, in this manner, be disposed of to the great advantage both of individuals and the public. While this mode of investing capital would prove an incalculable blessing to the poor, it would, by diminishing the aggregate of our floating capital, and raising the rate of interest, prove extremely profitable to the rich capitalist.

THE VETERAN TAR.

BY DELTA.

A MARINER, whom fate compell'd
To make his home ashore,
Lived in yon cottage on the mount,
With ivy mantled o'er;
Because he could not breathe beyond
The sound of ocean's roar.

He placed yon vane upon the roof
To mark how stood the wind;
For breathless days and breezy days
Brought back old times to mind,
When rock'd amid the shrouds, or on
The sunny deck reclined.

And in his spot of garden ground
All ocean plants were met—
Salt lavender, that lacks perfume,
With scented mignonette;
And, blending with the roses' bloom,
Sea-thistles freak'd with jet.

Models of cannon'd ships of war,
Rigg'd out in gallant style;
Pictures of Camperdown's red fight,
And Nelson at the Nile,
Were round his cabin hung,—his hours,
When lonely, to beguile.

And there were charts and soundings, made
By Anson, Cook, and Bligh;
Fractures of coral from the deep,
And stormstones from the sky;
Shells from the shores of gay Brazil;
Stuff'd birds, and fishes dry.

Old Simon had an orphan been,
 No relative had he ;
 Even from his childhood was he seen
 A haunter of the quay ;
 So, at the age of raw thirteen,
 He took him to the sea.

Four years on board a merchantman
 He sail'd—a growing lad ;
 And all the isles of Western Ind,
 In endless summer clad,
 He knew, from pastoral St Lucie,
 To palmy Trinidad.

But sterner life was in his thoughts,
 When, 'mid the sea-fight's jar,
 Stoop'd Victory from the batter'd shrouds,
 To crown the British tar ;—
 'Twas then he went—a volunteer—
 On board a ship of war.

Through forty years of storm and shine,
 He plough'd the changeful deep ;
 From where beneath the tropic line
 The winged fishes leap,
 To where frost rocks the Polar seas
 To everlasting sleep.

I recollect the brave old man,—
 Methinks upon my view
 He comes again—his varnish'd hat,
 Striped shirt, and jacket blue ;
 His bronzed and weather-beaten cheek,
 Keen eye, and plaited queue.

Yon turfen bench the veteran loved
 Beneath the threshold tree,
 For from that spot he could survey
 The broad expanse of sea,—
 That element, where he so long
 Had been a rover free !

And lighted up his faded face,
 When, drifting in the gale,
 He with his telescope could catch,
 Far off, a coming sail :
 It was a music to his ear,
 To list the sea-mews' wail !

Oft would he tell how, under Smith,
 Upon the Egyptian strand,
 Eager to beat the boastful French,
 They join'd the men on land,
 And plied their deadly shots, intrench'd
 Behind their bags of sand ;—

And when he told, how, through the Sound,
 With Nelson in his might,
 They pass'd the Cronberg batteries,
 To quell the Dane in fight,—
 His voice with vigour fill'd again !
 His veteran eye with light !

But chiefly of hot Trafalgar
The brave old man would speak ;
And, when he shew'd his oaken stump,
A glow suffused his cheek,
While his eye fill'd—for, wound on wound
Had left him worn and weak.

Ten years, in vigorous old age,
Within that cot he dwelt ;
Tranquil as falls the snow on snow,
Life's lot to him was dealt ;
But came infirmity at length,
And slowly o'er him stealt.

We miss'd him on our seaward walk :
The children went no more
To listen to his evening talk,
Beside the cottage door ;—
Grim palsy held him to the bed,
Which health eschew'd before.

'Twas harvest-time ;—day after day
Beheld him weaker grow ;
Day after day, his labouring pulse
Became more faint and slow ;
For, in the chambers of his heart,
Life's fire was burning low.

Thus did he weaken and he wane,
Till frail as frail could be ;
But duly at the hour which brings
Homeward the bird and bee,
He made them prop him in his couch,
To gaze upon the sea.

And now he watch'd the moving boat,
And now the moveless ships,
And now the western hills remote,
With gold upon their tips,
As ray by ray the mighty sun
Went down in calm eclipse.

Welcome as homestead to the feet
Of pilgrim, travel-tired,
Death to old Simon's dwelling came,
A thing to be desired ;
And, breathing peace to all around,
The man of war expired.

THE LAIRDE OF LONNE.

Ane Rychte Breiffe and Wyttie Ballande, compilit by Maister Hougge.

THERE wals ane manne of muckil mychte,
His naime wals Lowrie of the Lonne,
Quha helde the loudeste bragge of weir,
Of manne that evir battyll wone.

He beatte M'Killum lance to lance,
He beat Gilfillane of the daille;
And at the tiltis and tourneymentis,
He downit our gallantis all and haille.

His falshown wals the fire-flaughtis glyme,
His speire the streimer of the sonne,
So that the championis stode alofe,
And quailit before the Lairde of Lonne.

Then he rade este and he rade weste,
Braiffing eche baulde upsettying manne;
There nevir wals ane knichte so proudd,
Since this proudd warlde at first beganne.

But there livit ane mayden in the Mers,
Sho wals the flouir of fayre Scotland,
And sho hald manye landis and rentis,
And ane erildome at hir command.

But yet sho wolde not yelde to wedde,
Nor trust hir herytage to manne;
And quhan the lordis came syching sadde,
Sho lynkit at hir quheele and spanne.

And on them passit hir mirry jokis,
Pitying their caille rychte wofullye;
But bade them seik ane odir sponse,
For ane marryit wyffe sho wolde not bee.

But downe came Lowrie of the Lonne,
To carrye the mayden, landis, and alle,
He knowit sho nevir colde dysclaime
Ane lover so gallant, braiffe, and talle.

His armour wals so daizzling brychte,
That eyne colde hardlye loke thereonne;
He semit cladde in burnishit golde;
But alle wals nevir golde that shonne.

His saddyl clothe wauffit in the wynde,
With golden tassillis coverit o'er;
His steide he caperit lyke ane hynde,
And rerit with his brodeside before.

And quhan he rappit at Landale gait,
No porter sterne wals to be seine;
But ane prettye May came to the yette,
And the blynke of gle wals in hir eyne.

Then the Lairde he made his horse to rere,
 And the beiste he snortit awsomele;
 " If maydin Mariote is withynne,
 Go bid hir speike ane worde with mee.

" For I am the mychtie Lairde of Lonne,
 The hero of the Scottish lande;
 And I am comit in cortesy,
 To claim your winsum ladyis hande."

And then he maide his horse to spang,
 Als though he wolde not renit bee,
 Quhille the graivell flewe lyke bullet shouris—
 It wals ane gallante sychte to se!

The mayden squelit and keikit bye,—
 " Och, sir! myne leddy is at her quheele,
 And sho moste spynne her daylie tasque,
 Else sho and I can ne'er doo wele.

" Sho is ane pore but thryftie daime,
 Quha workethe out her daylie breidde,
 And hath no tyme to jaulke with ane
 That cairryeth so hie ane heidde.

" Quhan you can worke with spaidde and shole,
 Or dryffe ane trade of honeste faime,
 Then come and woo myne ladye deire,
 Till then speide back the gaitte you caime."

Then the Lairde of Lonne, he thochte it goode,
 To take this connyng May's avyse,
 For ane womyn workyng for her breidde
 For him to wedde would not be wyse.

So he turnit his horsis heidde about,
 Quha neither spangit nor caperit nowe,
 But the plomis upon the Lairdis helmette,
 They noddit dourlye ower his browe.

Then hee has gone to the Lorde of Marche,
 And hee has toulde him all his taille;
 And that goode lorde hee laughit at him,
 Quhile bothe his sydis were lyke to faille.

Quod hee, " It wals the May herselle,
 I know it by her saucye saye;
 But go you back and courte her welle;
 She may notte, can notte saye you naye,

" And scho has Landale touir and toune,
 Whitfielde, and Kelle, and Halsyngtonne
 Her very tythe of yearly rentis
 Wolde purchesse all the landis of Lonne."

The Lairde he mountit his gallant steidde,
 And staitlye on his saddyll sette,
 He nevir styntit the lycht galloppe
 Untille he came to the Landale yette.

He gaif his steidde untill ane manne,
 And staitely strade into the halle,
 Resolvit to win that ladye fayre,
 And her brode landis the best of alle.

And there he stode, and there he strode,
 And often sent he benne his naime;
 But all that hee could saye or doo,
 They wolde not bidde him to the daime.

For the mirrye May she jinkit and jeerit,
 And the ould foteman gyrnit amaine,
 But the Lairde hee wolde not mofe one fote,
 But manfullye hee did remaine.

At length May Mariote she caime downe,
 Lyke ane brychte aingelle comit fro hevin,
 And askit howe he daurit intrude
 Into a maydenis bower at evin?

Quod he, " Myne deire and comelye daime,
 I hidder come to maike demande
 Of quhat is wellle myne rychte to aske,
 Youre maydene herte but and your hande.

" For I am the hero of fayre Scotlande,
 No knychte can stande before myne armis,
 And wellle it suittes the fayreste daime
 To yelde the hero up hir charmis."

" If you be the hero of fair Scotlande,
 Then woe to Scotlande and to mee!
 There is not ane manne on all myne lande
 But wald thwacke youre hyde most hertilye.

" You haif caipperit at the tourneymentis,
 And broken ane speire in ladyis sychte;
 But there is not ane knychte of nobyl blode
 With gladdyautter bowis to fycht.

" To mete our meaneste Borderer's mychte,
 The menne whose daylie worke is stryffe,
 Walde let you knowe quhat fychting is,
 And plie youre helis for dethe or lyffe."

The Lairde he trampit with his footte,
 Quhill all the hallis of Landale rung;
 " Madame," quod he, " were you ane manne,
 You sholde repente youre wyckede tongue.

" There is myne pledge, now taik it up
 Als franklye als you se it throwne,
 And if you haif ane hero in fayre Scotlande,
 I pledge myne lyff to bryng him downe!"

" I lift the gauntlet," said the dame,
 " To-morrowe come to thyne dejeune,
 And pass you furthe to este or weste,
 Or northe or southe, als sutis thyne tunc,

" And the firste manne thou meitest with,
Give him ane challenge manfullye,
And fycht him on the very spotte,
Then come and tell the news to me.

" If thou canst bryng the first two downe,
Either on horsbacke or on footte,
I pledge myne mayden courtesye
To listen to thyne honeste suite.

" You lyttill knowe the Mers-mennis mychte,
Bredde unto battyllis deadlyest blee;
There is not ane manne on all myne lande
Quha will not bryng you to your kne."

Then the Lairde pullit off his fedderit cappe,
And thryce he wafit it rounde his heidde,
And he utterit soche ane lordlye shoutte
Als neirlye strak that ladye deidde,

" Hurrah!" cryit hee, " for lucky mee!
Now let the skaithe go with the skorne;
The fayrest May in all the Southe,
And hir braid landis, are myne the morne!"

The Lairde he came to his dejeune,
And loudde he braggit of his weire;
But soche ane bleze of wycked wytte
The herte of manne did nevir beire.

The Lairde then mountyd his gallante steidde,
And forth unto the weste rode hee,
Quhere he wals aware of ane beggir manne
Comyng slowlye slodgyng ower the le.

Then the Lairde he thochtis unto himselle,
" This is the warke will nevir doo,
If I sholde fycht ane beggir manne,
For lyffe I shall haif cause to rooe.

" But yet it wals hir stricke beheste,
And myssing him I losse myne ple,
Bot to bryng downe ane leille aulde manne
Befyttis not herois courtysye."

The beggir hee came loutchyng on,
His heidde it shoke, his steppe wals fraille,
His sholderis bendyt lyke ane bowe,
His berde wals lyke ane quhyte meris taille.

He had wallettis behynde, and wallettis before,
That waggit about him wondyr welle,
But quhat wals in his clouttit bonnette
There wals no bodye knawit but the beggir himselle.

He pullit off his bonnette unto the Lairde,
And speirit ane aumousse churlishlye,
Then the Lairde gave him ane twalpenne piece
With ane aire of mycht and maijestye.

And then he turnit him rounde aboutte,
 Saying, " Tell to mee, thou beggir knaiffe,
 Didst thou evir fychte in felde of blode,
 Or battyll ane foemanne hande to glaiffe ?"

" Yes, I haif fouchte in syngill fychte,
 And in the fronte of battyll keinne,
 And I haif stode on felde of blode,
 Quhere gossyp like thee durste not be seinne."

" Quhat wolde you thynke, then, beggir knaiffe,
 With me to trie your mettyll here ?"
 " Deil taik the hindmoste," the beggir sayit,
 " If I had borrowit the mylleris mere."

Then the beggir hee gottè the mylleris mere,
 Als goode ane beigle als beggir colde hæ,
 His bryddle wals the hayre helterre,
 His saddyll wals the sonke of strae.

But soche ane bordlye warriour maikè
 Ne'er dashyt forthe to dedis of weire ;
 He semyt to wax in size and shaippe
 Quhan mountit on the mylleris mere.

He had walletis behynde, and walletis before,
 And walletis out ower his sholderis had hee ;
 You mychte als welle perce ane packe of wole,
 Als trie to perce his fayre bodye.

He keipit his pykit staffe on hie,
 And gallopit on, and cryit " Wellhee !"
 And his walletis waifit like twentye wyngis,
 That evin ane feirsome sychte wals hee ;

But the Lairdis horse colde not stânde the sychte,
 His very soulle did quaike for dreidde,
 For he reirit and snortit lyke ane quhale,
 And neirlye fellit his maister deidde.

And or the beggir rehit the grounde,
 Be fortye ellis, als I herit saye,
 The horse, in spytte of bytte and spurre,
 Quhelit off, and fledde lyke fire awaye.

But the mylleris mere wals ane mere of breide,
 And better mere nor myller behofit ;
 For all the warre-steidis horryd dreidde,
 Ane fleiter better yaude sho provit :

For the beggir pursuit, shoutyng " Wellhee !"
 And harde came on the battyll steidde,
 Then he wanne the Lairde ane sturdye thwacke,
 That dang his helmette off his heidde.

And rounde and rounde the Landale tour
 They gallopit on with mychte and mayne,
 Quhille May Mariote and all hir maydis
 Lauchit als they nevir lauchit agayne.

And rounde and rounde the Landale tour
 The Lairde and his pursuer flewe;
 And the walletis daddit rounde and rounde,
 And raisit the stoure at every hewe.

And many a hard and hevvy knolle
 Felle on the rumpe of the warre steidde,
 Whilom the braiffe hors gronit and ranne,
 Holdyng out his taille, and eke his heidde.

Then wolde the beggir quhele aboutte,
 To meite the Lairdis horse faice to faice;
 But the horse no sooner the beggir sawe,
 Than spite of dethe he turnit the chaice,

And rounde and rounde the Landale tour,
 For the outter gatis were barrit amayne;
 And soche ane chaice in soche ane plaice,
 Ladye shall nevir behoulde againe.

Till the Lairde, in black despaire and rage,
 Flung himselle fercely fro his steidde,
 Then threwe the bryddle fro his graspe,
 Swearyng to bee the beggiris deidde.

But footte to footte, and hande to hande,
 The beggir mette him gallantlye;
 At the first buffe the beggir gatte,
 The stoure lyke ane snowe-dryfte did flee,
 And it flewe intille the Lairdis two eyne,
 Till feinte ane styme the Lairde colde se.

But whidder it came fro pepper pocke,
 Or beggiris pouche, hee colde not telle,
 But it wals als hotte and sharpe to beir,
 Als asches fro the graitte of helle.

Then the beggir he lauchit ane wycked lauche,
 Als the Lairde he jumpit lyke ane possessit,
 And the beggir had nothyng more to doo
 But to laye on als lykit him best.

Hee thwackit the Lairde, and hee daddit the Lairde,
 And hee clouttit him quhille in wofull plychte.
 "You gaif me ane aumouss," the beggir sayit,
 "So I'll not taike thyne lyffe outrychte.

"But betydde mee weille, betydde mee wo,
 Thyne glyttering garbe shalle go with mee,
 To teche thee challynge ane hombil beggir,
 Quha wals not trobyling thyne nor thee."

He tyrelit the Lairde unto the boffe,
 And buskit himselle in his fynerye,
 Then beltyd on his nobyl brande,
 And wow but ane jollye beggir wals hee!

But he lefte the Lairde his pykit kente,
 His powlderit duddis, and pockis of meille—
 Och! nevir wals woor so harde bestedde,
 Or ane hauchtye herte broughte downe so weille!

He hathe clothit himselle in the beggiris duddis,
 No oder remede had hee the whylle,
 But his horse wold not lette him come neirre—
 No, not wythin ane half a mylle.

But quherre he fledde, or quherre he spedde,
 I nevir colde lerne with all myne lore,
 But hee nevir sette uppe his faice agayne,
 And nevir wals seine in Scotlande more.

But wo be to that May Mariote!
 Quhatis to be wonne at womanis hande!
 For sho has wedded that beggir knaiffe,
 And maide him lorde of alle hir lande!

For quha wals hee but the Knychte of Home,
 The dreade of all the Border boundis,
 Quham that connyng May had warnyt weille
 To watche the Lairde in alle his roundis.

And the pretendit mylleris mere
 Wals the ae best beste that evir wals born;
 Oft had sho broke the English rankis,
 And laid theyre leideris all forlorne.

May nevir ane braggarde bruike the glaive
 That beste befyttis ane nobyll hande—
 And everye lovir losse the daime
 Who goes hir favour to commande!

*** The hero of this legend seems to have been Sir Alexander, the tenth knight of Home; for, on consulting the registers of that family, I find that he was married to Mariote, or Marriotta, sole daughter and heiress of Landale of Landale, in the county of Berwick.

J. H.

Mount-Benger, March 12, 1830.

THE FORSAKEN TO THE FALSE ONE.

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

I DARE thee to forget me! go wander where thou wilt,
 Thy hand upon the vessel's helm, or on the sabre's hilt;
 Away! thou'rt free! o'er land and sea, go rush to danger's brink!
 But oh, thou canst not fly from thought! thy curse will be—to think!

Remember me! remember all—my long-enduring love,
 That link'd itself to perfidy; the vulture and the dove!
 Remember in thy utmost need, I never once did shrink,
 But clung to thee confidingly; thy curse shall be—to think!

Then go! *that* thought will render thee a dastard in the fight,
That thought, when thou art tempest-tost, will fill thee with affright;
 In some vile dungeon mayst thou lie, and, counting each cold link
 That binds thee to captivity, thy curse shall be—to think!

Go! seek the merry banquet-hall, where younger maidens bloom,
 The thought of *me* shall make thee *there* endure a deeper gloom;
That thought shall turn the festive cup to poison while you drink,
 And while false smiles are on thy cheek, thy curse will be—to think!

Forget me! false one, *hope* it not! When minstrels touch the string,
The memory of other days will gall thee while they sing;
The airs *I* used to love will make thy coward conscience shrink,
Aye, ev'ry note will have its sting—thy curse will be—to *think*!

Forget me! No, that *shall* not be! I'll haunt thee in thy sleep,
In dreams thou'lt cling to slimy rocks that overhang the deep;
Thou'lt shriek for aid! *my* feeble arm shall hurl thee from the brink,
And when thou wak'st in wild dismay, thy curse will be—to *think*!

TRIUMPHANT MUSIC.

BY MRS HEMANS.

Tacete, tacete, O suoni triumfanti!
Risvegliate in vano 'l cor che non può liberarsi.

WHEREFORE and whither bear'st thou up my spirit,
On eagle-wings, through every plume that thrill?
It hath no crown of victory to inherit—
Be still, triumphant Harmony! be still!

Thine are no sounds for Earth, thus proudly swelling
Into rich floods of joy:—it is but pain
To mount so high, yet find on high no dwelling,
To sink so fast, so heavily again!

No sounds for Earth?—Yes, to young Chieftain dying
On his own battle-field at set of sun,
With his freed Country's Banner o'er him flying,
Well mightst thou speak of Fame's high guerdon won.

No sounds for Earth?—Yes, for the Martyr leading
Unto victorious Death serenely on,
For Patriot by his rescued Altars bleeding,
Thou hast a voice in each majestic tone.

But speak not thus to one whose heart is beating
Against Life's narrow bound, in conflict vain!
For Power, for Joy, high Hope, and rapturous greeting,
Thou wak'st lone thirst—be hush'd, exulting strain.

Be hush'd, or breathe of Grief!—of Exile-yearnings
Under the willows of the stranger-shore;
Breathe of the soul's untold and restless burnings,
For looks, tones, footsteps, that return no more.

Breathe of deep Love—a lonely Vigil keeping
Through the night-hours o'er wasted health to pine;
Rich thoughts and sad like faded rose-leaves heaping,
In the shut heart, at once a Tomb and Shrine.

Or pass as if thy spirit-notes came sighing
From Worlds beneath some blue Elysian sky;
Breathe of repose, the pure, the bright, th' undying—
Of Joy no more—bewildering Harmony!

ODE TO POVERTY.

I.

HAIL! mighty Power! who o'er my lot
 Presidest uncontroll'd and free;
 Sole Ruler of the rural cot,
 I bid thee hail, dread Poverty!
 Thine aid I crave to guide my strain,
 Nor shall I supplicate in vain.

II.

When on this world of woe and toil,
 A helpless stranger, I was cast,
 Like mariner on desert isle,
 The sport and victim of the blast,
 Thy russet robe was o'er me flung,
 And to thy cold, lean hand I clung.

III.

In youth I felt thy guardian care,—
 Each saving, self-denying rule,
 Needful for those of fortune spare,
 I learnt and practised in thy school;
 And of my lengthen'd life at large
 Thou still hast taken special charge.

IV.

Much have I seen, much more I've heard,
 Of chance and change in this vain world;
 The low to high estate preferr'd—
 From high estate the haughty hurl'd:
 But chance or change ne'er pass'd o'er me;—
 I'm still thy subject—Poverty!

V.

(Ah! how unwise are they who scorn
 Thy homely garb and humble fare;
 Who scale the Tropic's burning bourne,
 Ideal happiness to share!
 They tread the wild and plough the wave
 In quest of gold—but find a grave.)

VI.

There are who know thee but by name,
 Who spurn thy salutary laws,
 And count thy mark a badge of shame,
 And hold it sin to own thy cause.
 Fools that they are! they never knew
 Thy guiltless pride—thy spirit true.

VII.

Full oft in danger's darkest day
 Thy sons have proved their country's shield,
 When Wealth's effeminate array
 Appear'd not on the battle-field:—
 'Twas theirs to grasp the patriot brand,
 That dropp'd from Lux'ry's nerveless hand.

VIII.

Full oft, when wealth-engender'd crime
 Roll'd o'er the lands its whelming tide,

Their fervent faith and hope sublime
 Have stable proved though sorely tried :
 In virtue's heavenward path they trode,
 When pleasure's sons forsook their God.

IX.

And yet nor stone, nor poet's strain,
 Records their honours undefiled ;
 Ev'n poesy would weave in vain
 The laurel wreath for penury's child :
 Should fashion sneer, or fortune frown,
 'Twould wither ere the sun went down.

X.

But greater, happier, far is he,
 More ample his reward of praise—
 Though he should misery's kinsman be,
 Though hardships cloud his earthly days—
 Who triumphs in temptation's hour,
 Than he who wins the warlike tower.

XI.

What, though he may not write his name
 On history's ever-living page !
 What, though the thrilling trump of fame
 Echo it not from age to age !
 'Tis blazon'd bright in realms on high,
 Enroll'd in records of the sky.

XII.

What, though the hireling bard be mute,
 When humble worth for notice calls,
 There wants not voice of harp and lute
 To hymn it high in heavenly halls ;
 Around the cell where virtue weeps,
 His nightly watch the Seraph keeps.

XIII.

If peace of mind your thoughts employ,
 Ye restless, murm'ring sons of earth !
 Ah ! shun the splendid haunts of joy—
 Peace dwells not with unholy mirth ;
 But oft amidst a crowd of woes,
 As in the desert blooms the rose.

XIV.

Thick fly the hostile shafts of fate,
 And wreck and ruin mark their course,
 But the pure spirit, firm, sedate,
 Nor feels their flight, nor fears its force.
 So storms the ocean's surface sweep,
 While calm below the waters sleep.

XV.

O ! may internal peace be mine,
 Though outward woes urge on their war,
 And, Hope ! do thou my path define,
 And light it with thy radiant star.
 Thou Hope, who, through the shades of sorrow,
 Canst trace the dawn of joy's bright morrow !

VERSES ADDRESSED TO ONE OF THE HUMAN TEETH DUG OUT OF THE CAIRN ON
AIRSWOOD-MOSS, MAY 1828.

TOOTH of the olden time! I'd wish to learn
Thy living history; what age and nation
Thou represented'st underneath the cairn,
Fruitful of antiquarian speculation;
Nor are my queries an unmeaning sally—
Tooth is to tongue a neighbour and an ally.

Was it thy proud distinction, ancient tooth,
To ornament and arm a Roman jaw,
When the all-conquering legions of the south
Imposed on us their language and their law?
When death or bondage seem'd to overtake us,
Pray, didst thou gnash defiance on Galgacus?

Was thy proprietor a sky-blue Pict,
Remarkable for longitude of arm?
One of that tribe which kingly Kenneth kick'd
From crown and kingdom, to their no small harm?
Well known they were, I wot, for uncouth grammar,
For painting, too, and throwing the sledge-hammer.

Perhaps thou art a tooth of Saxon breed,
(A heath'nish cruel race with yellow hair,)
And haply grinn'd within some helmed head,
With very transport, when the victim fair
Was seized and slain, and sacrificed, and sodden,
And served up to bloody Thor and Woden.

Thou'rt not Druidical, I'm prone to think,
For near thy lonely tomb no forests grow;
Nor, o'er thy bending river's grassy brink
Hath the green oak its shade been known to throw,
Forming a fane of gloom for Druid sages,
Or all hath perish'd in the lapse of ages.

What was thy owner, then? a warrior dire,
Who lived and died amid the din of battle?
Or perhaps some consequential feudal squire,
Who bought and sold his serfs like other cattle?
Mayhap a bard, with soul of gentler quality,
Who sigh'd for, but obtain'd not, immortality.

If so, what funeral rites appeased his shade?
Waked minstrelsy her wildest intonations?
Did silent sorrow many a breast pervade?
Or rung the welkin wide with ululations,
While rose in air the monumental stones?
A graceful cone—most venerable—of bones!

Ah! little thought the magnet of his times—
Th' aspiring bard—the man of power—the hero—
That his renown should rise in these my rhymes
After ten centuries' repose at Zero;
And that his tooth, ejected from its socket,
Should toss and tumble in my waistcoat pocket.

Having discuss'd these high concerns a little,
 (I hope with some decorum and propriety.)
 There yet remain some minor points to settle,
 Though not less interesting to society;
 Questions connected with domestic quiet
 And happiness—I now allude to diet.

Much as I've sought thy lineage and descent,
 Thou bony remnant of departed glory!
 I own I'm not less anxiously bent
 To learn thy private, more immediate story—
 What meats, or common, or by way of cordial,
 Have undergone thy masticating ordeal.

'Twere an uncourteous question, "Didst thou fare
 On luxuries which modern teeth disable?"
 Thy hardy frame and healthful looks declare,
 That no such trash e'er trifled on thy table:
 Thine was the food of undegenerate ages,
 Else never hadst thou figured in my pages.

'Twas thine, heroic tooth! 'twas thine to pierce
 The red deer's swelling sides with pride dilated;
 The wild boar's head, terrific, grim, and fierce,
 Thy eager, ardent onset too awaited;
 Then teeth with tusk in deadly conflict meeting,
 Display'd the feats of true, primeval eating.

'Twere equally uncivil to enquire
 If aught thou knowest of the frightful *ache*;
 Thy fangs are sound as one could well desire,
 Thy hard enamel smooth as frozen lake.
 Thy triumph is twofold, O tooth sublime!
 Thou scorn'st alike tooth-ache and tooth of time.

And here thou art, a prodigy—a wonder—
 A monument of undecaying earth;
 Nor more of thee we'll know till the last thunder
 Shall from his slumbers call thy master forth;
 These puzzles which I grapple with in vain
 Shall then be solved—and all thy case seem plain.

This and the preceding Poem, "Ode to Poverty,"—communicated to
 by a Lady whom we greatly esteem—are the production of William Pat-
 farm-servant, or "Minister's man," to the Rev. Dr Brown of Eskdale-mu.
 They exhibit, in the highest and purest light, that intellectual and mo-
 worth, which adorns, dignifies, and ennobles the character of the peasant
 of Scotland.

THE PORT OF VENASQUE.

A SCENE IN THE PYRENEES.

THE earth, in all probability, possesses not a nobler scene of natural splendour, than that which is presented to the traveller, who, from the ridge of Chamouni, looks up the valley towards Mont Blanc, during those few moments when the last rays of the setting sun, lingering on its crest, reflect by their brilliancy a allowed artificial twilight over the pine-woods and glaciers below; and then, after gradually tinting those eternal snows with every shade of colouring, from the bright glittering of burnished gold, to the softest purple, finally leave them in well defined outline, boldly contrasted with the dark background of a clear autumnal sky; and to Mr Pocock and Mr Wyndham, who, in 1742, were the first to explore the wonders of this stupendous scenery, it must have been enhanced by the peculiar charm attendant on what has hitherto eluded the gaze of the rest of human kind. It is not my intention to sift the causes, or analyse the effects, of a fastidiousness, which, in spite of better and more rational principles, does, and will, detract more or less from the admiration of what is in other respects excellent and perfect, when once it becomes the common property of the world at large. Suffice it to say, it was under the influence of some such feelings that the writer of these pages, satiated with the gain and again repeated routine of a Swiss tour, placed his maps before him, and ranged over the circumscribed limits of the time and space at his command, to find something less frequented, though not less interesting.

Names, after all, have more powerful attractions than we are aware of, and possibly, therefore—Breche de Roland—Mt. Perdu—and, though not, not least, Maladetta, had a certain influence in turning his attention to the Pyrenees, a district less visited than other picturesque portions of Europe, and moreover rich in

interesting associations. The valleys amidst these mountains had been the refuge of that singular order of chivalry, the Knights Templars; therein had they raised their banners, and erected chapels in remote recesses, whose remnants were still in existence. Every frontier pass had its eventful tale of daring and lawless smugglers. The gorges and the caverns had each been the reputed resorts of mountain plunderers: and, above all, many of these romantic heights were endeared to Englishmen, by the recollection of gallant deeds of British valour performed in the closing scenes of the Peninsular war.

The result was, that the writer found himself, after seeing much that amply repaid his labour, in process of time, in the elevated regions of Bagnères de Luchon, the view from which, down a protracted avenue of nearly a mile in length, is bounded by the apparently insurmountable barrier formed by the Pic de la Pique on the left, and the serrated heights of Estaovas on the right, between which lay concealed the hidden Port of Venasque; the whole forming a frowning screen, excluding from view the mysterious form of Maladetta, "*The accursed*." It is to this pass, and to this singular mountain, which, although three times* more elevated than Snowdon, and little inferior to the highest of the Alps, contrives by its locality to elude observation, requiring to be closely approached to be seen, that he would direct the reader's attention, and request him in imagination to form one of a party preparing at midnight to quit the little town of Luchon, to meet the rising sun upon the uplands, as his first rays should dawn upon the Spanish frontier of Venasque.

The thermometer had during the day, even in the shade, risen to 85 Fahrenheit, and, at this late hour, was stationary at 75; but though not a breath of air was stirring, it was the

* The Maladetta is 11,100 feet in height—Snowdon 3571.

glow of heat without the oppression; the moon, in her waning quarter, had just risen behind a bank of mountains, only revealing her presence by a lighter tint in a cloudless heaven, adding by its mild and mellow gleam to the perfection of a night which might have been coveted by the inmates of Paradise. Leaving a galaxy of candles and lanterns, held up by half the wondering villagers assembled to see us set out, our little horses clattered merrily over the pavement, and down the long avenue, till we soon found ourselves in a rough and stony track, winding for a time by the banks of the river Pique, which soon brought us to the foot of the natural mound on which the ruined tower of Castel Viel reared itself, serving in its day as the advanced post and guardian of the valley. Leaving it on our right, we diverged from the line of the river, and began to ascend through a dense and continued forest, the path growing more wild, the trees more grand, as we proceeded, our horses sometimes stepping over the stems of fallen pines, sometimes making a detour to the very edge of the precipice, to avoid their projecting roots and stumps, catching an occasional glimpse through the branches of the peaks of Venasque, towering high in the moonlight. It was the scenery of a dream, in its indistinct sublimity. As the night advanced, and the ascent increased, the glowing warmth of Luchon was exchanged for a piercing chill, and long before one o'clock, all were muffled up in their respective cloaks, capotes, or roquelaures, padding their way in Indian file along the narrow path.

This sudden transition from excessive heat to the searching cold of the mountain air, and the impressive stillness of the romantic scenery, had each, probably, its effect in reducing conversation to an occasional remark, or an involuntary exclamation, as shadowy peaks, or indistinct objects glided into view. It was during one of these intervals, that the silence was interrupted by a shrill scream, evidently distant, but so acute and

mournful, that it was difficult to conceive it uttered by other than an unhappy wanderer on some lonely crag, suffering under severe pain; was it the death-cry of a human being? "No," replied the guide,—“it is the great night-owl of the woods,* calling to its mate;” and in a few moments the doleful cry was answered by its partner from the rocks immediately above. As we proceeded, a vast tenebrious mass increasing in size had long been perceived, and its gloomy undefined form had now monopolized nearly the whole of the distant landscape. We knew from its position and outline, that it was in fact the precipitous boundary of our excursion, but to the eye of an ignorant observer, it had all the resemblance of a jet-black gloomy sky, enlivened only by one stray ruddy star, which glimmered alone far above, near the summit. “It is the watchlight of an izard hunter,” said our guide; “while yonder fire burns, he may sleep in safety; the wolf and the bear will not molest him.”

About a quarter after two o'clock we emerged from the forest; and crossing a comparatively flat grassy plain, reached the Hospice of Bagnères, a large lonely building erected for the accommodation of travellers. The loud barking of some shepherd's dogs announced our approach; and, without knocking, the door was speedily opened by the keepers of this secluded hostelry, who, accustomed to see guests of all classes and characters, at all hours and seasons, expressed no surprise at a visit which in most places would have been equally ill-timed and unseasonable.

We were admitted from the passage into a large lugubrious chamber, black and dingy with accumulated dust and smoke, dimly lighted at one end by the smothering remnants of an expiring fire, scattered over a wide hearth-place, and encircled with stools and rude benches recently occupied by a numerous body of shepherds or smugglers, or other doubtful characters, whose bodies, buried in sleep, were inter-

* (*Strix Bubo*), a species of owl not much inferior in size to an eagle; very rarely seen in Great Britain, building its nest in the caverns of rocks, and confining itself to mountainous, and almost inaccessible places.

ingled in every variety of attitude, amidst a confused heterogeneous pile of sacks, and saddles, and packages of all descriptions. A rough coarse-faceted hostess replenished the hearth-stone with a supply of fresh logs, which, in a few minutes, blazed half way up a wide chimney; and, while it thawed our benumbed limbs, threw a bright red glare over the strange apartment, and still the ranger company assembled there. While our guides refreshed themselves, we as gladly refreshed ourselves, and lost no time in replenishing our stock of exhausted warmth, preparatory to the chill of the morning on the still more elevated regions we had yet to encounter.

About three o'clock, some nascent symptoms of dawn were visible, and we remounted. Above the N.E. horizon, a pale glimmering gave token of the approach of morning, just sufficient to shew us the heights of Venasque, uprearing themselves in one apparently unbroken precipice, immediately in our front, and we could not easily persuade ourselves that in the very centre of this seemingly inscalable barrier, we were to advance. After crossing a shallow stream bounding the grassy plateau on which stood the hospice, we began to rise. For a time the ascent was neither steep nor difficult; a guide led the way, and the horses, accustomed to their work, followed, without an effort on the part of their riders to urge or direct them. Soon, however, the angle of altitude very sensibly increased, and the track, which had hitherto only deviated from a right line by an occasional curve, assumed a zigzag form over a shelf of rugged rock upon which nothing short of an izard, a goat, or these mountain ponies, could have ventured to place their horny hoofs. With the exception of the plateau we had quitted, (the site of the hospice,) we were now, I may say, enveloped in precipices. On our left, aiming kindred with the very heavens, stood a wall of rock, broken at various heights by ledges of various width, covered with straggling wood, on one of which and more than midway from the base, the guide pointed out to us the spot where we had seen the izard hunter's fire; but we looked in vain through a telescope for a trace

of smoke, or the figure of the forlorn man who had made his resting-place in so perilous a situation;—his lair was beyond the ken of human sight. By this time, twilight had made much progress, and, when about half way up the gorge, the sky began to redden, the moon to dim, the stars to fade, objects to become clearer, and to dawn into colour. The jagged ridges of Pic de la Pique first caught the morning ray, and as each distinct point became illuminated, the details of this desolate amphitheatre gradually revealed themselves.

In every direction huge fragments of rock were scattered and torn asunder, giving fearful and terrible evidence of the dire visitations this desolate gorge was alone permitted to witness—visitations on which no mortal eye could look and live. That some, indeed, had seen them in the hour of death, was too evident; for here and there a monumental cross marked the spot of some fatal catastrophe. A certain hollow, in particular, at the foot of a huge insulated fragment, weighing many thousand tons, our guide pointed out as the grave of four persons who had not long before met their fate. The party consisted of six, one of whom was his brother. Thus far had they journeyed without meeting any other obstacles than such as naturally existed early in the spring, when all that we saw around us was shrouded under one deep mantle of snow. They were marching in a line, cautiously following in each other's footsteps, when an avalanche came upon them. His brother was in the van, but was too much bewildered to give any very accurate account either of his own feelings or of what took place. He could speak of a rushing, mighty wind, when, turning round, all had disappeared saving the man who immediately followed him—the four were taken—the two were left! It was useless to search for their bodies till later in the year, when the snows had melted. They were then found, fresh and uncorrupt as at the moment when they were called away, without an expression of agony or struggle. Every feature placid and composed as if wrapped in sound and peaceful sleep. Their remains were deposited in the hollow I have mentioned, and there they still sleep

on and take their rest, beside a headstone, such as few can boast of, and I question whether earth can produce a more solemn and solitary sepulchre wherein the dead repose for their appointed time.

An eagle or two were now seen soaring aloft, welcoming the rising sun, while a few choughs were noisily chattering their matins on the lower crags. In the meantime, the steepness of the ascent was rapidly increasing, and from a few yards below the path, if such a track deserved the name, appeared absolutely impracticable. The cold, too—which at the point of dawn is always more sensible—as we advanced into the region of snow, and came in contact with large patches extending on every side, became intense; but there was something so striking in the novelty and grandeur of the scene, that I believe any sense of suffering from this cause, was a matter of very trifling, or very secondary consideration to all. I have seen the sun rise in its loveliness during a calm at sea; and I have watched him shooting up his rays above the wild eastern clouds in a heavy gale. I have seen him, too, with intense interest, gilding the dome of Mount Blanc, to light up the path of a long line of guides and adventurers, who were slowly toiling towards its summit; but there was somewhat in his coming forth this morning exceeding and surpassing all I had seen before. We looked back upon the hospice, the only residence of man perceptible, and upon the world below, and “darkness was the garment thereof.” We were raised above the world, and all was light and life. There was something indescribable in the contrast. The transitions from twilight to vivid sunshine were instantaneous; from crag to crag, from rock to rock, the sunbeams glanced, and each seemed, as it caught the ray, to assume animation under its influence, and ready to step forth from its everlasting pedestal to bow down and offer homage. It did seem, indeed, and some there were amongst us who felt as though it were so, that we were treading on the threshold of a hallowed temple beyond the power of man to build, and “that the glory of the Lord God did lighten it.”

We had now followed the gorge to the very base of the barrier, at the

foot of which were four small lakes, three of them of the delicate translucent green of the chrysopraxe; but the last and largest, black as the blackest ink, owing, as we were assured, to its unfathomable depth. As we were gazing upon this, the sun's rays reached the peak immediately above, and we saw its form appear in the brightest rose-colour in the black mirror, reflected with such reality and precision, as to give rather the idea of an aperture perforated into the antipodes, than the mere representation of a landscape. Our position became at every step more interesting and extraordinary, for, to all powers of observation, this *cul de sac* was so perfect, and all means of exit so inscrutable, that not one of the party, after the most mature inspection, could form a conjecture as to the continuation even of the very pathway, much less as to the pass itself, which appeared to elude our grasp as we drew near, and yet must if it really existed, be now close at hand. In good truth, we almost began to suspect that our guides and horses were possessed of some supernatural means of scaling the precipices, and letting us bodily down into the province of Arragon, a measure they seemed inclined to attempt by leading on up a rugged defile which, although I have seven credible witnesses to attest my veracity, I will not attempt to describe,—when, at length, on rounding a sharp corner the pass started into view about fifty yards above our heads, in the form of a tremendous fissure which had rent in twain the belt of rock from its summit to its base; and yet withal so narrow, that with difficulty two could go abreast on horseback. The poor animals, as if conscious that the severest portion of their task was drawing to a close, exerted themselves with redoubled efforts to accomplish the remaining—I may say—steps in the ladder; during which time I had ample opportunity of contemplating this natural door of communication from one kingdom to another. How or when effected uninspired man has it not to tell; but in all probability the convulsive throes that gave birth to Maladetta disgoring its chaos from the bosom of the earth, severed the ridge, and left the chasm, an eternal monument of the power of contrivance.

It so happened that I was the last of our ranks, and am ready to admit, at something like a feeling of disappointment stole across me, on observing that, as each of my predecessors defiled through the aperture, and were of course in possession of the view beyond, the horse was retained in, while its rider sat perfectly quiet, making neither sign nor token by word or deed, of any thing worthy of the trouble we had taken—a young Englishman excepted, who, having his hat, shouted out,—“Hurrah! we are in Spain—push on!” darted forward at a hard canter, with an ardour as if he would have put the beloved Ferdinand to death upon the spot, and disappeared down the declivity. Another minute brought me to the breach, and it was now my turn to comment on what we saw before us; when I too drew up in silence like the rest, and in motionless, speechless admiration, sat with my eyes riveted on the stupendous scene, so singularly, so suddenly revealed. Reader, have you ever on some eventful occasions been placed in situations which absorbed the whole soul, and called, for the time being, into, as it were, another world, and another state of existence, when the insignificance of man stood contrasted with the reality and grandeur of higher powers, and you felt yourself pausing beneath the overshadowing of Omnipotence? Such or somewhat akin to these, were, I believe, the irresistible impressions, uppermost in the mind of every individual who, on that morning, and at that moment, passed the gap. The Maladetta was immediately in front of us, without a single intervening object, standing in all its dreary nakedness, like the ghost of some mountain belonging to a departed world. There was an unearthly hue over the whole. Its granite of a ghastly pallid tint, scarcely distinguishable from the belts and layers of those snows and glaciers which formed its frozen covering, indented and intersected with fissures and fractures, setting human intrusion at defiance, and exhibiting its bleak cheerless brow, on which the most fearless izard hunter had never ventured to plant his footstep. The blackish grey projections which stood out here and there in strong contrast with the broken surface of the snow

—its nearer rocks bristling with the stems of dead or withering pines, the parched, cindery, powdery look of the whole mountain, the scanty vegetation in the lower parts, the utter absence of all life—the misty gloom of night which still hung in the valleys of the *montagnes maudites* on our left, while the most delicate tints of morning relieved the snows which did indeed look as if they were eternal, and coloured the range of mountains above the valley of Venasque on our right—it was unlike any view we had any of us ever seen or conceived.

I know but of one with which it can bear comparison, that of the Yung-frau, as seen from the Châlets on the Wenghorn Alp. In both cases these untrodden mountains are embraced under a single point of view, without intervening objects to detract from their extent and sublimity. And it may be admitted that in much appertaining to scenic beauty, the Yung-frau bears the palm; her snows pure, and dazzling, are enlivened by the spiry forms of her picturesque and elegant pinnacles, which shoot up from the body of the mountain, as if made to pierce the clouds; whereas the snows of Maladetta are comparatively opaque, and her round and monotonous hummocks cannot come into competition with the fairy and fantastic needles of the other. The characters of the two mountains in this respect, may be accounted for by a probable solution of their origin. The Alpine range bespeaks a sudden and rapid upheaving of the granitic strata, penetrating at once incumbent masses, not sufficiently weighty or dense to resist the shock, or deaden the sharpness of the *aiguilles*. The Yung-frau, like Spenser's heroine, betokens an active creature of impulse,

“Up rose the sun, and up rose Rosalie.”

Thus the colossal maiden of Switzerland seems to have risen with a spring from her couch, and shattering the superincumbent crust of earth, started into being with her crystal spiracles sharp and unimpaired—whereas Maladetta tells a tale of slow and laborious upheavings. The granitic central bone of this part of the Pyrenees extends but little beyond a limited line. Du-

ring a long hour, I observed granite *in situ* in comparatively few situations. The adjacent bands of rock which have made way for this interloper, appear to have offered tremendous resistance, grinding down and blunting the delicate pyramidal needles observable in the Alps—the peaks of the Pyrenees being, with few exceptions, “pseudopeaks,” that is, the mere fractured and disjointed extremities of incumbent strata, now elevated at various angles, and abutting on the granitic base. There is another resemblance, too, in these sister mountains. The Yungfrau ever and anon emits tremulous sounds, evidently arising from the fall of frequent avalanches. At first a low muttering is heard—a sort of mountain growlery—then a pause—then a sort of sliding slattering noise, and finally a reverberating thundering crash, as the descending ruin falls headlong with its collected accumulation of ruin—Maladetta, too, has her voice, but it is not the note uttered by the Yungfrau.

One of the most impressive features of the scene on the ridge of Venasque on this memorable morning, was the peculiar solemn noise emitted from the mountain. The only sound which broke upon our silence, while we stood before it, without exchanging a word, was an uninterrupted melancholy, mournful moaning, a sort of Æolian, aerial tone, attributable to no visible or ostensible cause. The tradition of the Egyptian statue responding to the first rays of the morning sun, came forcibly to my recollection. In her voice, this queen of the Pyrenees “Prince Memnon’s sister might seem;” and superstition, if not philosophy, might have persuaded some that this sudden glare of brightness and warmth, glistening with increasing intenseness on every ridge and eastern surface, might call forth some corresponding vibrations, and therefore that the plaintive tones we heard, were, in fact, a sort of sympathetic music—the Maladetta’s morning hymn.*

It was with deep regret that we prepared to quit a spot on which, though two hours had elapsed, the

time had passed as the dream of a moment. But a long day’s work was before us; and therefore, without further delay, though casting many “longing, lingering looks behind,” we prepared to re-enter France by the pass of Picade, which, for a short distance, proved even more precipitous in ascent than any thing we had hitherto experienced; and on a certain critical point of which an adventure had wellnigh occurred to one of the party, so perilous even in recollection, that a lively French servant, who was the nearest observer of the extent and proximity of the danger, sickened on the spot, and did not recover himself for some days.

The scene we had quitted was, in all human probability, quitted for ever by the majority of those who were turning their backs on Maladetta; but I had seen too much not to feel an irresistible desire to see more, and to explore the ravines winding through the skirts of this barren wilderness. Without, therefore, detailing further the remaining occurrences of that day, I shall merely inform the reader that, at dusk on the third ensuing evening, in company with a single guide, I again found myself entering the thick woods, and looking down upon the ruined tower of Castel Viel, preparing to pass the night at the hospice, and dedicate the following day to the Spanish valleys of Maladetta, and a visit to the frontier town of Venasque in Arragon. If variety has charms, it was my fortunate lot to experience them in the extreme. The lovely sky of the preceding evening was exchanged for a dense mass of lowering ominous clouds, which gradually descending lower and lower, soon put an end to daylight, and left us to grope our way in gloom impenetrable, increased, in less than an hour, by at first a thick mizzling mist, shortly resolving itself into settled rain, and, finally, pouring down in one continuous torrent, powerful and plentiful as a shower-bath. Contemplating the consequences of unsettled weather, I had luckily borrowed a cloak, used by the mountain shepherds, formed of thick dark woollen

* See Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal, No. XVI. On the Peculiar Noises heard in Mountains.

th, surmounted by a high-peaked hood, completely enveloping the whole figure. Wrapped up in this, and leaving my horse to pick his way at the tail of its companion, I patiently bore this incessant drenching, listening to the loud thunder, following as it now was, by flashes of lightning, gleaming in all directions, affording by their momentary light the only clue that we were in the right, or indeed, any path; for by this was a darkness so entirely coming to my idea of "darkness to be felt," I had never before witnessed. We scarcely exchanged ten words, my companion, indeed, only enlivening the way by a single story. "It was a cababout," said he,—we were then in the very thickest of the wood—that I was one night, just about this time, going to the hospice by myself. I was dozing as I rode, when my horse suddenly stopped and reared. I awoke; and, on looking before me, saw a large bear standing quite still in the middle of the path. We all seemed equally discomfited; my horse was frightened out of his wits, and trembled all over. I was far from being easy in mind, and the bear was evidently at a loss to know what to do; and thus we remained for some minutes, when the latter, turning on his heel, retreated down the bank, leaving the road open for us to pursue."

Leaving me to meditate on this pleasant anecdote, in the middle of a wood, the favourite haunt, as M. Randon remarks, for these animals, we continued our silent course, and in due time emerged from the woods, finding ourselves on the plateau, but were or how to hit upon the hospice was a matter of some doubt—when, after a clattering clap of thunder, instantly followed by a blaze of lightning, we saw, like a scene in a theatre, the hospice, illuminated and bright as at noonday, not a hundred yards before us, and absolutely besieged by herds of terrified cattle, assembled under the protection of man during this dreadful night.

The keeper and his wife were now the sole occupants of the great chamber, enjoying the warmth of a fierce fire flaring on the hearth-stones, anxiously expecting the return of their daughter and some others, who had gone down in the course of the day with a few ass-

loads of ice for the restaurateurs at Luchon. After supper, I was shewn into the sleeping apartment, immediately over, and of equal dimensions with, the lower chamber, containing three of the filthiest of filthy beds. Of two of these they gave me to understand I might take my choice, the third being already occupied by a man, his wife, and children, but how many, I felt no inclination by closer inspection to ascertain. They had visited the hospice for change of air, the infant family being all in the height of whooping-cough. After some hesitation, I stretched myself on one of these inviting couches, more as a matter of duty than choice, preparatory to an anticipated fatiguing day on the morrow. But I might have spared myself the pains, for every sense was simultaneously assailed, to the utter exclusion and annihilation of sleep. Smells, whether inherent in the sickly atmosphere of the room, or its contents, were offensive beyond endurance. The rain was excluded only, and but partially, by broken dilapidated shutters and a rickety roof, through whose wide chinks and crannies the flashes of lightning gleamed so vividly, that the whole apartment was an incessant alternation of midday and midnight. But, in comparison with the varied and compounded mixture of sounds, these were trivial evils. For every flash of lightning was prefaced by a rattle of thunder, bandied and reverberated from Maladetta and her brethren, peaks of Astor and Picade, which shook the hospice to its foundation-stone, drowning for a moment the whoopings, and hiccupings, and howlings of the poor children, choking under paroxysms of incessant cough, and the bellowings and bleatings of the hundreds of head of cows, sheep, and goats, assembled at the door, mingled with the jingling of bells suspended round many of their necks. Soon after midnight the din was increased by a loud knocking, answered by a yelling of watch-dogs. It was the lost party from Luchon; and no stronger proof can be given of the darkness in the woods, and violence of the storm, than that these people, to whom every step was familiar, had found it impracticable to proceed without slowly feeling their way, and had actually been obliged to perform part

of their journey on hands and knees, when, deviating from the path, they had bewildered themselves in the jungle. My meditations were none of the most comforting. Broken weather in these aerial regions, was, I knew full well, not to be trifled with, acting too often like lock and key on the unfortunate traveller exposed to its effects. In this same temple of the elements, preferring, however, the mud floor of the lower chamber to the bed on which I lay, M. Ramond, the historian of the Pyrenees, had, on a similar occasion, been detained some days, unable to re-ascend even to Luchon. At all events, the prospect of passing the heights of Venasque under such auspices, assumed rather a hazardous appearance. The mountain proverb, respecting "*les dangers des ports*," being duly weighed in the scale, "*quand l'ouragan y regne, le père n'attend point son fils, et le fils n'attend point son père*;" and yet to relinquish a half-completed attempt was any thing but satisfactory. Having turned over every probable contingency, and balanced every possibility and impossibility with the nicest casuistry, at the expiration of some two or three hours' indecision and dilemma, I was most unexpectedly relieved from both, by a gradual cessation of every external disquietude. The lightning ceased to gleam; the thunders rattled no more; cows, sheep, and goats, by unanimous consent, became mute, and, on peeping through a chink, I was delighted to see the ridges of Picade and la Pique standing out sharp and bright in a clear star-light sky, while the clouds were collecting in the most grotesque and compact masses, like pillows and fleeces of wool, midway down the lowlands, which were still smoking in a sea of mist. Amongst mountains all is chance. To go or not to go? Venasque or Luchon?—that was the question. And being answered in favour of the former, I was once more at dawn, but a dawn

Quantum mutatus ab illo!

brushing with hasty steps towards the port of Venasque. I had seen it in its perfection of glory, I had now to see it in a very different, though

perhaps not less interesting point of view. Then a cloud or speck of haze in the vault of heaven seemed to reign to its very nature, now I could only compare the gorge to a busy manufactory of "vapours, and clouds, and storms." At one moment we were involved in the thickest mist; in another, the moisture would collapse into a dense, well-defined cloud whose edges might almost be touched without trespassing on vapour. It would then again expand and subdivide itself into nodules and packs, each assuming the most fantastic forms. What was round, in a few seconds, by a sort of magic, became a spiral cone. Some were curling perpendicularly, some horizontally; some would follow the sinuosities of the mountain, while others would stand aloof and perform their uncountable revolutions floating in mid-air; and then, without assignable cause, the packs would again conglomerate and condense into one general universal mist. The air, too, partook of the same fickle character. Now it was calm, then a squall would rush up or down the valley—in the distance, diminutive tornadoes and whirlwinds might be seen skimming along the woods. In a word, the elements seemed sadly out of tune and with a wistful eye I looked up towards the Port. We passed it, and Maladetta was there, but no dancing sunbeams glittered on its summit, no Æolian sounds were emitted from its bosom; it looked the personification of its name "*La Montagne Mau dite*," ready for every ebullition of mischief in the power of its chemistry to concoct. On the previous morning, some of our party, myself amongst the rest, on looking down from a sort of terrace impending over the valley, had seriously thought of just running down and returning, business in the innocence of our ignorance we conceived to be the feasible occupation of an extra half-hour. The optical illusions inseparable from clearness of atmosphere* were never more forced upon my observation than in the present instance. For this descent, which had appeared to be the easy work of half an hour, found by experience would have re-

* As an instance of the extreme clearness of the air, I should observe that on my previous visit, the morning star was distinctly visible in the zenith, at 11, A. M. notwithstanding the brightness of the sun's rays.

quired little less than the remainder of that day. This apparently minor eminence from which we looked down, being in fact the crest of the Penna blanca, a mountain above 7000 feet in height, whose heady, naked, pale, calcareous surface formed a suitably cadaverous belt for the mounds of misery beyond it; and the mere descent of which, on a smart run, took up a good hour and a half. At its base the Spanish Hospice of Venasque, the first habitation in the dominions of Ferdinand, shewed itself, crouching under a rock, inviting us to enter, with what inducements the reader must judge for himself. The door-posts and threshold of an entrance not exceeding five feet in height, and proportionably narrow, were soaked in blood, exuded from the carcass of a pig just killed, whose inside an Arragonese damsel, the eldest-born of the dwelling, was delicately cleaning out by a little rill of water a few yards distant. The saloon or common room, about twelve feet by six, or thereabouts, was surrounded by a raised seat, on which travellers might sit or sleep at pleasure; a smothering fire casting up more smoke than flame occupied the middle space, a recess on the right, about half the size of the saloon, forming the private apartments of the lessee of the tenement and his family; while another, on the left, comprising the remainder of the building, contained as many pigs, ponies, mules, or asses, as could be jammed into it at any given time of need. As an apology for this Esquimaux palace, I should in fairness observe that it was said to be but the locum-tenens, the deputy-lieutenant of a more commodious hospice about to be built, though, in consequence of certain disputes and difficulties existing between the constituted authorities and the lessee, this, I was given to understand, was an event not likely to occur at a very early period. It will remain, therefore, for an indefinite time, the sole refuge for the destitute, in lieu of the original edifice, heretofore occupying the remaining space under the rock, but now scattered over some half dozen acres in front of its ancient position. This particular nook had been selected as the safest that could be devised, since, within the memory of man, no instance was on record of

injury received from avalanches. One winter night, however, about two years previous to my visit, one of these scourges of the mountains came rolling down from the Penna, and bursting on the rock overhanging the dwelling, dispersed itself on either side; but being preceded by the usual precursor on these occasions, an overpowering rush of wind, the blast, which it was self-evident had dealt the fatal blow, uprooted and tore the hut, although impinging under the projecting precipice like a swallow's nest under the eaves of a cottage roof, and scattered before its impetus, like the withered leaves of autumn, a mingled wreck and ruin of disjointed masonry and broken beams, together with the mangled remains of two women and a child who slept within, little dreaming of such a visitation. The road from the hospice to the town through the valley, is to Maladetta what the road from the Allée-Blanche to Cormayeur is to Mont Blanc, in both cases the mountains rising more or less abruptly from the spectator, and conveying an idea of prodigious elevation, attainable in no other situation, and both affording as precious a banquet of the bare bones of mountain scenery as imagination can conceive; but the simple peasantry of Switzerland will bear no comparison with the Spanish goat-herds, clad in their picturesque costume of shaggy sheepskins, cloaks and ponchos, giving, whenever they appeared, a fine *Salvator Rosa* character to the picture. During this whole journey of fourteen miles, with one exception only, not a vestige of the works or habitations of man was visible. An exception equally singular, and out of character. For on one of the flanks of Maladetta, to my utter astonishment, I beheld an extensive and handsome pile of building most unaccountably perched. It was a very temple of Jupiter Ammon in the desert, but without its flowery vases, as if a band of Loretto angels had dropt it in their flight, on the scarified ledge, where it had by good fortune found a resting place. It was the Matlock of Arragon—a watering place! without its fellow in the world, I will answer for it. Rheum and Rheumatism must have done their worst before an afflicted patient could have consented to betake himself to the baths of Ma-

ladetta, with the additional stipulation of providing his own bed, his own fire, and cooking his own food, purchased (at the nearest) in a wretched distant village, separated by more wretched roads, and in which moreover, it was a chance whether he met with a single article beyond oil, indifferent bread, and a scanty supply of vegetables. And still less inviting are his out-of-door resources, inasmuch as it is at the imminent risk of being snapped up by a wolf, the infirm, paralytic, or gouty resident ventures to hobble beyond pistol-shot of a door, before whose very steps these hungry animals not unfrequently prowl at all times and seasons, seeking whom they may devour. Judging from external tokens, the present company did not appear very numerous, for from one solitary chimney only was a light wreath of smoke seen to curl, and from one window alone in the long façade of shutters, for of glass I saw not a vestige, was the human form displayed. My telescope revealed one solitary man, who, espying us across the gulf between, hailed us with that peculiar shout of the Pyrenean mountaineers, which, loud as it was, would have spent itself in air, but for the natural sounding-boards of rocks and precipices, which refracted his voice. As we returned on the following day, there again, in the same window, in the same position, the same individual stood uttering the same greetings in the same undulating tones.

To the mineralogist and geologist this expedition holds out abundant attractions; every mile has its wondrous tale to tell of great and mysterious deeds, into which science and philosophy might desire to look. Metalliferous stones, scattered here and there, gave unequivocal testimony to the existence of mines at no great distance, and cracks and fissures spoke of internal convulsions which might have shaken a Cimboraço to its base. In one part, more particularly, called the Barranco de Malivierno, the mountain seemed absolutely torn asunder, for the purpose of letting loose a load of numerous enormous blocks of granite, which, from their nearly globular form, must have been exposed to considerable friction, and then exploded from some gigantic piece of volcanic ordnance, buried in the very vitals of the mountain far distant.

A ride of three hours brought us within sight of Venasque, so analogous and assimilated, in colour and position, to the rocky site whereupon it was built, that it reminded me of a ptarmigan nestling amongst the grey stones and snows of Ben Nevis. Nothing could be stronger than its contrast with Luchon. In the latter, every thing seemed calculated for comfort, accommodation, and cheerfulness; every alternate roof covered an inn or a lodging-house. But comfort, accommodation, and cheerfulness, were terms unknown in the vocabulary of Venasque. No officious *maitre-d'hôtel*, with a smiling countenance, stepped forth to enlist me as a guest at his *table-d'hôte*—for inns and ordinaries there were none. Narrow, dirty streets—grilled casements, were all that met the eye, through the bars of which a few gloomy, cautious, sallow faces stared at the trespassers who presumed to molest their

“ Ancient, solitary reign.”

Aware of the possible state of affairs, from some little previous acquaintance with Spanish habits, I had furnished myself with a letter to one of the principal inhabitants, a substantial man, who, in the possession of five hundred mules, five hundred cows, and flocks of sheep and goats innumerable, might have rivalled the King of Basan himself. I conceal his name—for, tell it not to Ferdinand, let it not be known at the Escorial—he was a Liberal, one who saw and felt for his country, and, welcoming me as an Englishman, availed himself of so rare and brief an opportunity to give vent to feelings and principles, with the heat and vehemence of imprisoned steam bursting from an opened safety-valve. I need scarcely remind the reader, that, in Spain, nobility is all and every thing; not to be noble argues thyself unknown. Accordingly, my friend, who was himself a nobleman, introduced me to his friend the grocer, another nobleman, and gave me a billet to another friend, who was a noble lady, in both cases pointing out, as an heraldic token of nobility, their respective coats of arms, emblazoned, in antiquated carved work, on a shield of granite, embedded over the key-stone of the door-way.

The noble lady, to whom I presented my note of admission, recei-

ed me with that nonchalance peculiar to certain exclusives moving in the corresponding sphere of our own country. She was a short, squab, dried figure, seated by her kitchen-fire on the first floor, contemplating an earthen vessel simmering amongst the cinders, with a spoon, pewter or wooden I forget which, oscillating in her hand. It was a little after twelve o'clock. "Might I have the honour of dining with the family?" "No, the family had already dined."—"Could she provide me with a meal?" "Yes"—but it was a Yes implying that the words fee and reward formed a part and parcel thereof. But as it was withal a Yes implying that the meal would be immediate, that it was, in fact, connected with, and did, moreover, form a part and parcel of the parboiling pot before her, I cheerfully closed with the terms; and, seating myself on a tripod at her feet, requested that she would make as much haste as was consistent with the dignity of her situation. My long ride had somewhat wearied me, the reflected heat of the valley, too, had its effect, and, as she was not garrulous, conversation flagged, and I meditated in silence, watching the pot, till my appetite grew keen, and I thought it high time for the noble lady to bestir herself. I looked up, her ladyship was fast asleep, and the kitchen spoon hung motionless in her lap. It was a trying situation, but hunger is ever a vulgar intruder. So I awoke her. Whereupon she informed me that, if I was ready, the soup and I was given to understand that soup was to be the sum and substance (of the meal) required but a moment's preparation; so, suiting the action to the word, she retired into a small buttery close at hand, and proceeded to pour into the pot, hitherto containing nothing but pure water, a yellow reacle stream of pure oil, adding, that as the soup was now ready, bread might be crumbled in at my own discretion. Unfortunately, I was born with a rooted and invincible antipathy to oil. At the hazard, therefore, of my good-breeding, I was under the necessity of declining the invitation, and repaired to my guide's navresack, in which I knew were contained the remnants of a Luchon leg of lamb. To do her justice, the noble lady seemed not in the least

disconcerted; on the contrary, with infinite good-nature and alacrity, she set about cleaning a small table, using for the purpose a very effective, though certainly unusual brush—neither more nor less than the tail of a bullock, severed, as I concluded from the colour of the stump, from the hinder parts of the animal, about the same hour when the Lavinia of the hospice was embowelling her pig. With a few graceful and well-bred flourishes of its long hairy switch, she soon put to flight a host of flies, sweeping away, at the same time, crumbs, and crusts, and other superfluous remnants of the family dinner, and assisted the guide in disengaging the lamb's leg from the straps of the wallet. Brevity and dispatch were the prominent features of the meal; and as I was to be an inmate for the night, I requested to see my room. It was a small apartment, hot as an oven, with shutters closed, to exclude the sun's rays shining full upon the window, a sort of boudoir in which the noble lady kept her valuables, consisting, at this particular juncture, of the summer's accumulation of family wool, the smell from which, under the circumstances of a hot sun and confined atmosphere, was rather overcoming. I remonstrated a little, and she finally consented to remove her fleecy treasures, calling a female servant, while she and a priest, who was a permanent lodger, looked on, evidently wondering what could be my reasons for giving such unnecessary trouble, in the eyes of the ecclesiastic, no doubt, technically and professionally considered as a work of absolute supererogation.

Venasque is a fortress, that is to say, it has a governor and a castle garrisoned with a couple of companies, whose ramparts and defenders, without pretending to any great military skill, I apprehend, the sergeant's guard of any Highland regiment would overleap and capture with very little trouble or personal danger. But though it was to all outward appearance very despicable, as a military post, it so happened that as a sketch, it was perfect, and I accordingly drew it; the consequence of which, together with one other little incident, shewed that I was not in the most enlightened or

civilized part of the world. I was walking leisurely about half a mile from the town, when I felt myself staggered by rather a severe blow on my shoulder from a large thin stone, which, by good luck, struck me on its flat surface instead of the edge. On looking up I observed, for the first time, that I had been under fire from a parcel of full-grown lads, who, taking up their position under a wall on the other side of a brook, had selected me as a trial of their skill in projectiles. On making a demonstration of retaliation in my turn, they took to their heels and scampered off. On returning to the town I met my friend, who informed me, with some uneasiness, that sharp words had passed between him and the governor, to whom the fact of my having taken a sketch had been made known, and that some hints had been dropped about arresting suspicious persons, the practicability and possibility of which, my friend corroborated by relating an instance of a late governor having laid violent hands on a tourist, like myself, and hurried him off, in spite of all explanation or remonstrance, to Saragossa. Without a moment's delay, as the most effectual way of averting this most untoward episode in my narrative, I made a copy of the sketch, and sought an interview with the great arbiter of the liberty of the subject. With a cigar in his mouth, I found him pacing a little court, denominated the *plaga*. Introducing myself, I alluded in a few words to the report I had heard, and after convincing him that I was not a Frenchman, beings whom he evidently held in great abhorrence, and delicately hinting that his fortress ran no risk of capture from a sketch at a mile's distance, I requested his acceptance of the suspected document, feeling perfectly convinced from his mode of looking at it, that drawing was an art of which he was so utterly ignorant, that had it been a ground-plan and elevation of every rampart in his citadel, he would not have detected a single point of resemblance. After a few comments on his part on the impropriety of mapping fortresses, (in a drawing, be it remembered, whose distinguishing object was an old gateway in the market-place,) the interview closed by his making

a profound bow, wishing me a thousand years of life, and a bona fide consignment for that length of time, of his goods, chattels, and other appurtenances, including a substantial dwelling-house, which he invited me to enter, adding that I might take immediate possession, and consider it as my own for ever!

An invitation to take chocolate with my original friend was more acceptable in a twofold point of view; first, because it promised to be something in the shape of a meal; secondly, because it afforded an opportunity of catching a glimpse of his establishment and habits of life. The lower part of the house was like all others coming under my observation, dedicated to cellars, stables, and sheds; a spacious antiquated solid staircase brought me to a landing-place, opening into a large roomy apartment, connected, as far as I could see, with the kitchen, bedchambers, and other living rooms. In the centre five chairs were placed in a formal circle for me and the family party, consisting of his father and mother, himself and wife, the latter a remarkably handsome young woman, with dark expressive eyes and raven locks. No sooner were we seated than the nurse brought in a bouncing bronzed baby, which the mother suckled in my presence with as much indifference and inattention to concealment, as if I had been an absolute shadow; a dirty leathery-looking female attendant handed round, on a silver salver, five cups containing the very perfection and beau ideal of chocolate, leaving me only to regret that the dishes were by no means large, and that to call for a second would have been an obvious and unpardonable breach of decorum and etiquette. I took care, however, to extol its excellence in terms so flattering, that I received an invitation to taste a second dish at 3 o'clock on the following morning, when in company with my host, who, having appointed some shepherds to meet him at the hospice, proposed to accompany me so far on my return to Luchon. Punctual to my appointment, after the administration of one other superlative, though, alas, single dish, I bade adieu to Venasque on a dark gloomy morning, my friend mounted on a fine capering steed, decorated with housings

and trappings; himself clad in the full costume of Arragon, and a gorgeous poncho of the most brilliant colours, which he contrived so artfully to throw around him, that not a particle of his figure was exposed to the keen air of twilight. We had proceeded two or three miles, when the animal, gifted with mettle and spirit, not unworthy of a fox-cover, having shot on some distance ahead, I suddenly saw him surrounded by a gang of suspicious-looking figures who, darting up like Roderick Dhu's men from

"Copse, and heath, and shingles grey,"

seized his bridle, and completely hemmed him in. Had I felt all the inclination in the world, my slow patient beast would have done little service in an attempt at flight; so putting the best face I could upon the matter, I pressed on, not however without a very clear and impressive recollection of Gil Blas' rencontre with Captain Rolando, determined at all events, whatever might be the issue of the adventure, to see it in detail from first to last; words high and harsh were exchanging, but they were in a patois quite unintelligible, though evidently of a very mandatory nature, and uttered by a set of most ill-looking fellows, peeping out from the high-peaked hoods of their Pyrenean cloaks, whilst their unshaven chins were rubbing against the muzzles of gun-barrels, concealed under the folds of their dark drapery. My companion introduced them as a party calling themselves Mountain Police, whose professed object was to detain all persons journeying towards the frontiers without a governor's authority, informing me at the same time, that he had left his permit behind, and my own passport I knew to be in the safe custody of my landlord at Luchon. After a long parley, terms were proposed, and it was hinted that a pecuniary deposit might overcome difficulties otherwise formidable, and I was advised to contribute some silver pieces, which, "*poco a poco*, and *uno a uno*," after the manner of Gil Blas to the sturdy beggar of Pennafior, I dropped into the hands of claimants, who, receiving them much more as a due than a donation, forthwith opened

their ranks, and growling out a "*va usted con dios*," allowed us to pass on.

As the morning advanced, my fellow traveller was on the alert, looking up to every mountain brow, right and left, in search of his flocks; and at last he drew my attention to a ledge, on which one of these patriarchal detachments was distinguishable, but at such an elevation, that to the naked eye, this assemblage of a thousand or twelve hundred sheep appeared but as a faint thread, whose progressive motion was as little perceptible as the minute hand of a clock. A loud barking of dogs in another quarter announced the approach of a nearer party, which soon became visible, defiling from the valleys on our left towards the hospice.

These collecting herds and flocks were on their way to a rich extent of pasturage beyond the Ports of Venasque and Picade, belonging to French proprietors, who farm them out at considerable profit, more particularly to their Spanish neighbours, whose herds would soon perish without other resource than the barren tracts which alone are to be found on the lean and grassless ridges of Maladetta. A few of his *avant-couriers* had preceded him at the point of assignment, and in company with these I left him, eagerly devouring a water broth laddled out of a dirty cauldron, suspended in the smoke over the hospice fire. He was a man of strong natural understanding; but cast, as was his lot, in that barbarous and unenlightened country, I bade him adieu, with an earnest hope, that for the sake of his mental comfort and personal safety, the march of intellect might never make further progress: and sending off the horses to Luchon, I called the guide and bent my steps upwards towards the pass of Estouao, accessible only to foot passengers, and known only to those who, unwilling to shew themselves on more frequented routes, would cross the frontier line unobserved and unmolested; but respecting which, as it was of Venasque and Maladetta only I proposed to speak, I trouble not the reader, though much remains to be said to such as might be inclined to listen.

E. S.

THE MEETING OF PARLIAMENT—THE STATE OF THE COUNTRY,
AND OF PARTIES.

The virtue, spirit, and essence of a House of Commons, consists in its being the express image of the feelings of the nation. BURKE.

ON the 4th day of February the two Houses of Parliament met, in the official language of the summons issued from the Home-office, "to proceed on the dispatch of business." It would be difficult, and not germane to our present purpose, to detail the circumstances which have cast a dubious gloom over the institutions of the country, and caused the present meeting of the deliberative branches of the Legislature to be regarded with peculiar anxiety; it would be tedious to discuss the reasons which have influenced the minds of the people to regard the proceedings of the present Parliament without that fulness of hope and confidence, which ought to subsist between the representatives of the people and their constituents.

In the autumn of last year a very general opinion had been entertained, that November would have witnessed the convocation of the two Houses. The universal complaints which were heard of the existence of distress throughout the country, of an extraordinary character, and destructive pressure, fully justified this expectation. A recent precedent might have been found, to grace with the formal sanction of authority, a measure of which the propriety was sufficiently evident. In 1826, the failure of the harvest had induced the Ministers, in whose hands the reins of government were then placed, to assume the responsibility of issuing an Order in Council, authorizing the admission of foreign grain, and the Parliament was summoned in November, that this measure might receive its concurrence. The evil against which that measure was intended to provide, was, the possible privation to which the people might be subjected, in consequence of an insufficient supply of grain, and the consequent elevation of price. To avert this impending calamity, the faculties of the Administration and the Legislature were promptly exercised. In 1829, a very

large proportion of the labouring population were groaning under sufferings almost insupportable, not on account of a deficiency in the supply of food brought to market, or its extravagant price, but in consequence of a total destitution of the means of procuring provisions at any price. The commercial interests, also, were exposed to imminent ruin, from the entire cessation of demand for the commodities wherein they respectively dealt. Were not these evils requiring the application of remedies, as prompt and as efficient as were applied in 1826? Whether the people were rendered liable to the horrors of starvation by the diminished supply of food, or by inability to procure the means of buying that food, matters but little. Starvation was, in both cases, the dreaded evil, at least an equal exigency for legislative interference to guard against that evil existed, and a similar promptitude was both expected and demanded by the people at the hands of their rulers. But the measured movements of official dignity were not to be embarrassed by public necessities, or public importunity. The car of state rolled steadily onward in its track, unchecked by the prayers of the thousands who sought in the attitude of humble supplication to stay its course, to delay the progress of the vast machine beneath whose overwhelming weight they were ground into the dust.

What may be the particular claims which the month of February possesses, entitling it to be distinguished beyond its fellows, and selected as the most favourable for the annual budding forth of senatorial wisdom, it is not easy to discover. The only distinction palpable to common observation is, the termination of the shooting season. And, undoubtedly, from the mode in which the game of politics has been introduced amongst the sports of the field, these last have attained a more exalted consideration in general esteem than they for-

nerly held. The daily announcements of sporting occurrences and engagements, assumed, at the close of the last, and the commencement of the present year, an importance rivaling that of the sober paragraphs of the Court Circular. The sudden evocation of Ministers and Secretaries to the noble science of the trigger,* as evinced by their rapid migrations from one battue to another, was truly diffusing, as contrasted with the staid demeanour formerly considered as characteristic of official personages. The formalist of the Home Department performed his various locomotions with all the velocity compatible with the preservation of his consistent gravity. But the Premier rattled about with a celerity which completely disconcerted the propriety of his calm colleague. Couriers and King's messengers, laden with dispatches, and charged with injunctions of rapidity, panted after the errant Minister in vain.

Considerable amusement was to be derived from the paragraphs of the daily recorders of Ministerial feats in the sporting or political line. In one column of a newspaper shone conspicuously an applauding account of the Duke of Wellington's performance at a Belle-Vue shooting party, with a due return of the hares and pheasants bagged. Then would follow, *brevi intervallo*, some sentences in a graver strain, intimating that the noble Duke at the head of the Administration had, by a recent visit, secured the support of the Furrow-field interest. And a calculation of the votes in the Upper and Lower Houses, gained by the supposed arrangements, followed the paragraphs of the latter, as regularly as the returns of killed and wounded was appended to those of the former description.

Such were the materials where-with political speculation was nourished during the Recess. Such were the cares, and such the negotiations, which, as it would appear, engrossed the attention of the Ministers themselves, and their various subordinates after their kind, from the 24th day of June, 1829, to the 4th of February,

1830. As might have been anticipated from the manner in which the Ministers appeared to occupy their vacant time, they met Parliament as totally uninformed of the various circumstances which indicated the alarming condition of the country, of the wants of the people, and their wishes, as it would be easy to conceive men to be. Their cognisance of the state of boroughs, and of borough interests, was sufficiently accurate, and they might be expected to give a just, and probably a candid, opinion on the prospects of the empire as regarded the future supply of pheasants. In the approaching discussions on the game-laws, the extent of the Ministerial knowledge may perhaps be displayed, and will be appreciated. But so intensely had the eyes of the Ministers been fixed on, and their attention occupied with, objects of immediately personal interest, that, on the very first day of the Session of Parliament, they were rather unpleasantly made aware of a sufficiently prominent fact, which had, however, entirely escaped their notice. They discovered the existence of distress throughout the country, severe, unprecedented, and not to be endured, by finding themselves unexpectedly, as it were, almost over head and ears in it.

It is not customary to refer to the documents annually presented to the people under the appellation of King's Speeches, for any very accurate representation of the state of the nation. A King's Speech very much resembles, as far as rigid accuracy of portraiture is concerned, a painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence. Such features as possess any quality capable of giving grace to the picture are carefully preserved, and artfully elaborated; the more offensive points are skilfully shaded down; if the outline of the bust be good, it is exhibited to the utmost advantage, or, if defective, shrouded in a graceful drapery. Perhaps the view of the country, which has of late years been produced by the Ministerial artists, could not be more closely compared than to a flattering portrait of

* For the accurate explanation of this phrase, see a work entitled "Kunopædia," being a treatise of elementary instruction in the arts of breaking in pointers, and shooting flying.

a decayed beauty. The originally good features of national power, of British spirit, of extended commerce, are brought prominently forward, while a judicious colouring of soft phrases conceals the wasted and hollow cheek; the dull tone of despondency which hangs around the eyes and lips is changed to a smile of content, while the wrinkles are carefully subdued; and to the likeness thus formed is added a background, coloured *ad libitum*, of friendly assurances from foreign powers. In the present year, the ordinary attention to accuracy which decency required was entirely neglected. The Ministers felt that they were ignorant of the real state of the country—that, solely occupied with degrading bargains for mercenary influence, they were entirely unacquainted with the actual circumstances of the interests committed to their charge. Chance was left to superintend the work to which Vigilance alone was competent; the portrait was drawn on no other principle than that of laying on colour enough; but an incipient wrinkle was introduced to satisfy the scruples of a conscientious under-secretary, who had, in some strange way, imbibed a notion that there was some sort of distress in the country.

The Ministers presented their handywork to the House of Commons, and the House of Commons refused to sanction the production. The words which the Ministers put into the mouth of the King, the House of Commons repudiated—as untrue, in the sense in which they were intended by the Government. Save from the Treasury bench, no voice was heard in support of the expressions describing the position of the nation inserted in the King's Speech. The gentleman who was selected to second the address, a merchant of eminent reputation, came to perform his office in the costume ordinary on such an occasion. But, in assuming the habiliments of the Court, he did not assume the pliant and accommodating sentiments equally requisite. The coat was the coat of a courtier, but the voice which came from beneath it was the voice of an honest English merchant, bearing testimony,

in plain language, to the distress of his countrymen. These were the words of Mr Ward:—*

“The next subject to which I shall allude is the distress that weighs upon our agricultural and manufacturing classes. I hope I am the last man that would seek to undervalue the real state of affairs, and I believe that distress of an extraordinary character does exist. It is not for us to content ourselves with the mere statement of the fact—it is our duty to see whether a remedy can be found.”

Sir Edward Knatchbull proposed in a speech well befitting his character as one of the leaders of the country gentlemen in the House of Commons, as an amendment, the introduction of the following paragraph into the Address:—

“That we lament the distress which your Majesty informs us prevails in some places; we are, however, in the faithful, although painful discharge of our duty, compelled to declare to your Majesty our opinion, that this distress is not confined, as your Majesty has been advised, to some particular places, but is general amongst all the productive interests of the country which are severely suffering from its pressure. We beg further to assure your Majesty, that we will adopt the caution you have recommended in the consideration of such measures as you have proposed to us, and that our earnest endeavours will be exerted to relieve the country from its present distress.”

What were the grounds on which this temperate amendment was proposed? Not because the description of the severity of the distress which oppresses the people, and of the universality of that distress, was incorrect. Because it was contended that the phrase introduced, almost parenthetically, in the King's speech and echoed in the responsive address, of “the distress which prevails among the manufacturing and agricultural classes, in some parts of his Majesty's dominions,” might, by a felicitous duplicity of interpretation, be understood to describe a general distress. Those who asserted this, asserted neither more nor less than that the lesser might contain the greater. Yet, on this ground

* From the Mirror of Parliament.

13 Members, their mouths speaking, all their hearts approving, the sentiments expressed in the amendment of Sir Edward Knatchbull, though their feet walked the way of the Ministers, divided against 105, who supported by their votes the opinions which both parties admitted to be correct.

The sole argument, meriting that name, to be found amidst the mass of trifling adduced by Mr Peel, in support of his address, was this:—That for many years, it had not been customary to move an amendment to the Address—no member being considered as pledged to the sentiments expressed in the Address, to which he gave his silent concurrence. But did Mr Peel imagine, that a Minister is therefore to call on the House of Commons to present to his Majesty—as the Address of his faithful Commons—a document containing erroneous, or (let us assume for the sake of the argument) false, statements. Is the House of Commons, on the plea that the veracity of an individual Member is therefore unimpeached, to suffer itself to be made the unresisting organ of any mis-statements, which it may set at the purpose of a Minister to give forth with a semblance of authority? The objection to the Address submitted to the House of Commons was, that it presented to the King an incorrect account of the condition of his subjects. The argument, that it has been customary to adopt, without alteration, the Address of the Minister, could only have been rendered applicable to the case before the House, if Mr Peel had proved, that the Addresses so adopted habitually contained fallacious and unfounded representations. If it had been the practice of the House of Commons to present, by way of Address, such representations to his Majesty, though a practice “more honoured in the breach than the observance,” there might have been some show of reason for not infringing it in the present instance. But how far such an argument consists with the dignity of the Body whereof Mr Peel is the professed leader, he is the better judge.

In the House of Lords, a similar amendment was moved in a powerful speech by Lord Stanhope. The Duke of Richmond ably supported

him, as did Lord Carnarvon. This respected nobleman expressed his sentiments in a speech of remarkable vigour; and his concluding words well deserve to be recorded.

“The noble Duke and his colleagues say, ‘We admit the existence of distress, and are ready to administer a remedy, but we really cannot distinguish what that remedy should be.’ Then, my Lords, I say that if they cannot, we must give our confidence to those who can and will.”

A more appropriate opportunity will not perhaps offer, of adverting to a practice, which has crept into parliamentary usage, chiefly from having been occasionally resorted to by members of the Administration, when hard pressed for means to support a frail cause. It is the practice of quoting private letters from “respectable individuals,” (as they are invariably termed,) as authorities to be respected. This practice is the more to be pointed out to reprobation, as, on the faith of such precious documents, attempts have been made to contradict, as unfounded, statements of general distress. Honourable members rise behind the Treasury bench, and state, with more gravity than grace, that they have received communications from highly respectable individuals, who are anxious that their names should not be made use of,—stating, that certain parishes wherein they respectively reside, are not by any means in an extraordinarily distressed condition. It would be well to insist, whenever such letters are quoted, that the names of these correspondents should be made known. It is fit to be understood who and what the men are, who attempt to expose to scorn and ridicule, the supplications of a population entreating for relief. For the authority of such letters is nought, unless the name and condition of the writers be stated. There are many very respectable men who know as little of the state of the country, or the sufferings of the people, as his Majesty’s Ministers themselves. Officers of both army and navy, are, *ex officio*, respectable, but they have a better claim to be considered as witnesses of authority upon any other matter, than upon the question of the commercial condition of the country. Even when the fact shall prove to be correctly stated, and

the motives of the volunteer witness unexceptionable, such letters are *nihil-pili* authorities, as affecting the general question. There may be,—we trust there are,—some isolated spots, where the prosperity that once diffused happiness and content over every sunny hill and fertile vale in merry England,—which enlivened with a joyous sound the busy hum of the men who ply their trades in populous places,—which darted a cheerful gleam through the dull clouds that ever hang over crowded cities,—still lingers, loath to quit a land so long endowed with every blessing that could delight, with every virtue that could ennoble, the human race. In those accursed deserts, whose soil is as iron, and whose sky as brass, there yet exist plots of luxuriant vegetation, whereon the eye of the wearied wanderer may rest with delight, enjoying their pleasant aspect the more, from the contrast with the torrid desolation which marks the surrounding waste. Yet the region is desert,—it is branded with the name of desert; and the traveller who should venture to describe it with more attractive attributes, would learn, from the unqualified contradiction of a thousand witnesses, that he had transgressed the traveller's privilege.

On the 25th of February, Lord Stanhope brought before the House of Lords his motion, that the whole House should form itself into a committee, to enquire into the internal state of the country. The clear and argumentative statement with which he proved the necessity and expediency of the measure which he proposed, well deserved the attention with which it was received. Lord Goderich was one of the chief opponents, and stood in the front of the battle. Verily, to look upon him, and to hear him, and then to reflect that he had held an office of dignity and responsibility in this country, might well cause an Englishman to blush. Unabashed by the signal failure of his predictions in 1825, the *ci-devant* Chancellor of the Exchequer once more raised his head, and prophesied smooth things. Whether, after the gentle castigation and exposure bestowed by Lord Radnor, he will venture again to lift up his head among his peers with equal confidence, would appear doubtful. Lord Rad-

nor read also to the Duke of Wellington a lesson more severe than the Prime Minister has been accustomed to receive. The venerable Earl of Eldon made his first appearance for the Session; and it was satisfactory to find, in the acute logic of his reasoning, and the caustic vigour of his speech generally, the most conclusive evidence of his perfect enjoyment of the "*mens sana in corpore sano*." The Duke of Richmond supported, with his customary talent, the cause of his country. Of the answer which the Duke of Wellington gave to his opponents, it would not be necessary to speak had not attempts been made to pay him undeserved compliments, on account of the details which he introduced in his speech on this occasion. That the speech was not of that character which might have been expected, even from the present Premier, on an occasion of so much importance, is admitted even by the supporters of the present administration. It might be considered desirable, on the score of propriety, that some arguments of a conclusive nature should be adduced, to defend the refusal of an enquiry into the state of the country, when that state is admitted to be alarming. It is well known, that the tables and details with which Ministerial orators are so amply furnished forth, are diligently concocted and hunted out by the clerks of the Treasury, or other public offices; this being, in fact, their chief occupation for two or three days prior to the time fixed for a discussion, on which it is probable these details may be beneficially employed. And it has been a common remark, that it would be well if the persons who have to make use of these materials would employ as much diligence in attaining a perfect acquaintance with the documents placed in their hands, as has been bestowed on the task of collection. It would be an unprofitable appropriation of valuable space to describe the pompous inanity of the Marquis of Lansdowne, who, having devoted the chief of his leisure, and his faculties, to the task of acquiring the manner and phraseology of an orator, has neglected to provide any portion of sound substantial matter whereof to form a foundation for his

aboured superstructure. Lord King, too, whose jokes savour of the lamp, and whose graver effusions burst out with all the freshness and unpremeditated simplicity of impromptus, requires but little comment.

The inducement to enter into any more detailed examination of the proceedings of either House of Parliament, is indeed small. Subjects comparatively trifling have been overlaid with ponderous debates, while matters of really serious importance—such, at the present moment, the state of the country is all-important—are lightly treated, and hastily dismissed. Committees of Enquiry are granted and proposed by Ministers on the East India Question, the Licensing system, the Game Laws, while the more great question, which requires the exertion of all, and, as Mr O'Connell would say, more than all, the energy and ability of every Member of the present Parliament, the Constitution of the People, is utterly neglected. Ministers have indeed to answer for more than neglect,—for the endeavour to check enquiry, and stifle investigation. Were we the ardent advocates of reform, we should assume for our motto the sentence placed as an epigraph to these observations,—we should place ourselves under the banner of the great advocate of all temperate and judicious improvement,—and, taking his description of what a House of Commons ought not to be, and to do, have it to public opinion to say, how far that description did, or did not, apply to the proceedings of Parliament as at present constituted. The expressions employed by Mr Burke, in *addressing* House of Commons, and a *petitioning* nation,” “a House of Commons full of confidence, when the nation is plunged in despair,” might seem capable of an application to recent occurrences, so accurate, as almost to entitle them to be considered as prophetic. There are, however, men, of powerful intellect and disinterested patriotism, who exert their energies in their country's cause, but they speak to an unwilling audience. What influence the stream of events will exercise on the

tide of parliamentary feeling, remains to be seen.

Sir James Graham described in the following manner the formation of the present administration.*

“If the fundholder, the political economist, the annuitant, the lawyer, are to rally under the banners of the Wellington Administration, the time is come, when, on the part of the tax-payers, it is necessary to form another party. The Duke of Wellington's administration is said to be founded on the dissolution of party feeling; it is intimated that the noble Duke possesses a receipt for the dispersion of party, and the blending of men of all sides and opinions. For instance there is Lord Rosslyn from one party, Lord Privy Seal; and the other day the bait was offered to a noble Lord, the Member for Buckinghamshire, who is from another; we have an Attorney General from the old Opposition; and another Hon. Gentleman from the ranks of the Danai, was lately appointed to a high judicial office in Scotland. Then dropping out among the free-traders, the noble Duke picks out a tame elephant for the Board of Control.”

“It would seem as if the noble Duke possessed a crucible, whereby all parties are to be fused down in one mass, for the exclusive benefit of the great alchymist who blows the coals.”*

Certain Members of Parliament have been loud in their eulogies of this system. They talk, in sounding language, of the advantage of selecting, with impartiality, men from either side of the House, to conduct the affairs of the State. They inculcate, with much earnestness, the propriety of the abolition of all factious party spirit from Parliamentary discussions. Whatever other charms these arguments and recommendations may possess, novelty, at least, is not one of their characteristic graces. However skilful the orators of this school may esteem themselves in the art of renovation, they cannot disguise the stale cant which was formerly stigmatized as, “a sort of charm, by which many people get

* From “THE MIRROR OF PARLIAMENT,” an invaluable work, which we beg most earnestly to recommend to our readers; and from which are taken all the quotations of Parliamentary proceedings introduced in this article.

free from every honourable engagement." And this *cant*—the term is sanctioned by high authority—is found now to be employed, as has always formerly been the case, by those who are generally considered to be the eager candidates for office. But to discuss this matter more narrowly, to investigate the bearing of these arguments on the present position of affairs—for it is scarcely necessary to enter into any examination of this question, on the wide ground of general expediency—let any man look at the motley band on the Treasury bench, and then consider within himself, what may be the *fusing principle*, to adopt Sir James Graham's happy idea, whereby such heterogeneous materials can be supposed to be converted into an homogeneous mass. He will very soon dismiss the notion, that the honourable gentlemen have been burnt out of their old opinions by the blaze of ardent patriotism.

There is one nostrum for assimilating discordant principles, for fusing contending parties, which was the discovery of an alchemist of former times. He did not live to try its efficacy himself, but it has been preserved and recorded for our benefit. This receipt is to be found in the works of Mr Alexander Pope, who having, in harmonious verse, described at some length the ingenious philosopher, thus proceeds to indicate his nostrum :

——“ 'Twas his righteous end, ashamed to see

Senates degenerate, patriots disagree,
And nobly wishing Party-rage to cease,
To buy both sides, and give his country peace.”

Whether, if all the exhortations of public-spirited gentlemen shall be found of none effect, it may not be worth while, at some future period, to try the efficacy of this receipt for stilling the waves of faction, wiser heads may determine.

That would be a gratifying day for true lovers of their country, when all the good and great should join their power in the noble work of national regeneration. The necessities of the present times would afford ample grounds for such an union ; but there appear few signs of its probable consummation. In periods of great emergency, and under the apprehen-

sion of impending change, it would be desirable that all good citizens should co-operate in the glorious task of preserving tranquillity. At such times, all lesser points of difference sink into insignificance before the primary duty, and chief necessity, of providing for the safety of the State. That safety being in peril, those minor matters of arrangement, which are only of moment *quandiu res publica se bene gesserit*, fall into temporary disregard from their comparatively trivial importance. But those very men who bandy about the phrase of patriotism with the most familiar fluency, display the least disposition to abandon, for the sake of that sacred cause, the lightest of their prejudices, or the wildest of their theories. They are obstinate, ever to inconsistency. On the one hand they urge, they clamour for, free and unbounded enquiry into every establishment, and every institution, of which antiquity has bestowed, it might be thought, at least a claim to careful consideration, with a view to force the introduction of innovation as extended as may be possible. On the other hand they deny, with stubborn perversity, any enquiry whatever into the effect and operation of the new projects, which have, of late years, been for the first time brought into practice. The physician, who should, for the first time, administer a novel and powerful medicine, and neglect to observe, with most patient scrutiny, every symptom which accompanied its operation, would deservedly be branded as a careless empiric. The surgeon who should perform a delicate and dangerous operation, and, without ascertaining whether he had rightly gone through the task, leave the patient to languish unattended, might be responsible for the consequences. But if the ministration of the drug, the performance of the operation, were immediately followed by symptoms of the most alarming character, if the patient appeared exhausted, and reduced to the point of death ; what would be said of the operators, who, being told of the existence of this coincident, if not consequent, attack, should refuse to pay any attention, should treat complaint as a direct insult to themselves, and leave the miserable sufferer to his fate ?

It is fit that the language which has been so common on the Opposition benches, now so called by courtesy alone, and echoed with so much glee by the gentlemen opposite, should be heard no more. Let it not be said, "there must be no enquiry into the effect of the Free Trade system, there must be no examination into the One Pound Note Question, or the Currency Question." Enquiry full and fair there must be into all. On the one side, it shall be made manifest that the measures of the Free Trade have been harmless or negative,—as their advocates of course maintain,—why persist in the belief, that the parties now opposed to those measures, will pertinaciously close their eyes and ears to conviction? And, if it shall be proved, that to those measures the distress of the country is mainly attributable, shall not you yourselves,—the Liberals,—be prepared manfully to avow your errors, and retrace your steps? Or is it because you fear that such a "sacrifice of your political existence" might be required of you, and that you are conscious that you do not possess the honesty to make it if required, that, with the perversity of morant bigotry, you refuse all investigation? There is a sound aphorism, fresh in our recollection, which we commend to your consideration: "The free and ingenuous confession of an error, is of no evil consequence to the reputation of a man who is conscious that he has enough left to support his character." A man who shows that he derives his whole consequence from the temporary currency of the error to which he has attached himself, and has no substantive reputation whereon to support himself, may perhaps do wisely, after the generation of this world, to keep his error afloat, and himself with it, to the last possible moment. The same reasoning will apply to the Currency Question.

Consider, gentlemen innovators, you were fairly warned that you

were sowing the seeds of ruin and poverty, and not preparing, as you fondly anticipated, a golden harvest. The whole land is overrun with ruin and distress,—the golden harvest has not yet raised itself above the soil,—and yet do you persist in watching for and predicting its appearance, as dotingly as certain fanatics awaited the advent of a supposititious Shiloh!

Let the Duke of Wellington ponder well his position. The game he has to play is for a mighty stake. In addressing him, we do not point out to his notice the common considerations which might be supposed to influence mercenary statesmen, the mere creatures of office, the sole glory of whose life is the attainment of a secretaryship, and whose sole remaining care is the preservation of the place so hardly acquired. What do men such as these know of the ruin of a country or its salvation? They cannot believe that the petty tampering with the affairs of a nation, of which only they are capable, is of competent importance to ruin or to save. Their names die with themselves, or live to be quoted by some hereditary blockhead, who proudly asserts that his grandfather was a Secretary of State. The mere circumstances of elevation to, or retirement from office, cannot materially affect the Duke of Wellington, now or hereafter. He has to consider and to decide in what light it will best become the Wellington Administration to appear to posterity—he has to decide whether the name of the successful General shall be united, in the grateful eulogies of generations yet unborn, with the praises of the Minister who restored prosperity to his afflicted country; or whether his military glory shall be obscured in the gloom which will in the records of history overshadow this period of the annals of the empire.

The decision surely can not be dubious.

BRITISH AMERICA.

To the Right Honourable Sir George Murray, His Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for the Colonies, &c. &c.

SIR,

THE meagre knowledge which men in office seem to have, at all times, possessed in regard to the importance and value of his Majesty's dominions in North America, induces me to address you on the subject of, and with the ardent desire of drawing your attention to, those great and valuable portions of the British empire.

What I am about stating is the result of my personal acquaintance with those countries; and my object in pointing out to you their vast political and commercial importance is, to shew that the negotiations now understood to be going on between the government of this country and that of the United States may, if decided according to the expectations of the Americans, lead to the most serious consequences.

In justly viewing the British North American Colonies, we must consider them as forming a great component part of the empire, and as countries that yield in great plenty all the kinds of grain and *green* crops that grow in England, besides many other productions for the support and benefit of man, with a climate perfectly congenial to English constitutions. These are the advantages, sir, that will insure their prosperity and power; for where men can enjoy the blessings of health, and obtain with little difficulty the prime necessities of life, there must they thrive and grow strong, and there will their offspring maintain possession of the country.

Those provinces, notwithstanding their advances since the American revolutionary war, are still only in their infancy; and men who can, with the minds of statesmen, anticipate their future grandeur, will readily acknowledge that their mighty resources, which are as yet but gradually developing themselves, and their political consequence, which cannot but be soon more justly appreciated, must, while we possess them, necessarily increase the strength and magnificence of England.

The position and the resources of our North American Colonies have long been regarded with jealousy by the people of the United States, who, as well as the French, have, with great *bargain-making* tact, generally over-reached us in obtaining concessions of vast importance, by their negotiations on Colonial affairs. I will only advert, sir, to those that immediately affect the prosperity of our own Colonies; and, in doing so, have, in common with thousands of his Majesty's subjects, to regret that it will appear most distinctly that we have been advancing, in a way in which the people of England have scarcely an idea, *foreign interests at the expense of our own.*

At the first arrangements for the settlement of the boundary line between the British Colonies and the United States, we gave, with true English generosity, the latter what ever they required; and they now come forward and ask, with the wonted republican assurance, about twelve thousand square miles of what they call "*disputed territory*" situated in the very heart of our provinces, watered by magnificent streams, and as I can assert, from personal observation, equal, in point of fertility, to any part of England. The settlement of this question is, I understand, left to the judgment of the King of the Netherlands; and certainly, if that Prince be not biased by American cunning, and if I will but honestly regard the statements which Sir Howard Douglas the excellent Governor of New Brunswick, now in Europe, in connexion with this dispute, can, as will make, we have little to fear from the consequence.

By the last Treaty of Paris we most impolitically, most unwisely ceded to France the sovereignty of the two commanding islands of *Pierre* and *Mequelon*, lying in the very highway to Canada, together with the exclusive right to the *half* of Newfoundland, for carrying

in the most important fisheries, in political consideration, in the world. will endeavour, sir, briefly to shew the present consequences of this liberal gift of England to France.

From the first beginning of the Newfoundland fisheries until the year 1815, those fisheries formed, next to the coal trade, our best nursery for that hardy physical strength and maritime experience, which made the fleets of England formidable and triumphant on all the oceans of the world. The French, exclusive of their political value, considered their share in the North American fisheries, before we drove them from those coasts by the conquest of Louisburg and Quebec, of more worth to them than the mines of Mexico and Peru could be." From the year 1759, when the splendid battle which Wolfe fought on the Heights of Abraham destroyed the power of France in America, we may date also the decline of her naval force. We have, however, by our concessions, given the French what they could desire, to enable them to equip a formidable navy with hardy seamen.

France has employed annually since 1815 in those fisheries from 20 to 300 vessels, amounting to about 5,000 tons, manned with about 25,000 *seagoing* fishermen, and fitted out principally from the ports of St Malo, Granville, Bordeaux, Brest, and Marseilles. As it is the anxious policy of France to make these fisheries subservient to the purpose of rearing sailors, the government gives large bounties, equal to the expense of catching and curing the fish, with the proviso that there is a *green man*, or man not before employed, for every man that is a sailor, or that has been previously engaged in the fisheries, on board of each vessel or boat. The French fishermen become hardy sailors by necessity, as they are not allowed to make permanent settlements ashore, and they cross and recross the Atlantic spring and fall. Their ships are from 100 to 400 tons, and carry, on an average, about 100 men to and from the fisheries. We have, therefore, not only provided France with the means of manning a navy, but we have also afforded them the opportunity to meet our merchants in foreign countries with fish taken from our own coasts, and with the advantage

of a bounty to supplant us in the trade.

In 1818, we gave the Americans of the United States not only a full participation in the rich fisheries on our Colonial coasts, but we, *very simply*, gave them also the opportunity they so ardently wished for, of smuggling tea, and other articles which they import from China, as well as their own rum and French goods, among our fishermen and colonists, by allowing their vessels to "wood and water" in all our harbours. The consequence of these extraordinary concessions is, that they receive a great part of the fish caught and cured by our fishermen, which was previously paid for in advance, in the articles of salt provisions, fishing-tackle, and clothing, by the British merchant, to whom the fisherman in the *out-harbours*—taught dishonesty and cunning by the Americans—in the fall of the year excuses himself by saying, he has been unlucky, made a bad voyage, and therefore cannot pay for the supplies he received in the spring. During the last year, it is well known that the American vessels carried from the coast of Labrador alone, more than double the quantity of fish and oil that was received by the British merchants. The value of the fish and oil taken by the Americans may be estimated at £1,200,000. They meet us in South America and other foreign markets with about 500,000 quintals of fish caught on our coasts, and with the advantage also of a bounty in their favour. The American fishing vessels are about 120 tons burden, and carry about 20 men each, employing about 1500 such vessels on the banks and coasts of British America. As they are not allowed permanent settlements, their fisheries, like those of the French, form also a great nursery for seamen.

The Bank fishery was formerly the hardest school in which British seamen could be trained, but owing to the competition of the Americans and French, and the advantage of bounties which both have, the English fishermen are only now able to fish along the shores in small boats; and as we have but eight or ten vessels altogether, of less importance than a single French ship, engaged in the Bank fishery, we have therefore

abandoned the great political value of those fisheries to foreigners.*

A cause of great uneasiness, and of alarm in the British Colonies, is, that Ministers may be induced by the American negotiators to open the ports of our West India islands and settlements to the vessels of the United States. To those who understand the subject, the impolicy and danger of conceding this privilege to the Americans is so truly glaring, that we need not feel any apprehensions as to the result of the negotiations, if we did not know that the Americans have, nearly on all occasions, *wheedled* from our Government whatever they asked for. The vigorous mind of Mr Canning, indeed, shewed them, almost for the first time, what they should expect from a great statesman, by shutting the ports of our West India colonies against American ships. In consequence of this measure, highly favourable to our North American provinces, all the merchants in those countries, that were not previously ruined by their engagements in the timber trade and ship-building, in consequence of the terrible re-action in those trades brought about by the sudden adoption of Mr Huskisson's system, have, with others possessing capital or industry, embarked in the trade of supplying our West India colonies with all kinds of provisions, timber, &c. Now, sir, let the Americans but trade again to our West India possessions, and the consequence will be ruin to all our North American merchants, and a stoppage to the usual remittances, in payment of British manufactures, from the Colonies.

There are men, I know, and some of those are public characters, who, in order to attract some portion of popular notice, tell us, we had better get rid of our Colonies as soon as possible, and that they add nothing to the grandeur of England, while possessing them is attended with great expense. But deliberate enquiry will shew that the retention of our American possessions is an object of such vast im-

portance, that the very idea of abandoning them cannot for a moment be defended on just or political grounds. Wanting colonies, and consequently commercial ships, France found it impossible to raise seamanship during the last war to man a navy. Had Great Britain wanted her Colonies during the same period, her importance among nations would have been very different from the magnificent and proud state which she maintained. Talleyrand wisely observed to Bonaparte, that he could only distress England by ruining her Colonies.

It has been urged as an argument in favour of the inutility of our Colonies, that the people of the United States have taken more of our manufactures since, than before, their dependence. This is really as feeble an inference as could well be drawn even by those most ignorant of the wants of the American Republic. The substantial truth is, that the greater consumption of our manufactured commodities, after the Revolution, was the natural consequence of the wants of a rapidly increasing population, who, during the late war with France, could only be supplied by England. At present the case is very different. They can import whatever they do not manufacture themselves, from whatever country best suits their interest, and it would not be difficult to prove, that if Great Britain still retained the sovereignty of the United States, they would take from us probably more than twice the quantity of goods that they now do, or have done; for the value of a quantity of goods exported to the United States did not by any means increase even before the obnoxious tariff, in the same ratio as the population. Neither will the Americans modify the tariff, so as to allow a greater consumption of our manufactures; many goods as the Americans now require, are purchased by them from Canada, and smuggled by them into different parts of the Union. The bill now before Congress for modifying the tariff, I believe to be a measure

* The details of the English, French, and American fisheries on the coast of British America, sent me from Newfoundland, Labrador, Quebec, and Halifax, are of interest, but far too tedious for a periodical even to abstract from.

point, a *ruse de guerre*, to gull or blind our government, during Mr Maclean's negotiation for opening the West India ports.

Let us grant what privileges we may to the Americans, so intent are they upon, and so well do they understand, their own interest, that we can never satisfy them. If we grant them the advantage of trading to the West Indies, and give them up the disputed territory, they will never rest afterwards, until they obtain the free navigation of the St Lawrence; and that once obtained, they will be justified in demanding of us the rich iron and coal mines of Nova Scotia, and also the gypsum quarries of Cape Breton, so essential to them for manure.

In the minds of some men, who think that his Majesty's North American possessions must inevitably *merge* in the United States, we had better sell the Colonies at once to the Americans. Admitting this—What would follow? Why, the American Republic would gain great and powerful strength, and the British Empire would in the same degree be weakened. But if we were even so impolitic as to abandon our North American Colonies, or to attempt transferring them to the United States, a mutual hatred exists between both countries that will ever prevent their union. Nor can the Americans ever reduce the Colonies by force. During the last war, the progress made towards conquering Canada, was little more than desultory attacks, although the defence of the country depended chiefly on the bravery of the Canadian militia.

The British Colonies can now raise an effective militia, of at least 160,000, of men equally brave as, and much better disciplined than, any troops the Americans can bring against them; and still happy and contented under their own Government, there is not in the world a more loyal people than the inhabitants of British America.

I may, however, sir, from my own knowledge of all the British American Colonies, take upon me to

observe, that the Ministry who will agree to allow the ships of the United States to carry American produce to the West Indies, to the utter ruin of the merchants and traders, who invested their whole means in the inter-colonial trade, under the confidence that they were acting safely, in relying upon the future firmness of British policy towards the Americans, will plant causes of discontent and distrust in British America, that may finally unfold themselves in consequences fatal to British commerce, and to the political power of the empire.

No measures are so hazardous as changing commercial regulations, or interfering with any well-established trade. The sad story of American independence commenced with the impolitic and unjust interference of our Ministry with the contraband trade between British and Spanish America in 1755. Previously to that period, if ever any country might be considered the seat of human felicity, that country was the provinces now forming the United States; and if Ministers do not meddle with the trade of the British Colonies, by giving undue advantages to foreigners, British America will in a few years contain the most contented and happy population in the world, consisting of men, whose circumstances will be in that, probably most happy, medium state, between great riches and great poverty.

Let Ministers, therefore, sir, treat them with prudent liberality and deference; let their interests not be sacrificed, nor their loyalty be weakened, by a mistaken generosity on the part of our Government, in order to enrich, to strengthen, or to gratify, the Americans; and should the Mother Country, which God forbid, ever require the assistance of the Colonies, they will, from gratitude and affection, freely grant any aid they can afford, which could never be extorted from them by severity as a claim of right.

JUNIUS COLONUS.
LIVERPOOL, 6th Mar. 1830.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

TO CHRISTOPHER NORTH, ESQ.

MY DEAR SIR,

JUDGE of the estimation in which *I* hold both yourself and the pages of your incomparable *Maga*, by the offering I am about to make you and them. I have just taken my seat in the Commons House of Parliament for —; and, God willing, intend to immortalize myself as a true patriot. But it is uncertain when I shall begin, for I feel, at present, an unconquerable reluctance to open my mouth. Three several times, on the first night of the Session, I was half out of my seat, and once stood up, remaining on my legs full a quarter of a minute; but “Mr Speaker” fell from my lips in such a dying murmur, that the chair (to speak technically) did not catch my voice, and I did not catch its eye. Since that time, I have made eleven more attempts, and “Mr Speaker,” in a whisper, was all that my tongue could utter, in four out of the eleven; while the other seven were confined to that curvature of the back which boys make when playing at leap-frog. Whether the warm weather will bring me forward, as it does every thing else, remains to be ascertained. I have my doubts, however; and to say the truth, my resolution is *nearly* taken, to desist from any further experiments till next Session. But though I cannot play the midwife to my own thoughts and deliver them, my brain is prolific, to a degree of fecundity which would amaze you, if you could know all it teems with. *I think* speeches, although I cannot *speak* them; and I think what I think is very often much better than what I hear from many who have acquired the art of speaking without thinking. Most certainly, friend Christopher, there exists no necessary connexion between the tongue and the head. I mean, that the former may be fluent, when the latter is stagnant; that the one may be full of words, while the other is as empty of ideas as a herring. Take for example:—But no—I will not be personal, and therefore I abstain from mentioning the names of Waithman, Thompson, Sir Robert Wilson, Hume, and many others, whom I was about to enumerate.

It is not unknown to you, to whom every thing is known, that in times past (and those not remote times either) there have been examples of men, members of both houses of Parliament, who have published speeches which they never spoke,—saving the solecism. I do not allude to the now common practice of members writing out their own speeches for the newspapers, wherein they remember to insert all that they forgot to say, but to the uncommon practice of publishing in the form of a pamphlet, what was intended to be said. It was reserved for me, however, to go one step further, and to print, not what I *have* spoken, not what I *intended* to speak, but what I think I should have spoken if I had spoken at all. In short, Mr North, I wish, through your “widely-circulated columns,” (as A. B. says in a letter to the Editor of the *Morning Post*, or of any other paper, upon gas-lights, turnpikes, and the currency,) to give the world my *silent speeches*. Do not be alarmed. You will find them brief, pithy, sententious; the longest, such as might be delivered, with “good emphasis and discretion,” in five minutes; the rest, not half the length of what is uttered when an honourable member rises to say a “few words in explanation.” I shall discard all forms of parliamentary debate, especially in sometimes noticing what passes in “another place,” and throw my observations into the form of desultory reflections rather than of set harangues. But whatever shape they may take, I trust that neither you, nor your readers, will forget while reading them, that they are the genuine thoughts of a Member of Parliament, suggested to him by what he hears in his place, and, for the most part, written down at the moment, or immediately after. It is these peculiar circumstances which will give them, I hope, their raciness; and I shall be much disappointed, if I do not learn, as soon as they appear, it is the opinion of *some*, that Parliament and the country would be the better for it, if such *silent speeches* were often *heard* within the walls of both Houses. —I remain, Dear Mr North, your sincere friend and admirer,

H— T—, M.P. for —.

THE FIRST DAY OF THE SESSION.

WHAT a lean, undignified, common-place, unsatisfactory, linsey-woolsey, and ungrammatical thing is King's Speech! I do not mean that King, by virtue of his office, is to be considered incapable of delivering a suitable, judicious, and even eloquent oration to his subjects; still less do I mean (God forbid I should!) that our own revered and excellent Monarch could not express himself on any subject, and on any occasion, in a manner befitting his exalted station, his august character, and above all, his acute, masculine, and clear understanding. What I allude to, is the sheet of foolscap paper, which the Cabinet Ministers, twice a-year, dot with some twelve or fourteen meagre paragraphs, in most abominable English, and advise their royal master to read, or cause to be read, to both Houses of Parliament. It is really amazing how this absurd practice, (absurd in its mode of execution, not in its principle) has been suffered to prevail so long; or why it has not shared the fate of another practice to which it bears so striking an analogy, that I should think the one must have suggested the other. Formerly, no new tragedy or comedy ever presumed to make its appearance without a prologue and an epilogue; but this custom, of late years, has fallen into disuse. King's Speeches, at the opening and closing of each session of Parliament, are but its prologue and epilogue, without any of the wit, humour, or poetry, which sometimes distinguished their dramatic prototypes, and the sooner they are reformed altogether the better. At any rate, if they are continued, do let us have common sense, good English, and something about "things in general," instead of nothing about any thing. Look at the Speech just read from the chair; look at it critically, grammatically, and politically, and if it be not a thing to scoff at for its barrenness, to despise for its composition, and to condemn for its studied imbecility, its elaborate burlesque of what it ought to be, why then, Mr Speaker, — Mr North, I mean, — "I am a soused gurnet." It would savour too much of hypercriticism, to take this clumsy article of cabinet-work to pieces, for the sake of shewing how vilely it has

been put together,—how rickety and disjointed it is, and how coarsely it has been finished off. Which of his Majesty's Ministers holds the pen, I know not, or whether each in turn writes his own paragraph, conveying his own notions of affairs; but one thing is quite evident, that if the raw material be supplied in the way of a joint contribution, some master mind is afterwards employed in cementing and varnishing the whole, so as to give it a uniform appearance of defect. This is the age of innovation, however; not only the "schoolmaster is abroad," but change is abroad—demolition is abroad—the ploughshare of improvement is passing over the land, uprooting and destroying what our fathers sowed, planted, reared, and loved, because *they* saw it was good, though we, their wiser children, sweep them from our sight, as humiliating monuments of their folly. Let us hope, therefore, that as we have adopted the converse of the poet's maxim, and act upon the gratuitous assumption, that "whatever is, is *wrong*," we shall soon be brought to acknowledge it is wrong to make the Monarch of a mighty empire address his Parliament in a strain which would be beneath the dignity of a Chairman at Quarter Sessions; and is only just superior to the celebrated oration of Dogberry to his companions of the watch.

There is something very servile, and at the same time very ridiculous, in the abject mock-solemnity of an "Address." It is most properly termed the *echo* of his Majesty's gracious Speech; for it is, in truth, an airy nothing. The King is made to say nothing; and both Houses of Parliament are made to say they are humbly grateful for receiving so valuable a communication. If a member, in the simplicity of his heart, rises to expostulate against this foolery, he is told, with all imaginable gravity, by some Cabinet Minister, that it is foolery,—neither more nor less—that it means nothing—and that as soon as the silly farce is over, they may all set to work, and do whatever they please, in direct contradiction to every thing which the Address may happen to contain. Sometimes,

indeed, this absurdity is carried to its climax, when a First Lord of the Treasury,—his Grace of Wellington has done so this very evening—complains that Parliament refuses to follow his Majesty's advice. His Majesty's advice? What despicable nonsense! His Majesty's advice, as it is called, is what his Majesty's responsible advisers write down for him, and when a Minister has the weakness to employ such an argument, it can only be because he lacks the effrontery to say boldly, "Do as I bid you." A man must be inordinately the slave of custom, and must bend the neck of his reason most submissively to the yoke of opinion, who can advocate this preposterous mummery, which serves no other end under heaven, but to enable callow members to essay their first flights from the Treasury nests, or sometimes (my Lord Darlington for example) to facilitate the escape of an old Whig rat from the empty garners of the Opposition. What a miracle, by the way, we all witnessed this evening! "Seventeen years," said the noble lord, "I have sat in this House, and never, till the present occasion, have I opened my mouth upon any question of importance." And what was the important question that now unclosed his lips? Verily, the same as has made many a man an orator, for once in his life, at the bar of the Old Bailey—to explain how he fell into bad company. "When I first had the honour of obtaining a seat in the House, about the end of the Peninsular war, the war of Whigs and Tories was raging as wildly in this House as the military mania was flaming all over the continent. For reasons which it is not necessary to detail, *I unfortunately took my station, at the moment, on the side of the Whig party.*" Why "unfortunately," my lord, if, as you go on to say, though you took no active part in the political conduct of the side to which you attached yourself, you gave them the benefit of your silent votes? But you were a prophet, it seems; and with a salvo for your modesty, which all men must allow to be great, since it fettered your tongue for seventeen years, you declare that "you not unfrequently foresaw and predicted the various changes of opinions and measures that afterwards actually came to pass." Then you foresaw and

predicted many strange and incredible abominations. Your foresight, however, can be known only to yourself; but your predictions—where are *they* recorded? Where are the sibylline leaves that bear witness to your gift of inspiration? Do they contain the prediction of your own change of opinion? Or was your mind like the eye, which sees every thing but itself? There is a cheap kind of wisdom which men sometimes bid for, consisting in the display of a sagacious knowledge that things which have happened, were sure to take place. Your Lordship, perhaps, may be a seer of this kind, and catch your vaticinations, not from "coming events which cast their shadows before," but from events which are come, and leave their shadows behind. One thing is certain. If, like the rest of mankind, your lordship is no prophet in your own country, you would be an oracle in the East; and might assert your claim to that distinction upon this single sentence of your speech: "If I were asked to what sort of an administration I should be inclined to give my support, I should say, in answer, to a Tory administration acting upon WHIG PRINCIPLES!!!" Venerable shade of the immortal Joseph Miller, hail your legitimate brother! What, is an apple-pie made of quinces?—or, (as we heard with our own ears, not a week since)—a rice-pudding made of isinglass, compared to a *Tory* administration acting upon *Whig* principles? Superlative wisdom! Go on, my lord! Go on, for the love of Heaven; and teach us how a Christian bishop may be a deist, a loyal subject, a rebel, a remorseless tyrant, God's vicegerent upon earth, and an apostate statesman, a martyr to his principles. There is nothing too vast in absurdity, for the grasp of a mind that can expect the sun to set in the east, or the north wind to come abroad, upon the flagging wings of the south! Oh! how your "right honourable friend below you, the Secretary for the Home Department," writhed and winced under this portentous definition. I watched his countenance, as he drew his hat upon his brow, and looked askance at the friends he had deserted. It was a bitter blunder, my lord; for though it spoke sheer nonsense, it proclaimed the grounds of your conversion.

Or rather, it proclaimed this shining declaration, in spite of the confusion of your own ideas—"I am unchanged—but you, the King's Ministers, have put on the livery of *my* party, and therefore I come among you." It was easy to perceive what you meant to say, though impossible to comprehend what you *did* say.

Sir Edward Knatchbull is a sensible man, and says, of course, very sensible things. But your merely sensible men are like beds of cabbages and potatoes in a kitchen-garden; useful, almost necessary, though as little thought of as another useful and necessary article—the air we breathe. I begin to think common sense is too common to be attractive; and that paradoxical assertions, incomprehensible arguments, facts made for the occasion, or occasions made for the facts, something, in short, to "elevate and surprise," are the only modes by which the attention can be arrested. Yet the Marquis of Blandford made a common-sense speech, and wonderfully to the purpose; though I could not help suspecting, while listening to him, that he had the copy of it in his pocket. His manner was altogether more like recitation than extempore speaking. I liked it none the worse for that, however. On the contrary, I wish every Member who *can* think would do so, before he opened his mouth; and especially I wish every Member who cannot, would never open his mouth at all. There would then be less truth than there now is, unfortunately, in one observation which fell from the Marquis, that the "Members of this House *say* a great deal, but *do* a very little." Most assuredly, since the practice of reporting the debates in Parliament has been reduced to its present elaborate system, nine out of ten of all the speeches that are uttered, if not *every* speech, are spoken more for display than business, more for the country at large, or constituents in particular, than from any desire to advance the public welfare. I should be called to order, if I stated this in my place, because we pretend not to know that there is such a monstrous breach of privilege committed every day, as printing and publishing our proceedings; but the fact is as notorious as the breach of privilege itself; and

Miss Fanny Kemble does not act more for public applause at Covent-Garden Theatre, than we harangue for it at Westminster. Be this as it may, however, I agree with the Marquis of Blandford, that "*these* are not times for men to waste hours in lengthy orations, or to be striving to outdo in effusions of frothy eloquence, when they should be found acting. Neither are the times suited for the apprehensive sensibilities of the timid, nor for the silly lisping of the mealy-mouthed."

I could not imagine what was the cause of a sudden movement which I observed in the House, and of a crowd of members hurrying towards the door, as if impatient to get out. At first, I thought there was going to be a division, and I was considering how I should vote, (though I had not heard enough on either side to make me alter my original intention, which was not to vote at all,) when I caught hold of my friend Cam Hobhouse, and asked him what was the matter? "The linen-draper is up," said he, with a look of consternation, and joined the terrified throng, which kept moving onwards to the lobby, while the Speaker kept calling, *Order! Order!* to no purpose. "The linen-draper is up!" I exclaimed to myself; "what did Hobhouse mean?" I cast my eyes round the House, and saw a little ill-looking man, the exact image of my tailor, (who is a very decent and respectable sort of a person, by the by, *for* a tailor,) addressing the Chair; but I could not hear a word he said, on account of the noise which still continued from Members leaving the House. At length a kind of silence was obtained, though nobody seemed to be paying the least attention to the little gentleman, who, by the motion of his arms, was evidently making a very energetic speech. I had the bench on which I sat to myself; but behind me there was a corpulent county Member, leaning his head against the pillar, with his eyes half closed. Before they were quite shut, I took the liberty of tapping him on the knee, to enquire who was speaking. "Oh, it is Waithman!" he replied, in a tone of peevish impatience, which conveyed every thing that could possibly have been said expressive of

helpless misery; and he resigned himself, if not to sleep, at least to his own meditations. I had the curiosity to listen to "the linen-dra-per" for about five minutes; but his vulgarisms, his cockneyisms, his inhuman usage of the English language, his barbarous jargon of the counter and the Common Council, his tyrannical caprice in sometimes making *w* do duty for *v*, and at others, in making *v* usurp the functions of *w*, his inordinate affection for the letter *h*, and, above all, the absolute nothings—the worse than nothings—for it was positive balderdash which he retailed, as he would so many yards of tape at the corner of Bridge Street, Blackfriars—gave me a surfeit, which only the aristocratical atmosphere of the House of Lords, where I speedily took refuge at the foot of the throne, could have effectually relieved.

If we are cursed with many evils—if poverty is laying close siege to the middle and lower ranks of the community—if the farmer, the manufacturer, the merchant, the ship-owner, the tradesman, are feelingly convinced that their condition is altered for the worse—if one universal cry of distress resounds through the land—if discontent is growing fast upon unredressed complaints—and if the elements of civil discord are ripening as fast into a state of active revolution, the first explosion of which whenever, wherever, and howsoever it may burst forth, will be the beginning of a struggle which has had no parallel in *this* country—if, I say, this be our situation, and there are those who think it is—we have at least one consolation. The causes of our evils are nearly as numerous as the evils themselves; and such being the case, we can never be at a loss for a remedy. Lord Stanhope tells us, it is free trade, and nothing else. Lord Carnarvon declares it is the currency. Lord King, monopoly; beer monopoly, sugar monopoly, tea monopoly; and lastly, His Grace of Wellington bids us remember steam and the wet weather!

To say England is already a *ruined* country, would be the language of imbecility or of faction. She is not in her death-throes. But there is great prostration of strength; an increasing debility in the body politic;

and a morbid lethargy in the national mind, which are prognostics of sure decay in all the vital energies. These are alarming symptoms, and *must* have skilful treatment. Prompt and adequate remedies *must* be applied. We shall then bring to the test this most important question whether we are suffering under an acute disease, brought on by an improper regimen, and aggravated by empirical nostrums; or whether we are languishing beneath the slow wasting, and consequent decrepitude which are to conduct us to the euthanasia of our political existence. I believe, and devoutly hope, the former is our true condition. I believe there is a redeeming power in the sanctuary of our constitutional polity, which, as it has stood firm and united, "as rocks resist the billows and the sky," amid the tempests that have so often beaten against it, so will it now stand and survive the shock of this dark hour. I behold in the fabric, no edifice raised by the talisman of the fabulist, or the poet; no structure, rising in splendour, and then vanishing into light air. These are not its foundations; these are not its claims to our homage. I see, in its face and character, the hoar of most venerable antiquity. I trace its origin to the independent and free-born spirit, which pervaded, animated, and ennobled our northern ancestors, *magnanimi heroes*, who fought the battles, and obtained the triumphs, of British freedom and British glory. I see it, under circumstances the most various, and often the most adverse,—circumstances which seemed to threaten its existence,—now in the dissensions of opposing factions,—now in the extremities of war, civil and religious,—and now in the hostilities of foreign nations, rising to its lofty eminence, protected by wisdom, watchful of its interests, and by patriotism, disdainful of fear in defending them. It is in vain to carry our wishes and expectations beyond the confines of our common nature. Yet, may we not venture to hope, that a system of government so consummate in its integrity, so admirable in the adaptation of its several parts, (composed as it is of various, and sometimes conflicting, elements,) and involving in itself whatever of excellence can be found in the multifarious forms of political

society, shall—under that Providence which seems to have watched over it with peculiar care—so far as perpetuity can be hoped for the works of man, be perpetual? *Fruatur sanè tantà singulari Dei beneficentiâ, quæ tantum illi sit perpetua!*

But, alas! in all former crises of national danger, we had shining lights among us, beacons to warn us of our peril, and guide us through it, to speak comfort, hope, and confidence to men—and what higher praise can give them?—worthy of their country, and able to defend and support it.

Are there any such now? Yes! Where are they? *Not where they ought to be*; but where the force of circumstances must place them, sooner or later.

The Duke of Wellington is an extraordinary man, and, like every extraordinary man, owes his greatness to what may be called a synchronism of remarkable events. Had there been no French Revolution, Napoleon Bonaparte would have lived and died, probably, an officer of engineers. Had Napoleon never been Emperor of France, the Honourable Arthur Wellesley would now be only a general, with the colonelcy of a regiment. Were Liverpool, Londonderry, or Canning still alive, his Grace would be suffered to continue of the same opinion he was three years ago, that "he must be mad, to think himself fit for the office of Prime Minister,"—an opinion which every man in the country, who is not mad, (except his Grace,) still entertains. Beyond all comparison, the greatest military commander of this, or perhaps of any other age, he is equally beneath all comparison—as a statesman. I do not look to the decision with which a thing is *done*, but to the wisdom in which it is *conceived*. Arm a man with sufficient power, and what is there he may not do, if the *only* question that presents itself to his mind, is the extreme point to which his power can be pushed? Place a loaded pistol in the hands of a man, and if his *only* determination is to send the bullet through somebody's head, what head may not become the object of his choice? Between the mere possession of power, however, and the fit application of it, there is as broad a distinction, as between the possession of a right, and the expediency of enforcing it. What greater

power, for example, had the Duke of Wellington than Mr Pitt, Mr Perceval, Lord Liverpool, or Mr Canning, for breaking in upon the constitution? None. The difference lay in the hands that wielded it. *They* had minds capacious enough to see *all* the bearings and dependencies of the measure, and wisdom enough to abjure it. The Duke of Wellington, whatever may be his sagacity or wisdom, had only firmness enough to carry it. I concede to him all the merit, such as it is, which belongs to his firmness, as I would all the glory due to a man who jumped off the Monument, to shew he was not afraid of dashing himself to pieces. But in both cases, preserve to myself the right of entertaining exceedingly grave doubts as to the discretion of either of the parties.

These military qualities, however, of decision or promptitude, of inflexibility of purpose, and of resolute execution, are the exclusive themes of eulogy with his Grace's panegyrists; as if the Council Chamber were a camp, Downing Street a garrison, and King, Lords, and Commons, the centre and two wings of an army taking up positions for battle. Obedience, slavish, unreasonable obedience, is the first duty of a soldier; and the rigorous, unquestioned exaction of it, the paramount necessity with a commander-in-chief. There must be but one will in the field, and that will (if I may so express myself without profanity) as omnipotent, as irresistible, as the Deity's. But it is at least a novelty in England, to hear these martial virtues trumpeted forth as the distinguishing perfections of a Prime Minister. It is not less a novelty in *this* country, to find the truncheon of a Field Marshal, and the sword and epaulettes of Generals and Major-Generals, recognised as talismanic qualifications for Cabinet Ministers. Do I say, therefore, that because a man has proved himself an able soldier, he proves himself, *ipso facto*, unfit to be any thing but a soldier? No. But I do say, the science of civil polity is *not* learned by the same studies that make a proficient in the science of fortification. I do say, that a profound knowledge of the commercial interests of a great commercial country, is *not* obtained while acquiring the practical art of gunnery,—that an intimate acquaintance with domestic affairs *cannot* be

cultivated abroad, amid battles and sieges,—that a deep study of the intricate relations which subsist between trade, agriculture, and manufactures, *cannot* be prosecuted in conjunction with the discharge of garrison duties,—that elaborate and comprehensive researches into the complicated questions of our Colonial policy *cannot* be made while marching and counter-marching,—that the diplomatic mysteries of the Foreign Office (for it has its mysteries) *cannot* be explored while manœuvring a squadron of dragoons,—and lastly—but above all—that the school for studying the principles of the British constitution, is *not* that where the articles of war are used as a text book. England is not a stratocracy *yet*, ours is not *yet* a purely military government—we are not *yet* ruled by soldiers only—and until we are, I must continue to think that the system of training, which gave us our Burleighs, our Clarendons, our Walpoles, our Chatham, our Pitts, our Liverpools, and our Cannings, better adapted for producing STATESMEN, than that which qualifies a man to take precedence at the War Office or the Horse Guards.

But to return to his Grace of Wellington. I cannot trust myself to describe what were my feelings, as I listened to him this evening. It was a humiliating exhibition, to be made by *such a man*, whose fame, and character, and glory, are part and parcel of the fame, and character, and glory of his country. He is so little of an orator, or a rhetorician, (arts not altogether without their use in a popular form of government, where eloquence does much when it can give ennobling form and impression to the dictates of an enlarged mind,) that he might have said with Othello,

“ Rude am I in speech,
And little bless’d with the set phrase of
peace;
And therefore little shall I grace my cause
In speaking for myself.”

Or with Mark Antony;

“ I am no orator, as Brutus is,
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man.”

His Grace, too, is as little of a dialectician as he is an orator. He is either incapable, or disdainful, of following the simplest argument to its legitimate conclusions from assumed or admitted premises. I appeal to all his reported speeches, as my

vouchers for this opinion; and I express the opinion without the most remote intention of conveying an imputation derogatory to his intellectual character. I am willing to believe, that his Grace is one of those men who can think strongly and acutely, but who have not the power of marshalling their thoughts, so as to produce them in the fair array of words, and in the consecutive order of accurate ratiocination. I will even concede, what I should find it difficult to prove, that his Grace’s assertions are all incontrovertible truths. Still, the abrupt, dry, naked, and dogmatical mode of their enunciation, would not be the less repulsive, or the less adapted to produce conviction, which must be the first aim of every orator. Self-evident propositions may be delivered with as much oracular brevity as the speaker may choose to employ: but disputed ones, which are upon their trial, as it were, must shew cause, produce good evidence, and establish strong facts, in their own favour. I have no doubt his Grace *does* reason; and that he arrives at his postulata by a process which Aristotle or Malebranche, Locke or Condillac, could hardly improve. The entire absence, however, of all testimony that he does so, in his speeches, would almost lead one to suppose that some of his colleagues reasoned for him, and furnished him afterwards with the affirmative or negative results; as a treasury clerk might be employed to cover a quire of paper with calculations upon the revenue, and jot down the totals upon a gilt-edged card, which his Grace could carry in his waistcoat pocket to enlighten their Lordships upon the state of our finances.

It is so, *because* it is so, or because I know it to be so, constitutes the “prompt, decisive, and resolute character” of his Grace’s arguments. I will not call this imperious style (as if the teacher or the doctrine were infallible,) dogmatical; for dogmatism is very often only the energy of a superior mind, which, by its gigantic faculties perceives at once the conclusions to which the disputants must come; and is the spring of a tiger compared with the motion of a tortoise. Neither will I impute it to arrogance, though certainly to that offensive quality it bears the

strongest resemblance. I think it may be traced, easily enough, to two very obvious causes: his Grace's military education and career, more accustomed, all his life, to give orders than to give reasons for them; and the somewhat late period at which he found himself in a situation requiring the knowledge of an art, in which, though nature can only enable us to excel, early and assiduous practice will do enough, for all the common purposes of business. Men at sixty do not become orators, because they happen to become Prime Ministers; but Prime Ministers, nevertheless, ought to be, if not orators, at least decent debaters. And they ought to be capable, when the nation is groaning under severe and general (not *partial*) distress; when every class of the community complains; and when every landlord, to secure a part of his rent, is compelled to indulge in the amiable philanthropy of generously relinquishing his claim to the rest; they ought, methinks, to be capable of taking rather a more statesman-like view of the question, than is comprised in assuring us, as the Duke of Wellington has this evening, that people would build fine new houses, and therefore distress cannot be so great; that people get *something* for their labour, and therefore they cannot be so bad off; that people do not, to be sure, get a guinea, as they used to do, but they get a shilling, and therefore they need not complain; and that we must be going on well, because as much is paid in the shape of taxes, by the consumers, in 1830, as in 1815; increase of population during that period, and the addition of mouths by the disbanding, at home, of a large army and navy, being circumstances of too trivial a nature to affect this brilliant discovery.

I have been told by several of my parliamentary friends, that Mr Peel, since he exchanged the proud honour of representing the University of Oxford, for a seat in the House, as the nominee of Sir Manasseh Lopez, is quite an altered man; and I can well believe it. Whether, however, such be really the case, or that I only thought he looked like one forsaken by that intrepidity of spirit, and that sanctity of honesty, which once supported and exalted him, while pur-

suing temperately, yet inflexibly, through all difficulty and all danger, the path of severest duty, I know not. "*Il me semble*," observes Montesquieu, "*que nous ne jugeons jamais des choses, que par un retour secret que nous faisons sur nous mêmes.*" It might, therefore, be merely the reflection of what I should have felt myself, "had I so sworn," and then been so forsworn; of what my own opinion of myself would have been, standing in that same assembly, a recreant, where so oft I had proved myself a champion, that made me fancy, while he spoke, I could discern the workings of a fallen nature, conscious of having erred, without having ceased to respect virtue and goodness. It is not at the moment we commit a wrong, but when we recall it, (for the remembrance never dies,) that we are tormented. Mr Peel *must* know, and knowing, he must feel, and in that feeling he must for ever stand rebuked, that he cannot now address any hundred members of the House of Commons, without awakening silent scorn, in those he has betrayed, and a pity, nearly allied to contempt, in those who have had the benefit of his treachery. He cannot look round upon the former, and not see their eyes turned upon himself with an expression of disdain, such as might blanch the cheek of the most intrepid scorner of the world's opinion that ever strove to outface indignities, which a craven conscience told him he deserved. He cannot carry his appeal to the latter, and not shrink with self-loathing from their tainted charity; from the cold, and heartless, and distrustful countenance, which welcomes him whose apostacy is his only covenant; and who, while he is used as a friend, is suspected as one who may become an enemy. This is the political condition of the Right Honourable Gentleman in the House of Commons; and all he has to counterbalance its deep humiliation, are the worthless applauses of a few parasites and sycophants, who extol the sacrifices he has made as a signal act of patriotic virtue. If I know any thing of human nature, however, or if they who best know Robert Peel speak of him as he is, he is the last man breathing to extract an honourable consolation, or a dignified acquittal, from such compurgators.

The effect of this altered position in the estimation of himself, of the House, and of the country, was surely apparent in the general tone of his speech this evening. It was the language of a man who knew what reproaches *might* be dashed in his face, if he presumed to taunt or irritate an opponent; of a man who felt he had lost his personal influence, the influence of character, and had nothing to sustain him but the courtesy due to his official station, and the respect which etiquette assigns to the acknowledged Ministerial leader, or organ of Government in the House. Hence the gossamer touches of railery and sarcasm with which he commences, in allusion to his Right Hon. friend, Mr Huskisson, who, if the face be any index to the mind, shewed, by the sneer which dwelt upon his features, that he duly appreciated the reasons which made *his* Right Hon. Friend "willing to wound," but yet "afraid to strike." Hence, too, his tame, spiritless, and beseeching entreaties, that they would be kind enough to vote for the Address, and not depart from the good old practice, by tacking an unpalatable amendment to it. Why, in his better days, in his palmy state, he would have talked to them of the indecency, of the indignity, of carrying up an Address to the throne, which, by negating the language of the Speech, was, in effect, imputing falsehood to the Sovereign. He, or any Minister in his situation as a Minister, and not checked in the free current of his thoughts by any galling consciousness of vulnerable points, would not have sued and entreated, but fearlessly have described the real character of an amendment, or counter-address, as a proceeding which not only went to proclaim His Majesty's gracious Speech a false representation of the state of the country, and that they, the addressers, had found it necessary to draw up a true one, but to call upon his Majesty to dismiss from his confidence those servants, by whose advice he had been betrayed into an act so derogatory to his royal dignity. Instead of this plain, manly, straight-forward, and constitutional course, the Right Honourable Gentleman says this: "With respect to the amendment, I earnestly expect the House to consider whether the circumstances of

the country are such as to render it necessary, on this occasion, for them to depart from the course which has been followed for a long series of years, on the first day of each Session. For at least thirty years, ever since they had been an Imperial Parliament, there had never been such an amendment proposed. (Here there were cries of No, no, from several members, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, I think, put his Right Hon. friend right.) I feel great pleasure in correcting my assertion. I meant to say, no such amendment had been carried. I do not mean to make any wilful misrepresentation to the House; but I mean, that no such amendment had been carried. For nineteen years out of that thirty, no amendment had been proposed."

Is it possible to conceive any thing more inoffensive, more well-behaved than this?—"I entreat," and "I feel great pleasure in being corrected;" and "I do not mean to make any wilful misrepresentation!" Shades of Pitt, of Perceval, of Londonderry, of Canning! Oh that ye could speak, and tell the world how you would have addressed a House of Commons on such a subject! though the gauntlet you threw down was to be picked up by a Fox, a Burke, a Windham, a Sheridan, a Romilly, a Horner, a Grattan, a Ponsonby, a Whitbread, a Plunkett, aye,—and in *those* times,—a Brougham! I might even evoke from his living tomb, the Right Honourable Robert Peel, who *was* Member for the University of Oxford, and ask *him* if he would have carried himself as the Right Honourable Robert Peel, who *is* Member for Westbury, does?

Mr Edward Davenport made a statement this evening, which, if it be correct, or approaching to it even, (for a trivial inaccuracy affects it no more than a technical informality in an indictment purges the criminal, though it may let the crime go unpunished,) shews how profligately titles have been lavished during the last seventy years. I say profligately, because the fact itself is a denial of the probability that they can have been honestly deserved or bestowed. "Lord Bacon," said Mr Davenport, "has observed, that a country which wished to become great, must take care not to let the gentry increase, since it must follow as a natural con-

sequence, that the poorer classes become debased in an equal ratio. It would appear that our government, however, had always acted upon a principle the very reverse of this. Ministers, much wiser, no doubt, than any who ruled the destinies of England in Lord Bacon's time, had recommended his most gracious Majesty, since he ascended the throne, to create no less a number than SIXTY PEERS! And I believe his Majesty's father, of pious memory, went even a few steps farther. Indeed, I have been assured by a friend, on whose authority I can rely, "that a MAJORITY of the Upper House do *not* sit there by hereditary descent." A hundred and twenty Dukes, Marquesses, Earls, Viscounts, and Bishops, whose patents of creation time is not soiled with his dusty finger! The ink black and fresh, the parchment still white and spotless, the Great Seal not only without a crack, but bright and ruddy! It is in no cynical spirit, still less with the spleen of a surly lover of democracy, that I ask, how many of those *royally* ennobled persons could shew their patents, and their titles to them, at the same time? But a graver question remains. The pernicious effect which this system must have upon the conservative principles of the British constitution, by disturbing that nicely-adjusted balance of regal, aristocratical, and popular influence, so perfect, so matchless in theory, and so capable of working with all its abstract excellence, as we know from experience, in its practical operation. Assuming a hypothetical case, for the sake of argument, and demanding, as we have a right to do, that my words shall not be stretched to a larger meaning than I give them myself, I have no hesitation in saying, that a corrupt nobility is infinitely more dangerous than a corrupt representative body. The latter, when the evil becomes intolerable, can be purified, and *would* be; but the former goes on rotting and putrifying, till its intolerable stench in the nostrils of the commonwealth constrain the application of that remedy which cures by removing altogether the reeking nuisance. And what is the process by which a corrupt nobility is endangered? The unerring one of divorcing titles of honour from honour

itself, or of separating them from wealth. A needy lord is the readiest of all political tools, for he is pursued by the double necessities of his pocket and his dignity. He cannot starve like a commoner, and he is, therefore, the more rapacious animal of the two. The state has lifted him out of the crowd, and placed him on his pedestal; and the state must keep him there. He cannot descend again. Your plain *Mr Jenkins*, if the tide of fortune is at its ebb with him, may indulge in that primitive simplicity of eating and drinking, and of all the other wants of the body, which so naturally captivates us when we have to adapt a frugal expenditure to a lean purse. But what can *my Lord Jenkins* do? He cannot grow fond of the country, and live in a cottage; neither can he walk down to the House of Peers, when Parliament is sitting, after first walking down two flights of stairs, from a second floor, in some street leading to a square. No, no; whatever may be his natural disposition to carry himself erect, he must be more or less than man, if the weight of a coronet on his brow, without the support of a long rent-roll in his pocket, does not make him stoop in the presence of every one, from a Prime Minister down to the Secretary of a Secretary of State, who has patronage at first hand, or who has any hand in patronage.

There is a proud and consecrated feeling co-ordinate with hereditary rank, a lofty consciousness of ancestral honour, a dignity of trust in the knowledge that a name, illustrious through many generations, depends upon ourselves to be transmitted to our posterity with a still untarnished lustre, which a man must be degenerate in the extreme, not to wear constantly about him as a "hidden strength," of power to make him "pass on with unblemished majesty" amid every snare and wile of corruption. With wealth too ample for the emoluments of office, or the largest gifts of the Crown, to swell so far beyond its present bounds as to tempt his cupidity, what motives can such a man have to swerve from the straight path of rectitude? Even if he be ambitious, or stimulated by the lust of dispensing benefits to the hungry followers of a Minister, there is every chance that he will gratify

his passion without taint or blemish; while the greater probability is, if he embark in the duties of a public life, he will do so from a desire to give his country the advantage of his talents and his virtues. It would be a Utopian dream to expect that, in a mixed government like ours, or, indeed, in any government, we can have a pure aristocracy, of venerable descent and princely revenues; but it is a sober truth, that a jealous vigilance should be exercised to guard us from its opposite, an aristocracy where the hereditary nobles are outnumbered, or even balanced, by a file of Lords culled from the camp, the bar, the squirearchy, and the superannuated voters in Ministerial majorities. Such peers *may* become like a torpid limb upon the body of the constitution, depraving all its healthful functions, paralysing its vital energies, incapable of excision, and so entailing destruction upon the entire frame. They are, and must be, to a certain extent, the satellites of the greater planet; they cannot move in any orbit of their own; the breath that made them is the air by which they live,—if they have it not they die; and from their very nature, they constitute an inert mass, ready to be applied, whenever occasion requires, to stop the movements of the political machine, or to give them an accelerated velocity, when a destructive rapidity is desired. I do not say that we, in this happy country, are exposed to such a danger as I have imagined. I do not say that we have any of these satellites. I am far from meaning to insinuate, that the disastrous event of last Session was a proof of the tendency of such a body to communicate an accelerated velocity to any particular movement of the political machine. I am bound to believe, and, of course, I do believe, that every one of the noble persons who voted for Catholic Emancipation last year, did so, because they discovered reasons why it should be no longer delayed, which they were utterly unable to perceive before. I am quite convinced it was this discovery, conscientiously made by each individual Peer at the same moment, and in consequence of profound researches separately instituted, which induced them all at once to give way, after having for years presented, not

an inert mass of resistance, but a reasoning, dispassionate, and invincible honourable opposition to the very same measure. All this, I say, “most religiously believe.” If I did not, indeed, there might be some danger of my yielding to the supposition that we have *already* such an aristocracy as I have described.

Mr Peel, by the bye, in noticing the statement by Mr Davenport, seemed to triumph in the opportunity which it gave him of saying something in favour of the “Noble Duke at the head of his Majesty’s Government.” “It has been objected to former Ministers,” he observed, “that too many Peers were made. His Grace the Duke of Wellington, however, is exempt from this imputation, for his Majesty has only been pleased to make one Peer during his *WHOLE* administration.”—His whole administration! That is, an administration of just two years! Now, in my humble opinion and with all due deference to Mr Peel, if Peers are made in that ratio *communibus annis*, we shall never be in want of patrician ancestors for posterity; and that unless those who are the posterity of their own ancestors, die off in something like the same proportion, without male issue lawfully begotten, we bid fair to have as numerous an aristocracy as Poland, or France before the Revolution, when, as it has been said, a man could not “void his rheum” out of window, without running the risk of offering an indignity to one of the *noblesse*. Were I a king, (which I do not expect I ever shall be,) me thinks it would be my ambition to surround my throne with such a picked nobility, that it should puzzle the Herald’s College to make out their table of precedence; and as to those who were already good squires, they should remain so, and not lose their addition, by becoming ciphers, or bad lords. If a useful man was very importunate to make “his Joan a lady,” he should be allowed to play his part in the comedy of pride as a simple knight; and now and then, should he be smit with the desire of founding a race of Sirs; a baronetcy might descend upon him. But great and marvellous should be *his* deserts whom I would admit into the august sanctuary of the Peerage; deserts which no honours could ennoble, though

ly might serve to perpetuate the memory of him whom they ennobled. Exalted in my own dignity, being encircled with such a body of hereditary counsellors, should I not have a right to exclaim—"Aye! Every inch a king!"

HOUSE OF COMMONS, Feb. 5.

We have had a little conversation this evening about the famous "Ego" distich, from JUHUN MEN SHUHUR, to LCHEE JAN MALKOOL MONT; or, in other words, Lord Ellenborough's "wild elephant" letter (Mr Peel called this part of it "an injudicious joke!") to Sir John Malcolm. It is silly and contemptible affair; but the straws, which shew what quarter the wind blows from, these silly and contemptible things are sure indications of the mind that breeds them. I should live in solitude all the rest of my life, and mourn in sackcloth and ashes, if I had been the writer of such a letter. But I could not have lived at all—no, not another hour, after I knew what was the defence which my friends had made for me. Mr Peel's palliative was just such an excuse as a mortified father would make for a lubberly son, who had been detected in playing some coarse practical joke, utterly indecent, and to be overlooked solely on account of the young gentleman not knowing how to behave himself better. "The fact was," said the good-natured Secretary, in a tone of parental pity and fondness, "the noble lord wrote it hastily and inadvertently;" and, "the House should judge the noble lord by the entire tenor of his official conduct, and not hasten to condemn him for an inconsiderate and injudicious joke about a wild elephant in a private letter." The fact is, a man who could "hastily" write a long letter, which it would take half an hour for an expert penman to copy, is one of those inconsiderate persons who are more fit to exercise themselves controlled, than to exercise control over others. Men who are capable of committing signal blunders, though they may be very worthy persons in all other respects, should be removed from a situation where their blunders may chance to do signal mischief; and I own I should

have expected from his Grace of Wellington's usual "promptitude and decision," that when he heard of Lord Ellenborough's silly confidential communication, he would have exclaimed instantly—

"Cassio, I love thee,

But never more be officer of mine!"

I have much to say upon the subject of our Foreign Policy, which formed the prominent topic of discussion this evening, when my Lord Darlington appeared at the bar with the Address; and if I had spoken in my place, it would have been after Lord Palmerston, Mr Peel, Mr C. Grant, Lord J. Russell, and Dr Lushington, had addressed the House, and before Mr Sadler spoke. But upon consideration, I am disposed to think it is a question of too much importance, to be argued incidentally as it were; and as I am sure it *must* come before Parliament, during the present Session, in a more grave and formal manner, that will be the time for me to come forward.

Sir Francis Burdett, I thought, spoke very irreverently of the illustrious Premier, *as Premier*. "When the noble Duke," said he, "attributes the distress of the country to the increase of machinery, and the application of the power of steam, which have, by all scientific men, been regarded as the principal sources of our prosperity,—when I hear such declarations from the Prime Minister of England, I feel inclined to agree with the noble Duke, in what he once said of his supposed views upon the Government of the country, and to consider him as fallen into that insanity which he himself said must come upon him, before he could aspire to the situation of Prime Minister of England." Mr Peel observed, that it was a very inconvenient practice, alluding to what was *supposed* to be said in the other House. He even complained of it as "ungenerous and unjust," when the Prime Minister was not there to defend himself! The Right Honourable Gentleman is certainly a most unlucky defender of his absent friends!

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THE REIGNING VICE.

In our June Number of 1827, we reviewed fully and freely a moral satire of great merit, bearing this title, and gave copious extracts. The author has sent to us the concluding Books, with the following notice. C. N.

“ In a Preface to the already published Books of *The Reigning Vice*, the author attempted to explain his design in the following words.

“ ‘ My aim, in the Poem, is rather to point out a moral disease than a moral sanity ; and having established the prevalence of the former, to consider what means of recovery are in our power. * * * My object in these (that is, the published) Books, is to prove that Self-love is universal, and, in our world disordered. I have pointed out in the First Book many outward exhibition of human nature, as proving the universality of self-love. In the second, have traced her to some of her lurking-places, and through some of her modes of action. In the third, I have attempted to delineate her prominent features in the present day. In the fourth, I have shewn her to be the sole cause of human evils, from her identity with Selfishness. In the Books that are to come, I propose to develop the cause and object of her caprices, and finally to consider the means by which her perverted impulse may be turned to its right end and original destination.’

“ The Books spoken of in the last paragraph, as ‘ to come,’ are those which are now about to be laid before the public. The two first will ‘ develop the cause and object of the caprices’ of Self-love, and also of the fluctuations of the darker passions—the two last will suggest the remedy.”

THE REIGNING VICE. BOOK V.

As the shell, parted from its parent shore,
Still murmuring, echoes Ocean's boundless roar,
The soul, God's image, wandering far abroad,
Mocks in itself the attributes of God !
Creative energy, discerning sense,
Love, justice, mercy, power, benevolence.
God is all-happy ;—to its fountain true,
Th' aspiring soul would be all-happy too.
But say, can man the springs of joy control,
Or can a part be perfect as the whole ?
To things created bliss can only fall
From Him who fills, sustains, and governs all :
Man seeks it in himself, with erring bent,
And mortal happiness is self-content.
Yes ! self-content is earth's Elysian rest,
Nature's strong cry in every human breast ;
This the true aim of all beneath the sun,
The means are different, but the end is one.
Each various object fair or hateful seems,
As it prolongs or dissipates our dreams :
Gold, lineage, fame, are only steps to rise
More in our own than in another's eyes ;
And all the stir of action is but dear,
Because it drowns the voice we would not hear.
Yet reason shakes us ;—come then, fond self-love,
In guile the serpent, and in mien the dove ;
Bind all thy foes with chains conceal'd in flowers,
And call around thee all thy sister powers !
Should conscience dare her Argus watch to keep,
Charm, one by one, her thousand eyes to sleep !
O'er every mind some spell peculiar fling,
And bid each state its own delusion bring !

Let absolution still the Romish breast,
 In some strange penance be the Brahmin blest;
 The Indian, in the victim of his hate,
 His victim in the smile that conquers fate;
 While still shall wave before the Moslem's eyes
 The blood-red sword that opens Paradise!
 How strong the impulse self-content to gain,
 When pleasure thus is snatch'd from depths of pain!

Victorious Instinct, thou canst soar above
 The love of life, yea, ev'n a mother's love!
 Lo, Indian widows, by thy promise led,
 Triumphant hail the bridal of the dead;
 And, vow'd to Ganges, new-born infants win
 Unholy pardon for their parents' sin.

To common life the searching glance direct;—
 What sweet atonements there, our peace protect!
 If deadly sins dispute the way to Heaven,
 One monstrous virtue shall outweigh the seven.
 What through the stews if married Claudio ran?
 He gamed not—therefore was a moral man!
 But, should no virtue to our suit be kind,
 Defects of heart are paid by gifts of mind.
 Good Sense may well good Nature's want supply,
 And, pray, what need hath Wit of Honesty?
 In every rank, success can gild deceit,
 And thieves are proud as patriots when they cheat.
 Nay, ev'n the body spreads a decent screen
 The soul and her deformities between.
 A well-turn'd leg with prudence may dispense,
 Bright eyes with thought, fine teeth with common sense.
 Great charms the decalogue aside may fling;
 "I'm not a saint—but then how well I sing!"
 The old still gild the present with the past,
 Talk of "*my day*," and triumph to the last;
 And batter'd heroes, veteran beauties, glow
 O'er gay campaigns of fifty years ago.

See how each mind, its self-repose to keep,
 Hath its own way to lull each fear to sleep!
 Some, in youth's vigour, take a sort of pride
 In sins, to youth and vigour near allied.
 Some, restless, find their own excuse at length
 In Nature's weakness, and in Passion's strength.
 Others, when pangs intrusive wake within,
 Take comfort from the multitude who sin,
 And, if their errors too notorious glare,
 Thank God—they are not "worse than others are."
 Some mourn the frailties which they never mend,
 Their very sorrows with confession end;
 They half rejoice to know their passions' force,
 And feel a satisfaction in remorse.
 Or the same mind may all these means employ
 To lay the ghost that haunts forbidden joy.

Professions seem on mortals to confer
 The profit of a double character.
 In some small matters if the private fail,
 The public character shall turn the scale;
 If, by hard fate, the public man should err,
 Hey, presto! shew the private character!
 Each lays the healing unction to his heart
 Of playing well his own peculiar part.

Blest is the Poet in his Ode to Hope,
 The hangman in his prowess o'er a rope;
 Blest may the Painter in his visions be,
 The grocer in his superfine bohea.
 Wrapt in their calling, still themselves they scan
 As artist, tradesman, poet, more than man.
 And deem ye then, in various garb array'd,
 The inward soul is therefore of a trade?
 Thought is expell'd from Life's still-varying stage,
 In different modes by every different age.
 Away it floats on Childhood's buoyant mirth,
 Youth's stormy passions hunt it o'er the earth;
 In plotting manhood is th' intruder lost,
 Then lock'd in apathy by age's frost.
 Thus, till its death, for ever outward hurl'd,
 Thought leaves within an undiscover'd world.
 Ye sage geographers the chart explore!
 What, silent?—Not the unletter'd peasant more!
 Go, trace its orbit, ye who map the skies!
 Yours prove no better than a cobbler's eyes.
 To inward knowledge Learning's self may blind,
 Not less than Ignorance may blunt the mind.
 Has he, who classes insects, birds, and flowers,
 Order'd his heart, or ranged his mental powers?
 The subtle chemist Nature may control,
 But what alembic shall distil the soul?
 Th' expert physician nerves and veins may trace,
 But not the spirit to her hiding-place.
 Vain, too, the scheme philosophers can build,
 Deep-read in others, in themselves unskill'd.
 Nor may this wisdom reach the prudent scone,—
 The pupil of the world is still a dunce;
 By soft Self-love Experience is beguil'd,
 And oldest Vanity remains a child.

Trace we thy varied modes to lull the breast?
 Of all thy friends, Illusion serves thee best.
 As in a crystal brook, so bright, so clear,
 It only seems a purer atmosphere,
 Self-love, in thy fond mirror, things are shewn
 In softer tints and beauty not their own.
 There mortals, gazing with enrapt amaze,
 Narcissus-like, grow amorous as they gaze.
 Nor only lovely objects seem more fair;
 Deformity itself turns beauty there.
 Hence all our motives wear a painted hue,
 And springs, that prompt our action, shun our view.
 No charms for man has undissembling Sin,
 She wins to conquer, veils herself to win.
 Hell's crafty fiends alarm not, but entice,
 And Self-delusion ruins more than vice.
 Hence patriot Cromwell, pure as yet in thought,
 For Duty's shrine Ambition's altar sought.
 The costly sacrifice behold him bring—
 A guiltless mortal, but a guilty king!
 Check the sweet tear, repress the human sigh,
 Thou Brutus of thy country's liberty!
 Compassion pleads;—her heavenly voice control,
 And nobly triumph o'er thy better soul!
 'Tis done—Why mourn'st thou o'er thy monarch's bier?
 'Tis Nature speaks, and Nature is sincere.
 Yet all thy woe let midnight darkness hide,
 Thy virtue be thy shame, thy shame thy pride.

The tyrant is no more!—Is England free?
 Alas, the more than tyrant lives in thee!

Through humbler life the dear delusion runs;
 Amelia beats her daughter, starves her sons,
 And yet no self-upbraiding thought she smothers,
 When, pleased, she hails herself the best of mothers!
 Celia, a scold, a termagant, and shrew,
 Says she's good-temper'd,—and she thinks so too.
 Is there would risk his soul's repose and health,
 And take Egenor's conscience with his wealth?
 Ah, sure the widow's groan, the orphan's cry,
 Ring in his ears, and drown the voice of joy!
 He comes abroad! His brow looks wondrous clear!
 He speaks—where only Heaven and we can hear.
 "Thank God," he cries, "I ne'er the poor oppress,
 Nor pride, nor malice, rankle in my breast.
 To the Lord's table I can bring a mind
 In perfect amity with all mankind.
 Still true to Wisdom's text, where'er I roam,
 I make my charity begin at home.

What if the poor complain?—A canting train!
 Give what you may, they ever will complain.
 What if my milk no sturdy pauper swigs?
 Good Heaven, 'twere cruel to defraud my pigs!
 What if the lawsuit stripp'd my kinsman bare?
 I weep the justice due unto my heir!
 A mourning token in my will he'll find;—
 And then my yearly tribute to the blind!"

"For shame! you are not orthodox, good sir!
 These sin not, if through ignorance they err."
 Your pardon, Doctor; ignorance is sin,
 When knowledge cries without and pleads within.
 Well, well! to gentler errors let us glide,
 From happy knaves to fools self-satisfied.
 Lo, what a goodly crowd distract the choice,
 And ask Linnæan eyes—Homeric voice!
 As different soils a different crop impart,
 Self-love springs various from the various heart;
 In some 'tis seen reserved, in others free,
 Here all vain mirth, there all solemnity.
 Now wild it prates, now once a-fortnight speaks,
 Here struts important, there most sily sneaks;
 Now shrinks from note, now courts it ev'n with blame,
 Now tremblingly alive, now dead to shame.
 Her names, too, vary with the breasts she rules,—
 Thus Vanity is but the Pride of fools.
 If bashfulness—conceit—the thing we call,
 'Tis still but Self-applause betray'd in all.
 As glasses shew, yet shield with jealous care,
 The plant we name the sensitive, from air,
 Thus what lies outward, and betray'd to sense,
 Is Self-love's revelation and defence.
 Not only careful to provide us joy,
 She fondly guards us from all rude annoy,
 And, kind as Nature, on each tribe bestows
 Appropriate methods to repel its foes.
 When storms assail, Pride meets them as a rock,
 Vanity, reed-like, rises from the shock.
 The hedgehog, Obstinacy, tries her foe;
 Wrath, a roused lion, kills him at a blow.
 Presumption routs his enemies in mass,
 Like Samson, with the jaw-bone of an ass;

Conceit first catches, then returns the shaft,
 Huge Arrogance runs down the petty craft;
 While Self-complacency turns smoothly off
 From her sleek bosom Scorn's unhallow'd scoff:
 As when two drakes contend upon a brook,
 The vanquish'd rises with a victor's look,
 Replumes his feathers, claps his sounding wings,
 And far away the idle deluge flings.
 Self-flattery to the wounded proffers aid,
 And heals with balm the wounds which Truth had made.
 What though defect creeps in on all we do?
 Our friendly organs are defective too.
 Still perfect to ourselves our deeds appear,
 As discord tuneful to the tuneless ear.
 Ourselves we measure by ourselves alone,
 Or by a folly greater than our own.
 Hence Self-conceit, with blinking visage dun,
 Mistakes his farthing taper for the sun;
 Where Locke keeps silence, speaks unblushing out,
 And boldly certain, solves a Newton's doubt.
 Hence Prejudice, with many a sapient saw,
 Remains unalter'd as a Persian law;
 And grave Importance strokes his paunch and sighs,
 Profoundly foolish, ignorantly wise.
 Sure one of these enough for man may be,
 But happy Oliver unites the three;
 Still on one datum pores his filmy sight,
 "All, all are wrong,—I only in the right!"
 At monstrous theories he rails all day,
 Yet frames his own;—ye gods, how monstrous they!
 So dearly obstinate, if once he please
 To tell you that the moon is made of cheese,
 Though Herschel's self, you would harangue in vain,
 Green cheese it is, and ever must remain.
 All argument he meets with one rebuff,—
 The fancy-killing interjection—"Stuff!"
 Sweet Contradiction is his own pet lamb,
 Conceit her sire, and Ignorance her dam.
 If haply you exclaim, "How dark the night!"
 He swears the sun has never shone so bright;
 Lauds all you blame, blames all that you approve;
 Loves what you hate, and hates whate'er you love.
 Yet, while his notions, like the oak's firm root,
 Grow by resistance, harden by dispute,
 If once you yield, the work is still to do;
 For, lo, he alters his opinion too!
 With some few maxims as his conduct's rule,
 Cull'd choicely from his copy-book at school,
 From this to that, from that to this, he ranges,
 And rings th' unchanging, everlasting changes.
 What though his rules conduct to blank disgrace,
 Though sad conviction stare him in the face,
 Dumb be his throat, and blister'd be his tongue,
 Ere they recant and own him in the wrong!
 Go! couch the eye that never saw the day!
 Thou canst not purge wise Folly's film away!
 Alas! nor precepts nor persuasion reach
 The harden'd fool Experience cannot teach!

When Ignorance fails her glaring rule to hide
 O'er thrice-dull dunces, she becomes their pride.
 Had they till'd Eden, beyond all dispute,
 Had they till'd Eden, beyond all dispute,

In shades Bæotian glide their lives away ;—
 If Ignorance be bliss, how blest are they !
 Thus, good Sir Simon, as is right and fit,
 Flies from that rabid animal—a wit ;
 And, when small wisdom sets his face astare,
 Thanks God he's "not so wise as some folks are !"

To one sad tribe, opprest with constant fears,
 Self-love a churlish step-mother appears.
 So much they look for universal scorn,
 Almost her very nature seems forsworn.
 Yet prove they more, than ev'n the tranquil kind,
 How precious Self-content to every mind.
 So dear the gem, it keeps them on the rack,
 And calls them to defence before attack.
 Thus every whisper turns Antonio pale,
 And every laugh comes death-fraught on the gale,
 As if the world—O, admirable whim—
 Had nothing else to do but think of him !

Anna, why trembling join the social ring ?
 Blush when you speak, and falter when you sing ?
 You deem you're timid ;—ah, you do not see
 How well Self-love can ape timidity !
 How lowly fear th' ambitious aim can hide,
 And false humility be genuine pride !
 Humility all notice would decline,
 Pride mars her brilliance by the wish to shine :
 Humility is modest, Pride is shy,
 That hath a calm, and this an anxious eye.
 The question—"What will others think of me ?"
 Is ask'd by Pride, and not Humility.
 Virtue, like gracefulness, consists in ease,
 Alike unconscious of her power to please.

These snail-like tribes each threaten'd touch will shun ;
 Others, rhinoceros-like, are moved by none.
 No Irish duellist could Puff offend :
 You're not his foe, for all mankind's his friend.
 With adamant walls encircled round,
 Self-love like his can never feel a wound.
 Not a new Dunciad, thundering o'er his rest,
 Could shake the soft conviction of his breast.
 If, like a noon-day owl, he rove abroad,
 A moving satire on the reigning mode,
 He but mistakes the cause of men's amaze,
 The stare of wonder for the stare of praise.
 He'll tell you all the gibling world exprest,
 And smiling say,—“Of course, 'twas all in jest.”
 You talk of fools ;—his case you fail to hit,
 Whose deeds are wisdom, and whose words are wit.
 You hint at vanity—why, then, 'tis plain,
 Whose worth is infinite can ne'er be vain.
 Ev'n satires on Self-love no pang can yield,
 Self-love herself his panoply and shield ;
 And, should this portrait chance to meet his view,
 The less he'll know it his—the more 'tis true.

Fraught with desires unbounded as our lot,
 Self-adoration can content us not.
 Where'er we turn, the world, with all its arms,
 Must hold its huge reflector to our charms.
 Here, too, Illusion cheats the willing mind,
 By gazing on itself grown worse than blind :
 Our thoughts are traitors, and we labour thus

As vast our aim at perfect Self-content,
 We most would shine in what is least our bent.
 Here lies our foible, this our tenderest side,
 For Vanity is sooner touch'd than Pride;
 Acknowledged claims from further strife may cease,
 But dubious titles are the curse of peace.
 Blockheads turn critics, ploughmen read the news,
 The deaf love music, and the blind fine views;
 The cobbler soars on Pegasean wings,
 The lame man dances, the duenna sings;
 The stammering tongue in senates loves to speak,
 And the soft ogle strains the eye oblique.
 Merit herself will foreign aims pursue,
 Unheeding praise which justly is her due.
 In vain a thousand charms adorn the breast;
 The one that's wanting poisons all the rest.
 Wits will be heroes, heroes will be beaux,
 Tully turns Homer, Horace vaunts his prose.
 Stupendous Johnson, with discordant scream,
 Puffs at the pipe—a second Polypheme.
 Paul preaches well, but music is his art;
 Paul in the pulpit, but at home Mozart.
 Thy pencil, Crito, half creation's mine,
 Is Britain's glory, while to dance is thine.
 Fools, have ye never mark'd the water's queen
 O'er her own province glide in state serene,
 Arch her white neck, her billowy wings expand?
 But how she waddles, when she walks on land!

Pyrrho for penetration claims renown,
 And reads all characters—except his own.
 Once in the senate he essay'd his skill,
 And all the politician haunts him still.
 With what keen intellect, what vigorous thought,
 He sees and guesses every thing—that's not!
 How well he knows—a gosling from a hen,
 And baffles all the plots—of honest men!
 Great powers in logic he reveals, in sooth,
 And reasons well—without a grain of truth!
 Still on his guard, the villain's veriest tool,
 Despising folly, duped by every fool;
 Sad without sorrow, poor without expense,
 From very wisdom lost to common sense.
 O, Pyrrho, cease to weave with toil and pain
 These fine-spun cobwebs of the subtle brain!
 Be all thyself! defeat not Nature's plan!
 Step forth a simple, plain, good-natured man!

Poor Siro reckons still without his host,
 And so unbounded knowledge is his boast.
 Through untried streets, whole weary hours he'd stray,
 Too proud to turn, too wise to ask his way;
 Ev'n to a stranger unresolved to shew
 His ignorance of what he could not know.

Preserve me, Heaven, from those deliberate fools,
 Who measure all things with their lines and rules;
 Whose solemn air and self-important mien,
 Like empty houses, cry, "Enquire within!"
 You knock; some oracle rewards your pains—
 "'Tis heavy travelling after pouring rains!"
 O, novel fact! indisputably true!

Yet not so heavy as to talk with you!

With all his little might Verheus tries

As if his gravity with nature strove,
 The face of Momus with the air of Jove :
 That face a cushion on which sorrow ne'er
 Sate long enough to leave one wrinkle there.
 His nose so comic mocks his mouth so prim,
 And, though he will not laugh, we laugh at him.
 Say, what shall bound his intellectual power,
 Who makes some vast discovery every hour ?
 He bustles up, his wisdom's egg to lay,
 As if afraid to drop it by the way.
 Ye Humes, ye Gibbons, hide abash'd your eyes,
 Verboseus says—" Queen Bess was mighty wise !"
 Look at Aurelia ! you at once declare
 That nature meant her for a grenadier.
 Strength is her dow'ry, health her luckless fate,
 But 'tis her passion to be delicate.
 Pearl-powder dims her cheek's unvaried hue,
 Yet still the stubborn peony shines through.
 Her voice, that might an army's march command,
 Is softly practised into whispers bland.
 From that huge mouth it seems the bird of Nile,
 That warbles from the jaws of crocodile.
 On her two daughters leans the sturdy dame,
 An arm of each upholds her giant frame ;
 Then to a couch by slow degrees she halts,
 And sinking, gasps,—“ Thanks, darlings ! Now my salts ! ”
 Thus oft Augusta's streets hang out a name,
 Cull'd from each epithet they least can claim.
 So Primrose Alley, where the ambient air
 Steals all its odours from the nightman's car !
 Mount Pleasant trembling in a quagmire see,
 And sweet Elysian groves without a tree !
 Black muddy streams alone through Brook-street glide,
 And all we buy is dearest in Cheapside !

The all-denying, all-conceding mind,
 Whose firmness, weakness, dares, or courts mankind,
 Each from one spring its varied action draws—
 Back on itself to turn the world's applause.
 Self-praise or dispraise only ask the same,
 Assent or contradiction swell our fame.

Of all the modes whereby Content is nurst,
 Self-glory is the clumsiest and the worst.
 To boast a merit shews the pains it cost,
 And but disproves the excellence you boast.
 Like playing off a lord or diamond ring,
 It shews you're not familiar with the thing.
 Ah, fools, let actions speak !—for all agree,
 Who says he's humble, cannot humble be.
 And kindest hearts a generous soul deny
 To him who boasts his generosity.

Yet from self-blame less shelter we command,
 Than the tired ostrich from the desert sand.
 Says Crito—" That's my taste !—no doubt, 'tis vile !"
 Say Crito's eyes—" 'Tis exquisite !"—the while.
 " I'm to be pitied ! " Crito will pursue ;
 Says Crito's nose—" Poor fools, I pity you ! "

Æger's self-love demands our wondering praise,
 Not only for himself, but all he has.

O just demand, for not a soul denies
 Whate'er he has, is best—in his own eyes!
 Walk round his paddock—"Did you ever see
 So grand, so vast, so wonderful—a tree?"
 "Behold my rocks, my alpine plants!" he cries.
 You gaze around, you peer into the skies;
 When, lo! you stumbling knock your luckless bones
 Against a heap of cinders, dirt, and stones!
 What he despises, while 'tis yours or mine,
 Become his own, grows matchless, grows divine.
 His mansion changed, the wonders of the last—
 O happy fate!—are rivall'd, are surpass'd!
 His powers recall that miracle of old,
 The magic ass, whose very dung was gold.
 Rouse not his slumbering ire—O gently move,
 And spare the gouty toes of his Self-love;
 For death may follow, should your spleen assail
 The sacred tip of his cook's wife's dog's tail.

How different Milo, sad because unblamed,
 Whose great ambition is to be defamed.
 He'll bear to be call'd cuckold, knave, or sot,
 Be hooted, pelted, all but be forgot.
 But Satire soars at nobler game—What then?
 He'll tell you he's the most abused of men;
 Point of the jest, the libel, and the hint,
 The last new comedy, the liker print.
 Were all the mischief which he claims his own,
 The Lord of Hell might tremble for his throne.
 Cease, Milo, cease, our more than scorn to crave;
 We own you fool,—why ask to be a knave?

Nor only does the sorceress delight
 To blind our mental, but corporeal sight.
 The very glass, wherein our looks we trace,
 Gives not a true reflection of the face.
 None sets himself apart from self, and tries
 To scan his features with another's eyes.
 Still o'er the toilet Vanity presides,
 Smooths every wrinkle, every pimple hides;
 Like a skill'd painter, throws her lights and shades,
 And flings her auburn hues o'er deep red braids.
 If to ourselves some small defects we own,
 For these, she whispers, other charms atone;
 A sweet expression veils our faults of face,
 And want of symmetry's redeem'd by grace.
 Oh, heavenly blessing, Nature's kind relief,
 Lest dwarfs should pine and hunchbacks die of grief!
 Hence the dear mirror woman's joy hath proved,
 Since in the stream Eve saw herself—and loved.
 All climes, all ages, every rank it wins,
 Great field of conquest for the deadly sins!
 By its new charms the Indian Squaw beguiled,
 Would sell her husband, and perhaps her child.
 In gilded pride it shines in costly halls,
 And casts a broken gleam on cottage walls.
 And why should man be mirrorless alone,
 Since Nature's self hath mirrors of her own?
 Trees crowd around the brook; the Moon is vain
 Of her soft shadow on th' unruffled main.
 Type of the sex, which leads the world along,

Reflecting each new form with equal ease,
And faithful only to the thing it sees.

Who lives till he is old?—Nor you, nor I!
Old age recedes before us, till we die.
Thirty is old at beautiful fifteen,
At thirty, sixty seems to shut the scene:
At sixty, eighty is a lengthen'd stage,
And then—a hundred is a good old age.
If to a hundred rolls life's steady car,
We're still but chickens, if compared with Parr.
At ninety *Vetula* her house repairs,
And takes another lease of ninety years.
Senex is wholly deaf, and nearly blind;—
He has a cold, a blight is in the wind!
For all his maladies the puzzled sage
Alleges every cause—except Old Age!
Yet some, arrived at vigorous fourscore,
Boast themselves old, and add a decade more.

How passing strange the alchemy that draws
Effects so various from one only cause!
But who, Self-love, through all thy land of dreams,
Can trace thy mazy, many-wandering streams?
In each small vein thy ruling throb we find,
Not less than in the arteries of the mind.
A random verse let Affectation claim,
If she and Vanity be not the same.
Hard task to fix the restless, fragile thing,
As paint the gem-like humming-bird on wing!
She comes, like zephyr in an April blue,
Her cheek a rose-leaf, and her eyes of dew;
A rainbow robe, an opal crown she wears,
And in her hand an aspen-branch appears.
'Tis she, who rules the vain capricious throng,
Twines the soft limb, and tunes the lisping tongue,
Bids every hour the monstrous fashions veer,
And guides the toss, the simper, and the leer.
Yet, let the vane turn fluttering as it will,
The point it moves on is unalter'd still.
The wish to charm holds each caprice in thrall,
Sun of the system, wandering stars, and all.
Oh, how insinuating each grimace!
The strut is dignity, the saunter grace.
Dost thou not think, most fair Sir Amadine,
Angels might learn new elegance from thine?
Wouldst see thyself?—Behold yon ambling ape,
Unconscious libel on the human shape!

Throw wide the door! Let *Floribel* be seen!
The Queen of Beauty, Affectation's Queen!
Survey her face, her shape, her dress, her hair,
And say if Nature owns one tittle there!
Her senses fail, she cannot hear or see,
She scarce can move for very vanity.
With desperate efforts at unheard-of grace,
She crawls, she creeps, she wriggles to her place.
She laughs with every word; her teeth are fine;
She rolls her eyes;—how liquidly they shine!
Her hand waves back the ringlets of her hair;
The tress how glossy, and the hand how fair!
A patch gives poignance to her dimpled chin;
How does that patch relieve her snowy skin!

The fan, an emblem of her heart she holds,
As light, as fluttering, and as full of folds;
Like that, between a thousand coxcombs shared,
As easy broken, and as soon repair'd.

Deluded nymph, how much mistaken toil,
What Nature meant for beautiful to spoil!
What's gain'd? That men exclaim not,—oh how fair,
But—how affected, silly maid, you are!
Ah think the time must come, when youthful grace
Shall fly, yet leave the smirk upon your face,—
The teeth depart, yet still the smile remain,—
The eye grow dim, yet still its roll retain,—
All beauty fade, and leave but folly's dress,
The *caput mortuum* of silliness.

Ye rural shades, that charm the poet's view,
Is old Simplicity escaped to you?
Ah, to no sphere is Vanity confined,
And Affectation works in every mind!
The self-same follies, that infest the town,
Glare in the milk-maid, and delude the clown.
For conquest ripe, the rustic fair untwirls
Her morning papillotes for evening curls,
The ploughboy ties his kerchief with a grace,
And spares the curls around his moony face,
Though his cropp'd head, the village barber's care,
Appears, by woful contrast, doubly bare.

Yet while our eyes are to ourselves untrue,
The spots of others ne'er escape our view.
Thus oft, when gazing where far hills retreat,
We overlook the landscape at our feet.
Macra, whose skin, to fifty winters known,
Seems parchment tighten'd o'er a skeleton,
Sees Crassa—jolly dame!—her window pass,
And cries aloud—"Sure *all* flesh is not grass!
Somewhat I see, far more substantial there;
How many pounds, I wonder, could she spare?"
Your thanks, good madam, certainly were due,
Could she bestow the overplus on *you*!

But, stranger still!—in others we detect,
In us invisible, our own defect,
Mock every fault of gesture, look, or tone,
Unconscious that we satirize our own.
Thus old Garrulio, if his speech you balk,
Exclaims—"Good Heaven! how *some* men love to talk!"

Yon ancient pair of sister virgins see,
In all the pride of maiden dignity!
With equal charms the gazer's eye they strike,
Each deaf, each spiteful, each deform'd alike.
If in Rugosa fewer spots appear,
Divine Gorgonia boasts a milder leer.
Gorgonia whispers you, with shaking pate,
"My sister's alter'd dismally of late!
Those wrinkles tell a tale;—she owns fourscore;
Pooh, pooh! between ourselves, she's five years more.
How ill she dresses!—And her temper!—Sir,
No mortal but myself could live with her!"
Rugosa takes your other ear by storm;—
"How sadly crooked is my sister's form!
Such curves can ne'er the lines of beauty be;—
And yet she thinks herself as straight as me!"

Vain as a peacock!—Oh, you need not fear;
Believe me, she's too deaf to overhear!"

So in a mirror every form is shewn
Reflected faithfully—except its own.

Nor only does the aim at Self-content
In various ranks assume a various bent,
Nor yet alone bears different shape and name
In different men—but even in the same.
In each it transmigrates through many a stage,
From infancy to youth, from youth to age.
In the vex'd babe its wayward germ we trace,
As the man's features in the embryo face.
Each day develop'd—fractious, peevish, wild,
It frowns or frolics in the wilful child;
Then, bursting into youth, it whores and drinks,
Games, swears, hunts, fences—every thing but thinks.
In manhood, sober grown, it struts, looks big,
Girds on a sword, or plunges in a wig,
Tries every mask, till, one by one worn out,
It grins in avarice, or disgusts in gout.
Self-love's the Hydra of the human race;
Lop but one head, another takes its place.
Vice springs, immortal Phoenix, from the tomb,
The very grave of Folly is her womb.
The saintly beau, become a grave divine,
As once at parties, loves at church to shine:
'Twas once his pride to waltz, or make a bow—
To draw the tear from contrite beauty, now.
Yet, like the Roman fool, whose bloodless bands
Feign'd high achievements o'er unconquer'd lands,
To arms! to arms! the distant foe we dare,
Our trophies rubbish, and our triumphs air.
What if in senates the repentant rake
Bestows the sleep his riots used to break,
Vain of his fiery heart, or sapient brain,
What matters it? Why, still the man is vain!
As every era's kindred vice retires,
We deem we vanquish what itself expires;
Nor heed, self-blinded, when one fiend is fled,
That seven worse devils enter in its stead.
Thus old Avaro boasts that he no more
Drinks his five bottles, or maintains his whore.
Smil'st thou, my friend, the grave mistake to see?
Change but the name, the tale is told of thee!
Self-love still grows, while all beside decays,
The bosom's poison-tree that lives and slays.
True, in its progress, Vice is pain at first—
But then 'tis only torpor at the worst;
And, as each rolling year prolongs our sleep,
The death-trance grows more deadly and more deep.
So, if the wounded shun the friendly knife,
Corruption taints the healthy stream of life;
While, to beguile his being's dwindling span,
Pain's sweet cessation cheats the dying man.

POETICAL PORTRAITS.

"Orient pearls at random strung."

SHAKSPEARE.

His was the wizard spell,
The spirit to enchain :
His grasp o'er nature fell,
Creation own'd his reign.

MILTON.

His spirit was the home
Of aspirations high ;
A temple, whose huge dome
Was hidden in the sky.

BYRON.

Black clouds his forehead bound,
And at his feet were flowers :
Mirth, Madness, Magic found
In him their keenest powers.

SCOTT.

He sings, and lo ! Romance
Starts from its mouldering urn,
While Chivalry's bright lance
And nodding plumes return.

SPENSER.

Within th' enchanted womb
Of his vast genius, lie
Bright streams and groves, whose
gloom
Is lit by Una's eye.

WORDSWORTH.

He hung his harp upon
Philosophy's pure shrine ;
And placed by Nature's throne,
Composed each placid line.

WILSON.

His strain, like holy hymn,
Upon the ear doth float,
Or voice of cherubim,
In mountain vale remote.

GRAY.

Soaring on pinions proud,
The lightnings of his eye
Scar the black thunder-cloud,
He passes swiftly by.

BURNS.

He seized his country's lyre,
With ardent grasp and strong ;
And made his soul of fire
Dissolve itself in song.

BAILLIE.

The Passions are thy slaves ;
In varied guise they roll
Upon the stately waves
Of thy majestic soul.

CAROLINE BOWLES.

In garb of sable hue
Thy soul dwells all alone,
Where the sad drooping yew
Weeps o'er the funeral stone.

HEMANS.

To bid the big tear start,
Unchallenged, from its shrine,
And thrill the quivering heart
With pity's voice, are thine.

TIGHE.

On zephyr's amber wings,
Like thine own Psyche borne,
Thy buoyant spirit springs
To hail the bright-eyed morn.

LONDON.

Romance and high-soul'd Love,
Like two commingling streams,
Glide through the flowery grove
Of thy enchanted dreams.

MOORE.

Crown'd with perennial flowers,
By Wit and Genius wove,
He wanders through the bowers
Of Fancy and of Love.

SOUTHEY.

Where Necromancy flings
O'er Eastern lands her spell,
Sustain'd on Fable's wings,
His spirit loves to dwell.

COLLINS.

Waked into mimic life,
The Passions round him throng,
While the loud "Spartan life"
Thrills through his startling song.

CAMPBELL.

With all that Nature's fire
Can lend to polish'd Art,
He strikes his graceful lyre
To thrill or warm the heart.

COLERIDGE.

Magician, whose dread spell,
Working in pale moonlight,
From Superstition's cell
Invokes each satellite !

COWPER.

Religious light is shed
Upon his soul's dark shrine ;
And Vice veils o'er her head
At his denouncing line.

YOUNG.

Involved in pall of gloom,
He haunts, with footsteps dread,
The murderer's midnight tomb,
And calls upon the dead.

GRAHAME.

O! when we hear the bell
Of "Sabbath" chiming free,
It strikes us like a knell,
And makes us think of Thee !

W. L. BOWLES.

From Nature's flowery throne
His spirit took its flight,
And moves serenely on
In soft, sad, tender light.

SHELLEY.

A solitary rock
In a far distant sea,
Rent by the thunder's shock,
An emblem stands of Thee !

J. MONTGOMERY.

Upon thy touching strain
Religion's spirit fair,
Falls down like drops of rain,
And blends divinely there.

HOGG.

Clothed in the rainbow's beam,
'Mid strath and pastoral glen,
He sees the fairies gleam,
Far from the haunts of men.

THOMSON.

The Seasons as they roll
Shall bear thy name along ;
And graven on the soul
Of Nature, live thy song.

MOIR.

On every gentler scene
That moves the human breast,
Pathetic and serene,
Thine eye delights to rest.

BARRY CORNWALL.

Soft is thy lay—a stream
Meand'ring calmly by,
Beneath the moon's pale beam
Of sweet Italia's sky.

CRABBE.

Wouldst thou his pictures know,
Their power—their harrowing
truth,—
Their scenes of wrath or woe—
Go gaze on hapless "Ruth."

A. CUNNINGHAM.

Tradition's lyre he plays
With firm and skilful hand,
Singing the olden lays
Of his dear native land.

KEATS.

Fair thy young spirit's mould—
Thou from whose heart the streams
Of sweet Elysium roll'd
Over Endymion's dreams.

BLOOMFIELD.

Sweet bard, upon the tomb
In which thine ashes lie,
The simple wildflowers bloom
Before the ploughman's eye.

HOOD.

Impugn I dare not thee,
For I'm of *puny* brood ;
And thou wouldst *punish* me
With *pungent* hardihood,

A MODERN PYTHAGOREAN,

MOURN, ANCIENT CALEDONIA!

His Majesty's Ministers have removed from Scotland the Boards of Excise and Customs. They have thereby taken from Edinburgh, in the incomes of the officers of these institutions, derived from their own funds or from Government, at least forty thousand pounds sterling a-year. They are now proposing to abridge the Court of Exchequer, preparatory, no doubt, to the removal of another forty thousand a-year. They are also proposing to abolish or abridge our other Courts of Law with the same view. They will soon make a poor Edinburgh, and a poor Scotland.

When Wellington proposed to establish King's College in London, in rivalry of the university of the Whigs, he is represented as having said, that he never had the benefit of a university education. He must have spent his youth in India, and his best years in the Peninsula gaining glory for himself and his country. Let us do him justice. He must be patriotic, or attached to the renown of that empire which he has so eminently contributed to aggrandize. But he has neither had the means nor the leisure to acquire a knowledge of its political institutions, or of what is beneficial to its permanent interests. This ignorance has appeared in all that he has done. As a soldier he has looked only to stratagem and success in his projects, but of the ultimate tendency of these projects he is no judge. As to his coadjutor, Mr Peel, he has knowledge, but he yields up his own opinion, and gives way to others. He then remains obstinate in the wrong lest he should be accused of unsteadiness, and be called a weathercock. Wellington has, in other respects, collected a Cabinet like himself, and they have made war upon Scotland.

Scotland is treated by his Grace as a conquered province. This would, perhaps, have happened sooner, had not the two Rebellions of 1715 and 1745, the last made by proprietors of only poor L.12,000 a-year, shewn to British Ministers the danger of treating lightly even a small corner of the poorest part of Scotland.

virtuous resignation—philosophers, no doubt,—economists, who value public establishments by pounds, shillings, and pence—or little men, who look to themselves in the first place, and have no vision for remoter interests. Scotland has, it seems, become tame and feeble, fallen into old age and decay. It may safely be trodden down, and its interests disregarded. Even they who bear the names of its ancient nobles and gentry, once of high and independent spirit, see it degraded in silence, or attach themselves to the chariot-wheels of those who treat it with insult. Where now is the spirit that once animated the Douglas, the Buccleuch, MacCallummore, Hamilton, the Graham, the Elliot, the Hume, the Gordon, and a thousand others?

But an excuse is held out, and it is still something that we are thought worthy of being treated with the civility of an excuse or apology. The excuse is economy or thrift. It is necessary to be economical—now that taxes come slowly in, and that a part of the nation at least have been proclaimed from the throne to be in a state of distress.

Far be it from me to censure economy. Our country has always got sufficient credit for it. Our climate is cold. Much of our soil is naturally barren; and without economy, assisted as it has been by industry and great intelligence on the part of the inhabitants, this small, and, if you will, this barren portion of the globe, could never have exhibited splendid cities, and displayed harbours, roads, bridges, and cultivation, in a form that rivals or excels regions possessing far higher physical advantages. But I must say something of Scottish economy. Scotchmen, in essentials, never proceeded on that principle. Our southern neighbours, perhaps, require to be told, that in matters which they truly valued, Scotchmen have uniformly regarded economy as a paltry virtue, not distinguishable from vice.

A Scottish cottager will often be found living on oatmeal, milk, and potatoes. This is his economy; but he is not on that account hoarding his

his family go well dressed to church. His children receive the best education that the vicinity can afford, and you will perhaps find that one of them has been sent to an university. One of the present drivers of a mail coach from Edinburgh kept his son five years at the university of Glasgow. A Scotchman does not guzzle ale and bacon—so far he is economical; but he has no economy in what he accounts the prime object of his existence, and the pride of his life.

In a war of defence, what sort of virtue would economy be? Would it not amount to the prostration of our country before a foreign enemy? In Scotland, in former times, when any question of principle occasioned intestine contests, no sacrifice of life, lands, or goods, was ever placed in competition with success. Even in offensive war, let Wellington tell whether a nation exercising thrift or economy would not be penny wise. I will by and bye consider the value of economy in relation to the administration of justice, which is the defence of industry and fair dealing, and of the internal peace of society. In the meanwhile I beg leave to say, and to say it loudly, that some things are more valuable than economy, and that in some cases it is a miserable vice.

Let it be supposed, which I do not believe, that Government will save a few pounds annually in clerks' salaries by removing all public offices to London, and consider the consequences. The true object, of course, is to have more to give to the usurers of London, the money-lenders, and more easily to provide for the dependents of Ministers, by giving them lucrative offices at the next door, or by sending them down to hold the few tax-gathering, or judicial, or other offices left in the provinces, to collect the largest possible quantity of money from Scotland, and leave as little as possible to be spent there.

Is this a wise or a statesman-like proceeding? With due deference to the Cabinet, and even to the "collective wisdom" of our betters, this deserves to be well considered.

1. Be it for good or evil, the direct tendency of such a proceeding is to establish the form and spirit of a military government. All officers are to be placed directly under the Mi-

nisterial power of the day, by whom they are to be selected, and made to work around him, or sent into the provinces. How far this is beneficial and consistent with the British constitution is another matter. In the meanwhile I merely state the fact.

2. Another most obvious effect of removing all public offices from Scotland, or of diminishing every establishment in our old capital, is to augment the magnitude and population of London. Nearly the same number of individuals must be employed, but they and their families must now reside in London, instead of Edinburgh, Dublin, or other remote situations. So Edinburgh is to be sacrificed to swell London. Not only must all officers employed by Government be compelled, so far as possible, to reside there, but every aspiring person who hopes to enter into the public service, must hasten thither to place himself in the way of preferment. All gentlemen's families who have younger sons anxious for employment, must reside there.

But London is already overgrown. Amidst such a mass of human beings, individuals are overlooked and lost. With ordinary persons a sense of character and reputation forms the only safeguard of good conduct. But in London, persons of ordinary station are in utter obscurity, lost, overlooked; and hence such a city becomes an enormous sink of vice, gaming, avarice, and every form of corruption and wretchedness. It is a moral hospital, the atmosphere of which is dangerous.

London is already too large in proportion to the empire. What safety has a Government, placed in such a capital, against the casual discontent or fury of an excited populace? The mob of Paris overwhelmed the monarchy, though Paris, when compared to France, was small in proportion to the relative magnitude of London to Britain. Our artificial state of society may, in a day or an hour, be thrown into convulsion and ruin. We talk about paying the national debt. Why, if London is to go on increasing, under Ministerial patronage, at the expense of the rest of the empire, the mob of London may, one day, pay off the National Debt by burning the Bank, where the sole

record of the debt is deposited. If we are to proceed augmenting that enormity of a city, the Bank must be removed to a fortress, or duplicates of its proceedings must be kept in a fortress. If this is not done, an army of Pretorian Guards, or Janizaries, must be created; and, after all, we know that, under unpopularity even transient, a government may find such a force its most fatal enemy.

Nay, an immense city is itself an encumbrance on a nation. Towns of moderate size are highly valuable. They form residences for artists of all descriptions—merchants, manufacturers, mechanics, men of letters, and the magistracy of the country. They give back to the country an equivalent for the food they receive from it. Even the manure which they send back to many miles around, protects the soil against exhaustion. But a capital, so far as it exceeds these uses, becomes a burden on the state. London costs a waste of life annually, to the amount of many thousands, beyond what it produces. Its atmosphere is almost poisonous to infancy, and is trying to the health of those arrived at maturer years. An assemblage of 1,200,000 human beings forms a monstrous stable, consuming the produce of the remoter provinces, and sending nothing back. Were it not that the Londoners are horridly carnivorous, so that, to a certain extent, they encourage an improving agriculture, the waste by such a capital would absolutely scourge and exhaust the soil of England. To support its houses and streets, its thousand palaces, with all their waste and extravagance, and to feed and clothe its inhabitants, is necessarily an immense drain on the kingdom, and a heavy tax on the country at large. Were it divided into lesser towns, and scattered over England, it is clear that the effect would be to improve, in an incalculable degree, the face of the country, and to ameliorate the character and state of the population, no longer huddled together within the lanes of that den, where a mass of vice and misery is mingled up with the ostentation of wasteful luxury and vanity.

3. It is a delusion to think that such a Government as that of Britain derives advantage from concentrating all power and office in the ca-

pital. What it gains in speedy obedience, it loses in influence, and thereby in safety. By sending down to our Post Office, or the remnants of the Excise, Customs, and Courts of Law, some strangers from London to hold the few remaining offices, Government loses all influence over the country. These men have no kindred here. They know nothing of the sentiments, views, and habits of the country, and have no influence in it. I will venture to affirm that the easy and good-natured Mr Kerr, of the Post Office, had ten—yes, a hundred times more influence in Edinburgh than his English successor, said to be far more vigilant in his office. I do not say that negligent men are to be preferred, but surely Scotland could furnish abundance of laborious and intelligent officers for every branch of the public service. Lord President Forbes shewed Government how all danger from the Scottish Highlanders might be avoided merely by employing in the British army a few Highland regiments. The advice was disregarded, and a handful of men nearly seized, and, if better led, would certainly have seized London, and might have expelled the reigning Prince from his throne.

4. If an attempt is to be made to govern Britain by Ministerial despotism, through the concentration of all official power in the capital, in imitation of the old French Government, let warning be taken from the fate of that Government. Ministers resident in the midst of such a capital as London, have a tendency to become extremely ignorant of the state of the empire, and of the causes of its prosperity or decline. They lose sight of the importance of its agriculture, its resident gentry, the value of the intelligence, and good government, and prosperity of its provincial towns. They are surrounded merely by mercantile or monied interests, or by greedy and profligate absentees from the provinces, trying in every shape to impose upon them, with a view to private emolument. Every cause of error surrounds them, from the narrow sphere in which they move, and every form of deception is successfully practised on them, from the impossibility of knowing the characters of men, where the

means of concealing every species of profligacy are so abundant. No talents can protect them. Romilly, a town-bred lawyer, was astonished to see the House of Commons tenaciously adhere to the necessity of attaching a bit of wax or a wafer (seals) to documents that bind lands. He was not aware of the spirit of the English aristocracy, and the necessity which they feel of keeping fast hold of every remnant of protection still left to them by the law against the alienation of their estates, and the downfall of their families.

But why should not Scotland be governed, like Yorkshire, as a part of the same undivided empire of England? I answer that such a suggestion is just an apology for carrying the evil of absenteeism to the highest pitch, while, at the same time, Scotland is to get nothing in return. It is to be stripped of all its ancient establishments, and reduced, not merely to the reality, but to the degraded form, of a conquered province; and all to gratify the new dreamers or speculators about economy! Leaving out of view, as an antiquated plea, the Treaty of Union, by which it was stipulated that much of the ancient forms of law and the administration of it, should remain, it is certain that, in relation to what may be styled its separate administration, its arrangements are, and have been, not only good, but better than those of the country of England, or of English counties, and though they had not been better, a certain degree of separate administration is beneficial to the empire.

I do not undervalue the institutions of England. The world owes much to England,—to the example and influence of its Protestant constitution—of its Parliaments—its liberty of the Press,—and its trial by Jury, however defective in form. But the internal arrangements of England are greatly behind those of Scotland,—witness their hundreds of enclosure bills to divide commons,—their divorce bills, which give justice only to the rich, and leave the poor in profligacy,—their miserable form of supporting their clergy, which places them in the state of extortioners and plunderers of their people,—their wretched plan of providing for the poor by vestries,—their want of pa-

rish schools, &c.,—all remedied in Scotland, by empowering courts of law to divide commons, grant divorces when due, with the same measure of justice to the rich and poor,—and to value the tithes of every proprietor. With us, the poor law is administered by those who make the payment, aided by the clergy and elders; and parish schools are, in like manner, established under the patronage of the proprietors, who, within certain limits, fix the expenditure. They have not in England the system of administration, by meetings of parish heritors, commissioners of supply, (county heritors,) of which every proprietor of about L.80 or L.100 per annum, is a member, and by whom all roads, canals, &c. are superintended. It is said that Whitbread's bill for the establishment of parish schools in England, was lost chiefly because it proposed to authorize the vestries (who had in general grossly abused their powers under the poor laws) to carry into effect the measure in detail. There were in England no unsuspected bodies in constant operation, as public trustees, like the Scottish parish proprietors, to whom, under the control, if necessary, of commissioners of supply, (county proprietors,) the trust could be safely devolved.

Then to render effectual the administration of justice, our Scottish forefathers held that too much could not be done. To satisfy all men that their complaints will be patiently heard and redressed by public authority, is not only the first step towards national improvement, but it continues absolutely necessary to the preservation of it. If institutions adequate to that object be not maintained, industry is lost, and men speedily fall back into mutual hostility and barbarism. In Scotland there was established, (how long now to continue, we cannot tell,) in Edinburgh, a civil and criminal court of fifteen judges, a revenue court of five judges, a consistorial court of four, and an admiralty court of one. These belonged to the nation. Farther, Edinburgh and every county town has a sheriff, being a barrister, who is allowed a substitute, to be resident in the county. The sheriff has jurisdiction to the highest amount in cases of debt, and considerable jurisdiction in criminal matters. The magistrates of

every royal borough have a similar jurisdiction—all liable to the review of the courts of Edinburgh.

Say our present rulers, Why all this mighty judicial apparatus for so small a country as Scotland, while we in England have only our twelve judges, and our Chancellor and his deputy, the Master of the Rolls, and, of late, a Vice-Chancellor, and some few others? The answer is, You do not administer justice. Your Court of Chancery, even with its late addition, is inadequate to its duties. Money is locked up in it to the amount of thirty or forty millions sterling, awaiting its disposal, because the court is unable to give justice with dispatch to the litigants. The counsel in it are said to tell shameful known lies, which would expel a Scottish barrister from his profession, and from the society of his equals, because the court cannot afford to set apart, as we do, a special judge to receive written statements of cases requiring the instant interference of a court of justice. In your jury courts, the life of a man made a judge, is said, on an average, to be only worth five years' purchase. They are wrought down like old racers put into a stage coach. Your causes are not tried by the judges, but forced into the hands of inexperienced persons, as arbitrators, who judge or misjudge according to hazard. This you call administering justice! The truth is, your country has in this department outgrown its institutions, but from wretched economy, thrift, stinginess, ignorance, and sheer greed, you keep things as they were in the days of Edward I. But your present rulers are very willing to make experiments on Scotland. The maxim seems to have returned, *Fiat experimentum in corpore vili*. Make experiments on the worthless. This maxim seems now practically to be held applicable to Scotland.

Our forefathers acted in this matter on very different principles. They despised economy, in what was necessary to the safety, the pride, and the prosperity of their country. They supported parish schools, they established four universities, they supported the poor, and they placed judges and justice at every man's door, while by courts fully officered

in the law administered by the numerous local judges. The effect has been, that in every county town or large borough, we have an assemblage of intelligent men of the law, professional pleaders and conveyancers. No such thing could occur in the meanest burgh in Scotland, as occurred a few years ago, amidst the bloody scenes at Manchester. It was there left a matter of dispute, whether the riot act had been read or not, and the fact was never very satisfactorily explained. The youngest magistrate of the smallest burgh in Scotland, Lauder, Sanquhar, or Auchtermuchty, would have known that the first step in the performance of a public act, is to provide witnesses of his proceedings. The intelligence thus diffused has manifested itself, and operated in a thousand forms, in giving activity to the country, and directing its exertions. The career of improvement has probably been more rapid in Scotland, than in any country on earth. The cultivation of our lands has in little more than one generation become confessedly superior under every disadvantage of soil and climate. We have had no parliament, to assemble in Edinburgh the rank and riches of a nation,—no seat of government to dispense contracts and employment,—no office at which government is to pay millions to national creditors. Yet in Edinburgh and Glasgow, we have in sixty years reared cities not rivalled in substantial splendour and elegance. True, we have had all the subordinate establishments of a kingdom; a Court of Exchequer; boards of Customs and Excise; a General Post-Office; a full arrangement for the Administration of Justice; Free Banking Establishments unshackled by monopoly. Here, accordingly, is the history of the rapid progress of Scotland in prosperity. The effect of its subordinate station in the empire has been counteracted by its establishments, by the intelligence and activity which these fostered, and by preventing the ruinous effect of absenteeism, or the emigration to London of all persons possessing riches or ambition, which must speedily occur if the present short-sighted administration are to work their apparent pleasure in effecting their schemes of thrift.

miserable blindness. Scotland pays all the taxes that are paid in England. A multitude of taxes are not imposed on Ireland. Yet Scotland has held up its head. But will it do so, pressed down by the removal of its public establishments—the necessary emigration of all its wealthy families, and of all its most active and ambitious spirits—the consequent decay of its towns, and the loss of the markets for all its produce? If Government were possessed of true wisdom, they would see that the institutions of England ought to be brought up to those of Scotland, instead of bringing down ours to a lower and more degraded level to resemble theirs. A Board of Appeal ought to be established to try in review all cases from the colonies and dependencies of the empire, instead of leaving them to what is called the cockpit, or privy council, or a single officer, the Chancellor, who, being a member of the Cabinet, is liable to be influenced by all the changing politics of the day. The country police of England ought also to be reformed, in imitation of what was done by the wisdom, yes, I will say, the superior wisdom, of our Scottish ancestors.

But there is at present a blind rage abroad to make every thing cheap. Men forget, or do not see, that the present state of things is temporary. The present currency law, and the public debt and the public establishments, cannot permanently co-exist. The currency law must go down, or Britain must go down. It is in vain to imagine, in the present state of transition, that good can be done by crippling the public establishments. It is expenditure that is wanted to give bread to the poor, and not public thrift. The population prospered during the war, because every man's commodities and labour were rising in value, and consequently his debts and expenses were proportionably diminishing. At present all this is reversed, but it is in vain to hope to remove the evil by measures plainly calculated to aggravate them. Will Scotland pay more taxes by destroying her public establishments, or does

the minister expect to raise money from the gin-shops of London, while he extinguishes the spirit and enterprise of the remoter districts of the country? More especially, is an empire to be made prosperous by lessening its means of administering justice?

It need not be disguised that this project of economy, directed specially against Scotland, is mixed up, as already noticed, with a rage for making experiments on us; and government have succeeded in diffusing to a large extent this rage for *experimenting* on all public arrangements. If Government had the spirit to make a railway from John-o-Groat's house to Penzance in Cornwall, they would do more for the nation than will ever result from their present plans of pulling down those establishments which tend to augment at once the intelligence and the safety of the nation. One thing they are rapidly accomplishing. They are extinguishing all fixed opinions, destroying all prejudices, exciting a love of novelty, a fearless love of change, and a thirst in every man's mind to alter the arrangements of society in some way or other, and especially by diminishing payments. Government is bit by this rage, and is setting the example. It is rapidly descending among all ranks. It has only to reach the multitude, and then all the national establishments, the national creditors, the clergy, the judges, the navy, and the rent-demanding proprietors of land, will be regarded as nuisances to be removed. If change begin with Scotland, depend upon it Scotland will have its revenge, though not to its profit in the first instance.

This subject deserves to be resumed and discussed, not by one but a hundred pens. In particular, it ought to be well considered how far the recent changes imposed on us have been improvements, and how far Scotland deserves to be made the subject of experimental economy, while every sort of indulgence, and the most lavish expenditure, are displayed towards Ireland—a country far richer in all the natural riches of a finer soil and a milder climate.

THE REFORM OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

It is abundantly obvious to all men that the popular branch of the Legislature does not work well—that, from some reason or other, the intended benefits cannot be drawn from it, and it cannot be kept under the necessary constitutional restrictions. This is universally admitted, and the House of Commons, as it is, has all sides against it. Those who do not call for a radical change in its construction, intimate, by charging it with the want of intellect and integrity, that a radical change of some kind is necessary; and, as to defenders, it has none.

We are here supplied with a question of the very highest moment. In times of the most favourable character, the incompetency of this House could not be other than a mighty national evil; but in the present day, when speculative changes and experiments, which spare nothing in law, system, and institution, are the general rage, it must in the nature of things be the parent of national destruction. While it must prevent beneficial changes and experiments on the one hand, it must on the other produce all conceivable ones of an opposite kind, and give them the most fatal operation. To prove that this is not mere hypothesis, we need only point to the fact, that this House, after making those which have plunged the community into such fearful suffering, now almost unanimously refuses to make a single one in the way of remedy.

When the gross incompetency of the House of Commons is matter of such general allegation, and the violent corrective of a radical change in its construction is scarcely opposed in any quarter, it may be wise and profitable to enquire dispassionately into causes. No honest man can defend its late and present conduct, or say that a vital alteration is not imperiously called for; but it by no means follows that this should be the change we have named.

Men who require the most solid grounds to induce them to sanction great and perilous changes, will remember that previously to the last few years this empire was governed with as much virtue and wisdom as

perhaps human infirmity will admit of. The House of Commons was then fully competent to the discharge of its duties; if the community fell into distress, it promptly investigated the causes, and applied efficient remedies; it was duly influenced by the public voice, and its general labours were distinguished by sound principle, and salutary effect. Yet this House was then chosen precisely as it is at present, with perhaps this difference—the democracy had somewhat less influence in the choice than it now has. This goes far towards proving that the deplorable change in its character and conduct is not to be ascribed wholly to the manner in which it is chosen.

Abundance of additional proof is furnished by those members of it whose election is not in the least influenced by the aristocracy, but proceeds chiefly from the lower orders. In respect of knowledge and ability, they rank as low as the slaves of the borough-monger. As favourable specimens, we may point to the representatives of London, Westminster, and Southwark. Sir F. Burdett, who is so much lauded by interested partisans, is only a voluble declaimer, who is never, even by these partisans, cited as an authority on any subject. Who would dream of appealing to his opinion on matters of finance, trade and currency, or on any great question of domestic legislation or foreign policy? Who would expect to find him taking a leading part in promoting by practical knowledge and ability the general interests of the state? We need only say farther, that if the House were composed solely of such members as he, Wood, Hobhouse, Wilson, &c. it would be even below what it is in information and talent. Speaking of parliaments in general, the members for the three divisions of the metropolis rank amidst the most inefficient ones.

Such members stand in the lowest rank in respect of independence. The most violent party men—those who are the most insensible to restraint and shame in sacrificing the empire to party and faction—are always to be found among them. They are not

less the slaves of party because they affect hostility to the great constitutional ones of the state; they nevertheless have their party; and in bigotry and fanaticism, they surpass Whig and Tory. If they attach themselves to the Ministry, or the regular Opposition, they are quite as servile as any of the rotten borough representatives.

With regard to creed, such members occupy the very lowest place in Parliament. We must look to them, to find the wild enthusiast, the profligate disturber, the godless revolutionist, the reformer, who seeks to sweep away the institutions of the country without sparing its religion, and the projector, whose schemes contemplate the dissolution of society. If the House of Commons were composed wholly, or principally, of such men as those generally are whose election lies solely with the democracy, the empire would be scourged with every conceivable evil.

Such members are not a whit superior to the rotten borough ones in consistency and integrity. When Mr Canning, the ultra Anti-Reformer, was made the Premier, Sir Francis Burdett, the ultra Reformer, proclaimed himself the servile supporter of his Ministry. The Radical Baronet was not to be found when the Marquis of Blandford made his motion for Reform in the last Session, because his party then idly dreamed of incorporation with the Wellington Cabinet. The dream has ceased, the Whig hopes of office and coronets must now rest on opposition, a new election is approaching, and of course Sir Francis Burdett is once more an enthusiastic reformer. There was in proportion as much apostacy amidst such Members when the Catholic question was carried, as amidst the mercenaries of the borough mongers. They are just as ready to sacrifice every thing to interest, and they can be bought by a Ministry with as little trouble, and at as cheap a rate, as any other Members.

On the most important points of being duly influenced by the national voice, they form the most deaf, insensible, and intolerable part of the House of Commons. If indeed this voice happen to be in favour of their own opinions and schemes, they insist

even to the ruin of the State; they proclaim that the "Sovereignty of the People" is a despotism which cannot be opposed without the commission of unpardonable iniquity. But if it be against them, they take the lead in treating it with derision; they depose the "people" forthwith, and substitute for the despotic sceptre the chains of the bondsman. It was unanimously acknowledged that the feeling of the country was decidedly opposed to the Catholic Bill in the last Session, yet the members in question were the most obstinate and shameless in despising it; they even went beyond the rotten borough members in heaping derision and insult on public meetings and petitions. The passing of this Bill, looked at with reference to public feelings, constituted a most grave and dangerous act of tyranny; nevertheless Sir Francis Burdett and similar representatives of the "people" were amidst the most active in forcing it upon the nation, in utter scorn of constitutional feeling and usage. Their conduct is always the same on like occasions.

At present, when the distress of the great body of the community, and especially of the working classes, is so severe, it might reasonably be expected that these representatives of the "people" would insist on enquiry, and the application of proper remedies. What is the fact? They are either silent, or they oppose enquiry, and instead of proposing rational measures of relief, labour to pervert the distress into an instrument for promoting their own factious objects. They constantly act in the same manner. They have in late years, when the labouring orders have petitioned the Legislature to extricate them from the horrors of starvation, vied with the most abject slaves of the Treasury in disregarding the petitions and defending the sources of the suffering. On every motion for investigation and the granting of relief, they have voted with the mercenaries of the Ministry. At present, and on all occasions, they shew less compassion for public distress, are less obedient to public feeling, are less the guardians of public interests, and are more the menials of party and faction, than many of the rotten borough Members.

the alleged incompetency of the House of Commons cannot proceed wholly from the mode in which it is chosen, and that the proposed change in this mode would be a very inadequate remedy. To ascertain what other remedies are necessary, let us endeavour to place before us the causes which, while its formation remains the same, have so completely changed this House in character and operation.

Every popular assembly like it is, by the laws of nature, divided into parties; and its character, as a source of benefit or ruin, must be determined by the division. Nature cannot be depended on for carrying influential division beyond two, the one composed of the possessors of power, and the other of men who seek to possess it; and unhappily this is not sufficient. These two parties, which in the House of Commons are known by the names of the Ministry and Opposition, wage eternal war for office—for private gain. They may sacrifice the public good to a greater or smaller extent, according to the character of those who compose them, but still they always make it secondary and subservient to their own private interests.

In these days, when things are held to be true and credible, in proportion as they are self-evidently false and impossible, it is naturally the fashion to assert, that other than pure motives cannot possibly actuate public men, and especially Ministers of State. It is maintained, that the vagabond who is destitute of all principle in private life, must of necessity be a perfect saint as a public man; that no matter how audaciously a Minister may trample on the obligations of creed, honour, truth, and sincerity, he must be in heart as spotless as the Deity. We are gravely assured, that while all other men are liable to be swayed by interest, and seduced by temptation,—are only rendered trustworthy by bonds, and the iron hand of the law,—the Ministry and Opposition are, in virtue of their vocations, wholly free from human frailty.

The most upright, as well as the other Ministerial and Opposition leaders, follow politics as a profession, for the sake of personal profit.

men of high honour and patriotism; but still no such leaders would exist, if there were no emoluments, dignities, and other advantages to be gained. Their political calling is an object to them, what his trade is to the merchant, or his profession is to the lawyer. This alone might be sufficient to prove, that they are just as liable as any other men to sacrifice principle and duty to interest.

But they are surrounded by the most powerful incitements to make this sacrifice, from which other men are free. That which both the Ministry and the Opposition seek, can only be possessed by one of them at the expense of the other. The Minister, to escape ruin in his profession, must retain office; to retain this, he must repel the incessant attacks of Opposition; and to repel these attacks, he must preserve the favour of the Court, and keep his adherents at the proper number. The meritorious discharge of duty will not enable him to compass the herculean triumph; on the contrary, it will frequently be his ruin. To conciliate this quarter and bribe that, he must continually leave undone what public interests call for, and make direct inroads on the public weal. He must cajole, deceive, betray, and trade in consciences. Very often the compulsion will rest on him of embracing knavery or official destruction—of sacrificing himself or the country.

No Minister's integrity could be proof against all this. Then the self-delusion which teaches people that, in their own case, they may innocently commit almost any guilt for the sake of interest, is as powerful in him as in the rest of the world. He naturally thinks that no man is so capable of filling his office as himself, and, therefore, that to retain it, he may, on the score of public duty, produce any extent of public evil. His conduct is in no small degree influenced by personal jealousy and animosity; he has to wage, not only an open war with the Opposition, but a private one with some part or other of his colleagues.

Other men, in their avocations, have a defined line of conduct to pursue, but the Minister has not. The application of his principles and his

by circumstances; in the discharge of the more important parts of his duty, he must be led, not by rule, but by his own discretion. He may, therefore, spontaneously, and with honest intentions, plunge the empire into calamity, either by doing nothing, or by erroneous measures. If he pledge himself to ruinous policy, he is sure to persevere in it to preserve himself from ruin.

We might cite nearly the whole of Ministerial history in confirmation of what we have said, but we will content ourselves with a very recent portion of it. Before Mr Canning was made the Premier, he advocated the immediate carrying of the Catholic Question as a matter of urgent necessity; but when he gained the dignity, he intimated that the success of the question ought to be deferred to a distant period. He here evidently, at the one moment or the other, laboured to inflict a gigantic injury on the empire, solely for the sake of his own gain. When, on being made the Premier, he could not obtain a sufficiency of other support, he allied himself with the low Whigs and Radicals—with men who were flatly opposed to him in general principles, whose public character shewed every conceivable stain, and who formed the scum of all parties. He made a most revolutionary attack on the House of Lords, because it would not adopt his Corn Bill. We are willing to admit the influence of self-delusion; but if we own that he worked himself into the belief that in all this he was sanctioned by private honour and public duty, every upright man must own, in return, that his belief was a false one, and that he sought to sacrifice the public weal, and even the constitution, to his personal aggrandisement.

When the Duke of Wellington lost office on the formation of the Canning Ministry, he went into Opposition on several leading points of policy; but when he regained it, he servilely adopted Mr Canning's views. It is certain, from their own declarations, that if he and Mr Peel had remained out of office, they would, for the sake of obtaining it, have resisted, with all their might, the destructive changes in the Constitution which they have, as Ministers, made in order to preserve it. Thus the

partially destroyed according to the dictates of their personal animosity, or lust for power.

When Mr Peel went over to the Catholics, he ingenuously confessed that he had deceived his friends, trampled on his principles,—in a word, done that for which any man would be for ever kicked out of private society; and all that he could plead in his defence was, public duty. So completely can office obliterate from the human mind all distinctions between right and wrong! All the world knows that the obligations of truth and fidelity are just as binding on the Minister as on the private individual; yet Mr Peel had convinced himself that, because he was a Minister, he was exempt from them. He and divers of his colleagues declared that their opinions were unchanged, and that they had changed sides solely because they could not “carry on the government,” or, in other words, retain office, by any other means. They did this when they well knew that other men could be found to carry on the government without attempting to carry the Catholic question. Rather than resign office, they did that which they confessed would be highly dangerous to all the best interests of the empire, when they could have prevented it from being done by their resignation.

The present Ministers have asserted, both by word and deed, that if they cannot retain office by acting on their own convictions, they ought to do it by acting on directly opposite ones. This sacrifice of principle to expediency is no more defensible in them than it is in the felon. The plea of the Minister—I did this because I could not carry on the government without—is precisely in effect the plea of the pickpocket or murderer—I robbed or murdered, because I had no other means of obtaining wealth. Such are the most dangerous of all Ministers, because they deprive the public weal wholly of defence.

If we acquit them of evil motive, and ascribe such conduct to self-delusion, we are met by the stubborn fact, that Ministers may be led by good intentions into the most criminal and ruinous conduct; that such intentions can be no more depended on than the worst.

in which public trusts are disposed of. A new Bishop is appointed, and the public prints announce that he owes his elevation to the interest of a certain noble family. Two ecclesiastical dignitaries bear the name—a name almost sufficient of itself to destroy the Church of England—of “Lady *****’s Bishops.” An individual receives a high judicial situation in Scotland, and the newspapers say it is obtained for him by a certain Duke; another individual is made the Treasurer of the Navy, and they communicate that this is done through a certain Marquis who has lately joined the Ministry. Without saying any thing against these individuals, we may observe, that, in selecting them, merit has evidently been made a minor consideration. We will not assert, that when public trusts are so disposed of, they are sold; but we will confess, that, if there be any real difference between such disposal of them and a sale, we cannot perceive it. In these matters, the present Ministers have only followed the example of their predecessors.

It will be understood that what we have said is merely to illustrate the general character of all Ministers; the present ones may be just as upright in motive as any other. It may shew the true character of the execrable doctrine, that Ministers must always be actuated by pure intentions, and ought to be implicitly confided in.

The Opposition leader resembles the Minister in character and circumstances. His own interests continually come into conflict with those of the empire; the most powerful temptations to war against the public weal encircle him; he is exposed to almost every thing which can destroy integrity. He is in more danger than the Minister of adopting destructive principles and measures. While the Minister can ruin the empire by bad government, the Opposition leader can ruin it by guilty coalition with him, or by giving currency to false opinions, and creating disaffection and convulsion.

In the days of Radicalism, Mr Brougham, Sir Francis Burdett, and the other Whig leaders, threw the whole weight of Opposition into the scale with the revolutionary part of

the community, to carry the question of Parliamentary Reform. When Mr Canning, who solemnly pledged himself to oppose it to the last, was made Prime Minister, they coalesced with him, and practically abandoned it. While the Liverpool Ministry existed, these men defended to the utmost all the criminalities of the Catholic Association, and insisted on immediate concession to its demands. But when they joined Mr Canning, they called on it to cease its efforts, and asserted that the granting of its claims ought to be postponed to an indefinite period.

In both these cases, the Opposition leaders, when it was their interest to do so, fanned the flame of rebellion, and assisted in placing the empire on the verge of civil war, for the sake of making great changes of law and constitution; and then, at the command of interest, they virtually opposed themselves to these changes.

Earl Grey, and other Whigs, for a long series of years, when it promoted their party interests to do so, insisted that the House of Commons did not speak the sentiments of the country; and then, when the Catholic Question was discussed, they, at the dictation of those interests, insisted that the meetings and petitions of the country ought to be disregarded, and the House ought to be alone looked at as the faithful representative of public sentiment.

The Whig leaders always state themselves to be the exclusive champions of constitutional rights and privileges—the exclusive friends of the people. Yet, when the Catholic Question was carried, they struck at the root of all free government, by denying the right of the majority to govern; they vied with the Ministers in treating petitions with derision, trampling on public feeling, and forcing upon the country, when it resisted them with every thing save the sword, a vital change of constitution, by practically depriving the constitution of operation.

These leaders constantly unite with Ministers in refusing enquiry touching the causes of public suffering, and disregarding petitions for relief. When the press supports them, they defend it to the extreme of blasphemy and treason; but when it opposes them, they invoke on it the

thunders of the Attorney-General, and labour to crush it by private prosecution.

We could add much more, but this will be amply sufficient to shew how far Opposition leaders may be relied on for purity of intention.

What the Minister and Opposition leaders are, the Ministerial and Opposition parties must be. A large part of both the latter will err from ignorance; it will be composed of men anxious to do right, but incapable of judging for themselves, and trusting implicitly to their respective leaders. Such persons, in effect, do as much injury as the greatest profligates. But the Ministerial party will consist, in a considerable degree, of men destitute of principle—men who have been bought, and whose trade it is to support the Ministers in any thing. And the Opposition party will be composed, to a large extent, of men actuated by cupidity, slavery, animosity, and revenge, and anxious to follow their leader to the extreme of iniquity. Both parties will be the mere tools of their heads, and they will be equally dangerous. The Ministerial one will have the most power, but it will be the most under the control of public feeling; the Opposition one will possess in its irresponsibility and lawlessness, a counterpoise to its comparative weakness. The latter, in creed and act, will be the least trustworthy, and the most injurious of the two. An Opposition, like every other party, can bend its abstract principles to any thing; it can at pleasure place them, and those of the Ministry, in direct contradiction, or perfect harmony. Its practical opinions and measures are adopted principally with reference to their use as weapons to destroy the Ministry; and as it proceeds, it eagerly embraces every new doctrine or project which is calculated to harass the latter, or gain it support. The intelligent and well-disposed part of the community is either against it, or neutral, therefore it has to seek friends amidst the ignorant, the discontented, and the depraved; it must appeal to the passions of the populace, patronize the innovator, countenance the traitor, combine with the alien, and assist the trading interest, which seeks profit from general loss and suffer-

ing. From all this, it keeps continually rendering its practical creed more erroneous and destructive. While a life spent in office is pretty sure to make a man a knave, one spent in Opposition can hardly fail of making him a traitor.

An Opposition is made, by its lawlessness, and the nature of its party conflicts, a perfect tyrant in spirit. In confirmation, we need only point to the recent history of the existing Whig one. This body has constantly advocated the forcing of its schemes of government on other nations at the point of the sword; in favour of such a woman as the late Queen, it urged the government to destroy the liberty of the press by prosecutions; it defended the despotism of the Catholic Association, and laboured to give it success by every possible violation of constitutional freedom. When the Canning Ministry was formed, it strained prerogative into absolute power, and proclaimed opposition to the will of the crown to be criminal; when the Catholic Bill passed, it aided the Ministry with all its might in annihilating, for the time, all popular privilege and liberty; and whenever any portion of the community had petitioned Parliament not to pass laws calculated to take away their property and bread, or for relief from the operation of such laws, it has constantly opposed them. It has regularly resisted all exercise of constitutional privilege and freedom, which militated against its own will. A more tyrannical body of men never disgraced and scourged any country. Mr Brougham, and even Mr Hobbhouse, we perceive, call themselves and their party, the exclusive "patriots." The men who, in every war or collision of interest with foreign nations, take the part of the foreigners against this country—who continually call for the sacrifice of British interests to other countries—who, for some years, have regularly fought with the Ministry in every conflict against the community—and who, at this moment, admit that the country is in extreme distress, and still declare that they will oppose all attempts to remove the acknowledged causes—these men have the audacity to call themselves the only patriots! This fact shews what an Opposition

is capable of; comment is needless, for they can now deceive no one.

In addition to the evils which an Opposition can produce by acting against the Ministry, it can produce still greater by acting with it. A glance at late years is sufficient for proving, that the hope of office will at any time render the whole, or a due portion of it, as obedient to the Minister as his own mercenaries. It, therefore, forms the means by which he can, almost at pleasure, clothe himself with despotic power.

As an Opposition cannot be relied on for acting as a regular check on the Ministry, but is likely to be its ally on all occasions when it ought to be the most active and powerful as such a check; so a Ministry cannot be relied on for acting as a regular check on the Opposition; but, on the contrary, it is pretty sure to follow it when it ought to offer the most determined resistance. When the one is the most powerful, and of course the most mischievous and dangerous, the other is generally its ally and instrument. A Ministry becomes a pest when it takes the Opposition for its leader. The latter, as we have stated, adopts its opinions and projects, chiefly as weapons for the conquest of office, and if it be triumphant, it commonly, on some pretext or other, abandons them in respect of practice. But if it be followed by the Ministry, the worst of what it advocates is acted on: policy is embraced, changes are made, and tyranny is practised, which it knows ought to be avoided, and which it would oppose if possessed of the Cabinet. In such case, the visionary, the demagogue, the traitor, and the alien, become in effect the despotic rulers of the empire; the petty and depraved minority is armed with absolute power to oppress and ruin the overwhelming and virtuous majority.

Such are the Ministerial and Opposition parties, and yet on their existence depends every public good. The latter of them is as necessary as the former; without an Opposition, the Ministry must be equally tyrannical and imbecile; if there were not a powerful party like it in the Legislature to compel the Aristocracy to place public affairs in the hands of able men, to prevent the abuse of

nion, and to give influence to public sentiments, a free form of government would be the very worst.

Nature, we say, divides assemblies like the House of Commons into two such parties, but it does not form what is necessary for extracting from them the due portion of good, and restricting them from the production of evil. This would be inconsistent with the grand scheme of the Deity. It provides man with all the materials of prosperity and happiness, but it throws on him the discretion and labour of making a right use of them; and the case is the same with the nation. The Ministry and Opposition rank amidst the essential materials of national prosperity and happiness, but they can easily be converted into the source of every ill which can visit humanity; they are instruments which will produce the extreme of good or evil, according to the use which the nation, in its discretion, may make of them.

It is very evident that these two parties ought to be constantly controlled and directed by some power, in the highest degree independent, disinterested, and upright. Where is this power to be found?

We may pass the House of Peers, because its impotence and dependence are notorious: it may aid, but cannot form the power.

In turning to the Crown, we at once acknowledge its potency. If the King were always what he ought to be, he might constitute the power. Restricted as he is, his influence is almost boundless. From him the Ministry takes its character and creed, by him the Opposition can be divided and restrained, and he gives the tone to the country in politics and morals.

But alas! the wise and virtuous King forms the exception to the rule. The personal interests of the Sovereign, and the circumstances in which he is placed, are calculated to make him use his gigantic influence on the side of evil. Instead of forming the power in question, he, in the general rule, forms one the reverse; he adds infinitely to the necessity for the existence of such a power.

With regard to the country at large, it follows the Ministry and Op-

their instrument. What is called its opinion, is, in truth, the opinion of either the one or the other; and, if it oppose both, they deny that it has one. If they combine, it supports them, or it loses its leaders, and, in consequence, can neither judge nor act. The length of Septennial Parliaments contributes greatly towards placing them above public influence; and this is aided by other things of which we shall soon speak. At present a Parliament casts off all regard for public sentiment as soon as it is chosen. All experience proves that the country cannot form the power.

This power can only exist in an independent party in the House of Commons—a party duly qualified to hold the scales, constitute the umpire, and compel the others to obey its award. By no other means can the Ministry and Opposition be duly controlled and directed. No matter how the House may be elected—whether the present system be continued, or be changed for that of Universal Suffrage and Annual Parliaments—the nature of things will always divide it into the Ministerial and Opposition parties we have described; and in consequence, no efforts of unconnected individuals—nothing but an Independent Party, qualified as we have said, can make it what it ought to be.

These things are requisite for giving to this Party its due operation. In the first place, its leaders must be wholly free from the wish for office, and they must originate no measures; it must act the part of a disinterested and impartial judge, therefore it must be, as far as possible, purified from every thing which can make it interested and partial—which can render it a partisan. And it must be sufficiently powerful.

In the second place, the Ministerial and Opposition parties must about balance each other in numbers; or, at the least, their strength must be in such proportion as will enable the Independent Party to give the majority to either at pleasure.

According to what human nature is, this constitutes the *beau ideal* of a House of Commons. That must be the most perfect House, which brings into the service of the country the largest measure of talent and information—employs them in the

most beneficial manner—gives office to those who are the best qualified—renders party the most powerful for good and the most impotent for evil—is the most closely identified with the country in interest and sentiment—and is the most effectually influenced and controlled by the legitimate voice of the community. Upon this all real reform must be based. If the House be divided as we have stated, the Ministry and Opposition are compelled, by interest, to bring into it the greatest portion of ability and knowledge; and, in consequence, the principles and measures of both receive the most effective discussion and elucidation. Each is thus enabled to place its own merits and the other's defects in the strongest light, and also to act in the most powerful manner as a stimulant to, and check upon, the other. They can only hope to gain the favourable decision of the party which acts as judge, by labouring for the good of the country; therefore their own interest compels them to employ their ability for the public benefit. This party has every motive for paying due obedience to the public voice, and in consequence the latter has public influence. Office is given to the most deserving; and while good principles prevail, the bad are rendered innoxious.

Previously to the last few years, the House of Commons was so divided, and its working left nothing to desire on the score of Reform. The empire enjoyed unexampled prosperity, popular privileges and liberties received very great practical enlargement, and public opinion had its full weight with both the Legislature and the Cabinet. No matter what may be said by theorists, the history of the empire proves that the House then yielded all the good which the best mode of election could be fairly expected to extract from it. In respect of division, it has been totally changed; in character and operation, it now forms a new House of Commons, the reverse of the old one.

The Independent party, as a party, is no more. It unhappily placed itself under leaders in whom deficiency of ability was the least disqualification; they were superficial, bustling, intermeddling, selfish men, who wore the mask of independence

to conceal the mountebank or place-hunter, and they naturally destroyed it. They converted it from a judge into a partisan, divided it, and endeavoured to dovetail it to a part of the Ministry against the other part; by this they dissipated much of its strength, and threw it into the scale of the Opposition. The mischief would not have been so great had they given to the latter, office as well as the majority; but they decided that the Opposition should govern in respect of creed, and the Ministry in regard to person. The Ministry found itself beaten in principle, but omnipotent in the possession of place; its honesty was naturally overpowered, and it embraced the creed of the Opposition. The Independents necessarily had the balance taken from them, and they were scoffed and despised out of party being.

The Ministry and Opposition then raised the cry against party divisions; Whig and Tory joined in casting from them their party names, and dilating on the blessings of unanimity and love amidst public men; the abandonment of creed on the part of the Ministerialists was declared to be a proof of the highest wisdom and virtue. No one can look at the war which now rages between the Ministry and the Whigs without being convinced that the object of all this guilt was party gain. It had the effect of destroying, in regard to general creed, all parties save the Whigs, placing the community at the mercy of the combined Ministry and Opposition, and making the doctrines of the visionary and demagogue, the mercenary trader and traitor, irresistible in the governing of the empire.

Other things have, no doubt, aided in producing this consummation. One is the rapidly increasing political influence of manufactures and trade. This has added greatly to the number of members connected with the latter, on the one hand, and it has given them much aristocratic power on the other. Various of the most influential Peers, from their lead and coal mines, their iron works, their building-ground, their colonial property, &c., conceive themselves to be as much dependent on trade as on agriculture; and their weight

The old commercial system stood on the principle of giving equal protection to all; under it each interest was amply protected against the foreigner, and was taught to allow the same to the others, and to seek, in general prosperity, its own. If manufactures were distressed, they were relieved by restriction and bounty, but not by the robbery of agriculture; if the latter were plunged into suffering, it was relieved by similar means, but not by distressing manufactures. This kept the great interests of the country in harmony, and preserved them from being made the allies and tools of party and faction. It made little difference whether the county or manufacturing place was represented by a landowner or a manufacturer—a Tory or a Whig; because the one was as free to attend to its interests as the other. This operated strongly to divide and balance the House of Commons in regard to political party.

The new system stands on the principle of stripping all of protection; under it each interest is taught to regard protection against the foreigner as an evil, and to believe that its profit lies in the injury and ruin of the others. This brings the great interests of the country into fierce contention, and makes their contention the pith of party creed; of course, Parliament is rendered unanimous in general principles, in proportion as it is composed of the friends of this system. As the latter is supported by the Whigs, it is supported by the Ministry, and, consequently, by all party men. Those who are engaged in foreign and retail trade need no direct protection; they are clamorous for abolishing it to all others, and especially to the agriculturists, and they now elect or control the part of Parliament which holds the scale between parties. The growth of manufactures and trade has enabled them to take precedence of agriculture in dictating to the county members, as well as to fill many seats with men engaged in them, which were, previously to a recent period, occupied by independent gentlemen. While the system has involved the leading interests of the empire in destructive war, it has practically given to one

Parliament against the other; while it has made this war the essence of party creed, it has expelled independence from the House of Commons, and converted it into an assembly of devoted adherents to one faith.

The lower classes formerly voted at elections under the control of their superiors, but this is no longer the case; they practically return many members, and no little of the change must be ascribed to the deplorable one which has taken place in their feelings. Much must also be attributed to the effects of the Catholic question.

For some time the House of Commons has been largely under the leadership of trading lawyers. The Whig orators have been principally such lawyers—Mr Tierney was but an unwilling follower—and they have led, not only their own party, but the Tories. Both sides have looked only among lawyers for recruits, and their recruits have naturally been miserable failures, who have only added to the stock of commonplace in both ability and principle. From the union of the great parties, their rotten boroughs have been principally filled with brainless dependents. In an age distinguished beyond precedent for the increase of talent and knowledge, the House has declined in both; as age and death have removed them from it, on the one hand, its doors have been barred against their entrance, on the other; no new commanding genius has been suffered to enter it, to mitigate the bigotry and despotism of its old heads, and place it under the influence of reason and evidence.

Many of these things, then, have combined to give a totally new character to the House of Commons, and it now forms a spectacle wholly without example. With the exception of a remnant of the Tories, the House is unanimous in general principles, and yet convulsed with the strife of parties: the Ministry and Opposition are united in creed, and yet, from the war which rages between them, the former can scarcely maintain itself in office. What is the object of this war?

AVOWEDLY PLACE ALONE. Putting out of sight the old Tories, as men who scarcely speak against the old

Whigs, the Huskisson party, and the other Opposition parties, seek a change of measures? No, they protest against it: if such a change be proposed, they to a man vote with the Ministry. Do they desire a change of men? Even this they partially disavow. They want no new measures, they do not wish to remove the Duke of Wellington; all they crave is, that they may be made his humble devoted colleagues, and in consequence, that as many Peelites, or members of the Londonderry rump, may be dismissed, as will supply the necessary vacuum. Mr Brougham's speeches are composed throughout of explanations, apologies, and protestations, to prove that he agrees in all the essentials with Ministers, and entertains for them the most profound reverence; he even lavishes boundless laudations on the virtues of Mr Peel, who cut such a figure in the last Session. The learned "patriot" knocks and wheedles, points to his sores, and dilates on his perfections; but the gate of office will not open, no one will pity his sorrows, or offer the hand of fellowship and the official alms to the prostrate mendicant. We cannot pause to wonder at the cruelty which this cannot melt. His brethren imitate him. If the Huskisson people would not spare the Duke, it is merely from personal animosity. All seek office only.

But why must there be no change of measures? Are the old ones beneficial? Look at the condition, petitions, and feelings of the country—listen to the confessions of this many-headed Opposition. It is avowed even by Mr Brougham and Mr Huskisson, that the whole nation is in terrible distress; that the present measures have been followed by such distress, instead of benefit; and that at least some of them have had a large share in its production. They offer nothing worthy of being called a defence of these measures, and they do not even aver, that without a change public misery will vanish, or will not increase. By what they say, and what they leave unsaid, they prove that a complete change of measures is essential for saving the empire from destruction, and that they oppose one, solely because it would exclude them from power. And why is it that they oppose a change of men? Be-

cause they know they are so thoroughly despised by the country, that they could not alone stand as a Ministry for a week; they will retain the Duke, or a select few of his adherents, that they may be enabled to hold office.

The Ministry is confessedly of no settled principle. Lord Darlington, whom it selected as its especial representative to move the Address, declared he supported it, for what? Because it was distinguished for talent? No.—Because it was conspicuously consistent and upright? No.—Because it was “a Tory one, acting on Whig principles,” or, in plain English, a set of men who, while they pretended to belong to one party, acted on the creed of an opposite one. This shameless avowal, that, with party, principle ought to be an instrument of sordid gain, and that it was a virtue in a Ministry to profess one faith and practise another, was perhaps worthy of the turncoat borough scion; but, however, it formed no proof of his being duly qualified to dispose of seats in Parliament. In point of capacity, the Ministry ranks far below any former one. The Duke of Wellington, by his intrepid assertions—his “facts” and deductions, has produced the general conviction that he is totally unfit for his office; and no one can peruse the orations of Mr Goulburn, without being astonished to find such a man the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Of their colleagues we need not speak.

It has been most absurdly said, that this Ministry is weak in Parliament, but strong out of it. What is its Parliamentary weakness? In aristocratic and constrained votes, it is strong almost beyond precedent; it has the Londonderry, the Liverpool, the oldest of the old Whig, the Scotch, and the Irish rumps—in a word, it is so based on rumps, that it might be thought impossible for miracle to upset it. In its general policy and measures, it is supported by nearly the whole of Parliament. In regard to independent support, the public weal, and opposition to party and faction—in a word, as a real and proper government, it is powerless; but as the instrument of party and faction, and the possessor of power, it is omnipotent. Nothing

ly adopts the opinion of its opponents; therefore, were it infinitely more destitute of character and ability than it is, it would still be irresistible. And what is its strength out of Parliament? The country regards it with sullen contempt, and merely tolerates it from hatred of the Whigs, and the conviction, that with a change of men there would be none of measures.

Thus, then, putting out of sight the old Tories, the House of Commons presents this portentous spectacle. The Ministry is destitute beyond example of character, knowledge, and ability; in national matters it is in a minority, and is led by the Opposition; and yet in measures, the sacrifice of principle, exemption from due control, disregard of public opinion, and the possession of place, it is supported by the whole House, and is omnipotent. The most anti-English and profligate Opposition that ever disgraced the empire, is practically in essentials the real government; and it and the Ministry are free from the influence of a controlling party. All parties seek office, and while they are fiercely at war on party interests, they combine to prevent any change of measures. All confess, that under the present measures the empire has fallen into the extreme of misery; in this they confess that a radical change is essential; and it is evident to every man that they oppose one solely on party interests. While party and faction are irresistible, the country is powerless; all sides disregard its prayers, and use its interests merely as the means of promoting party gain.

We do not concur in the complaint that the House is a kind of “spouting club;” woe to England! if it ever be made a mere voting club. It exists to examine and discuss, as well as to vote; and we are quite sure that its speeches are not the least valuable of the things which flow from it. When it is properly constituted, its debates are in the highest degree beneficial to both itself and the country; they invigorate and cultivate its own powers, enlighten the public mind, nurture public spirit, and direct public opinion. Even when it is not so, they are of great use in illustrating its character, col-

bates turn wholly on party and personal interests. The latter will not suffer a change of measures to be even mentioned, therefore the interests of the empire are in essentials excluded from notice; attempts to restore prosperity are prohibited. The Ministry is pledged, the Opposition is pledged—all parties are pledged, that there shall be no change of measures; and, of course, the removal of the appalling distress of the community cannot even be made matter of discussion. One member perhaps delivers himself of a long tirade against the change of currency, but he disavows all wish to disturb the present system, because change is prohibited. Another proclaims that vast masses of the community are involved in bankruptcy, but he proposes no remedy, because change is prohibited. A third gives the most affecting description of the want and misery of the working classes, but he advises no relief, because change is prohibited. There shall be no change of measures! says that accursed system which is now the only thing in the empire held sacred; and who may dare to disobey its command? In consequence, instead of statesmanlike, patriotic, and efficient plans of relief, we are presented with the vulgar and obsolete cry for retrenchment and the reduction of taxes. Do those who raise it point out, like upright and sensible men, how the retrenchment and reduction of taxes can be compassed? No, they make vague demands, without proof, for that which is impracticable. Do they fairly shew by calculation what relief any possible reduction of taxes will yield? No, they speak in wild generalities, as though such reduction would fill the land with prosperity. They strive to dry the flood by abstracting from it a single drop—to remove the mountain by taking a mere handful from its summit.

But what is the spirit of this? The cry is an old, battered, party one, and its real object is to crush one party, and exalt another. It is used to cast odium on the aristocracy, and inflame the passions of the multitude—to debase the country, touching the sources of its suffering, and prevent it from seeking the proper remedies.

leading reformers, are sufficiently indicative of their motives. If reform can be used to libel and injure an obnoxious individual or party, it is eagerly resorted to; if not, it is forgotten. On most other matters, as well as this, if party and faction cannot be served, no one remembers the country.

Let us now enquire how far a remedy to this state of things could be found in a reform of the House of Commons.

The three grand primary objects to be gained in the formation of this House, are,—1. The greatest practicable portion of talent, knowledge, and patriotism. 2. The due representation of every interest and calling. And, 3. The placing the majority in the hands of wise, patriotic, and independent men. It inevitably follows, that to gain these objects, the franchise must, in the first place, be confined in the majority to intelligent, patriotic, and upright voters; and in the second, be so bestowed, that each interest and calling may be able to repel the unjust aggressions of the others. It is also evidently essential that due means be taken for ensuring a proper variety of candidates.

When this is taken as the test, the present system of election is doubtless very defective; but various of its greatest defects do not lie with the aristocratic boroughs.

Putting aside these boroughs, talent, knowledge, and patriotism, are excluded from Parliament, if their possessor be not able and willing to throw away a fortune. We say nothing against the parliamentary qualification; but it is absurd to call it the only one, when a man cannot possess a seat, without sacrificing several thousands of pounds at every election. All but the very rich, or the very improvident, and, in consequence, all but the worst qualified, are rigorously excluded. A county, perhaps, does not contain more than half a dozen individuals, able and willing to contest it; and, at the best, its choice is confined to them; but very often it is confined to the same members, however incapable they may be, from inability to find any one to oppose them. If no other than the parliamentary qualification were required, it would contain a profusion of can-

borough generally does not contain a single individual able to contest it; therefore its choice is limited to strangers, whom chance may send to it. However anxious it may be to dismiss its old member, it cannot at an election hope for more than one new candidate to oppose him; and perhaps this one will not make his appearance. Were the qualification limited to the parliamentary one, this borough would possess abundance of candidates amidst its own inhabitants.

This in many ways has most pernicious operation. It goes far towards prohibiting the electors from having such representatives as they wish, and compelling them to elect those who differ from them in sentiment. It excludes from Parliament those who are the best qualified for entering it. An independent man is deterred from the contest by the heavy purse, not only of an opponent, but perhaps of the Ministry, the Whig *Club*, or some other corrupt body. A member is a stranger to his constituents,—he is an adventurer,—he involves himself in debt or ruin by his election,—and he sells himself to the best bidder, as soon as he takes his seat. It operates in the most powerful manner to exclude all from seats in the House, who do not seek them from motives of personal and party gain, and to destroy integrity and independence in the Legislature.

A reform might be made here, which would be no speculative innovation or hazardous experiment, which would be in perfect accordance with the meaning of the laws, and the professions of the whole Legislature, and which would be infinitely more comprehensive in its operation, than the abolition of the rotten boroughs. Why is it not made? Because it would be a public good, and would injure the interests of party and faction.

When two or three thousand burghesses do not give their votes, without causing an expense of twenty or thirty thousand pounds; and when a few thousands of freeholders do not give theirs, without causing one of fifty, one hundred, or two hundred thousand pounds, are we to be told that this cannot be prevented?

It is averred that it is beneficial for

place, to hear the candidates speak, and see them “badgered.” If we grant this, are not the benefits on the one hand, outweighed by the evils on the other? Is it advisable to purchase the benefits at the heavy cost of prohibiting the appearance of proper candidates, and very often of rendering the franchise a nullity? It frequently happens, that the possession of the benefits prevents a contest in counties, and thereby prevents the body of the freeholders from seeing the candidates. As to the “badgering” on the hustings, those who advocate it, assert in effect, that a man cannot make a proper member of Parliament, if he be not somewhat of a demagogue. It is sufficient to deter those who are the best qualified for seats, from offering themselves; they are obnoxious to the rabble, and they cannot stoop to the filthy arts which, alas! are necessary for gaining its favour. Let any man read the speeches delivered from the hustings,—let him overlook the mere nonsense, remark only the misrepresentations and falsehoods, and then say whether the necessity for uttering them is not calculated to make the candidates knaves before they enter the Legislature.

In counties, the candidates might, previously to the time of election, meet the freeholders at different places to explain their principles; and the votes might afterwards be safely collected by the parish officers at no cost.

The votes for the city of London are given in Guildhall, and it seems to work quite as well as the hustings in other places. Public buildings might be used in the same manner in boroughs; in them the candidates might address the electors, and the magistrates might collect the votes.

And now what is canvassing? It is the deluding and demoralizing of the ignorant—the obtaining of votes by falsehood, bribes, and intimidation—the destroying of all purity of election. In the candidates and their friends, it ought to be prohibited. The candidates should merely be permitted to explain fully their principles, and then the parish or other public officers should collect the voters, and take them to the place of election. We do not say that the candidates and their friends could

votes, but we maintain that their committees and canvassing parties, which form such a fruitful source of expense and bribery, could. It is essential that the votes and voters should be collected by disinterested and impartial people.

The out-voters form an enormous source of expense which could be easily destroyed. If a man have a vote, why cannot he be suffered to give it in one place as well as in another? Give every freeman the liberty to vote at the place where he happens to reside, and prohibit him from giving it elsewhere. Various of the Nottingham freemen have cast off their allegiance to this country, and dwell in France; they are no longer his Majesty's subjects. Yet at the last election, they were actually fetched from France to give their votes! It might have been expected that an enormity like this would have been at once put an end to, but no notice has been taken of it by the reformers. Why? Because the *foreigners* naturally voted on the anti-English and liberal side.

If it were necessary to obtain the votes of four thousand people in a large town on any question, would it not be practicable for the magistrates and parish officers to obtain them almost without expense? Every man will say—Yes. It would be as easy for them as to collect the votes at an election. As to liability to corruption, no system could possibly be more corrupt than the present one. We are sure that it is practicable to free elections in a great measure from expense, and yet leave them sufficiently popular in their nature; the loss in this respect would be merely what is vicious and baleful. The gigantic objects to be gained are, the removal of a pernicious scarcity of proper candidates—the destruction of a monopoly which gives what is the most independent part of the House of Commons to a few individuals and families—the abolition of a prohibition which in a great degree renders the franchise a nullity, and restrains the community from possessing representatives of its own sentiments—and the bringing into the field of an abundance of new candidates, far better qualified than those to whom it is now restricted; for such objects something ought to be

After securing a proper variety of candidates, the next point to be gained is the election of the best; to gain this, the franchise in the majority ought to be confined to properly qualified electors. The principle of giving the franchise by birth and servitude, is radically vicious; because it makes the great majority of the electors consist of not only the poor and ignorant, but the corrupt and profligate. Very many individuals amidst the lower orders, are as intelligent and upright as their superiors; but in regard to elections, they form the exception. If the labouring man be perfectly honest in all other respects, he regards his vote as a thing of private gain, and he sells it for the highest price, without any reference to the character of the buyer. If there be no contest, there is no market for votes, and what is the consequence? In open boroughs, the body of the freemen make it a regular rule to return the "Third Man," or new candidate, be he who he may, solely because, by creating a contest, he enables them to extract corrupt profit from the franchise. A place may have two of the best members possible, and still if any reprobate, or traitor, oppose them, he is sure to be sent to Parliament to the expulsion of one of them, merely for the benefit of the stomachs and pockets of the electors.

Let us look more particularly at the operation of this system. A borough contains thirty or forty thousand inhabitants, and three or four thousand of them possess votes. The electors consist principally of labourers, workmen of the lowest grades, and small tradesmen; the chief part of the respectable merchants, tradesmen, professional men, people of independent property, and housekeepers, have no vote. The great majority of the electors give their votes without any reference to the qualifications of the candidates, and solely for the sake of personal benefit. They make it a rule to vote for the brainless traitor, to the rejection of the man of ability and patriotism, if they can draw from it guilty private gain. Thus, in the first place, the vote is denied to the most intelligent, upright, and independent, and given to those who are the most ignorant, and the most liable to be

corruption. In the second place, while the vote in regard to the majority is confined to those who are incapacitated for making a proper use of it, they intentionally make the very worst use of it possible.

This cannot be altogether above the reach of remedy. If, in such a place, the right of voting, at the least, should be extended to the occupiers of houses and warehouses of more than a certain rent, what would be the effect? A few hundreds of new electors would be created, all people of intelligence, property, and character—all possessed of a stake in the public weal, and placed above the reach of bribery. They would to a considerable extent form a balance to the lower orders, and give the majority to the best candidates.

While the aristocracy returns the members for counties and close boroughs, the lower classes return those for other places; the middle classes have no vote, or they are in the minority,—they can rarely secure the return of a representative. This is the greatest evil of the present system.

From this and the enormous expense of elections, every interest is very inefficiently represented, and many are in effect not represented. If any measure relating to agriculture be brought forward, scarcely a county member can be found who is capable of making an able speech on it, and of instructing the House touching its real character.

London is a place of vast commerce, and yet its merchants think themselves fortunate if they can return one of its four members. The rest are generally returned on the vicious politics of the multitude, without reference to qualification. It possesses an enormous mass of shipping, and yet when the Shipping Question is discussed, its members can throw no light on the practical part; they even cannot open their lips on it.

The flower of the empire in rank, opulence, and talent, dwells in Westminster; yet its members are Sir F. Burdett and Mr Hobhouse! They even call themselves only the representatives of its rabble.

The members for a sea-port ought unquestionably to be shipowners or

merchant should offer himself for one, he would have to expend perhaps ten thousand pounds, and then be rejected; should he be so fortunate as to gain his seat at this cost on his first offer, he would be pretty sure to lose it on his second, after expending ten thousand pounds more. It naturally follows, that no such man will offer himself, and that the members are strangers to the place and its interests. The sea-ports do not possess a single member who is capable of discussing the Shipping Question, or supplying any information respecting it; and the same may be said of them touching mercantile matters.

This holds good in regard to various trades and manufactures. The members returned by them do not understand, and very frequently oppose, their interests. These members will present their petitions, but probably they deny their allegations, and vote against them; if they vote differently, they make it known that they do so against conviction.

In its general operation, this tends mightily to exclude the public weal from the House of Commons; to place the interests of the empire at the mercy of ignorant, interested quacks; and to make every thing subservient to party and faction. In truth, it is scarcely possible for any thing to be discussed in the House, save on the interests of party and faction. Every one knows, that it was such interests which refused enquiry to the Shipping Interest, the Silk Trade, &c.

It is one of the great defects of the present system, that the representative casts from him the influence of his constituents in national matters as soon as he is elected. In this respect the close borough members are no worse than the others; on the contrary, they often shew the most deference to public feeling. It makes the House of Commons utterly regardless of the public voice, and clothes it with a dangerous portion of arbitrary power; this will shew the value of the doctrine that the member ought to act as he pleases, because he is not a mere agent,—doctrine which strikes at the root of all national privileges and liberties.

Different causes operate to pro-

member who wishes to be again elected, must look principally to a few great families; if he oppose them in going with the body of his constituents, he is pretty sure to lose his seat.

In the second place, from the expense, the power of the lower classes, and the principle on which the latter vote touching the "Third Man," the member for open boroughs and cities can feel no confidence that he will be elected a second time for the same place. He knows that, whether his conduct be meritorious or the contrary, popular prejudice, or the "Third Man," will almost certainly cause his rejection if he again offer himself. He, therefore, as soon as he is elected, regards his connexion with his constituents to be ended, and pays no farther attention to them touching public affairs. It is his interest to oppose them, and make himself the tool of the Ministry or Opposition, if he wish to get again into Parliament at the least cost.

In the third place, if a member desire to cultivate the good opinion of his constituents, he must look chiefly to the lower orders, and their favour is not to be gained by the due discharge of duty. Provided he make them presents and use similar means, he may dispose of his vote in the most corrupt manner, without forfeiting such favour.

In the fourth place, no matter how profligately a man may act as the member for one place, it will not prejudice his election for another. While a member can scarcely hope to be again returned for the one he represents, he knows that, in offering himself for a different one, his past votes and conduct will not be looked at by the great body of the electors. In addition to what we have said touching the "Third Man," we may state, that in open boroughs and cities there is a corporation or other interest, and the lower orders generally support any candidate who will oppose it, no matter who, or what, he may be.

Let us now speak of remedy. If members knew that zealous, upright discharge of duty, and attention to the sentiments of their constituents, would ensure their re-election, while opposite conduct would ensure their

exclusion from Parliament, this would form one of great efficacy. How could such a remedy be created? By placing the command of the majority in the hands of intelligent, patriotic electors, and producing a sufficiency of candidates in the way we have mentioned.

A member, on his election, solemnly pledges himself to a particular creed, or to vote in a specified manner on certain vital state questions; and it is of the first importance that he should faithfully adhere to his engagements. If he be suffered to violate them at pleasure, it destroys effective representation, and renders the constitution and public liberties defenceless. At the very least, his abandonment of his pledges ought to deprive him of his seat; he ought not to be suffered to vote in opposition to them without being first sent back to his constituents for their sanction. A member forfeits his seat by accepting office; he must resign it, if in representing a close borough he change his side without the consent of his patron; and similar compulsion to be faithful and consistent ought to be imposed by law on the whole House. If this were done, it would cut off one great source of ministerial corruption, and exclude many profligates from Parliament who obtain seats at every election by hypocrisy and falsehood.

In turning to the close boroughs, we will look first at the independent ones which are free from aristocratic influence. These seats are sold to the best bidder by the electors, without the least reference to creed and character. The sale is practicable, because the electors are so few in number. Where possible, the number of electors ought to be duly enlarged; and where not, the seats ought to be transferred to some other place. We demur to the doctrine, that to transfer seats in this manner, is to take a right from the electors of the place which loses them. The franchise is not a right, but a trust which the State bestows for its own benefit, and has a clear right to recall. We think it erroneous to say, that if the State grant a trust to a certain number of men, on no claim, and solely for its own good, it has no right to take back the trust when its exercise produces public evil.

And now let us glance at the aristocratic boroughs. If at all times they were about equally divided between the Ministry and Opposition, and the two latter followed different creeds, we believe that the opening of them would produce little benefit: we are not sure that it would not prove a source of much evil.

If there were not a single close borough, Parliament would be divided into two great parties, the Ministerial and Opposition ones; and the community would divide itself between them. What the case has been in this respect, it always will be, no matter what scheme of reform may be adopted. This, then, is the question to be considered—is it beneficial to the empire, or the contrary, for each of the great constitutional parties to command a certain number of seats?

Under the present system, these parties practically elect and govern the close borough members. In many cases the borough-owner suffers his party to nominate his members; in others, he will only elect men who profess its faith, and are of good character; and in all, his members are guided in their conduct and votes by it, and not by himself. In effect, the Whigs, in and out of Parliament, as a party, elect and rule the members for the Whig boroughs, and the case is similar with the Ministerialists. These consequences follow. The most able men that can be met with, are placed in the House of Commons to act as its leaders—each side of the House and the community is provided with the most efficient advocates and champions—both the great parties possess a sufficient number of votes to give due effect to their efforts—and the leading part of Parliament is composed of men who are in a large degree independent of the different interests of the empire, and who, therefore, can discuss public affairs with sufficient impartiality, so far as these interests are concerned.

Let these boroughs be liberated from aristocratic influence, and thrown completely open, and what will follow? Their members will still be in general party men. It is ridiculous to argue that members are independent of party, because they are independent of the borough-

owners; why, many of those who represent places wholly free from aristocratic influence, vote as servilely with the Ministry, or Opposition, as any of the close borough ones. Taking for granted that the members, in such a case, would be as much party men as they now are, there would be this difference: Men of talent and knowledge would be in a great measure excluded from Parliament, particularly on the Opposition side—the heads would be of inferior capacity, and would be controlled by the interests they would owe their election to—both the great political parties of Parliament and the country would have inefficient advocates, and public interests would be managed on the ruinous principle of making every thing subservient to trading, cupidity, and popular delusion.

We of course think that a change would yield any thing rather than benefit. The utility of the close boroughs in bringing men of talent and intelligence into Parliament, is so forcibly felt, that the better part of the reformers are willing to spare a certain number of them for the purpose. Any change which should exclude such men would be a public evil of the first magnitude, and we do not know what, beside these boroughs, would ensure their constant return. While it is necessary that they should be sent to Parliament, we hold it to be equally necessary that they should always command a sufficient number of votes to give due effect to their exertions. This number can only be given them by the close boroughs. We do not say that none of the latter ought to be abolished; all we say is, that there ought to be as many as will, not only bring the first men into Parliament, but enable them to be beneficial when they are in it. All experience proves that individual efforts in it are of no avail; and that in cases of public emergency, nothing but a party can be proof against the seductions of men in power.

Our decided conviction is, that the present system in regard to these boroughs yields the greatest benefit to the popular side—that it forms a bulwark of the first worth to public rights and liberties. If it be abolished, the advantages will be chiefly enjoyed by the Ministry, and there will

be an end of efficient and beneficial opposition. The Opposition will be no longer bound from the bribes of men in power, it will be destitute of character and ability, and it will be an impotent party, or a destructive faction; it will be annihilated for purposes of good. It must be remembered that so long as it and the Ministry are divided and hostile, neither can carry any thing by its borough votes; they neutralize each other on these votes, and the majority is as much under the control of the independent part of the Parliament as it would be if the boroughs were wholly abolished. It must also be remembered that although the borough owners nominally command the votes of their members, the latter to a great extent govern them; they do not lead, but are led by, their respective parties.

Of universal suffrage, election by ballot, and annual parliaments, we need not speak; for no honest man of understanding will support them. They would give a practical monopoly of the elective franchise to the lower orders, and, of course, according to the notions of the latter the empire would be governed. The middle classes would have infinitely less influence at elections than they now have. If the lower ones were perfectly pure and knowing, they would still form the only interest represented in Parliament; but whatever may be the case with the aristocracy, they far surpass it as electors in corruption, ignorance, selfishness, and profligacy. That minion of a hierarchy, Mr O'Connell, for very obvious reasons, speaks in utter contempt of all history of the benefits to be drawn from democratic government; his scheme would exclude from all share in the government, a vast part, and all the best part, of the democracy; he would substitute a mob oligarchy for the one he rails against. It will be prudent in this Irish demagogue to confine himself to Irish matters; England will not have him for a lawgiver.

The great manufacturing towns ought to have members to attend to their local interests, and if twelve or twenty were added to the House of Commons on account of this, we cannot see that it would make any difference to the general interests of

the country. But we dissent wholly from the doctrine, that the manufacturing interests have not sufficient influence in Parliament. The agricultural members, from their connexion with the aristocracy, and the connexion of the latter with the great political parties, are divided, and by their division they, to a great extent, neutralize each other. This is the case on agricultural questions; and, in consequence, agriculture, in regard to influence, can only be said to have the number of votes which one side of them possesses more than the other. The manufacturing and trading members, are always unanimous in their votes against agriculture. The latter is now, as experience proves, overpowered by manufactures and commerce; and it will be rendered, by the course of nature, still more weak against them.

It will be seen from what we have said, that many of the misdeeds and deficiencies of the House of Commons, do not arise from the mode by which it is chosen, and that a radical change of this mode would not remedy them. We will now briefly state what ought to be done independently of such change.

Let a powerful independent party be formed in the House, to hold the balance between the Ministry and Opposition. This party must not seek office or originate measures, it must act as a cautious and impartial judge.

Let the Old Tories, if they wish for a change of measures, bring their creed fully before the country, and stand forward as the legitimate Opposition. Let them abandon their absurd and frivolous differences of opinion,—separate themselves from the foolish party clamour touching taxes, and propose sound, comprehensive, statesmanlike plans of relief. And let them reinforce themselves with talent. By this they will drive the Whigs into the ranks of the Ministry, or degrade them into a minor party. It would create in the House a legitimate and beneficial Opposition.

The landowners, who severally have not more than five thousand per annum, are far more numerous, and possess infinitely more property, than the whole of the cotton and woollen manufacturers. They are

on the brink of ruin; if they do not make proper efforts, they will in a very few years be stripped of almost every shilling. Let them act independently of the Peers, and send their own members to Parliament. This will give to agriculture an undivided, zealous, and efficient party.

Let the unhallowed and destructive connexion between trading rapacity and politics be dissolved; let the accursed system of fighting the funded interest against the landed one, and the manufacturers against the agriculturists, be cast to the winds. Let party creeds be based on the principle of assisting and benefiting ALL without partiality, and keeping the great interests of the empire in harmony.

Let perfidy and apostacy in public men be unsparingly punished; without this, the House of Commons must always be a national scourge.

To the Reformers of all grades and creeds, we say—Reform yourselves, and this will have no small effect in reforming the House of Commons! You pule, whine, vituperate, and petition, while the guilt is really your

own; if the House be incapable and corrupt, it is mainly because you are incapable and corrupt. When you are called on to exercise the elective franchise, you wholly disregard qualification—you are swayed by personal and party interests—you basely sell your votes to any bidder who will give the most for them. Provided it will gratify your madness, or serve your avarice, you vote for any simpleton or demagogue, to the rejection of the highly endowed candidate. By such heinous wickedness you form a House like the present one, and then you charge all the blame on the borough owners; to your shame we record it—the latter, however selfish and profligate they may be, are far less so than yourselves. Cast from you then, like honest and spirited Englishmen, the criminality, and set these borough owners a proper example; give your votes at the next election uprightly and wisely according to desert, and after making this mighty reform, decide cautiously as to what more may be necessary!

Noctes Ambrosianæ.

No. XLVIII.

XPΗ Δ'ΕΝ ΣΥΜΠΟΣΙΩ ΚΤΛΙΚΩΝ ΠΕΡΙΝΙΣΣΟΜΕΝΑΩΝ
ΗΔΕΑ ΚΩΤΙΛΛΟΝΤΑ ΚΑΘΗΜΕΝΟΝ ΟΙΝΟΠΟΤΑΖΕΙΝ.

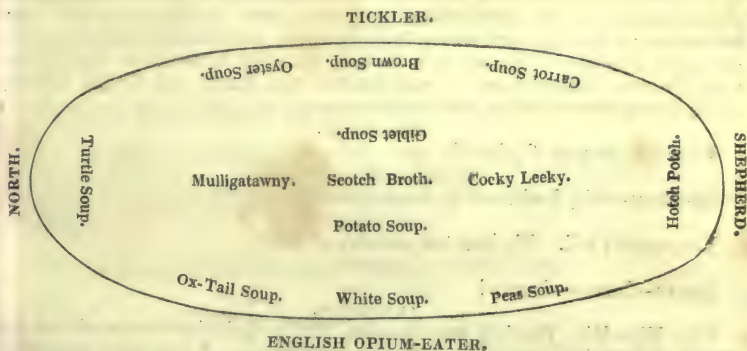
Σ.

PHOC. *ap* Ath.

[This is a distich by wise old Phocylides,
An ancient who wrote crabbed Greek in no silly days ;
Meaning, " 'TIS RIGHT FOR GOOD WINEBIBBING PEOPLE,
NOT TO LET THE JUG PACE ROUND THE BOARD LIKE A CRIPPLE ;
BUT GAILY TO CHAT WHILE DISCUSSING THEIR TIPPLE."
An excellent rule of the hearty old cock 'tis—
And a very fit motto to put to our Noctes.]

C. N. *ap*. Ambr.

SCENE—The Saloon, illuminated by the grand Gas Orrery. TIME—First of April—Six o' clock. PRESENT—NORTH, the ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER, the SHEPHERD, TICKLER, in Court Dresses.—The three celebrated young Scottish LEANDERS, with their horns, in the hanging gallery. AIR, " Brose and Brochan and a'."



SHEPHERD.

An' that's an Orrery! The infinitude o' the starry heavens reduced sae as to suit the ceilin' o' the Saloon!—Whare's Virgo?

TICKLER.

Yonder she is, James—smiling in the shade of—

SHEPHERD.

I see her—just aboon the cocky-leeky. Weel, sic anither contrivance! Some o' the stars and planets—moons and suns lichter than ithers, I jalousie, by lettin' in upon them a greater power o' coal-gas; and ithers again, just by moderatin' the pipe-conductors, faint and far awa' in the system, sae that ye scarcely ken whether they are lighted wi' the gawzeous vapour-ava', or only a sort o' fine, tender, delicate porcelain, radiant in its ain transparent nature, and though thin, yet stronger than the storms.

NORTH.

The first astronomers were shepherds—

SHEPHERD.

Aye, Chaldean shepherds like mysell—but no a mother's son o' them could hae written the Manuscripp. Ha, ha, ha!

TICKLER.

What a misty evening!

SHEPHERD.

Nae wonder—wi' thirteen soups a' steamin' up to the skies! O! but the Orrery is sublime the noo, in its shroud! Naethin like hotch-potch for gien a dim grandeur to the stars. See, yonder Venus—peerless planet—shining like the face o' a virgin bride through her white nuptial veil! He's a grim chiel yon Saturn. Nae wonder he devourit his weans—he has the coontenance o' a cannibal. Thank you, Mr Awmrose, for opening the door—for this current o' air has swept awa the mists from heaven, and gien us back the beauty o' the celestial spheres.

NORTH (*aside to the ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.*)

You hear, Mr De Quincey, how he begins to blaze even before broth.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER (*aside to NORTH.*)

I have always placed Mr Hogg, *in genius*, far above Burns. He is indeed “of imagination all compact.” Burns had strong sense—and strong sinews—and brandished a pen pretty much after the same fashion as he brandished a flail. You never lose sight of the thresher——

SHEPHERD.

Dinna abuse Burns, Mr De Quinshy. Neither you nor ony ither Englishman can thoroughly understaun three sentences o' his poems——

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER (*with much animation.*)

I have for some years past longed for an opportunity to tear into pieces that gross national delusion, born of prejudice, ignorance, and bigotry, in which, from highest to lowest, all literary classes of Scotchmen are, as it were incarnated—to wit, a belief strong as superstition, that all their various dialects must be as unintelligible, as I grant that most of them are uncouth and barbarous, to English ears—even to those of the most accomplished and consummate scholars. Whereas, to a Danish, Norwegian, Swedish, Saxon, German, French, Italian, Spanish—and let me add, Latin and Greek scholar, there is not even a monosyllable that——

SHEPHERD.

What's a gowpen o' glaur?

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

Mr Hogg—Sir, I will not be interrupted——

SHEPHERD.

You cannot tell. It's just *tua neif-fu's o' clarts*.

NORTH.

James—James—James!

SHEPHERD.

Kit—Kit—Kit. But beg your pardon, Mr De Quinshy—afore dinner I'm aye unco snappish. I admit you're a great grammarian. But kennin' something o' a language by bringin' to bear upon't a' the united efforts o' knowledge and understaunin'—baith first-rate—is ae thing, and feelin' every breath and every shadow that keeps playin' owre a' its syllables, as if by a natural and born instinct, is anither—the first you may aiblins hae—naebody likelier—but to the second, nae man may pretend that hasna had the happiness and the honour o' havin' been born and bred in bonny Scotland. What can ye ken o' Kilmeny?

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER (*smiling graciously.*)

'Tis a ballad breathing the sweetest, simplest, wildest spirit of Scottish traditionary song—music, as of some antique instrument long-lost, but found at last in the Forest among the decayed roots of trees, and touched, indeed, as by an instinct, by the only man who could reawaken its sleeping chords—the Ettrick Shepherd.

SHEPHERD.

Na—if you say that sincerely—and I never saw a broo smoother wi' truth than your ain—I maun qualify my former apophthegm, and alloo you to

be an exception frae the general rule. I wish, sir, you wou'd write a Glossary o' the Scottish Language. I ken naebody fitter.

NORTH.

Our distinguished guest is aware that this is "All Fool's Day,"—and must, on that score, pardon these court-dresses. We consider them, my dear sir, appropriate to this Anniversary.

SHEPHERD.

Mine wasna originally a coort-dress. It's the uniform o' the Border Club. But nane o' the ither members wou'd wear them, accept me and the late Dyuk o' Buccleuch. So when the King came to Scotland, and expectit to be introduced to me at Holyrood-House, I got the tiler at Yarrow-Ford to cut it doon after a patron frae Embro'—

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

Green and gold—to my eyes the most beautiful of colours—the one characteristic of earth, the other of heaven—and, therefore, the two united, emblematic of genius.

SHEPHERD.

Oh! Mr De Quinshy—sir, but you're a pleasant cretur—and were I ask't to gie a notion o' your mainners to them that had never seen you, I shou'd just use twa words, Urbanity and Amenity—meanin', by the first, that saft bricht polish that a man gets by leevin' amang gentlemen scholars in towns and cities, burnished on the solid metal o' a happy natur' hardened by the rural atmosphere o' the pure kintra air, in which I ken you hae ever delighted; and, by the ither, a peculiar sweetness, amaisht like that o' a woman's, yet sae far frae bein' feminine, as masculine as that o' Allan Ramsay's ain Gentle Shepherd—and breathin' o' a harmonious union between the heart, the intelleck, and the imagination, a' the three keepin' their ain places, and thus makin' the vice, speech, gesture, and motion o' a man as composed as a figur' on a pictur' by some painter that was a master in his art, and produced his effects easily—and ane kens na hoo—by his lights and shadows. Mr North, am na I richt in the thocht, if no in the expression?

NORTH.

You have always known my sentiments, James—

SHEPHERD.

I'm thinkin' we had better lay aside our swurds. They're kittle dealin', when a body's stannin' or walkin'; but the very deevil's in them, when ane claps his doup on a chair; for here's the hilt o' mine interferin' wi' my laddle-hand.

TICKLER.

Why, James, you have buckled it on the wrong side.

SHEPHERD.

What? Is the richt the wrang?

NORTH.

Let us all untackle. Mr Ambrose, hang up each man's sword on his own hat-peg.—There.

SHEPHERD.

O, Mr De Quinshy! but you luk weel in a single-breested snuff-olive, wi' cut-steel buttons, figured waistcoat, and—

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

There is a beautiful propriety, Mr Hogg, in a court-dress, distinguished as it is, both by material and form, from the apparel suitable to the highest occasions immediately below the presence of royalty, just as *that other* apparel is distinguished from the costume worn on the less ceremonious—

SHEPHERD.

Eh?

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

Occasions of civilized life,—and *that* again in due degree from *that* sanctioned by custom, in what I may call, to use the language of Shakspeare, and others of our elder dramatists, the "worky-day" world,—whether it be in those professions peculiar, or nearly so, to towns and cities, or belonging

more appropriately,—though the distinction, perhaps, is popular rather than philosophical—to rural districts on either side of your beautiful river the Tweed.

SHEPHERD.

Oh, sir! but I'm unco fond o' the English accent. It's like an instrument wi' a' the strings o' silver,—and though I canna help thinkin' that you speak rather a wee owre slow, yet there's sic music in your vice, that I'm just perfectly enchanted wi' the soun', while a sense o' truth prevents me frae sayin' that I aye a'thegether comprehend the meaning,—for that's aye, written or oral alike, sae desperate metapheesical.—But what soup will you tak, sir? Let me recommend the hotch-potch.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

I prefer vermicelli.

SHEPHERD.

What? Worms! They gar me scunner,—the verra luk o' them. Sae, you're a worm-eater, sir, as weel's an Opium-eater?

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

Mr Wordsworth, sir, I think it is, who says, speaking of the human being under the thralldom of the senses,—

“He is a slave, the meanest we can meet.”

SHEPHERD.

I beseech ye, my dear sir, no to be angry sae sune on in the afternoon. There's your worms—and I wuss you muckle gude o' them—only compare them—Thank you, Mr Tickler—wi' this bowl-deep trencher o' hotch-potch—an emblem of the haill vegetable and animal creation.

TICKLER.

Why, James, though now invisible to the naked eye, boiled down as they are in baser matter, that tureen on which your face has for some minutes been fixed as gloatingly as that of a Satyr on a sleeping Wood-nymph, or of Pan himself on Matron Cybele, contains, as every naturalist knows, some scores of snails, a gowpen-full of gnats, countless caterpillars, of our smaller British insects numbers without number numberless as the sea-shore sands—

SHEPHERD.

No at this time o' the year, you gowk. You're thinking o' simmer colleyfloor—

TICKLER.

But their larvæ, James—

SHEPHERD.

Confound their larvæ! Awmrose! the pepper. (*Dashes in the pepper along with the silver-top of the cruet.*) Pity me! whare's the cruet? It has sunk doon intill the hotch-potch, like a mailed horse and his rider intill a swamp. I maun tak tent no to swallow the bog-trotter. What the deevil, Awmrose, you've gien me the Cayawne!!

MR AMBRÔSE (*tremens.*)

My dear sir, it was Tappytourie.

SHEPHERD (*to TAPPY.*)

You wee sinner, did ye tak me for Moshy Shawbert?

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

I have not seen it recorded, Mr Hogg, in any of the Public Journals, at least it was not so in the Standard,—in fact the only newspaper I now read, and an admirable evening paper it is, unceasingly conducted with consummate ability,—that that French charlatan had hitherto essayed Cayenne-pepper; and indeed such an exhibition would be preposterous, seeing that the lesser is contained within the greater, and consequently all the hot varieties of that plant—all the possibilities of the pepper-pod—are included within Phosphorus and Prussic acid. Meanly as I think of the logic—

SHEPHERD.

O ma mouth! ma mouth!—Logic indeed! I didna think there had been sic a power o' pepper about a' the premises.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

The only conclusion that can be legitimately drawn—

Glenlivet to cool the roof o' my pallet. My tongue's like red-het airn—and blisters my verra lips. Na! it'll melt the siller-spoon——

NORTH.

I pledge you, my dear James——

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

Vermicelli soup, originally Italian, has been so long naturalized in this island, that it may now almost be said, by those not ambitious of extremest accuracy of thought and expression, to be indigenous in Britain—and as it sips somewhat insipid, may I use the freedom, Mr Tickler,—scarcely pardonable, perhaps, from our short acquaintance,—to request you to join me in a glass of the same truly Scottish liquor?

TICKLER.

Most happy indeed to cultivate the friendship of Mr De Quincey.

[*The Four turn up their little fingers.*]

SHEPHERD.

Mirawcolous! My tongue's a' at aince as cauld 's the rim o' a cart-wheel on a winter's nicht! My pallet cool as the lift o' a spring-mornin! And the inside o' ma mouth just like a wee mountain-well afore sun-rise, when the bit moorland birdies are hoppin' on its margin, about to wat their whustles in the blessed beverage, after their love-dreams among the dewy heather!

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

I would earnestly recommend it to you, Mr Hogg, to abstain——

SHEPHERD.

Thank you, sir, for your timeous warnin'—for, without thinkin' what I was about, I was just on the verra eve o' fa'in' to again till the self-same fiery trencher. It's no every body that has your philosophical composure. But it sits weel on you, sir—and I like baith to look and listen to you; for, in spite o' your classical learning, and a' your outlandish logic, you're at a' times—and I'm nae bad judge—shepherd as I am—*intus et in cute*—that is tooth and nail—naething else but a perfect gentleman. But oh! you're a lazy cretur, man, or you would hae putten out a dizzen vollumms syne the Confessions.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

I am at present, my dear friend,—allow me to call myself so,—in treaty with Mr Blackwood for a novel——

SHEPHERD.

In ae vollumm—in ae vollumm, I hope—and that'll tie you doon to whare your strength lies, condensation at aince vigorous and exquisite—like a man succinct for hap-step-and-loup on the greensward—each spang langer than anither—till he clears a peat hand-barrow at the end like a catastrophe.—Hae I eaten anither dish o' hotch-potch, think ye, sirs, without bein' aware o't?

TICKLER.

No, James—North changed the fare upon you, and you have devoured, in a fit of absence, about half-a-bushel of peas.

SHEPHERD.

I'm glad it was na carrots—for they aye gie me a sair belly.—But hae ye been at the Exhibition o' Pictures by leevin' artists at the Scottish Academy, Mr North, and what think ye o't?

NORTH.

I look in occasionally, James, of a morning, before the bustle begins, for a crowd is not for a crutch.

SHEPHERD.

But ma faith, a crutch is for a crood, as is weel kent o' yours, by a' the blockheads in Britain.—Is't gude the year?

NORTH.

Good, bad, and indifferent, like all other mortal exhibitions. In landscape, we sorely miss Mr Thomson of Duddingstone.

SHEPHERD.

What can be the matter wi' the minister?—He's no deed?

NORTH.

God forbid! But Williams is none o' your jellish-fell Williams—with his

aerial distances into which the imagination sailed as on wings, like a dove gliding through sunshine into gentle gloom—with his shady foregrounds, where Love and Leisure reposed—and his middle regions, with towering cities grove-embowered, solemn with the spirit of the olden time—and all, all embalmed in the beauty of those deep Grecian skies!

SHEPHERD.

He's deed. What matters it? In his virtues he was happy, and in his genius he is immortal. Hoots, man! If tears are to drap for ilka freen "who is not," our een wud be seldom dry.—Tak some mair turtle.

NORTH.

Mr Thomson of Duddingstone is now our greatest landscape painter. In what sullen skies he sometimes shrouds the solitary moors!

SHEPHERD.

And wi' what blinks o' beauty he aften brings out frae beneath the clouds the spire o' some pastoral parish kirk, till you feel it is the Sabbath!

NORTH.

Time and decay crumbling his castles seem to be warring against the very living rock—and we feel their endurance in their desolation.

SHEPHERD

I never look at his roarin' rivers, wi' a' their precipices, without thinkin' some hoo or ither, o' Sir William Wallace! They seem to belang to an unconquerable country.

NORTH.

Yes, James! he is a patriotic painter. Moor, mountain and glen—castle, hall and hut—all breathe sternly or sweetly o' auld Scotland. So do his seas and his friths—roll, roar, blacken and whiten with Caledonia—from the Mull of Galloway to Cape Wrath. Or when summer stillness is upon them, are not all the soft shadowy pastoral hills Scottish, that in their still deep transparency, invert their summits in the transfiguring magic of the far-sleeping main?

TICKLER.

William Simpson, now gone to live in London, is in genius no whit inferior to Mr Thomson, and superior in mastery over the execution of the Art.

NORTH.

A first-rater. Ewbank's moonlights this season are meritorious; but 'tis difficult to paint Luna, though she is a still sitter in the sky. Be she veiled nun—white-robed vestal—blue-cinctured huntress—full-orbed in Christian meekness—or, bright misbeliever! brow-rayed with the Turkish crescent—still meetest is she, spiritual creature, for the Poet's love!

SHEPHERD.

They tell me that a lad o' the name o' Fleming frae the west kintra has shewn some bonny landscapes.

NORTH.

His pictures are rather deficient in depth, James—his scenes are scarcely sufficiently like portions of the solid globe—but he has a sense of beauty—and with that a painter may do almost any thing—without it, nothing. For of the painter as of the poet, we may employ the exquisite image of Wordsworth, that beauty

"Pitches her tents before him."

For example, there is Gibb, who can make a small sweet pastoral world, out of a bank and a brae, a pond and a couple of cows, with a simple lassie sitting in her plaid upon the stump of an old tree. Or, if a morning rainbow spans the moor, he shews you brother and sister—it may be—or perhaps childish lovers—facing the showery wind—in the folds of the same plaid—straining merrily, with their colley before them, towards the hut whose smoke is shivered as soon as it reaches the tops of the sheltering grove. Gibb is full of feeling and genius.

SHEPHERD.

But is na his colourin' owre blue?

NORTH.

No—James. Shew me any thing bluer than the sky—at its bluest—Not

SHEPHERD.

What? Mrs Gentle's? Her een aye seemed to me to be greenish.

NORTH.

Hush—blasphemer! Their zones are like the sky-light of the longest night in the year—when all the earth lies half asleep and half awake in the beauty of happy dreams.

SHEPHERD.

Hech! hech!

“O love! love! love!

Love's like a dizziness;

It wunna let a puir bodie

Gang about his bizziness!”

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

I have often admired the prodigious power of perspective displayed in the large landscapes of Nasmyth. He gives you at one *coup-d'œil* a metropolitan city—with its river, bridges, towers, and temples—engirdled with groves, and far-retiring all around the garden-fields, tree-dropped, or silvan-shaded, of merry England. I allude now to a noble picture of London.

NORTH.

And all his family are geniuses like himself. In the minutiae of nature, Peter is perfect—it would not be easy to say which of his unmarried daughters excels her sisters in truth of touch—though I believe the best judges are disposed to give Mrs Terry the palm—who now—since the death of her lamented husband—teaches painting in London with eminent success.

TICKLER.

Colvin Smith has caught Jeffrey's countenance at last—and a fine countenance it is—alive with intellect—armed at all points—acute without a quibble—clothed all over with cloudless perspicacity—and eloquent on the silent canvass, as if all the air within the frame were murmuring with winged words.

NORTH.

Not murmuring—his voice tinkles like a silver bell.

SHEPHERD.

But wha can tell that frae the canvass?

NORTH.

James, on looking at a portrait, you carry along with you all the characteristic individualities of the original—his voice—his gesture—his action—his motion—his manner—and thus the likeness is made up “of what you half-create and half-perceive,”—else dead—thus only spiritualized into perfect similitude.

SHEPHERD.

Mr De Quinshy should hae said that!

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

Pardon me, Mr Hogg, I could not have said it nearly so well—and in this case, I doubt not, most truly—as Mr North.

NORTH.

No one feature, perhaps, of Mr Jeffrey's face is very fine, except, indeed, his mouth, which is the firmest, and, at the same time, the mildest—the most resolute, and yet, at the same time, the sweetest, I ever saw—inferior in such mingled expression only to Canning's, which was perfect; but look on them all together, and they all act together in irresistible union; forehead, eyes, cheeks, mouth, and chin, all declaring, as Burns said of Matthew Henderson, that “Francis is a bright man,”—ever in full command of all his great and various talents, with just enough of genius to preserve them all in due order and subordination—for, with either more or less genius, we may not believe that his endowments could have been so finely, yet so firmly balanced, so powerful both in speculative and practical skill, making him at once, perhaps, on the whole, the most philosophic critic of his age, and, beyond all comparison, the most eloquent orator of his country.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

To much of that eulogium, Mr North, great as my admiration is of Mr Jeffrey's abilities, I must demur.

SHEPHERD.

And me too.

TICKLER.

And I also.

NORTH.

Well, gentlemen, demur away; but such for many years has been my opinion, and 'tis the opinion of all Scotland.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

Since you speak of Mr Jeffrey, and of his achievements in law, literature, and philosophy, in Scotland, and without meaning to include the Southern Intellectual Empire of Britain, why, then, with one exception, (*bowing to Mr North*,) I do most cordially agree with you, though of his law I know nothing, and nothing of his oral eloquence, but judge of him solely from the Edinburgh Review, which, (*bowing again to Mr North*,) with the same conspicuous exception—maugre all its manifold and miserable mistakes—unquestionably stands—or did stand—for I have not seen a number of it since the April number of 1826—at the head of the Periodical Literature of the Age—and that the Periodical Literature of the Age is infinitely superior to all its other philosophical criticism—for example, the charlatanerie of the Schlegels, *et id genus omne*, is as certain—Mr Hogg, pardon me for imitating your illustrative imagery, or attempting to imitate what all the world allows to be inimitable—as that the hotch-potch which you are now swallowing, in spite of heat that seems breathed from the torrid zone——

SHEPHERD.

It's no hotch-potch—this platefu's cocky-leeky.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

As that cocky-leeky which, though hot as purgatory, (the company will pardon me for yielding to the influence of the *genius loci*,) your mouth is, and for a quarter of an hour has been, vortex-like engulfing, transcends, in all that is best in animal and vegetable matter,—worthy indeed of Scotland's manly Shepherd—the *soup maigre*, that, attenuated almost to invisibility, drenches the odiously-guttural gullet of some monkey Frenchman of the old school, by the incomprehensible interposition of Providence saved at the era of the Revolution from the guillotine.

OMNES!

Bravo! bravo! bravo!—Encore—encore—encore!

SHEPHERD.

That's capital—it's just me—gin ye were aye to speak that gate, man, folk wou'd understaun' you. Let's hae a caulker thegither—There's a gurgle—your health, sir—no forgettin' the wife and the weans. It's a pity you're no a Scotchman.

NORTH.

John Watson's "Lord Dalhousie" is a noble picture. But John's always great—his works win upon you the longer you study them—and that, after all, is at once the test and the triumph of the art. On some portraits you at once exhaust your admiration; and are then ashamed of yourself for having mistaken the vulgar pleasure, so cheaply inspired, of a staring likeness, for that high emotion breathed from the mastery of the painter's skill—and blush to have doated on a daub.

TICKLER.

Duncan's "Braw Wooer," from Burns's

"Yestreen a braw wooer cam down the lang glen,

And sair wi' his love he did deave me;

I said there was naething I hated like men,—

The deuce gang wi' him to believe me,"

is a masterpiece. What a fellow, James! Not unlike yourself in your younger days, perhaps—but without a particle of the light of genius that ever ennobles your rusticity, and makes the plaid on our incomparable Shepherd's shoulders graceful as the poet's mantle—But rather like some son of yours, James, of whom you had not chanced to think it worth your while to take any very particular notice, yet who, by hereditary talents, had made his way in the world up to head-shepherd on a four-thousand-acre hill-farm.

—his face glowing with love and health like a peony over which a milk-pail had happened to be upset—bonnet cocked as crouselly on his hard brow as the comb upon the tappin' o' chanticleer when sidling up, with dropped wing, to a favourite pullet—buckskin breeches, such as Burns used to wear himself, brown and burnished to a most perilous polish—and top-boots, the images of your own, my beloved boy—on which the journey down the lang glen has brought the summer-dust to blend with the well-greased blacking—broad chest, gorgeously apparelled in a flapped waistcoat, manifestly made for him by his great-grandmother, out of the damask-hangings of a bed that once must have stood firm in a Ha' on four posts, though now haply in a hut but a trembling truckle—strong harn shirt, clean as a lily, bleached in the showery sunshine on a brent gowany brae, nor untinged with a faint scent of thyme that, in oaken drawer, will lie odorous for years upon years,—and cravat with a knot like a love-posy, and two pointed depending stalks, tied in the gleam of a water-pail, or haply in the mirror of the pool in which that Apollo had just been floundering like a porpoise, and in which, when drought had dried the shallows, he had lister'd many a fish impatient of the sea;—there, James, he sits on a bank, leaning and leering, a lost and love-sick man, yet not forgetful nor unconscious of the charms so prodigally lavished upon him both by nature and art, the BRAW WOOER, who may not fail in his suit, till blood be wersh as water, and flesh indeed fushionless as grass growing in a sandy desert.

SHEPHERD.

Remember, Mr Tickler, what a lee-way you hae to mak up, on the sea o' soup, and be na sae descriptive, for we've a' gotten to windward; you seem to hae drapt anchor, and baith mainsail and foresail are flappin' to the extremity o' their sheets.

TICKLER.

And is not she, indeed, James, a queenlike quean? What scorn and skaith in the large full orbs of her imperial eyes! How she tosses back her head in triumph, till the yellow lustre of her locks seems about to escape from the bondage of that riband, the hope-gift of another suitor who wooed her under happier auspices, among last-year's "rigs o' barley," at winter's moonless midnight, beneath the barn-balk where roosts the owl,—by spring's dewy eve on the dim primrose bank, while the lark sought his nest among the green braird, descending from his sunset-song!

SHEPHERD.

Confound me—if this be no just perfectly intolerable—Mr North, Mr De Quinshy, Mr Tickler, and a', men, women, and children, imitatin' ma style o' colloquial oratory, till a' that's specific and original about me's lost in universal plagiarism.

TICKLER.

Why, James, your genius is as contagious—as infectious as the plague—if, indeed, it be not epidemical—like a fever in the air.

SHEPHERD.

You're a' glad to sook up the miasmata. But mercy on us! a' the tureens seem to me amaist dried up—as laigh's wells in midsummer drought. The vermicelli, especially, is drained to its last worms. Mr De Quinshy, you've an awfu' appetite!

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

I shall dine to-day entirely on soup,—for your Edinburgh beef and muton, however long kept, are difficult of mastication,—the sinews seeming to me all to go transversely, thus,—and not longitudinally,—so——

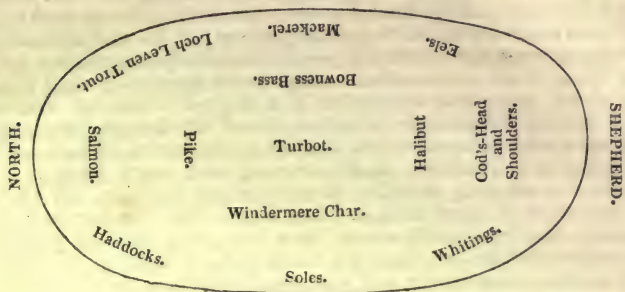
NORTH.

Hark! my gold repeater is smiting seven. We allow an hour, Mr De Quincey, to each course—and then——

[*The Leanders play the "The Boatie Rows,"—the door flies open,—enter Picardy and his clan.*

Second Course.—Fish.

TICKLER.



ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

SHEPHERD.

I'm sure we canna be sufficiently gratefu' for having got rid o' a' thae empty tureens o' soop—so let us noo set in for serious eatin', and tackle to the inhabitants o' the Great Deep. What's that bit body, North, been about? Daidlin' wi' the mock-turtle. I hate a' things mock—soops, pearls, fawse tails, baith bustles and queues, wigs, cawves, religion, freenship, love, glass-een, rouge on the face o' a woman,—no' exceppin even cork legs, for timmer anes are far better, there bein' nae attempt at deception, which ought never to be practised on ony o' God's reasonable creatures—it's sae insultin'.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

Better open outrage than hidden guile, which——

SHEPHERD.

Just sae, sir.—But is't no a bonny instrument, that key-bugle? I've been tryin' to learn't a' this wunter, beginnin' at first wi' the simple coo's-horn. But afore I had weel gotten the gamut, I had nearly lost my life.

TICKLER.

What? From mere loss of breath—positive exhaustion? An abscess in the lungs, James?

SHEPHERD.

Nothing o' the sort. I hae wund and lungs for ony thing—even for roarin' you doon at argument, whan, driven to the wa', you begin to storm like a Stentor; till the verra neb o' the jug on the dirlin' table regards you wi' astonishment, and the speeders are seen rinning along the ceilin' to shelter themselves in their corner cobwebs.—(Canna ye learn frae Mr De Quinshy, man, to speak laigh and lown, trustin' mair to sense and less to soun', and you'll find your advantage in't?)—But I allude, sir, to an Adventure.

NORTH.

An adventure, James?

SHEPHERD.

Aye—an adventure—but as there's nane o' you for cod's-head and shouthers, I'll first fortify mysell wi' some forty or fifty flakes—like half-crown pieces.

TICKLER.

Some cod, James, if you please.

SHEPHERD.

Help yourself—I'm unco thrang the noo. Mr De Quinshy, what fish are you devoorin'?

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

Soles.

SHEPHERD.

And you, Mr North?

NORTH.

Salmon.

SHEPHERD

And you, Mr Tickler?

TICKLER.

Cod.

SHEPHERD.

You're a' in your laconics. I'm fear'd for the banes, otherwise, after this cod's dune, I su'd like gran' to gie that pike a yokin'. I ken him for a Linlithgow loun by the length o' his lantern-jaws, and the peacock-neck colour o' his dorsal ridge—and I see by the jut o' his stammach there's store o' stuffin. There'll be naething between him and me, when the cod's dune for, but halibut and turbot—the first the wershest and maist fushionless o' a' swimmin' creturs—and the second owre rich, unless you intend eatin' no other specie o' fish.

TICKLER.

Now—for your adventure—my dear Shepherd.

SHEPHERD.

Whisht—and you'se hear't. I gaed out, ae day, ayont the knowe—the same, Mr North, that kythes aboon the bit field whare I tried, you ken, to raise a conterband crap o' tobacco—and sat doon on a brae amang the brackens—then a' red as the heavens in sunset—tootin' awa' on the Horn, ettlin first at B flat, and then at A sharp,—when I hears, at the close o' a lesson, what I thoct the grandest echo that ever came frae a mountain-tap—an echo like a rair o' the ghost of ane o' the Bulls o' Bashan, gane mad amang other horned spectres like himsell in the howe o' the cloudy sky——

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

Mr North, allow me to direct your attention to that image, which seems to me perfectly original, and, at the same time, perfectly true to nature: Original I am entitled to call it, since I remember nothing resembling it, either essentially or accidentally, in prose or verse, in the literature of antiquity,—in that of the middle, ordinarily, but ignorantly, called the Dark Ages,—in that which arose in Europe after the revival of letters—though assuredly letters had not sunk into a state from which it could be said with any precision that they did revive,—or in that of our own Times, which seem to me to want that totality and unity which alone constitute an Age, otherwise but a series of unconnected successions, destitute of any causative principle of cohesion or evolvment. True to nature, no less am I entitled to call the image, inasmuch as it giveth, not indeed “to airy nothing a local habitation and a name,” but to an “airy something,” namely, the earthly bellowing of an animal, whose bellow is universally felt to be terrific, nay moreover, and therefore, sublime—(for that terror lieth at the root—if not always, yet of verity in by far the greater number of instances—of the true sublime, from early boyhood my intellect saw, and my imagination felt, to be among the great primal intuitive truths of our spiritual frame)—because it giveth, I repeat, to the earthly bellowing of such an animal, an aerial character, which, for the moment, deludes the mind into a belief of the existence of a cloudy kine, spectral in the sky-region, else thought to be the dwelling-place of silence and vacuity, and thus an affecting, impressive,—nay, most solemn and almost sacred feeling, is impressed on the sovereign reason of the immortality of the brute creatures—a doctrine that visits us at those times only when our own being breathes in the awe of divining thought, and, disentangling her wings from all clay encumbrances, is strong in the consciousness of her DEATHLESS ME—so Fichte and Schelling speak——

SHEPHERD.

Weel, sir, you see, doon came on my “DEATHLESS ME” the Bonassus, head cavin, tail-tuft on high, hinder legs visible owre his neck and shouters, and his hump clothed in thunder, louder in his ae single sell than a wheeling charge o' a haille regiment o' dragoon cavalry on the Portobello sands,

ain kind maister, wha had fed him on turnips, hay, and straw, ever syne Lammas, till the monster was as fat's he could lie in the hide o' him—and naething had I to defend mysell wi' but that silly coo's horn. A' the colleys were at hame. Yet in my fricht—deadly as it was—I was thankfu' wee Jamie wasna there lookin' for primroses—for he micht hae lost his judgment. You understand, the Bonassus had mista'en my B sharp for anither Bonassus challengin' him to single combat.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

A very plausible theory.

SHEPHERD.

Thank you, sir, for that commentary on ma text—for it has gien me time to plouter amang the chowks o' the cod. Faith it was nae theory, sir, it was practice—and afore I could fin' my feet, he was sae close upon me that I could see up his nostrils. Just at that moment I remembered that I had on an auld red jacket—the ane that was ance sky-blue, you ken, Mr North, that I had gotten dyed—and that made the Bonassus just an evendoun Bedlamite. For amaisht a' horned cattle hate and abhor red coats.

NORTH.

So I have heard the army say—alike in town and country.

SHEPHERD.

What was to be done? I thoct o' tootin the horn, as the trumpeter did when run aff wi' in the mouth o' a teeger; but then I recollected that it was a' the horn's blame that the Bonassus was there—so I lost no time in that speculation,—but slipping aff my breeks, jacket, waistcoat, shirt, and a', just as you've seen an actor on the stage, I appeared suddenly before him as naked as the day I was born—and sic is the awe, sir, wi' which a human being, *in puris naturalibus*, inspires the maddest of the brute creation, (I had tried it ance before on a mastiff,) that he was a' at aince, in a single moment, stricken o' a heap, just the very same as if the butcher had sank the head o' an aix intill his harn-pan—his knees trummed like a new-dropped lamb's—his tail, tuft and a', had nae mair power in't than a broken thrissle stalk—his een goggled instead o' glowered, a heart-felt difference, I assure you—

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

It seems to be, Mr Hogg—but you will pardon me, if I am mistaken—a distinction without a difference, as the logicians say—

SHEPHERD.

Aye, De Quinshy, ma man—logician as you are, had you stood in my shoon, you had gotten yoursell on baith horns o' the dilemma.

NORTH.

Did you cut off his retreat to the Loch, James, and take him prisoner?

SHEPHERD.

I did. Poor silly sumph! I canna help thinkin' that he swarfed; though perhaps he was only pretendin'—so I mounted him, and, putting my worsted garters through his nose—it had been bored when he was a wild beast in a caravan—I keepit peggin' his ribs wi' my heels, till, after gruntin' and graenin', and raisin' his great big unwieldy red bowk half up frae the earth, and then swelterin' doon again, if aince, at least a dizzen times, till I began absolutely to weary o' my situation in life, he feenally recovered his cloots, and, as if inspired wi' a new speerit, aff like lichtnin' to the mountains.

NORTH.

What!—without a saddle, James? You must have felt the loss—I mean the want, of leather—

SHEPHERD.

We ride a' mainer o' animals bare-backed in the Forest, sir. I hae seen a bairn, no aboon fowre year auld, ridin' hame the Bill at the gloamin'—a' the kye at his tail, like a squadron o' cavalry ahint Joachim Murat King o' Naples.—Mr North, gin ye keep eatin' sae vorawciously at the sawmon, you'll hurt yoursell. Fish is heavy. Dinna spare the vinegar, if you will be a glutton.

SHEPHERD.

But, as I was sayin', awa' went the Bonassus due west. Though you could hardly ca't even a snaffle, yet I soon found that I had a strong purchase, and bore him doun frae the heights to the turnpike-road that cuts the kintra frae Selkirk to Moffat. There does I encounter three gig-fu's o' gentlemen and leddies; and ane o' the latter—a bonny cretur—leuch as if she kent me, as I gaed by at full gallop—and I remembered haein seen her afore, though where I couldna tell; but a' the lave shrieked as if at the visible superstition o' the Water-Kelpie on the Water-Horse mistakin' day for nicht, in the delirium o' a fever—and thinkin' that it had been the moon shining doun on his green pastures aneath the Loch, when it was but the shadow o' a lurid cloud. But I soon vanished into distance.

TICKLER.

Where the deuce were your clothes all this time, my dear matter-of-fact Shepherd?

SHEPHERD.

Aye—there was the rub. In the enthusiasm of the moment I had forgotten them—nay, such was the state of excitement to which I had worked myself up, that, till I met the three gig-fu's o' leddies and gentlemen—a marriage-party—full in the face, I was not, Mr Dequinshy, aware of being so like the Truth. Then I felt, all in a moment, that I was a Mazeppa. But had I turned back, they would have supposed that I had intended to accompany them to Selkirk; and therefore, to allay all such fears, I made a shew of fleeing far awa' aff into the interior—into the cloudland of Loch Skene and the Grey Mare's Tail.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

Your adventure, Mr Hogg, would furnish a much better subject for the painter, or for the poet, than the Mazeppa of Byron. For, it is not possible to avoid feeling, that in the image of a naked man on horseback, there is an involution of the grotesque in the picturesque—of the truly ludicrous in the falsely sublime. But, farther, the thought of bonds—whether of cordage or of leather—on a being naturally free, is degrading to the moral, intellectual, and physical dignity of the creature so constricted; and it ought ever to be the grand aim of poetry to elevate and exalt. Moreover, Mazeppa, in being subjected to the scornful gaze of hundreds—nay, haply of thousands of spectators—the base retinue of a barbarous power—in a state of uttermost nudity, was subjected to an ordeal of shame and rage, which neither the contemplative nor imaginative mind could brook to see applied to even the veriest outcast scum of our race. He was, in fact, placed naked in a moving pillory—and the hissing shower of scornful curses by which he was by those barbarians assailed, is as insupportable to our thoughts as an irregular volley, or street-firing, of rotten eggs, discharged by the hooting rabble against some miscreant standing with his face through a hole in the wood, with his crime placarded on his felon-breast. True, that as Mazeppa “recoils into the wilderness,” the exposure is less repulsive to common imagination; but it is not to common imagination that the highest poetry is addressed; and, therefore, though to the fit reader there be indeed some relief or release from shame in the “deserts idle,” yet doth not the feeling of degradation so subside as to be merged in that pleasurable state of the soul, essential to the effect of the true and legitimate exercise of poetical power. Shame pursues him faster than the wolves; nor doth the umbrage of the forest-trees, that fly past him in his flight, hide his nakedness, which, in some other conditions, being an attribute of his nature, might even be the source to him and to us of a high emotion, but which here being forcibly and violently imposed against his will by the will of a brutal tyrant, is but an accident of his position in space and time, and therefore unfit to be permanently contemplated in a creature let loose before the Imaginative Faculty. Nor is this vital vice—so let me call it—in anywise cured or alleviated by his subsequent triumph, when he returns—as he himself tells us he did—at the head of “twice ten thousand horse!”—for the contrast only serves to deepen and darken the original nudity of his intolerable doom. The mother-naked man still seems to be riding in front of all his

pristine dignity, and to efface all remembrance of the degrading process of stripping and of binding, to which of yore the miserable Nude had been compelled to yield, as helpless as an angry child ignominiously whipt by a nurse, till its mental sufferings may be said to be lost in its physical agonies. Think not that I wish to withhold from Byron the praise of considerable spirit and vigour of execution, in his narrative of the race; but that praise may duly belong to very inferior powers; and I am now speaking of Mazzeppa in the light of a great Poem. A great Poem it assuredly is not; and how small a Poem it assuredly is, must be felt by all who have read, and are worthy to read, Homer's description of the dragging, and driving, and whirling of the dead body of Hector in bloody nakedness behind the chariot-wheels of Achilles.

SHEPHERD.

I never heard ony thing like that in a' my days. Weel, then, sir, there were nae wolves to chase me and the Bonassus, nor yet mony trees to overshadow us, but we made the cattle and the sheep look about them, and mair nor ae hooded craw and lang-necked heron gat a fricht, as we came suddenly on him through the mist, and gaed thundering by the cataracts. In an hour or twa I began to get as firm on my seat as a Centaur; and discovered by the chasms that the Bonassus was not only as fleet as a racer, but that he could loup like a hunter, and thocht nae mair o' a thirty feet spang than ye wad think o' stepping across the gutter. Ma faith, we were na lang o' being in Moffat!

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

In your Flight, Mr Hogg, there were visibly and audibly concentrated all the attributes of the highest Poetry. First, freedom of the will; for self-impelled you ascended the animal: Secondly, the impulse, though immediately consequent upon, and proceeding from, one of fear, was yet an impulse of courage; and courage is not only a virtue, and acknowledged to be such in all Christian countries, but among the Romans—who assuredly, however low they must be ranked on the intellectual scale, were nevertheless morally a brave people—to it alone was given the name *virtus*: Thirdly, though you were during your whole flight so far passive as that you yielded to the volition of the creature, yet were you likewise, during your whole course, so far active, that you *guided*, as it appears, the motions, which it was beyond your power entirely to control; thus vindicating in your own person the rights of the superior order of creation: Fourthly, you were not so subjugated by the passion peculiar and appropriate to your situation, as to be insensible to or regardless of the courtesies, the amenities, and the humanities of civilized life,—as witness that glance of mutual recognition that passed, in one moment, between you and the “bonny creature” in the gig; nor yet to be inattentive to the effect produced by yourself and the Bonassus on various tribes of the inferior creatures,—cattle, sheep, crows, and herons, to say nothing of the poetical delight experienced by you from the influence of the beautiful or august shows of nature,—mists, clouds, cataracts, and the eternal mountains: Fifthly, the constantly accompanying sense of danger interfused with that of safety, so as to constitute one complex emotion, under which, hurried as you were, it may be said with perfect truth that you found leisure to admire, nay, even to wonder at, the strange speed of that most extraordinary animal—and most extraordinary he must be, if the only living representative of his species since the days of Aristotle—nor less to admire and wonder at your own skill, equally, if not more, miraculous, and well entitled to throw into the shade of oblivion the art of the most illustrious equestrian that ever “witched the world with noble horsemanship.” Sixthly, the sublime feeling of penetrating, like a thunder-bolt, cloud-land and all the mist-cities that vanished as you galloped into their suburbs, gradually giving way to a feeling no less sublime, of having left behind all those unsubstantial phantom-regions, and of nearing the habitation or tabernacle of men, known by the name of Moffat—perhaps one of the most imaginative of all the successive series of states of your soul since first you appeared among the hills, like Sol entering Taurus: And, Finally, the deep trance of home-felt delight that must have fallen upon your spirit—true

still to all the sweetest and most sacred of the social affections—when, the Grey Mare's Tail left streaming far behind that of the Bonassus, you knew from the murmur of that silver stream that your flight was about to cease—till, lo! the pretty village of which you spoke, embosomed in hills and trees—the sign of the White Lion, peradventure, motionless in the airless calm—a snug parlour with a blazing ingle—re-apparelling instant, almost as thought—food both for man and beast—for the Ettrick Shepherd—pardon my familiarity for sake of my friendship—and his Bonassus: Yea, from goal to goal, the entire Flight is Poetry, and the original idea of nakedness is lost—or say rather veiled—in the halo-light of imagination.

SHEPHERD.

Weel, if it's no provokin', Mr De Quinshy, to hear you, who never was on a Bonassus a' your days, analeezin', wi' the maist comprehensive and acute philosophical accuracy, ma complex emotion during the Flight to Moffat far better than I could do mysell—

NORTH.

Your genius, James, is synthetical.

SHEPHERD.

Synthetical? I houp no—at least nae mair sae than the genius o' Burns or Allan Kinninghame—or the lave—for—

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

What is the precise Era of the Flight to Moffat?

SHEPHERD.

Mr De Quinshy, you're like a' iither great philosophers, ane o' the maist credulous o' mankind! You wad believe me, were I to say that I had ridden a whale up the Yarrow frae Newark to Eltrive! The hail story's a lee! and sae free o' ony fundation in truth, that I wou'd hae nae objections to tak my bible-oath that sic a beast as a Bonassus never was creawted—and it's lucky for him that he never was, for seeing that he's said to consume three bushel o' ingans to dinner every day o' his life, Noah would never hae letten him intill the Ark, and he would have been found, after the subsiding o' the waters, a skeleton on the tap o' Mount Ararat.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

His non-existence in nature is altogether distinct from his existence in the imagination of the poet—and, in good truth, redounds to his honour—for his character must be viewed in the light of a pure *Ens rationis*—or say rather—

SHEPHERD.

Just let him be an *Ens rationis*. But confess, at the same time, that you was bammed, sir.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

I recognise the legitimate colloquial use of the word *Bam*, Mr Hogg, denoting, I believe, “the willing surrendering of belief, one of the first principles of our mental constitution, to any statement made with apparent sincerity, but real deceit, by a mind not previously suspected to exist in a perpetual atmosphere of falsehood.”

SHEPHERD.

Just sae, sir,—that's a *Bam*. In Glasgow, they ca't a ggeg. —But what's the matter wi' Mr North? Saw ye ever the cretur lookin' sae gash? I wish he may no be in a fit o' apoplexy. Speak till him, Mr De Quinshy.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

His countenance is, indeed, ominously sable,—but 'tis most unlikely that apoplexy should strike a person of his spare habit: Nay, I must sit corrected; for I believe that attacks of this kind have, within the last quarter of a century, become comparatively frequent, and constitute one of the not least perplexing phenomena submitted to the inquisition of Modern Medical Science.—Mr North, will you relieve our anxiety?

SHEPHERD (*starting up, and flying to MR NORTH.*)

His face is a' purple. Confoun' that cravat!—for the mair you pu' at it, the tichter it grows.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

Mr Hogg, I would seriously and earnestly recommend more delicacy and gentleness.

SHEPHERD.

Tuts. It's fastened, I declare, ahint wi' a gold buckle,—and afore wi' a gold prin,—a brotch fra Mrs Gentle, in the shape o' a bleedin' heart!—'Twill be the death o' him—Oh! puir fallow, puir fallow!—rax me owre that knife. What's this? You've given me the silver fish-knife, Mr De Quinshy. Na,—that's far waur, Mr Tickler—That swurd for carvin' the round. But here's my ain jockteleg.

[SHEPHERD unclasps his pocket-knife,—and while brandishing it in great trepidation, MR NORTH opens his eyes.

NORTH.

Emond! Emond! Emond!—Thurtell—Thurtell—Thurtell!

SHEPHERD.

A drap o' bluid's on his brain,—and Reason becomes Raving! What's Man?

TICKLER.

Cut away, James. Not a moment to be lost. Be firm and decided, else he is a dead heathen.

SHEPHERD.

Wae's me,—wae's me! Naegoshawk ever sae glowered,—and only look at his puir fingers hoo they are workin'! I canna thole the sight,—I'm as weak's a wean,—and fear that I'm gaun to fent. Tak the knife, Tickler. O, look at his hauns,—look at his hauns!

TICKLER (*bending over MR NORTH.*)

Yes, yes, my dear sir,—I comprehend you—I—

SHEPHERD (*in anger and astonishment.*)

Mr Tickler! are you mad?—fingerin' your fingers in that gate,—as if you were mockin' him!

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

They are conversing, Mr Hogg, in that language which originated in Oriental—

SHEPHERD.

Oh! they're speakin' on their fingers?—then a's richt,—and Mr North's comin' roun' again until his seven senses. It's been but a dwawm!

TICKLER.

Mr North has just contrived to communicate to me, gentlemen, the somewhat alarming intelligence, that the backbone of the pike has for some time past been sticking about half-way down his throat; that being unwilling to interrupt the conviviality of the company, he endeavoured at first to conceal the circumstance, and then made the most strenuous efforts to dislodge it, upwards or downwards, without avail; but that you must not allow yourselves to fall into any extravagant consternation, as he indulges the fond hope that it may be extracted, even without professional assistance, by Mr De Quincey, who has an exceedingly neat small Byronish hand, and on whose decision of character he places the most unfaltering reliance.

SHEPHERD (*in a huff.*)

Does he?—Very weel—syne he forgets auld freens'—let him do sae—

NORTH.

Ohrr Hogrwhu—chru—u—u—u—Hogruwhuu—

SHEPHERD.

Na! I canna resist sic pleadin' eloquence as that—here's the screw, let me try it—Or, what think ye, Mr Tickler,—what think ye, Mr De Quinshy—o' thir pair o' boot-hooks?—Gin I could get a cleik o' the bane by ane o' the vertebræ, I might hoise it gently up, by slaw degrees, sae that ane could get at it wi' their fingers, and then pu' it out o' his mouth in a twinklin'! But first let me look doon his throat—Open your mouth, my dearest sir.

[MR NORTH leans back his head, and opens his mouth.

SHEPHERD.

I see't like a harrow. Rin ben, baith o' ye, for Mr Awmrose.

[TICKLER and MR DE QUINCEY obey.

Weel ackit, sir—weel ackit—I was ta'en in mysell at first, for your cheeks were like coals. Here's the back-bane o' the pike on the trencher—I'll—

[*Re-enter TICKLER and OPIUM-EATER, with MR AMBROSE, pale as death.*]

It's all over, gentlemen—It's all over!

AMBROSE.

Oh! oh! oh!

[*Faints away into TICKLER's arms.*]

SHEPHERD.

What the deevil's the matter wi' you, you set o' fules?—I've gotten out the bane.—Look here at the skeleton o' the shark!

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

Monstrous!

NORTH (*running to the assistance of MR AMBROSE.*)

We have sported too far, I fear, with his sensibilities.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

A similar case of a fish-bone in Germany——

SHEPHERD.

Mr De Quinshy, can you really swallow *that*?

[*Looking at the pike-back, about two feet long.*]

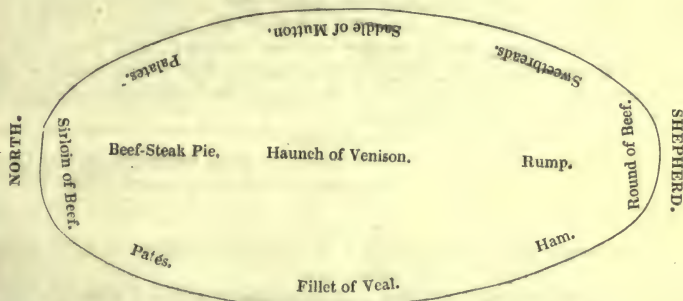
But the hour has nearly expired.

[*The Leanders play—"Hey, Johnnie Cope, are you wauken yet?"—*

MR AMBROSE starts to his feet—runs off—and re-appears almost instantler at the head of the forces.

Third Course.—Flesh.

TICKLER.



ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

SHEPHERD (*in continuation.*)

And do you really think, Mr North, that the kintra's in great and general distress, and a' orders in a state o' absolute starvation?

NORTH.

Yes—James—although the Duke cannot see the sufferings of his subjects, I can—and——

SHEPHERD.

Certain appearances do indicate national distress; yet I think I cou'd, withouten meikle difficulty, lay my haun the noo on ithers that seem to lead to a different conclusion.

NORTH.

No sophistry, James. True, that we are now sitting at a Feast. But remember, James, that All Fool's Day has been duly celebrated by us ever since the commencement of our career, and that one omission of observance of such anniversary might prove fatal to the existence of "The Magazine."

SHEPHERD.

At least ominous. For sure aneuch it wou'd be ungratefu' to forget our subscribers.

NORTH.

And are we to violate a sacred custom, merely because the country has been brought by an incapable and unprincipled ministry to the brink of ruin?

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

Yet, I have seen nothing in the condition of the people, to incline me to doubt the truth of the doctrine—originally stated by Say, afterwards expounded by Ricardo—and, since the death of that illustrious discoverer—(happier than Cooke, who by twice circumnavigating the globe,—for on his third voyage he was cut off by the savage Sandwichers, the problem unsolved—ascertained the non-existence of Terra Incognita Australis;—yea, more felicitous even than Columbus, who, while he indeed found a new world, mistook it for an old one, and dreamt that he beheld isles that of old had been visited for their golden store by the ships of Solomon:—) I say, since the death of David Ricardo unmercifully and laboriously overloaded with a heap of leaden words that love the ground, by Smith and MacCulloch [whose pages are the most arid spots in that desert of Politico-Economical science which the genius of the Jew mapped out, indicating the direction in which all the main caravan roads ought to run by the banks of the rivers, by the wells, and by the oases]—that doctrine, which, being established by arguments *a priori*, would indeed remain in my reason immutable as an axiom in the mathematics, in spite of all the seeming opposition of mere outward facts, or phenomena from which the blind leading the blind, owl-like in mid-day, would seek to draw conclusions at vital enmity with those primal truths subsisting effectually and necessarily in the Relations of Things;—[which relations indeed they are, shadowed or figured out to ordinary apprehension under various names:]—the Doctrine, in short, that Production is the Cause of Production, that Vents create Vents, and thence, that a universal Glut is a Moral and Physical Impossibility, the monster of a sick merchant's dream.

SHEPHERD.

That Vents creawte Vents! Do you mean, in plain language, Mr De Quinshy, to say that lums creawte lums—that æ chimley procreawtes anither chimley—

NORTH.

My dear James, you know nothing of Political Economy—so hold your—

SHEPHERD.

Heaven be praised—for a' them that pretends they do—I mean the farmers—aye break. I ken æ puir fallow, a cock-laird, wi' a pleasant mailin' o' his ain, that had been in the family since Seth, that got his death by studyin' the Stot. “Stimulate Production! Stimulate Production!” was aye puir Watty's cry—“Nae fear o' consumption. The *nati consumere fruges*”—(for the Stot had taught him to quote some rare lines o' Latin)—“will aye be hungry and thirsty, and need to wear claes;”—but Watty drave baith his pigs and his sheep to a laigh market; he fand that the Stot was likewise far wrang in tellin' him that competition cou'd no possibly reduce profits—an apophthegm you would hae thocht aforehaun' that wud hae scunner'd a natural-born idiot—yet still wad Watty study the Stot—for he was a dour cretur—till æ nicht, ridin' hame frae Selkirk, wi' MacCulloch's Principles in the right-haun' pouch o' his big-coat, he was, as you nicht easily hae conjectured, thrawn aff his balance, and cowpin' ower till that side, was dragged wi' his fit in the stirrup till he was as dead as the Stot's ain doctrine about Absentees.

NORTH.

Besides, gentlemen, remember that our board to-day is chiefly supplied by presents, among which are many love-gifts from the fair—

SHEPHERD.

And then, The Fragments—

NORTH.

The *Reliquiæ Danaum*—

SHEPHERD.

Are the property o' the poor—

NORTH.

And will all be distributed to-morrow—by ticket—according to the arrangement of Mrs Gentle——

SHEPHERD.

The maist charitable o' God's creturs—exceptin' yoursell, my dear sir—whose haun' is open as day—Oh, man! but there's a heap o' hatefu' meanin' in the epithet, *close-fisted*! I like aye to see the open pawm, for it's amaist as expressive 's the open broo. A greedy chiel—him that's ony way meeserly, aye sits, you'll observe, wi' his nieves crunkled up unconsciously through the power o' habit, or keeps them in the pockets o' his breeks as if fumblin' amang the fardens; and let the conversation be about what it wull, there's aye a sort o' mental reservation in his een, seemin' to say, that if the talk shou'd tak a turn, and ony hint be drapt about a subscription to a droon'd fisherman's widow and weans, or the like, he'll instantly thraw cauld water on't, suggest enquiries intill her character, and ring the bell for his hack.—North, luk at thae twa creturs gutlin'—the tane at the saiddle, and the tither at the fillet!—Awmrose, change the position o' the foure principal dishes answerin' to the Foure Airts.

[AMBROSE makes the saddle exchange places with the fillet, the sirloin with the round.

By this dispensation, each o' us gets easy access, feenally, to a' the dishes, sereawtim; can carve in his ain way, and taks his fair chance o' the tid-bits;—but d'ye ken, sirs, that I'm gettin' melancholy—fa'in' into laigh spirits—weary o' life. I houp it's but the reaction frae that daffin'—but really the verra skies seem to ma een as if I were lookin' up to them, lyin' on my back aneath a muddy stream—while, as for this globe, it's naething but glaur! The poetry o' life is dead and buried, sir, and wha can bear to be wadin' frae mornin' till nicht, up to his oxters, in prose? The verra Deevil himsell 's got dull in the haun's o' that Rab Montgomery,—cauld-rifed, as if hell were out o' coals,—a' its blast-furnaces choked up wi' blue silent ashes—and the damned coorin' and chitterin' in corners, as if fire were frost.

NORTH.

James! James!

SHEPHERD.

Dinna be feared for me bein' blasphemous. Rather than sin sae, micht I cease to breathe, or gang sighin' and sabbin' in insanity through the woods and moors! The Deevil's just as utter a nonentity as ony ither dream; or if no, at the maist, he's but a soap-bubble. Mind ye, I'm speakin' o' an external Deevil—a shaped Satan—a limb'd Lucifer—a Beelzebub wi' a belly—goin' bodily about, wi' cloots and horns, seeking whom he may devour.

NORTH.

The saving superstition of the imagination.

SHEPHERD.

Just sae—shadows seen by sin movin' atween and the sky in the gloamin', when naeboddy's near, but some glowerin' and listenin' auld motionless tower—shadows o' its ain thochts, at which it aften gangs demented—nor will they subside awa' intill naething, but, unsubstantial as they are, far mair endurable than substance—just as ghosts continue to glide about for centuries after the bodies have amaist ceased to be even banes, and haunt a' the hills and glens, sunshine and moonlight alike, loun or stormy days;—nor unprivileged are they by conscience to enter—just as if a thunder-cloud were passin' the sky-light windows—into the house o' God—still by the side o' the sinner, even on the Sabbath—and keepin' fixed on his their dismal een; they can frichten the immortal spirit within him, sae that his ears nae mair transmit to it the singin' o' the psalm—unless you ca' that singin', which is mair like the noise o' ever sae mony swarms o' bees a' castin' thegither on a het day on the same sycamore, and murderin' ane anither in the confusion o' queens, by hail hives, till the winged air is in torment, and a' the grun' aneath crawlin' wi' wrathfu' mutilation!

NORTH.

Pollok was a true poet—and the Course of Time, though not a poem,

overflows with poetry; but the apes of that angel must be bagged, and stifled in the cess-pools of the cities where they——

SHEPHERD.

Suppose we begin wi' the Embro' apes. There's that cretur——

NORTH.

Let him stand over for a season—one other chatter—and he dies.

SHEPHERD.

I cou'd greet—I hae grat—to think o' puir Pollok haein' been ca'd sae sune awa'—but his country may be said to hae bigged a monument ower his remains.

NORTH.

Poor Blanco White's London Review—got up among some of the most formal of the Oxford prigs—for Whatley surely could never countenance such a concern—the only number that ever got printed ordered the world to despise Pollok. The Course of Time—Miltonic in design and execution—was tried by the Oriel critic as a prize poem——

SHEPHERD.

I recollect, sir. Yon Number's used at Mount-Benger still, as a stane weight——

NORTH.

Each paltry periodical, James, that, born of poorest parents, and fed from the first, as paupers' brats must be, on pap provided by charity, begins soon as it is dropped, drab-and-ditch-delivered, instinctively to caterwaul after the fashion of its progenitors, like a nest o' kittens, snoking about the straw with their little red snub-noses, and sealed swoln eyes, which are plainly doomed never to see the day, except perhaps one single blink on the morning they are all plopped pitilessly into a pond, to be fished out and flung in again, every spring-Saturday, by schoolboys learning the elements of angling——Each paltry periodical, James, weekly, monthly, or quarterly—while like a puddle in a cart-wheel rut, it attempts to reflect the physiognomy of Christopher North—employs the very first moments of its transitory existence in shewing its gums—for time is not given it for teeth—at ME—at Us—at the MAGAZINE—who would not even take the trouble of treating it as a Newfoundland dog has been sometimes seen to treat a troublesome turnspit.

SHEPHERD.

Oot they gang, ane after the ither, like sae mony farden candles stickin' intill turnips—and och! what a shabby stink! Ae single sneer frae you, sir, smeeks and smithers them in their ain reek; and yet, sic is the spite o' stupidity, that ae fule taks nae warnin' frae the fate o' the fule afore him, but they are a' like sae mony sheep, jumpin' o' their ain accord into the verra shambles—although the Shepherd—that's me—does a' he can wi' his colleys to keep them out o' the jaws o' destruction, and get them a' safely collected in ae staring squad on the common, whare they may feed on herb-age little or nane the waur for the goose-dung.—Hoo's the Embro Review gaun on?

NORTH.

Very well indeed, James. Methinks, under the new editor, it hath more pith and smeddum.

SHEPHERD.

O' late years it has aye reminded me o' an auld worn-out ram, whom the proprietor does na like either to let dee o' hunger, or a' at aince to pit out o' its meesery—but syne he's of nae use noo, and wunna sell either for woo' or meat, the master flings him noo and then a turnip, and noo and then alloos him a wusp o' strae—as he stauns wi' his tawty sides, speeral horns, and beard that has never been shaven in the memory o' man—the Eemage rather than the Reality o' a Ram.

NORTH.

Why, James, the youth of the animal seems in some measure restored, and he butts away with much animation and——

SHEPHERD.

Let him tak tent he does na break his horns. Them that's beginning to bud's tender, but them that's dune wi' growin' 's frush; I hae nae faith

in the renewal o' youth; and though the Ram, videlicet, the Review, may be better fed noo than for some wunters by-past—puir beast!—yet he can only be patched up. Ye may aiblins fatten his sides—but I'll defy you to harden his horns. Wash him in the Sky-blue Pool, but still wull his woo' be like a specie o' hair on some outlandish dug; and as for continuin' his—

NORTH.

Southey's Colloquies are, in the opinion of young Macauley, exceedingly contemptible—

SHEPHERD.

And wha's young Macauley?

NORTH.

The son of old Macauley.

SHEPHERD.

And wha the deevil's auld Macauley?

NORTH.

Zachary.

SHEPHERD.

What? The Sierra Leone Saint, who has been the means of sendin' sae many sinners to Satan through that accursed settlement?

NORTH.

The same—whom our friend Macqueen has squabashed—and whom that able and accomplished man, Charles M'Kenzie, late consul-general at Hayti—

SHEPHERD.

Charles M'Kenzie! I see his Notes on Hayti advertised by Colburn. I'll warrant they'll be gude—for I remember him lang ago, a medical student at the College here, afore he turned himsell to mercantile affairs, and a cleverer young man wasna in a' Embro.'

NORTH.

He is about to be sent out by Government to Cuba—one of the judges to enquire—

SHEPHERD.

I'm glad to hear't—I houp noo he'll send me hame some rum and limes—wi' a hoghead o' sugar—

NORTH.

But, James, as I was saying, Thomas Macauley informs his fellow-creatures that Robert Southey's mind is "utterly destitute of the power of discerning truth from falsehood."

SHEPHERD.

Then Thomas Macauley is nather mair nor less than an impertinent puppy for his pains; and Maga should lay him across her knee, doun wi' his breeks, and haun' ower head wi' the tause on his doup, like Dominie Skelp—

NORTH.

He adds, "Mr Southey brings to the task two faculties which were never, we believe, vouchsafed in measure so copious to any human being,—the faculty of believing without a reason, and the faculty of hating without a provocation;" and again, "in the mind of Mr Southey, reason has no place at all, as either leader or follower, as either sovereign or slave."

SHEPHERD.

I wonner, sir, hoo you can remember sic malignant trash. An' these are the symptoms, sir, are they, that the youth o' the auld Ram is renewed?

NORTH.

No doubt seems to have entered the mind of the young gentleman, that, while in fact he was merely attempting, without much point, to stick a pin into the calve of one of Mr Southey's literary legs, he was planting a dagger in the brain of the Laureate.

SHEPHERD.

A Lilliputian atween the spauls o' Gulliver. Yet one canna but admire the courage o' the cretur in the inverse ratio o' its impotence. Only suppose Soothey to stir in his sleep—but to gie a sneeze or a snore—and hoo the bit barrister—for I remember what the bit body is noo—would wriggle awa like a worm, and divin' intill some dung, hide himsell amang the grubs.

NORTH.

He's a clever lad, James—

SHEPHERD.

Evidently, and a clever lad he'll remain, depend ye upon that, a' the days o' his life. A clever lad o' thirty year auld and some odds, is to ma mind the maist melancholy 'sicht in nature—only think o' a clever lad o' three-score and ten on his death-bed, wha can look back on nae greater achievement than haein' aince—or aiblins ten times—abused Mr Soothey in the Embro' Review!

NORTH.

The son of the Saint, who seems himself to be something of a reviewer, is insidious as the serpent, but fangless as the slow-worm.

SHEPHERD.

That's the hag or blin-worm?

NORTH.

The same. He pretends to admire Mr Southey's poetry, that with its richness he may contrast the poverty of his prose. "His larger poems," quoth he, "though *full of faults*, are nevertheless extraordinary productions. We doubt greatly *whether they will be read fifty years* hence—but that, *if they are read*, they will be admired, we have no doubt whatever." As for his short poems, "they are not generally happy;" and "his odes are for the most part worse than Pye's, and as bad as Cibber's."

SHEPHERD.

Puir deevil! hoo envious thochts maun hae been eatin' awa' at his heart like mites in a rotten cheese!

NORTH.

All Mr Southey's heroes—says the Templar—"make love either like seraphim or cattle." "No man out of a cloister ever wrote about love so coldly, and at the same time so grossly."

SHEPHERD.

A' the young leddies in Britain ken that to be a lee—and the cross-bred puppy o' a mongrel-cur wadna hesitate to ca' themselves limmers, after speakin' o' the coldness and grossness of the love of Thalaba for Oneiza his Arabian Maid, whether breathed in delight in their tent beneath the palm-tree's shade, or groaned in madness amid the tombs, after Azrael the angel of death had left their bridal chamber. What does he mean by cattle?

NORTH.

Obscene insolence!

SHEPHERD.

Trash like that, sir, wad damn at aince any new periodical. Tak ma word for't, sir, the auld Ram'll no leevè lang on sic articles o' consumption. He'll tak the rot, and dee a' ae scab, ae carbuncle, "a perfect chrysolite."

NORTH.

I had some thoughts of exposing the gross misrepresentations—say the falsehoods—of this article—but—

SHEPHERD.

'Tweel it's no worth your while. The weed's withered, I'se warrant, by this time, though no a month auld—while the flowers o' Mr Soothey's genius, rich and rare, bright and balmy, will breathe and bloom as lang's the sun shines on the earth, and the Seasons keep rinnin', alternately, unwearied alangside o' his chariot wheels. Mr De Quinshy, what for dinna ye speak?

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

Mr Southey is, beyond all doubt, one of the most illustrious, just as Mr Macauley is one of the most obscure men, of the age. The abuse lavished upon him in that contemptible critique on his Colloquies—a critique which I have read, and therefore must correct the statement I made about the middle of the last Course, that I had not seen any number of the Edinburgh Review since that for April 1826—is baser than I could have expected even from a Macauley—meaning thereby any Sinner among the Saints—and I do not doubt, Mr Hogg, to use your own amusing image, that it will sicken, if

not poison to death, the old Ram—the ancient Aries—a sign into which the sun never enters——

SHEPHERD.

That's wutty—I'm a sure judge o' wut—that's wutty!

TICKLER (*aside to the SHEPHERD.*)

But so-so—I prefer our admirable friend's logic to his——

SHEPHERD (*aside to TICKLER.*)

Na—na—I canna thole his logic.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

But while I reprobate the insolent spirit in which this obscure cipher has chosen to speak of such a good and great man, let it be understood that I not only withhold my sympathy from some of the sentiments expressed by Mr Southey in his Colloquies, but censure them as most erroneous, and most unjust—as, for example, all that he has falsely and foolishly said, in that and other works, respecting the periodical literature of this age. What right had Mr Southey, who gains an honourable livelihood chiefly by his contributions to Reviews, to put into the mouth of Sir Thomas More the following insulting sentence—insulting to many minds of the same order with his own, and as devoted to the truth:—"The waters in which you have now been angling have been shallow enough, if the pamphlet in your hand is, as it appears to be, a Magazine." Nor is his answer to the Ghost more courteous to his contemporaries:—"In publications of this kind, prejudicial as they are to public taste and public feeling, and therefore deeply injurious to the real interests of literature, something may sometimes be found to compensate for the trash, and tinsel, and insolent flippancy, which are now become the staple commodities of such journals."

SHEPHERD.

Hut—tut, Mr Soothey; you shouldna hae said that, sir,—for it's no tr——.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

In the first place, Mr Southey ought to have given the name of the pamphlet—that is, the Magazine—from which he chose to extract Kant's Idea of a Universal History on a Cosmopolitical plan. Secondly, he ought to have printed that extract as an extract from that Magazine, and not to have attempted—rather unsuccessfully—to incorporate its substance with his own work. Thirdly, he ought to have given the name of the translator, not unknown to him, when he scrupled not to enrich his Colloquies with some of Kant's thoughts, in the original to him inaccessible, as Mr Southey's knowledge of the language of Germany does not embrace the nomenclature of any of its philosophical schools or sects. Fourthly, to insult publicly the character of all Magazines—that included from which you are at the same time pilfering a jewel, (Mr Southey will—nay, must—ponder the word "pilfer,") is inconsistent with the common courtesies of life, and unworthy of a scholar and gentleman. Fifthly, the Magazine from which Mr Southey makes that extract (which I may mention was translated by me) was the London Magazine, published by Taylor and Hessey, and originally under the editorship of John Scott. Its chief supporters were Charles Lamb, William Hazlitt, Allan Cunningham, Thomas Hood, Reynolds, the most amiable and ingenuous Aytoun, whose beautiful and original Papers were afterwards collected and published in two volumes, and—let me not assume the semblance of that paltry humility which I despise—myself; and how dared Mr Southey to assert, that of any journal so supported, tinsel, trash, and insolent flippancy, were the staple commodities?

SHEPHERD.

I cou'dna love as weel as admire ony man, however great and good, and Mr Soothey's baith, and has aye been generous to my genius, gin he hadna his wee bit weaknesses like ither folk—sae on the whole, I'm glad that he has been sae far left to himsell as to sneer at a' the Maggazins, and insult, in a lump, a' their editors, contributors, and subscribers, comprehending, I guess, nine-tenths o' the nation.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

Neither shall a spurious delicacy deter me from declaring, even here, that

there is more wit, and more wisdom, in the Periodical over which, Mr North, you preside, and to which there are now present two of the most distinguished contributors——

SHEPHERD.

Say three, sir—say three, Mr De Quinshy—for when you do write—pity it's sae seldom—ye bang us a'——

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

Than in an equal number of any other miscellaneous volumes, the product of this or the preceding century, not excepting on the list all the best of Mr Southey's own, full as they are of wit and wisdom, and placing him deservedly in the first rank of our literature. Tinsel there may be, but it lies lightly over bars of the beaten gold; he must have an instinct for trash who can detect it among the necessaries and luxuries of life, that are monthly distributed to all classes, with most lavish, even prodigal profusion, from that inexhaustible Magazine; and as for insolent flippancy, that cannot be said, without senseless and blindfolded injustice, to be the staple commodity of a Periodical, of which one of the chief claims has long lain in those myriad-minded Dialogues, whose facete benignities, cordialities, and humanities, form a continued era in the philosophy of human life. Need I name, unworthy member as I am of this meeting—the Noctes Ambrosianæ!

OMNES.

Hurra—hurra—hurra!

SHEPHERD.

Gie me an unce o' opium, Mr De Quinshy——

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER (*filling up drops of laudanum in the minimeter to 120.*)

I give you a small dose to begin with, Mr Hogg——

SHEPHERD.

Na—na—I was but jokin—I'm ower auld to begin on the poppy, I'se e'en keep to the maut.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

To recur, for a brief space, to the article on Mr Southey in the Edinburgh Review. The editor, who, I am told, is an able and judicious man, ought not to have admitted it, at this juncture, or crisis, into his work. Mr Jeffrey and Mr Southey were open and avowed foes, Mr Jeffrey having been, beyond all question, the aggressor. The interest of the war was at an end, when that accomplished champion quitted the field; and the public is not prepared to regard, with any satisfaction, the renewal of the attack on Mr Southey, by a combatant whose shield bears no impress of any high enterprise. He is, after all, but a mere skirmisher, and could not abide the onset of a man-at-arms.

NORTH.

The editor should at least have assured himself, by a perusal of the Colloquies, that the young man's critique, as it is called, contained no such wilful misrepresentations as would disgrace a gentleman in the intercourse of private life.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

Yet several such there are—gross mistatements of facts—to say nothing of the spirit of misinterpretation that pervades the whole article—like envenomed blood, circulated through a body bloated and discoloured by some rank disease. The mention of one will suffice; and, if not dead to shame, let the face of the reviewer blush brass, while he hangs down his head.

NORTH.

The volumes are in the saloon-library. I will get them for you in a moment. [*Mr NORTH takes down the Colloquies from the shelf* Cæsar.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

Beautifully bound!—By what artist?

NORTH.

By Henderson.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

Now, I will make a complete exposure of this prig—who, in seeking to render Mr Southey ridiculous, has made himself hateful.

SHEPHERD.

Here's your health, sir, again, in a caulker.—Let's hear't.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

In the Colloquy entitled—Walla-Crag—Sir Thomas More, having said that the progress of the useful arts, and the application of science to the purposes of common life, warrant the expectation, that whenever a state shall duly exercise its parental duties, there will be no trades which shall either hebetate the faculties or harden the heart,—

SHEPHERD.

That, I fear, 's Utopian.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

Not the less characteristic, on that account, Mr Hogg, of Sir Thomas More.

SHEPHERD.

Eh?

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

Montesinos—the name Mr Southey adopts in these Colloquies—says, "Butchers will continue,"—and then adds, "I cannot but acknowledge, with good John Fox, that the sight of a slaughterhouse or shambles, if it does not disturb this clear conviction," (he is alluding to the mercifulness of cutting off suddenly and violently the existence of animals, who thus suffer less than those who die of disease or inanition,) "excites in me uneasiness and pain, as well as loathing."

SHEPHERD.

Natural enough, surely, and likely to happen to a' men unaccustomed to see butchin'—

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

"They produce," continues Mr Southey, "a worse effect upon the persons employed on them;" and, again, he says, "perhaps, however, the hardness of heart which this occupation is believed to produce, may, in most cases, have been the cause wherefore it is chosen."

SHEPHERD.

I can scarcely agree wi' that—

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

Allow me, Mr Hogg, to complete what I have got to say, without interruption. Here the Reviewer falls foul of Mr Southey for an alleged libel on Butchers. "Mr Southey," quoth he, "represents them as men who are necessarily reprobates—as men who must necessarily be reprobates—even in the most improved state of society—even, to use his own phrase, in a Christian Utopia." Here follows a forty-line page of high moral vituperation. Now, the charge is entirely false, and the Reviewer must have known it to be entirely false. For there is an alternation—an interchange of sentiment on this subject between the two interlocutors in the Dialogue. Sir Thomas More corrects this first wholly natural, but partly erroneous impression, made on the mind of Montesinos by the sight of the shambles, and shews him "how he is mistaken." Montesinos represents himself as being set right by the gracious Ghost, and says, "The best answer, however, to what I was unthinkingly disposed to credit, is, that the men engaged in this occupation are not found to furnish more than their numerical proportion of offenders to the criminal list; and that, as a body, they are by no means worse than any other set of men upon the same level." He then quotes Dr Beddoes, and enters somewhat deeper into the philosophy of the matter—observing, "because they are well fed, they are not exposed to the temptation which necessity brings with it, the mother of crime, as well as of arts; and their occupation being constant, they are likewise safe from the dangers of idleness. The relation, too, in which they stand to their customers, places them in a salutary degree of dependence, and makes them understand how much their own welfare depends upon civility and good conduct."

SHEPHERD.

Macauley can hae nae principle—that's flat.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

Sir Thomas More is then made to say to Montesinos—"You have thus yourself remarked, that men who exercise the occupation, which of all others at first sight appears most injurious to the human heart, and which inevitably must injure it to some degree, are, in point of fact, no worse than their neighbours, and much better than the vagrant classes of the population, and than those whose employment is casual. They are better, because they fare better, and are more under the influence of order. Improve the condition of others, bring them within the sphere of order, instead of leaving them merely within the reach—the chance reach, almost it may be called—of vindictive law, and the result will be the same."

TICKLER.

Your exposure, sir, of the calumniator, is complete.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

Allow me to read one short passage more from the Review—"And what reasons are given for a judgment so directly opposed to every principle of sound and manly morality?—*Merely this*—that he cannot abide the sight of their apparatus—that from certain peculiar associations, he is affected with disgust when he passes by their shops."

SHEPHERD.

O man! I wadna be that Macauley for ony money. Hoo sma' he looks! Hoo sma' he sings! and hoo sma' he maun feel in the preevat consciousness, and the public conviction, o' haein deliberately traduced sic a man as Mr Soothey! without ony ither provocation, I jalouse, than the sense o' inferiority, that keeps gnawin like a veeper at the veetals o' the envious, and licks up party spite, or rather party spittle, a foul and fetid foam that drenches the worm's fangs—if it has gotten ony—and a' worms hae organs o' some sort or ither for bitin'—in a poison that only the mair blackens and embitters its ain rotten heart.

NORTH (*glancing over the article in the Review.*)

What stuff's this about lawyers and soldiers?

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

All of the same kidney—silly sophistry or monstrous misrepresentations—which——

NORTH.

The Whigs will chuckle and crow over—but the gentlemen of England tread scornfully under foot, as something smelling of a new kind of Cockneyism, even more offensive to the senses than that which stinks Little Britain.

SHEPHERD.

Fling't frae you. Wi' a' your fawtes, sir, you never admit intill Maga ony malignant attacks on Genius, and Virtue, and Knowledge—and when or where were these Three ever united mair gloriously, and mair beautifully, and endearingly, than in Mr Soothey? Had Mr Soothey been a Whig—and had he leev'd in Embro' here—and had you written in that way about him—(a great heap o' maist impossible and contradictory supposes, I alloo—something like supposin' licht darkness, and straught crooked, and honey the jice o' aloes)—what a hullyballoo wou'd hae been raised again you, and what'n an assassin wou'dna ye hae been ca'd, like the Auld Man o' the Mountain! But ye never was an assassin, sir, ony mair than a Sant. O' a' the Great Poets o' the age, whatever their politics or their purity, you have sounded the eulogium, trumpet-tongued, till a' the warld rang wi' their fame. What'n a contrast atween Maga and the Ram!—But whisht, I heard a fisslin in the gallery!

NORTH.

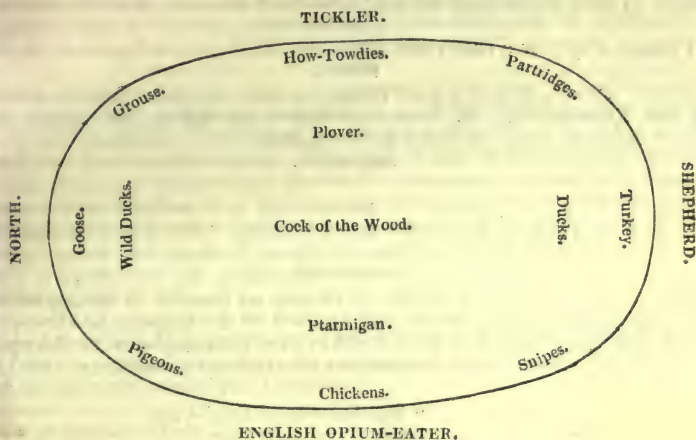
Leander!

The Horns sound, and enter the ring: AMBROSE.

SHEPHERD (*in continuation.*)

Ggemm! and Fools!

Fourth Course.—Fowl.



SHEPHERD.

I fancy the order of the day hauds gude alike through a' the coorses—every man helpin' himsell to the dish neist him;—and then to think hoo the verra seasons themselfs accommodate their productions to our Festival!—Soops, Fish, Flesh, and Fool o' a' sorts in perfection, in spite o' the month—it's really curious, and shews hoo folk's the slaves o' habit.—Mr North, any thing gaun on, up by yonner in Lunnun, in the literary department?

NORTH.

I live so entirely out of the literary world, James, that——

SHEPHERD.

Ye leeve in a' kind o' warlds, you warlock; and confoun me if I dinna believe you employ spies.

NORTH.

None, my dear James, but these two eyes—now waxing somewhat dim—and these two ears, now waxing somewhat deaf—and that general sense of feeling spread by nature all over the surface of the body, all through its frame, and originating in the interior of the soul, by which one is made to feel and know a thousand indescribable things, far beyond the acquisition of the mere understanding, things of which the range grows, so it seems, wider and wider every day as we near the place of our final rest.

SHEPHERD.

No—I canna say I do—but what's gaun on in Lunnun in the book-way?

NORTH.

Sotheby has published three Specimens of his translation of Homer—The First Book of the Iliad—the Parting between Hector and Andromache—and the Shield of Achilles.

TICKLER.

A bold, nay, a rash man, to enter the lists with Pope.

SHEPHERD.

Wi' Pop? What for no? I've heard there's a great difference atween Pop's Homer and Homer's Homer, and I can weel believ't——

TICKLER.

And so perhaps will there be found to be between Sotheby's Homer and Homer's Homer—James—a great or greater——

NORTH.

Sotheby's Georgics stamped him the best translator in Christendom. That was, in my opinion, a more difficult achievement than an equally admirable translation of the Iliad. I have read his Specimens—and in an early Number—perhaps the next—intend to sift them thoroughly, comparing all the fine or difficult passages in the original, with Pope, Hobbes, Chapman, Cowper—and my friend, Mr Sotheby, who will probably be found, in the whole, to have excelled all his predecessors in this great task.

TICKLER.

I'll back Pope for a rump and dozen——

NORTH.

Done. Have you seen a little volume, James, entitled "Tales in Verse," by the Reverend H. M. Lyte—published by Marsh and Miller, and which seems to have reached a second edition?

SHEPHERD.

Na!

NORTH.

Now, that is the right kind of religious poetry. Mr Lyte shews how the sins and sorrows of man flow from irreligion, in simple but strong domestic narratives, told in a style and spirit reminding one sometimes of Goldsmith, and sometimes of Crabbe. A volume so humble in its appearance and pretensions runs the risk of being jostled off the highway into bye-paths—and indeed no harm if it should, for in such retired places 'twill be pleasant reading—pensive in the shade, and cheerful in the sunshine. Mr Lyte has reaped

"The harvest of a quiet eye,
That broods and sleeps on its own heart"—

and his Christian Tales will be read with interest and instruction by many a fireside. The Brothers is eminently beautiful; and he ought to give us another volume.

SHEPHERD.

Wha's she, that Mrs Norton, that wrote the Sorrows o' Rosalie?

NORTH.

Daughter of poor dear Tom Sheridan, who was indeed a star. Four generations of genius!—She is, I am told, even more beautiful than——

SHEPHERD.

Her poetry? That'll no be easy, sir; for there's a saftness and a sweetness, and a brichtness, and abune a' an indefinite, and indescribable, and undefinable, and unintelligible, general, vague, dim, fleetin' speerit o' feminine sympathy and attraction—na, na, na, these are no the richt words ava—a celestial atmosphere o' the balm o' a thousand flowers, especially lilies and roses, pinks, carnations, violets, honeysuckle, and sweetbriar—an intermingled mawgic o' the sweetest scents in natur—heaven and earth breathin' upon ane anither's faces and breasts—hangin' ower yon bit pathetic poem, Rosalie, that inclines ane to remember the fair young lady that wrote it in his prayers!

NORTH.

Good, kind, and true, my dear James. That is criticism.

SHEPHERD.

It's a story of seduction, nae doot, and the prim-mou'd will purse up their lips at it, as if you were gaun to offer to kiss them—than whilk naething could be farther frae my intentions—however near it might be to their desires.

NORTH.

"A tale of tears—a mortal story."

SHEPHERD.

Oh! sir! hoo delicately virtuous women write about love! Chastity feels her ain sacred character—and, when inspired by genius, isna she a touchin' Muse! Modesty, Chastity's sister, though aiblins at times rather just a wee thoct ower doun-lookin', and as if a red light fell suddenly on a white lily or a white rose blushin' no that deeply, but wi' a thin, fine, faint

fleetin' tint, sic as you may see within the inside o' a wee bit curled shell when walking on the yellow sea-shore, you haud it up atween you and the licht, and feel hoo perfectly beautifu' is the pearl——

NORTH.

Mrs Norton is about to publish another poem—"The Undying One."—I do not like the title——

SHEPHERD.

Nor me the noo. But, perhaps, when published, it may be felt to be appropriate; and at a' events, whatever objections there may be to the name, there'll be nane, I'm sure, to the speerit o' the poem.

NORTH.

I remember reading, one day last summer, at the foot of Benlomond, a little poem, called *Gabrielle*, from the pen of Cyrus Redding,—the collaborateur of Campbell, I have heard, in the *New Monthly*,—which breathed a fine, fresh, free mountain spirit. The scene is laid in Switzerland—and the heroine goes mad with woe on the death of her parents under an avalanche. There are numberless true touches of nature, both in the pathetic and the picturesque, which prove the author to belong to the right breed. He is a Poet.

SHEPHERD.

Wha's Bawl?

NORTH.

Mr Ball is a young gentleman, at least I hope so, who has modestly avoided the more difficult and extensive subjects of song, and chosen one of the easiest and narrowest—The Creation.

SHEPHERD.

Of coorse—in blanks?

NORTH.

Yes, James, in blanks.—I see Mr Murray has advertised a "Descent into Hell."

SHEPHERD.

That's rather alarmin'—is it to be performed by Mooshy Shawbert? I thocht Mr Murray wou'd hae keepit clear o' sic flams. The Descent into Hell! That's fearsome. You see, sir, as I was sayin' afore, last coorse, a' the pious poets are plagueareesin' frae Pollok. They'll a' be forgotten in the Course of Time. Preserve me! there's a pun!

NORTH.

And a very fair one, too, James.

SHEPHERD.

A' this wark wi' religious poems reminds me o' the shootin' o' a wild swan ae day, about twenty years syne, by a shepherd, on the Loch. It was, indeed, a maist majestic, and, at the same time, beauteous creatur, seeming, as it lay dead on the greensward, baith foreign and indigenous, to belang equally to a' the snaw-mountains o' the earth. Hunders flocked frae a' pairts o' the Forest to gaze on't, and there was some talk o' stuffin't; but ae nicht it unaccountably disappeared—and a lassie, that was comin' by hersell across the moonlicht hills, said she saw something spiritual-like sailing amang the stars, on wings, that, as they winnowed the blue air, were noiseless as a cloud; but the simple thing, at the time, never thocht of a swan. Weel—naething would serve a' the Shepherds in the Forest, but to gang ilka idle day to the Loch a-swan-shootin'!—so they ca'd it—though never anither swan was shotten on't frae that day till this; but then the chieles now and then got a wild guse, and no unfrequently a wild dyuck; and on ae grand occasion, I remember Jock Linton bringin' to Fahope's an auld drake and an auld dyuck, wi' about a dizzen flappers, as he ca'd them, as tame as ony that ever waddled about the dubs o' a farm-yard. The truth is, they were Fahope's ain Quackies, that had stravaiged to the Loch; and daft Jock never doubted they were swans and cygnets. The application, sir, 's obvious. Pollok's poem is the bonny and magnificent wild swan; a' the lave are but geese or goslins, dyucks or dyucklins—yet every Cockney shooter's as proud as puir Jock Linton, and thinks himsell an Apollo—or, as Homer—that's Pop—says—"The God with the silver bow."

NORTH.

Yet better even such "dilution of trashiness," than a fashionable novel!

SHEPHERD.

Do you ken, sir, I really thocht "The Exclusives" no sae meikle amiss, considerin' that the author's a butler—or rather—I ax his pardon—a gentleman's gentleman, that is to say, a valley-de-sham. To be sure, it was rather derogatory to his dignity, and disgracefu' to the character which he had brocht frae his last place—to marry his master's cast-off kept-mistress; but then, on the other haun', she was a woman o' pairts, and o' some sma' education, and was a great help to him in his spellin' and grammar, and figures o' speech. The style, for that reason, o' the Exclusives, is rather yelegant—and had the limmer, after the loun had made her an honest woman, contributed the maitter too, the trash wou'd hae been far better worth readin', and if nae great favourite in the heart o' toons and cities, micht hae had its ain run amang the sooburbs.

NORTH.

Mr Colburn has lately given us two books of a very different character, Richelieu and Darnley—by Mr Jones. Richelieu is one of the most spirited, amusing, and interesting romances I ever read; characters well drawn—incidents well managed—story perpetually progressive—catastrophe at once natural and unexpected—moral good, but not goody—and the whole felt, in every chapter, to be the work of a—Gentleman.

SHEPHERD.

And what o' Darnley?

NORTH.

Read, and judge.—The scribes who scrawl the fashionable novels compose a singular class. Reps of both sexes—including kept-mistresses and kept men—fancy men, as they are called in St Giles's;—married women, with stains on their reputations as well as on their gowns, labouring under the imputation of ante-nuptial children; unmarried women, good creatures enough, and really not immodest, but who have been *unfortunate*, and, victorious in literature, have yet met a fatal overthrow from love; gamblers, now billiard-markers in hells; fraudulent bankrupts in the Bench; members once returned and received for a rotten borough; rouès, who, at school and college, were reckoned clever, and, upon town, still cling to that belief, which is fast fading into pity, contempt, or scorn; forgers; borrowers; beggars; thieves; robbers; perhaps a murderer, for Jack Thurtell had a literary turn; and had he not been hanged, would, ere now, have produced a fashionable novel.

SHEPHERD.

I wunner, if sic be the constitution o' the clan, that they dinna write better byucks. Blackguards and —— are aften gaily clever. I suspek you omit, in your philosophical enumeration, the mere sumphs and sumphesses——

NORTH.

Two or three men of birth and fashion do wield the pen, such as Lord Normanby, Mr Lister, and Mr Bulwer—they, in their respective styles, write well, and must be horribly annoyed at being brought into contact, by Mr Colburn's indiscriminate patronage, with the scurvy crew of both sexes whose *cacoethes scribendi* is not the worst itch that frets their cuticle.

SHEPHERD.

Hoo's Murray's Family Library gettin' on, sir?

NORTH.

Swimmingly, soaringly. Allan Cunningham's *Lives of the Painters*—I know not which of the two volumes is best—are full of a fine and an instructed enthusiasm. He speaks boldly, but reverentially, of genius, and of men of genius; strews his narrative with many flowers of poetry; disposes and arranges his materials skilfully; and is, in few words, an admirable critic on art—an admirable biographer of artists. Have you read Stebbings' *History of Chivalry and the Crusades*?—No. Then do. 'Tis the last and one of the best of the series in Constable's *Miscellany*—style clear, sentiments and opinions just,

descriptions picturesque, and the stream of narrative strong and flowing. Mr Stebbings is a rising writer.

SHEPHERD.

Are there nae mair o' them, sir?

NORTH.

Several. The author of the Collegians has much genius. Leitch Ritchie writes powerfully; and Picken's *Dominie's Legacy*, three volumes of stories chiefly Scottish, well deserves a place in every library that prides itself on its own snug national corner, set apart for worthies born north of the Tweed.

SHEPHERD.

I aye prophecied gude things o' that Picken; O but his "Mary Ogilvie" is verra affeckin. But, speakin' o' national corners, read ye that letter, sir, in the Examiner, abusin' a' Scotchmen, and the twa capital anes in answer?

NORTH.

I did, James. The Examiner for some years past has been a very able paper—and frequently shews fight, even with the Standard. They are both good swordsmen—and sometimes bleed with mutual but not mortal wounds.

"Thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel just;" and therefore the Examiner contends at odds. But he is "cunning of fence"—strong and nimble-wristed—and without fear. He is—savage as he sometimes seems, nay truculent—I verily believe an honest and generous man,—and while he propounds his own opinions in his leading columns as an honest man should do, why, it is not to the discredit of a generous man, perhaps now and then to give an obscure corner to some pauper who may have seen better days, that the poor wretch, shivering in rags and filthy in squalor, may have the only comfort of which his miserable condition now admits—for cheap as gin is, it must be purchased—the relief of spitting out his bile, as the diseased drunkard dreams on some object of his insane malignity, while the fetid dregs of his spleen, hawked up in a fit of coughing that crinkles of a galloping consumption, fall down a gob on the sore nakedness of his own unstockinged and shoeless feet.

SHEPHERD.

Your defence o' the Examiner's kind, but no sound, sir. He ought to send the pauper to the poor-house. Nay, true charity would alloo him gin and forbid ink.

NORTH.

There can be no bad blood in any good heart, when the question is debated, of the comparative glories of England and Scotland.

SHEPHERD.

I'm no sure o' that, sir; dang't, the fire flees to my face whenever I articulate the first critical letter o' a syllable about to be uttered against Scotland by a Southron.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

Far be it from me, Mr Hogg, to disallow to such feelings, natural as they are; and, therefore, since right in educated minds is but another name for natural—also right; far be it from me, I repeat——

SHEPHERD.

I wasna speakin' o' you, sir, though aiblins I cou'd shew, even in your writins, certain sneering uses o' the word "Scotch," that you micht just as weel hae left to the Cockneys——

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

I indignantly deny the charge, Mr Hogg. A sneer is the resource of the illiberal and illogical——

SHEPHERD.

And deevil tak me, and you too, sir, gin you belang to either o' thae twa classifications! for, as to liberality, I've seen you walkin' arm in arm wi' an atheist; and as to logic, were Aristotle himsell alive, ye wad sae scarify him wi' his ain syllogisms, as na to leave the silly Stagyrte the likeness o' a dog.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

Of the illiberal and illogical—whereas from the earliest dawn of reason——

SHEPHERD.

Nae mair about it, sir. I ax your pardon.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

Mr Hogg, your mind, with all its rich endowments, must be singularly illogical to conclude——

SHEPHERD.

Oh! Mr North—Mr North—I'm about to fa' into Mr De Quinshy's hauns, sae come to my assistance, for I canna thole bein' pressed up backwards, step by step, intul a corner, till an argument that's ca'd a clencher, clashes in your face, and knocks your head wi' sic force against the wa', that your croon gets a clour, leavin' a dent in the wainscoat.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

Insulted, sir, by your boorish breakings-in on that continuous integrity of discourse, which must be granted to each speaker, as long as he usurps not either time or turn in conversation, else dialogue loses both its name and its nature, and colloquy ceases to be—the *esse* sunk in the *posse*——

SHEPHERD.

I never interrumpit a man when he was speakin' in a' my born days, sir. I'm just remarkable for the verra contrar, and for lettin' every body, baith Christian and Cockney, prose awa' till he's tired, sittin' mysell as patient as Job, and as dumb's Diogenes.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

I hesitate not to affirm, that the Scottish intellect is degraded by an odious disputativeness, which truth compels me to denounce as a national depravity or disease, and which it is difficult—nay, I have found it impossible—to reconcile, in belief, with the pure possession of the sovereign reason.

NORTH.

A true bill.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

Thus private life, Scotland thorough, is polluted by the froth spurted from argumentative lips, and darkened by the frowns scowled from argumentative foreheads, and deafened by the noise grinded and grated from argumentative teeth——

SHEPHERD.

Capital—capital—carry on, Mr De Quinshy, I'll no interrupt ye——

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

While public life—witness Bar, Bench, and Pulpit—what is it but one eternal, harsh, dull debate, in which the understanding, a self-sufficient All-in-All, swallows feeling and imagination up—so that when the shallow and muddy waters have at nightfall been run off, lo! the stony channel dry, and the meadows round—irrigated say not—but corrugated with mud-seams—and the hopes of the husbandman or shepherd buried beneath an unseemly and unsavoury deposit of——

SHEPHERD.

Stop. I say, stop. Heard ye e'er o' Dr Chawmers, or Dr Thamson, or Dr Gordon?—Oh ho! ma man—that froon on your face says no; but I'm no feared for your froons—no me indeed—and I just tell you, that like a' the ither lakers, you pheelosopheeze in the face o' facts—try to bend till they break in your verra hands a' practicals that staun in the way o' your ain theories—begin biggin' gran' steadins without ever diggin' ony foundation—which maist likely were ye to attempt doin', you would sune be smothered in a rush o' water and san'—an' feenally, delude yoursell intill the belief that it's a dwallin'-house or mansion o' granite or freestane, while all the rest o' mankind see wi' half an ee that it's composed o' clouds and mist, a mere castle in the air, and that, payin' nae taxes, it'll be flattered awa to the Back o' Beyond outower the mountain-taps, whenever Lord Raise-the-Wind gets into the government, and the Duke o' Stormaway becomes Prime Minister.

NORTH.

the prevailing character of the national mind holds, with some illustrious exceptions, good. We dig deep wells in dry places—with costly enginery and a pompous display of buckets; when, by using the divining rod of instinct, we might have detected many springs a few feet beneath the gowany greensward—nay, by observing “that inward eye that is the bliss of solitude,” have seen flowing on the unsuspected waters of everlasting life!

SHEPHERD.

Tickler! What for are ye no speakin’?

TICKLER.

Bu!

SHEPHERD.

What’n sort o’ an answer’s that, man, to a ceevil question?

TICKLER.

Mu!

SHEPHERD.

Curious mainners!—they may suit Southside, where ye’re a kind o’ king, or three-tailed Bashaw; but here, in Northside, they dinna answer, for here every man’s every inch a king, and he that plays the tyrant yonner must here submit to sit the slave.

TICKLER.

Whu! toothach—toothach!

SHEPHERD.

A thoosan’ pardons, my dear sir! Let me get a red-het skewer frae the kitchen, and burn the nerve.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

Neither, Mr Hogg, can I bring my mind to assent to the proposition with which you ushered in the subject of our present discussion; *to wit*, that Englishmen are prone, as a people, to underrate the national virtues of Scotchmen. This allegation I hold to be the polar opposite of what is true; nor can I refrain from affirming, that manifold as are the excellencies of the Scottish character, there is a tendency, which philosophy may not approve, in the English mind—say rather the English imagination—monstrously and enormously to magnify their proportions—till of the entire frame and limbs thereof, thus rendered more than colossal, it may be said, in the language of Milton, “its stature reached the sky;” but reason recoils from all such dim delusions of dream-land, and sees in a Scotchman—no offence, I hope, gentlemen—a being apparently human, with sandy hair—high cheek-bones—light-blue eyes—wide mouth——

SHEPHERD.

Aiblins wi’ buck-teeth like mine—and oh! pray, do tell us, sir, for we’re verra ignorant, and it’s a subject o’ great importance, what sort o’ a nose?

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

The entire face acute, but coarse—intelligent, but not open——

SHEPHERD.

Like North’s, there—or Tickler’s. Confound me gin I think there are twa sic auld men in a’ England, whuther for face or feegur,—as for mainners, when Tickler’s out o’ the toothach, and North no in the gout or rudiments, they’re perfect paragons, sic as never were seen in the South—and as for mind, ma faith if ye come to that, where’s their match in a’ your twal millions, though our poppilation’s scarcely twa, wi’ women and weans out o’ a’ a’ proportion?

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

Nor can I imagine a charge—at once more false and loathsome—than one which I have heard even you, Mr Hogg, more than once utter against the English—as a people—that they are slaves to the passion of the palate—epicures and gluttons in one—or as the Scotch call it, sneeringly and insultingly—accompanying the reproach with a vulgar laugh, of which the lowest birth would be incapable but for the lowest breeding—“fond of good eating:”—whereas I appeal to the whole history, not of England alone, but of the world, in proof of this simple proposition—“that there exists not, nor ever did exist, a people comparable to the English, in the ascen-

dency in their national character of the spirituous over the sensuous, in the due ordination of the correlates——

SHEPHERD.

I grant a' that—but still I manteen that the English are fonder—prooder they canna be—o' rost-beef and plumm-pudden, than the Scotch o' brose and haggis—that they speak mair and think mair—and muse and meditate atween meals mair—and when at meals, eat mair—and drink mair—and wipe the sweat aff their foreheads mair—and gie every kind o' proof mair o' a fu' stammach—than the Scotch;—and in proof o' that proposition, alloo me, sir, also to make an appeal, no to the hail history o' the warld, but to the pot-bellies ane sees waddlin' out frae front-doors as he spins through English toons and villages on the top o' a licht cotch—pot-bellies, Mr De Quinshy, o' a' sizes, frae the bouk o' my twa hauns expanded upon ane anither's finger-nebs—sae—up till, moderately speaking, the girth o' a hoghead—and no confined to the men, but extendin' to the women—and, pity me, even to the weans—na, to the verra infants (what sookers!) that a' look as they were crammed—instead o' wee piggies—for the second coorse o' the denner o' the King o' the Cannibals.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER (*suavely*.)

Though I pity your prejudices, my dear Shepherd, I cannot but smile with pleasure at your quaint and humorous illustrations.

SHEPHERD.

Argument and illustration, sir, a' in ane. Here's anither doobler. Nae fat wean born in Scotland o' Scotch parents, was ever exhibited as a show in a caravan. Answer me that—and confute the deduction? You canna. Again—there never was a Scotch Lambert. Mercy on us—a Scotchman fifty-seven stane wecht! Feenally, a' great eatin' fates hae been performed in England—sic as a beggar devourin' at ae meal, for a wager, atween twa sportin' characters, twal poun' o' lights and livers, ae pail o' tripe, and anither o' mashed turnip peelin's,—or a farmer an equal wecht o' beef-steaks, a peck plumm-pudden, and a guse, washin' a' ower wi' twa imperial gallons—that's twal' bottles—o' yill.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

A man worthy to be admitted—by acclamation—member of that society whose sittings are designated by the celebrated sound—Noctes Ambrosianæ!

SHEPHERD.

Oh! Mr De Quinshy, Mr De Quinshy! can it be that ye ken sae little o' human natur, o' Scotland, and o' yoursell, as no to ken that this denner—which you wud bring forrit as a cowp-de-grace argumentum at ony man in proof o' the Scotch bein' fonder o' gude eatin' than the English—was provided wi' a' its Coorses—no abune the half o' them's come yet—entirely, though no exclusively—FOR YOU?

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

For me! Most monstrous!

NORTH.

Poor people in Scotland, sir—I do not mean paupers—of whom, in ordinary times, there are few—live almost on nothing—meal and water—nor do they complain of a hard lot. The labouring classes in general, who are not in the same sense poor people, feed not so fully, believe me, in Scotland as in England.

SHEPHERD.

Nor sae frequently in ae day. Five times is common in England. In Scotland, never mair nor three—often but twa—and never nane o' your pies and puddens! rarely flesh-meat, except——

NORTH.

And thus, Mr De Quincey, as the appetites are very much habits, “good eating,” among the lower orders in Scotland, is an indulgence or enjoyment never thought of, beyond the simple pleasure of the gratification of hunger, and of the restoration of strength and spirits so supplied. Believe me, my dear sir, it is so; whereas in England it assuredly is otherwise—though

not to any degrading pitch of sensuality;—there the labouring man enjoys necessities which here we should reckon luxuries of life.

SHEPHERD.

Pies! pies! raised crust pies! Puddens! puddens! rice, bread, and egg puddens!

NORTH.

The whole question lies in a nutshell. England has long been a great, powerful, rich, highly-civilized country, and has equalled, if not excelled, all the countries of modern Europe in all the useful and fine arts, in all the sciences, in all literature, and in all philosophy. Her men, as Campbell, himself a glorious Scotchman, has nobly exulted to declare, “are of men the chief;”—as Wordsworth, himself a glorious Englishman, has nobly exulted to declare,

“Are sprung
Of earth’s first blood, have titles manifold.”

During her long course of glory, she has produced from her celestial soil children of celestial seed—unequalled names—Shakspeare, Spenser, Milton, Newton, Bacon, and other giants who scaled heaven not to storm it, but to worship and adore. Scotland has enjoyed but a single century, it may be said, of full intellectual light. She has not slept nor slumbered beneath the “*rutili spatia ampla diei*,” but uplifted her front in inspiration to the auspicious heavens. Genius, too, has sprung fair and stately from her soil, and eyed the stars shining in fitful beauty through her midnight storms. She too has had, and has, her poets and philosophers—“a glorious train attending;”—transfigured by the useful arts, her old mountains shout aloud for joy—the fine arts have wreathed round the brows of her cities a towery diadem, and filled with lovely imagery her halls and temples. “Science has frowned not on her humble birth,”—while Religion, the source of the highest inspiration, loves her blue skies and green fields with an especial love.

SHEPHERD.

Stop. Ye canna impruv’ that—and it’s God’s truth, every word o’t—is na’t, Mr De Quinshy?

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

Will you accept from me, Mr North, an essay, to be entitled, “Comparative Estimate of the English and Scotch Character?”

NORTH.

My dear sir, when did I ever decline an article of yours?

SHEPHERD.

Faith he seldom gies ye an opportunity—about twice, may be, in the three years.

NORTH.

Why, Scotland is making great strides even in Sculpture. Gibson and Campbell are the most eminent young sculptors now in Rome. Scoular and Steele are following in their footsteps. At home, Fletcher shews skill, taste, and genius—and Lawrence Macdonald, equal to any one of them, if not, indeed, superior to them all—after displaying in groups or single figures, of children, “boys and virgins,” and maidens in their innocent prime, a finest sense of beauty and of grace, that kindles human tenderness by touches of the ideal and divine—has lately nobly dared to take a flight up to a higher sphere, and, in his Ajax and Patroclus, his Thetis and Achilles, essayed, and with success that will soon spread wide his fame, the Heroic in Art, such as gave visible existence in Greece to her old traditions—and peopled the groves and gardens, and pillared porticoes of Athens, with gods and demigods, the tutelary genii of the Acropolis on her unconquered hill.

SHEPHERD.

That’s beautifu’. You maun gie us an article on Sculpture.

NORTH.

I will—including a critical account of those extraordinary works of two original, self-taught geniuses, Thom and Greenshields—Tam o’ Shanter and Souter Johnny—and the Jolly Beggars. The kingdoms of all the Fine Arts have many provinces—why not Sculpture?

SHEPHERD.

Aye, why no?

NORTH.

The Greek Tragedy, James, was austere; in its principles, as the Greek Sculpture. Its subjects were all of ancestral and religious consecration; its style, high, and heroic, and divine, admitted no intermixture even of mirth, or seldom and reluctantly,—much less of grotesque and fantastic extravagancies of humour,—which would have marred the consummate dignity, beauty, and magnificence of all the scenes that swept along that enchanted floor. Such was the spirit that shone on the soft and the stately Sophocles. But Shakspeare came from heaven—and along with him a Tragedy that poured into one cup the tears of mirth and madness; shewed Kings one day crowned with jewelled diadems, and another day with wild wisps of straw; taught the Prince who, in single combat,

“Had quench’d the flame of hot rebellion

Even in the rebels’ blood,”

to moralize on the field of battle over the carcass, of a fat buffoon wittily simulating death among the bloody corpses of English nobles; nay, shewed the son—and that son, prince, philosopher, paragon of men—jocularly conjuring to rest his Father’s Ghost, who had revisited earth “by the glimpses of the moon, making night hideous.”

SHEPHERD.

Stop—stop—sir. That’s aneuch to prove your pint. Therefore, let the range o’ sculpture be extended, so as to comprehend sic subjects as Tam O’Shanter and Souter Johnny—The Jolly Beggars——

NORTH.

Well, James—Of this more hereafter. You see my drift.

SHEPHERD.

Isna Galt’s Lowrie Todd indeed maist amusin’?

NORTH.

It is indeed;—our friend’s genius is as rare and original as ever—the field, too, he treads, is all his own—and it has yielded a rich harvest. By the bye, the Editor of the Monthly Review is a singular person. He thinks Sir Walter Scott’s History of Scotland meagre, feeble, and inaccurate; John Bowring no linguist, and a mere quack of no talents; Galt he declares he never, till very lately, heard of; and the Double Number of Blackwood’s Magazine for February was, in his opinion, dull, stupid, and——

SHEPHERD.

O the coof! Wha is he?

NORTH.

For fourteen years, James, he was Hermit to Lord Hill’s Father.

SHEPHERD.

Eh?

NORTH.

He sat in a cave in that worthy Baronet’s grounds, with an hour-glass in his hand, and a beard once belonging to an old goat—from sunrise to sunset—with strict injunctions to accept no half-crowns from visitors—but to behave like Giordano Bruno.

SHEPHERD.

That’s curious. Wha had the selection o’ him—think ye?—But what’s this I was gaun to say?—Ou, aye—heard ye ever Knowles’s Lectures on Dramatic Poetry?

NORTH.

I have—They are admirable—full of matter—elegantly written, and eloquently delivered. Knowles is a delightful fellow—and a man of true genius.

[The Horns sound for the Fifth Course—“The Gloomy Nicht is gatherin’ fast.” Enter Picardy, &c. The Pipe is obstructed—the Gas Orrery extinguished—and a strange hubbub heard in the mirk.—Finis.]

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THE INFLUENCE OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND IN SOCIETY.

If we were to frame and fashion an Utopia of our own, we should not place it amid the balmy gales of Araby the blest, nor in "either Ind," where luxury and voluptuous ease appear to secure, while they undermine the foundation and poison the springs of happiness. No. We would select the British Isles. "Merry" England should be united, in very deed, to soul-emancipated Ireland; and Scotia's hills, and Cambria's vales, should bear witness, and ring with joy and gladness at the glorious consummation. The same spirit should pervade the whole "band of brothers," and the hearts of the people should be as the heart of one man; and they should all "FEAR GOD, AND HONOUR THE KING;" and, when the hallowed seventh day arrived, a shrilling burst of gratitude should arise from the earth; and "with one accord" the people should offer up their prayers and praises to the Giver of all good things. There should exist no longer sects and divisions, and sub-divisions, stirring up the minds of men, and mingling our base and angry earth-born passions with the things which profess to be of Heaven. The preachers should be men of holiness and understanding, and the people should attend the house of God to pray to Him alone, and to listen, as men who come to be instructed, and not to criticise. Lovely is the picture which imagination might trace of such a state of things; and dear, thrice dear to the soul of man were the hope that time, and experience

of the evils of disunion, might produce something like the reality. But it is an Utopia! and we turn therefrom, as from a pleasant dream, awakening to the painful conviction that it is and can be *but* a dream.

A perfect accordance in the same religious creed, is the firmest bond of union by which a nation can be linked together; and, perhaps, the next degree of strength is that in which, although the people may be divided on that most important subject, the GOVERNORS are of one mind and persuasion.

In the latter condition England *was*, until the last sitting of the Protestant Parliament, previous to which the King and all in authority under him were members of "the Established Church of England." This union or identity, between the members of the Church and the members of the Council and the Senate, is now at an end, and consequently, the relative position of that Church is no longer what it has been. A certain number of her members will be removed from power, in order that their places may be filled by individuals belonging to an avowedly hostile creed. This change has been wrought by what is called "the spirit of liberality," a wild, excursive, nondescript sort of spirit which hath arisen among us, and which appeareth not to rejoice so much in inculcating doctrines of its own, as in exciting disbelief or indifference towards all those which have been previously established. It delighteth much in "generalities," a kind of broad-

bottomed affirmations, in the indulgence of which, among other novelties, it declareth that one religion is as good as another; and that there should be no distinction among men in society, in consequence of any peculiarity in their respective creeds; since a man's belief is a mere casual circumstance—a thing of no more moment than the colour of his coat, or any peculiar habit which he may have acquired—dependent upon his parents or the place of his birth, rather than upon the individual himself;—in brief, a matter totally unworthy of consideration or enquiry in the present enlightened age, and “advanced” state of intellect.

It cannot appear surprising that men, avowedly under the influence of this spirit, should deprecate the idea of upholding any *one* of the various systems of religious worship in the possession of what they must conceive an unjust pre-eminence.

The Church of England has nothing to expect from them in her downward career. The bonds which closely united her with the State have been loosened; and most assuredly she would immediately be cast adrift, were it not for the complicated involutions and Gordian knots wherewith time hath connected her with “the system,” and with “patronage,” and, in some degree, in consequence of certain hitherto unconquered prejudices existing in her favour among individuals in the highest classes of society, who have not yet learned utterly to abandon themselves, and join the crusade of liberality.

How long these prejudices may endure, is a matter of mere speculation, and will depend greatly upon the character and influence of those men whose duty is to *overlook* and *build up* the once national Church.*

For those purposes *alone*, clearly expressed and solemnly attested by themselves, were the hierarchy and the entire priesthood of that church, appointed to their several stations. They have sworn that they will fulfil those duties, and, as much as in them lieth,—to the uttermost of their power, banish and repel all erroneous doctrine, that is to say, all opinions which are contrary

to the thirty-nine articles of their establishment. Now a priesthood, if unable to acquire influence over the *minds* of men, is the weakest and most defenceless of all combinations of human beings; but, if it possess a *mental dominion*, there exists no power that may be compared with it. Whatever the tenets and creed of any church may be, if they are accredited by the people, if that people *believe* their ministering priests to be *really* guides to everlasting happiness—and if they have no doubts respecting the sincerity, devotion, and ability of those guides, then that church *must* prosper.

At the present moment it may be well worth while to enquire how much of this mental dominion and confidence in their “spiritual guides” of the Established Church, exists in the breasts of Englishmen. There was a time, and that not very far removed from the present age, when congregations of dissenters were comparatively rare—now, however, there is scarcely a populous village in the kingdom without its meeting-house, and few towns without several places of worship for Christians of various denominations, unconnected with the Establishment. Without any breach of charity, we may infer that the greater proportion of these sectarians are incapable of sympathizing with their mighty rival, should any farther breach be made in her privileges. Perhaps we might say *many*, but certainly we may aver that *some* sects would rejoice in her downfall. Be their feelings, however, in that respect what they may, the vast number and increase of seceders and dissenters from the “Establishment” renders it less a *national* church than it was formerly; and if the events of coming years are at all to accord with those which are past, it will, probably soon, become a question, whether she is to be maintained in her yet existing pre-eminence.

Never, since the days of the First Charles, has her situation been so precarious! All the elements which *then* gloomily mingled and gathered as a thunder cloud to burst upon her, are *now* in motion. Rome is upon the alert, glowing with newly-kindled

* Επισκοπῶν καὶ καλασκηλάων.

hope. The astucious Jesuit is in ambush, watching, lynx-eyed, the favourable moment to spring forward; and the furious and exulting fanatic thunders forth his anathemas at her very doors.

Against these enemies her chief protection is in the prejudices (we use the term in its best sense) of the upper classes of society. Born and bred within the pale of her communion, they have not been *heretofore led into any temptation* to desert her. They have, from their youth, been accustomed to associate with her clergy, many of whom were their companions, and intimate friends at Oxford and Cambridge.

In the progress of their education they have been, as it were, gradually incorporated into "The Church," and their relatives, mayhap, are among her priesthood. All has combined to make them members of the "Establishment" without any effort of their own. Is it too much, after the speeches and votes which have so recently been delivered and given in the two Houses of Parliament,—is it too much to say that many of this class are "Church of England men" merely in name? Heaven forbid that we should charge any man unjustly! But charity herself could scarcely attribute some of those speeches, and the manner in which they were delivered, to mere lukewarmness. Alas! where *then* was the zeal of the convert and the true believer? But we must not dwell on *that* eventful period! The deed is done, and its consequences alone remain. One inference, however, we are compelled to draw, namely, that when the Church of England shall be again assailed, few champions will appear from among the higher classes in her behalf, unless, peradventure, the system and right of patronage should be threatened. Then, indeed, many may be expected to start forward, to protect their own property and the provision made for the younger branches of families. And this latter union of interests between the members of the State and the Established Church is the stronghold over the

contemplation of which the drones and the Fillpots,* which disgrace our day and generation, gloat, and smile, and hug themselves in fancied security. This defence, however, though it looks well, and almost impregnable to the superficial observer at a distance, will not endure the test of close examination. If the Church hold not *mental dominion* over those who profess her creed, and the majority of our rulers—if the current of public opinion set in against her, it will be seen that this stronghold is founded upon sand, and must be cast down and borne away by the tide. The same power that enacted laws can abrogate and alter them. It is worse than useless now to prate about the constitution. A single clause in an act of Parliament may enable patrons of livings to present them to whomsoever they think proper, and annul the ceremony of "reading in" and subscribing to the thirty-nine articles. Property would thus be secured, and the liberty of selection be hailed as a boon accorded to the possessors. Startling as the supposition of such an enactment may appear, it is precisely in the spirit of modern liberality. Why should a Roman Catholic be tormented by the painful reflection that he is contributing a portion of his means, part of his family estate, for the purpose of supporting and giving local influence to an individual who is inculcating doctrines which lead to eternal perdition?

"The tenets of the Romish communion were once preached in that Church," he may say, "and if the congregation and I are willing, common justice requires that I should be allowed to make use of my own means for the propagation of my own creed. Your dissenters of every other denomination have that privilege, and why should not I? Tell me not of *your* consecrating the building. That ceremony was performed by a Catholic bishop before what you call the Reformation." And he who may thus claim the free exercise of his birthright, will probably have a seat in the Upper House, and be

* This expressive, though perhaps vulgar, term, is borrowed to indicate those whose measure is full, even to overflowing; yet, like the leech, still cry, "Give, give!" Men given to sensual enjoyment and indolence, as the song has it of Old Toby,—
"In the dog-days he sat at his ease!"

supported in the Lower by his connexions and family interest. "Why," might his party ask, "in the name of liberality and common justice, should the present union of a particular building and its revenues with the 'Church of England' be irrevocable, when the Bishops of that Church scruple not to increase her revenues by the addition of chapels which have formerly been the property of dissenters? The right of the owners of those chapels, and the congregation assembling therein, to change their mode of worshipping the Deity, is not questioned. Why are we not allowed the same freedom of action, the same control over our own property? You cannot *now* plead that the Church of England is the sole religion of the State? 'The State,' if the term means any thing, consists of King, Lords, and Commons, and the members of our communion sit, side by side, with yours in both Houses. Give us then *equal* privileges to dispose of our own property. Compel us not any longer to support what we deem heresy." Similar language may be expected from patrons attached to other denominations of Christians; and, in order that the claim may meet attention, it is probable that they will all make it a common cause in the first instance, however inveterate their prejudices may be against each other. But should there be no coalition between the parties, each will strive to regain its own proper right, and the growing spirit of "liberality" will exclaim against the flagrant injustice of that monopoly, by which the whole of the "livings" (or provisions made by the *State* for the support of religion) are held in the possession of one particular sect, for such must the *once* national church be, *in future*, considered.

Let it not be imagined that we are now theorizing on what may, perhaps, be the influence of events upon the minds of men. At the present moment, the hardship of paying towards the support of the English clergy is openly, and almost generally, complained of by dissenters, whose conscientious belief in the tenets of their peculiar creed, compels them *likewise* to provide for their own minister. "We are," they say, "thus compelled to uphold two doc-

trines, while we believe only in one." This will not be a question respecting the propriety of tythes, the payment of which has been so frequently averred to be nothing more than an incumbrance, or a sort of rent-charge upon land, known to all parties previously to the completion of any contract for the purchase or lease of estates; and the discontinuance of which would be only beneficial to the landholder for the time being, who could, and would, as a matter of course, raise his rents in proportion to the charges remitted. It may be acknowledged that a permanent fund for the support of the clergy is most desirable, in order that "the poor may have the Gospel preached unto them." It may be admitted that the present system, by which that fund is provided, cannot, without infringement on private property, be altered; but the matter in debate will be, whether the *whole* of the revenue thereby secured, particularly that portion which belongs to dissenters, shall be awarded to the clergy of *one* sect, when the governors and governed are divided into *many*?

It was a favourite axiom during the debates last year, upon the question called Roman Catholic Emancipation, that it was "not a question of religion but of policy;" and consequently, any reflection upon the purity of that church, whose doctrines were heretofore considered as "damnable," was coughed down, and voted "illiberal." We have seen, in days gone by, we care not to say precisely how long since, that politicians (aye, and able politicians too, if they may be estimated by the tact with which they have carried their favourite measures) have existed without religion—that is to say, as politicians; for, if they had any as individuals, they were too "liberal" to make it manifest; they either dismissed their prejudices, or wore them so loosely, fluttering in the wind, according to the fashion of the day, that it was hard to say to what point of the compass they were directed. Such characters were, and are, and ever will be. A politician may exist without religion; but it will form a new era in the history of mankind, when we behold religionists. (properly so called) without po-

licy. We speak of those having authority and influence. All men professing religion "in sincerity and truth," will use their utmost endeavours, and avail themselves of every advantage attendant upon their position in society, for the propagation of truth. And, "a man's truth is that which he troweth," or believeth. Such being the case, we must anticipate an endeavour, on the part of Roman Catholics and other sects, to remove the Church of England yet farther from the commanding position which she so recently occupied. From that she has been driven; and, to use a military phrase, is now "retreating," while the "enemy are upon the advance." There is no want of alacrity on their part. The dignity of a cardinal (a sort of religious "field-marshal" for the nonce) has been conferred upon an Englishman, and a noble clergyman has deserted to their ranks.* Colleges are erected in various parts of the kingdom for "accomplishing the knights" destined to uphold the red-cross banner, and prosecute the holy war.

In the meanwhile, other sects are zealous and active, "instant in season and out of season," "encompassing sea and land to gain proselytes." Our colonies, even to "the farthest parts of the earth," are visited by their missionaries; and the voice of their preachers is heard in every town and village throughout the land—and that not *merely* on the Sabbath day. In the neighbourhood of large towns, tents, and floating chapels, and even the highways, bear witness to the zeal of these sectarians. And what if that zeal be sometimes "without knowledge!" Alas! that were but an additional reason for those who may be supposed gifted therewith, to exert themselves.

This is not the place for entering upon any defence of, or animadversion against, the various doctrines inculcated by different sects. The fact of their existence and extensive ramification is sufficient for us when

endeavouring to estimate the real influence of the Church of England, over the minds of the English people.

The numerous colleges, and seminaries, and chapels, and meeting houses, throughout the land, supported by *voluntary* contributions, and all unconnected, if not hostile to the "Established Church," plainly evince that a very considerable portion of the population worship without the pale of its communion. And that this portion of the people is considerable, not merely in number but in wealth, is equally clear from the number of these establishments, and the manner in which they are supported. We lay no stress here upon the existence of those gigantic undertakings, the Missionary and Bible Societies, and others of a similar nature, as many of them receive support from members of the Established Church, and therefore the division of feeling is not so complete as in matters which relate only to the worship of the Deity, and the creed written in a man's own heart.

Now, without entering into the various questions relative to the representation of the people in Parliament, it is self-evident, that numbers and wealth must have a share therein, whether those advantages and their usual influence appertain to members of the church, the chapel, or the meeting house. Individuals from each will sit in our legislative assemblies, with the avowed purpose of consulting the *general* good; and, it is to be presumed, will, for some time, at least, act under the influence of that grandiloquent spirit, called "Liberality." Now, the *general* good, as defined by the dogmatists of the liberal school, has no connexion with *individual* interests. Of them it scorns to take cognisance. It is enough that the ruin of one set of men will be of infinite service to somebody, although the uninitiated may be incapable of discovering who is to derive the benefit. "Time," say the modern politicians, "will shew our wisdom:

* These two events are perhaps no otherwise important than because they evince the activity of the Romish Priesthood, and the hopes of the Italian Church. The Honourable and Reverend William Spencer is, it seems, gone to Italy, to prepare for the part he is to enact in coming events; and Cardinal Weld's hat was given him by the Pope of Rome, whom, we were told the other day, it was illiberal and senseless to mention as *now* possessing influence over British Catholics.

but, in the meanwhile, we consider it to be our duty to destroy everything like monopoly—that we cannot or will not endure. It is contrary to the fundamental principles of liberality, whether it exist in manufactures, commerce, or religion. In every shape, no matter how first acquired, or for what cause established, it is hateful in our eyes.”

Let us not be accused of treating an important subject with improper levity when we say, that the same spirit which has produced “free trade” in articles of commerce, advocates likewise a free trade in religion. Those who deem it right to admit the produce of foreign countries, to the dismay and ruin of our previously monopolizing manufacturer, consider it equally expedient to admit the spiritual subjects of the Italian priest into our councils, to the discomfiture of the heretofore monopolizing Church of England.

We have no intention here of again discussing either of these measures. Suffice it to say, that, when foreign goods are in the market, the manufacturer must either give up his trade, or endeavour to retain it by new and strenuous exertions, by submitting to *heavy sacrifices*, by “rising early, and late taking rest.” All connected with or dependent upon him, must suffer, and endure, and toil with him. Whole towns and districts are thus struggling, while “poverty, like an armed man,” stands over them prepared to strike the death-blow at the first cessation of their trembling industry. That success may crown their endeavours, and that the poor man’s hearth may, ere long, be again surrounded by smiling faces, happy and contented with the fruit of their own industry, is the fervent prayer of every truly British heart!

This is hardly a digression; for, if the Church of England expects or hopes to retain her influence in society, she likewise must be strenuous in her exertions. Her clergy must enter, “with all their soul and with all their strength,” into the struggle. Those who are sunk in apathy, and who have hitherto been content to perform their “duty,” without watching its effect, and to console themselves with the consciousness of their own rectitude of intention, for what will, in spite of habitual listlessness,

meet the eye and ear—such men must awake. When the tide is fair, a man may allow his boat to be borne along upon the waters, while, calmly reclined at ease, he watches the receding banks, and gazes upon the goodly prospect around; but, when the favourable current has spent itself, and the returning tide sets in, he may no longer sit with folded arms, even if he be content to retain his station on the stream. There must be toil and labour—and they must be *incessant*, or the bark will retrograde.

When we contemplate the English “Establishment” as a Church, the first thing that strikes us forcibly is, that her members are divided into two parties, each of which assert that the doctrines preached by the other are erroneous. This “dividing of a house against itself” is, indeed, a fearful symptom of weakness. Did we not know, from experience, how ingeniously men pervert words: of the simplest construction, and wrest them to support their own preconceived notions—did we not know this, and were not the fact of this schism so notorious, it would have been difficult to credit its existence among the priesthood of a Church which requires that every minister, before he can officiate, shall subscribe certain articles of faith and church-government. These articles (published in Latin, and therefore not liable to be misunderstood, as if written in the changing idioms of a modern tongue) might have been supposed a sufficient guarantee for the preservation of unanimity among the priesthood. Experience, however, has proved the inefficacy of this precaution; but when, or how, or why it failed to answer its purpose, are questions not to be argued here. All that we have to consider, is the effect of the schism upon the present influence and future prosperity of the Church.

We have now, indeed, a painful task! When we look upon the clergy of the Church of England *as a body*, we feel no hesitation in affirming, that somewhat more is wanting of zeal, activity, and determined resolution, than has lately been apparent. The general character of the clergy is good, and kind, and amiable, seeking “no cause of offence,” and desi-

ring, as much as possible, "to live in peace with all men." The retirement in which the greater portion are placed, for the fulfilment of their parochial duties, tends, probably in no small degree, to create and confirm this placidity of character. There is a quietness, an easy calmness and serenity, in the "even tenor of their way," which gradually lulls the spirit into tranquil and secure repose. Mingling in the society of neighbouring gentry of their own persuasion, to whom their manners and habits make them ever welcome, they are often induced to overrate the strength of their "Establishment," and conclude that "the Church" is indeed "built upon a rock," and cannot be moved. They may be compared to men of peaceful occupations, dwelling in a strongly fortified city; who gaze with admiration and confidence upon the massy walls by which they are environed, and, all unused to the thunder and stratagems of warfare, deem them impregnable. Long and uninterrupted possession has strengthened these feelings of security, and rendered them far more general than comports with the safety of a church surrounded by powerful and irreconcilable enemies.

From the nature of their education, and the ordeals to be passed, previous to taking degrees and receiving ordination, we may fairly conclude that the clergy of the Establishment cannot be incompetent to contend with their opponents. Talent is not wanting among them—and zeal, in defence of what they deem erroneous, is not *extinct*, if we may judge by the acrimony with which the two parties already mentioned vituperate each other. One scruples not to affirm that "the Gospel" is not preached by those of the opposite faction; and they, in recrimination, assert that their opponents inculcate new doctrines and dangerous delusions.

It is not our purpose here to enquire into the validity of these serious reciprocal charges; but to record the effect of their existence and constant repetition, which has been the splitting of the Church of England into two sects. It is now no uncommon sight to behold the laity of the Establishment shunning their parish church, as though it were the house

pied by a clergyman of the faction which they oppose. This schism, with all the inseparable bickerings of party spirit, has spread from the highest to the lowest ranks. Heart-burnings, and jealousies, and even hatred, are engendered thereby between father and son; brethren shun each other, and the mother weeps over her deluded and beloved child. In the meanwhile, the faith of those who feel themselves incompetent to decide between the two parties becomes unsettled, and they wander forth, from the pale of that communion wherein they were educated, never to return. In this manner thousands, and tens of thousands, have been lost to the Church of England; for, so numerous are now the various sects of dissenters, and so nicely are the shades of distinction drawn, that, if a man once begin to doubt respecting any article of belief, fastidious indeed must he be if he cannot find some *one* congregation whose notions accord with his own.

This desertion of the "Establishment," is most prevalent in cities and large towns, where, the moment an individual *wavers* in his profession of faith, he is eagerly sought out, and wrought upon by zealous, and often able, sectarians, to whose creed he becomes a convert; and, forthwith, with a convert's proverbial zeal, he, likewise, sets himself to the good work of gaining proselytes. Thus, by the discrepancy of the doctrines preached by the two divisions of the English clergy, is their influence much decreased among the laity.

Whether the Church of England will be able to retain the privileges and advantages yet in her possession, is a question upon which some light will probably be thrown in a very short time. Nothing but a vigorous stand on her behalf can prevent her from sinking gradually down. Firm and uncompromising, and *sincere* and *active* champions must come forward in her defence; and they must act *together* in combating against the innovating spirit which hath arisen. Like the Athenians of old, the British nation are now ever eager to "talk and to hear of some *new* thing." Whether for good or evil, the future alone can determine, but a spirit of inquiry is general throughout the land.

themselves a right to question, and believe themselves capable of discussing and deciding upon subjects in which their forefathers were content to be instructed, and led by those who had studied them deeply. The vaunted "march of intellect," is the watchword and shout of pride with which the present vain-glorious generation pursue their course amid doubts, and experiments, and wild, delusive, and ever-crumbling theories. The past are held to have been ages of comparative darkness, and all that has been enacted therein, the work of men blinded by ignorance, prejudice, bigotry, and error. "The wisdom of our ancestors," is a by-word of mockery and scorn; and the pages of history are declared worthless. The antiquity of an establishment, or set of opinions, consequently, instead of being any recommendation, becomes a reproach, a cause for suspicion and enquiry, whether they be worthy of those liberal and enlightened days. It is worse than useless to sneer at this inquisitive spirit. It is too general to be aught else than formidable, if aroused against any Establishment; and, if a cause be worth defending, this spirit must be satisfied, or that cause must fall.

The result of the first successful attack upon the constitution, whereby the Church of England lost her acknowledged pre-eminence, and has become one among many where she once was paramount, is yet too vivid in the recollection of all to admit of repetition. But there were certain events, in the progress of that inroad, which claim notice here, as they indicate the sort of defence which the "Established Church" may expect in future.

In former discussions upon the too well known question, all the Bishops holding seats in the House of Lords, voted against the admission of Roman Catholics among our rulers, with the solitary exception of Bathurst, Bishop of Norwich, who may therefore justly claim the, now, rare merit of consist-

ency. But all those discussions were carried on when the Ministry, for the time being, was understood to be averse to the proposed measure. In the late debates, however, the Ministry avowed themselves in favour of its passing into a law: and then, and *not till then*, certain of those Bishops who had, previously, taken the contrary side of the question, voted for its enactment. To them were joined others, whose recent elevation, previous insignificance, and other causes, render it somewhat difficult to ascertain what their original opinions may have been. They were, altogether, ten in number.* We will not dilate upon the astonishment which pervaded the minds of men on that occasion. Suffice it to say, that a strong feeling went forth throughout the nation when it was known that ten Bishops had deserted a cause of which the whole bench (save one individual) had, heretofore, been decided advocates. Many severe things were said and written upon the subject, which we have no inclination to encumber ourselves by attempting to rebut. The consequences of these votes are, however, to our purpose. They shook, to the foundation, that confidence, for the protection of their rights and privileges, with which the members of the Church of England were wont to rely on the Bench of Bishops, as members of the Upper House. The splitting, and thus almost neutralizing the votes of their representative hierarchy, upon so important a question, appeared to them a melancholy representation of a spiritual "kingdom divided against itself." It was but a poor consolation that some one or two were zealous for the "established order of things." While the people felt a warm glow of admiration and gratitude toward the learned and venerable Burgess and the uncompromising Law, they witnessed with pain the inactivity of others. And there was *one*, on whom they had especially relied for support; they had calculated on *his* eloquence and the energy of his charac-

* As all who feel an interest in the fate of the Church of England, should keep an eye on these men; and, amid the shiftings and changes among the Bishops, it is not always easy to appropriate his proper title to each, we insert their names. Sumner, Bishop of Winchester; John Bird Sumner, Bishop of Chester; Ryder, Bishop of Lichfield; Coplestone, Bishop of Llandaff; Murray, Bishop of Rochester; Bathurst, Bishop of Norwich; and others. (The names of the Bishops who voted for the measure are given in the text.)

ter; he had previously spoken loudly, and *plainly*, and *vehemently*, in his place; and he had, by a constant appearance before the public, and a recent elevation in the Church, drawn the eyes of all men upon him: but when his last speech on *that* question was promulgated, men looked at each other, and were silent.

The effect of these things remains; for, thereby, the *influence* which the Church of England might have yet hoped to retain in the highest estate of the realm, is paralysed. From the Bishops collectively what can be expected? The warm friends of the Church fixed their eyes upon them during the important crisis, and beheld "their works that they were neither cold nor hot,"* but "lukewarm." Their ejection from the House of Peers has been already talked of, as a measure suited to the liberal policy of the day; and, if their "candlestick"† should be "removed from its place," where are the mourners to be found?

It would, probably, be far better for the wellbeing of the Church to which they belong, that they should be entirely estranged from public affairs, than that they should be liable to such inferences as many have drawn from their conduct. What they have done "was not done in a corner." It is as much a matter of history as the noble firmness of these Bishops who were committed to the Tower in the days of James the Second; and men will canvass such occurrences, and form their own conclusions, and weigh the characters of actors therein as they think fit. There is nothing in the name of a Bishop that can or ought to exempt his conduct from this scrutiny, which is exercised equally towards all other descriptions of men: but there is a wide difference in the consequences if public opinion pass judgment against him. A general officer may be guilty of cowardice, yet no one will therefore charge our army with a want of bravery. A physician may be pronounced incapable, but no inference will thence be drawn of the ignorance of the profession,—and so through other classes of society;—but not so with a Church, which is a body of men, associated voluntarily, under certain leaders and rulers, ac-

cording to whose character it must ever rise and fall, and fluctuate in public estimation. Worthless individuals of other professions bear about with them their merited disgrace as individuals only; but suspicion of time-serving, or "trimming," according to the opinions or wishes of the great, if attached to an ecclesiastic, inflicts a taint upon the church to which he belongs. It matters not whether this suspicion be erroneous or groundless, the injury inflicted upon the Church is *real*; for its former friends are led thereby to withhold their countenance, and its enemies rejoice and shout aloud in mockery and scorn.

That the clergy of the Church of England yet possess a considerable portion of influence in society, is a fact not to be doubted; and there is as little doubt that the influence of their various opponents has increased, and is yet augmenting. Which are eventually to predominate, will depend upon the zeal, energy, and ability, *called into action* on either side. Let it, in the mean while, be kept in remembrance, by all who have not learned to despise the lessons recorded in history, that this is not the first time in which the Church of England has had to struggle for its existence. The reigns of Elizabeth, and James, and Charles the First, (particularly the latter,) furnish us with a prototype of our own times, which is often absolutely startling. There we find the fanatic inflated with spiritual pride, denouncing all but his own sect, and disseminating tracts in every house and cottage, to warn men against the dangers of mere morality, and instruct them how alone they may be saved. We have the reckless Church and King man—the thoughtless Cavalier, who, lest he should be suspected of a tendency towards the "New Lights," and of being "righteous overmuch," makes an ostentatious shew of liberty of conscience, and often abandons himself to dissipation and pleasure, for which, perchance, he has really little inclination. There we find the High Church dignitary endeavouring to dispel certain suspicions of subserviency, by a strict attention to outward forms and ceremonies. New churches are consecrated, and those

* Vide Revelations, chap. iii. v. 15 and 16.

+ Idem, chap. ii. v. 5.

which have undergone repair are reopened, with an unusual degree of form and display. Man is ever the same. Our fathers, in their day and generation, were moved by the same passions which influence us; and, when we shall have passed away, those who tread in our footsteps, will, in spite of all the lessons to be gained by our experience, be victims of delusion and ambition. It is not surprising that those whose interest and intent may thereby be concealed, should wish the volumes of history to be closed. They speak in too plain a language for many in the present day. Theories sink into insignificance when opposed by recorded facts. Modern politicians may assert that a man's religion is of no sort of importance; but, if he really has *any*, it must be the ruling principle within, governing all his actions. When the Church of England was removed

from her place in the days of the Commonwealth, she fell not till after a severe struggle, which endured for many years. The contest for superiority was long and doubtful between the "Establishment," the Church of Rome, and the Puritans. Numbers, talent, zeal, and intrepidity, accorded victory to the latter. Religion was the first watch-word, and then the war-cry; and designing and able men availed themselves of the enthusiasm excited in the minds of the vulgar. The Church of England, unfortunately for herself, long underrated the numbers and abilities of her opponents, and remained (with some few brilliant exceptions among her clergy) supine and inactive till it was too late, and her influence over the people had departed. *Then* every effort, and every sacrifice, were unavailing.

LETTER FROM MAJOR-GENERAL STIRLING.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

A FEW days ago I perused the "Annals of the Peninsular Campaigns," and at page 92, vol. ii., it is stated, that, from some *misapprehension*, the 42d Regiment had retired at the battle of Corunna.

Having had the honour to command the 42d Regiment in that action, I feel it incumbent on me to state to you, that what relates to the 42d (under that paragraph) is very inaccurate: The 42d *never retired*, as therein stated, or evinced occasion for "a brief but animating address from the General."

On the advance of the French to the village of Elvira, Sir John Moore allowed the enemy to deploy, and form their line at half musket-shot from us. He then gave me orders (about half-past two o'clock) to advance and charge with the 42d, accompanying that order with the words, "Highlanders! remember Egypt!"—which is the only address they received from *him*, or *any one else*. As soon as the regiment had given their fire, and drove the enemy with the bayonet to the bottom of the ravine, Sir John directed me to halt the corps, and defend that position; and turning myself round to him when he gave the order, I saw him at the moment struck to the ground off his horse, and I immediately sent a party to carry him from the field. The grenadiers and first company, not hearing my word of command to halt, continued the charge a little in advance, as did the light company also, when I was ordered by Lord William Bentinck, commanding the brigade, to recall them, and form them in line with the regiment; and in that position, as directed by Sir John Moore, the corps continued in close action with the enemy, until night put an end to the contest; when the picquets were posted on the ground occupied by the regiment, who *then retired*, as ordered, with the rest of the army to the bivouacs occupied by the troops at the commencement of the battle, and which we quitted at ten o'clock the same night for embarkation.

I have the honour to be,

SIR,

Your obedient, humble Servant,

J. STIRLING, Major-Gen.

LINES WRITTEN AFTER READING THE ROMANCE OF ARTHUR'S
ROUND TABLE.

BLEST be the times, for ever past away,
 When England boasted of her proud array
 Of noble knights and chiefs of high renown,
 Who broke their foes and saved their country's crown ;
 Who scorn'd the mean dissembler's hackney'd arts,
 And gave to England's service English hearts.
 Dark were their souls, by ignorance made blind,
 They never glow'd with love for all mankind ;
 Ne'er left their countrymen in want and pain,
 To soothe the woes of Portugal or Spain,
 Ne'er shed one tear o'er Moslem or Hindoo,
 Or cared a single curse for Timbuctoo—
 Lord ! what knew they of any spot of earth,
 Except the one dear land which gave them birth ?
 Tyrants unmark'd might rule their slavish trains,
 Or slaves unnoticed burst their tyrants' chains ;
 Earthquakes unwept might shake the Tartar wall,
 And Egypt's plagues unmourn'd on Egypt fall :
 Small care was theirs, so long as England rose,
 Loved by her patriot sons, and fear'd by foes,
 Fill'd with good honest hearts and brawny hands,
 Prepared alike to till or guard their lands,—
 A well-fed people, whom no fears could daunt,
 Whose dreams themselves could never picture *Want*.

Round Arthur's table, thus old tales relate,
 Were gather'd all the wise, the good, the great,
 Men who were firm of soul, of purpose true,
 Who had the wit to plan, the arm to do ;
 Awed by no faction, won by no pretence
 To leave the beaten tracks of sober sense—
 But, just and faithful, it was still their pride,
 From oath, once taken, ne'er to turn aside,
 Ne'er to make laughter of a nation's grief,
 Nor bow submit to one imperious chief ;
 With upright hearts they came, and open brow—
 O what a change from Arthur's table now !
 Hail to the chiefs who round that table sit,
 Blest with a more than usual want of wit !
 Who meekly follow each supreme behest,
 And sheathe the sword, or set their spears in rest,
 Who rush impetuous to each deed of shame,
 And blot their own to brighten Arthur's name !
 Thus is it still, where lofty minds preside,
 The meaner herd accept their laws with pride.
 Low and more low the abject dastards fall,
 Till one sole spirit rules and governs all ;
 Gives each his post, and from his labour draws
 A mingled crop of hatred and applause ;
 Then with one half rewards the brainless elf,
 But keeps the crop of praises—to himself !

AN OXONIAN.

LETTER DE ARTE POETICA, FROM A SENIOR FELLOW.

HONOURED AND DEAR SIR,

YOUR eye glancing from earth to heaven, from heaven to earth, perceives with equal clearness, and rests with an equal sense of beauty and delight, on stars in the firmament and dinners in the parlour, as they revolve in their respective courses—on the palm-tree overshadowing the temple, and the daisy beneath the hedge. Nothing in nature, art, or literature, seems to escape your penetrating observation, and I am surprised that so much learning has not made you downright mad, instead of only a little flighty, (you yourself in your lucid intervals confess it,)—verging occasionally on the confines of delirium, but never soaring into the high empyrean of insanity itself. Even of this you need not altogether despair—there is no height of eminence beyond your powers—and when such an emancipation from the thralldom of sober sense is vouchsafed you, how gloriously you will revel in that cloud land of the Imagination—gorgeous land!—Eloquence and wit will gush out in the paroxysms of your frenzy, and the world will draw near in breathless awe, as to some sacred oracle of old, to gather new wisdom and delight from the inspired ravings of Christopher Furness. But till that happy time shall arrive, you must confine your steps to this common-place and unethereal world—take share in its business like other men; and if you do not choose to clip off the wings that would lift you into the realms of space, at all events cover them from common observation by wearing a respectable blue coat. You will perhaps run the risk of being thought a little bent in the back, but off with your disguise when presiding over the “*Noctes Cœnæq. Deûm*” at Ambrose’s, and soar on your many-coloured pinions till you knock your very head against the stars!

Yours, I am well aware, is a very troublesome office, though it no doubt has its pleasures as well as its discomforts. If, on the one hand, a feeling of natural pity rises in your breast, when duty calls on you to exterminate with one sweep of your critical Ferrara a host of uproarious

drivellers and tailors, like the authors of the Age, the Creation, the Sixth Seal, and other blasphemous productions,—on the other, what unmingled happiness you enjoy when you take a man of real genius by the hand, and seat him among his bright compeers, making him at once the cynosure of the nation’s eyes, and assuring him an entrance into the Temple of Fame! Such a happiness may well repay the momentary feeling of uneasiness produced by the sufferings of the contemptible crew whom your justice compels you to chastise. But, alas! no punishment seems sanguinary enough to deter others from following their example. The hill, where erst the Muses dwelt, is now vocal with the cackling and cawings of unnumbered rooks and jackdaws, which have expelled, in horror and dismay, the birds of bright plumage and melodious song, which fluttered on glittering wing from tree to tree, and filled all the charmed air with music; and although you have shot some of the hoodies, and hung up their miserable bodies in *terrorem*, their insensate brothers hop past their decayed and putrid skeletons, cawing as hoarsely, and looking as vain and confident as ever.

In consequence of the multitude of blockheads, great and small, who have betaken themselves to write what they most impudently call Religious Poetry, and indeed poetry of all kinds and denominations, the real masters of the lyre have retired from the contest altogether, and, with the exception of Bowles, I know no true poet who has published any thing for some years. They have managed by a cleverness peculiar to themselves, to degrade far below the level of the most humble prose that ever dribbled from the lips of a maudlin proser, subjects which formerly used to be considered *per se* poetical;—a ghost is about as terrific as a Quaker in a broad-brimmed beaver and plain-cut coat. The Devil is rather more of an independent clergyman, slightly tinged with methodistic principles, than the dark, undefined, and awful Enemy of mankind which he was anciently considered. He is now made even less appalling than when he used to

right the nursery from its propriety with a long tail and horns; and as to the destruction of the world, and the turning of the moon into blood, and the crack o' doom, they may all be very justly despised by any one who has nerves enough to open a bottle of soda water, and drink it without a glass. But it is not about them or their productions I intend to trouble you at present. It is to be hoped, although there are none who give to the world any works entitled to be called poems, that poetical feeling is not extinct. Many are still alive in the vigour of their mental and corporeal youth, who have often given the world assurance of their power. But they have hung up their harps upon the willows, and though music still vibrates through the chords when a wandering zephyr touches them with his wings, their right hands have forgot their cunning, and they sing the songs of their native land no more. Some have become political economists, and finding it impossible to pay off their own debts, have turned their attention to the easier task of paying off that of the nation. Others of more refined and metaphysical fancies, in the endeavour to make their readers enter into their reveries and dreams, have only in part succeeded, and sunk them into a sleep. Most of them have turned the bended bow into a walking stick; and one or two, instead of magic visions of every thing fair and lovely, have set themselves to the business of ordinary life, and perhaps edited an edition of Mrs Glasse. But still the poetical power remains; the flame is only smouldered, not extinguished. Our manners are as favourable to the development of poetical genius as in the proudest period of our literature, and I doubt not there is now as much of the feeling of poetry spread throughout our land, as in the times of Pope or Goldsmith. I do not mean to boast of that degree of facility in what is by the ignorant called poetry, which enables man, woman, and child, and, if the art of writing were cultivated in the forests, would enable monkeys also to contribute "Lines to a Rosebud," in a lady's scrap-book; but I maintain, there are many hearts still pregnant with celestial fire, which require only the touch of encouragement to bring them to a noble and glorious birth.

And what can Mr Moore possibly mean by saying, as he does in his *Life of Lord Byron*, that the university is not a favourable school for the production of a poet? Can he be serious in such an assertion? Why, Oxford at least—I speak from my own experience—is a perfect hotbed of inspiration; "Every field chinks with its grasshopper," and warden and master, fellows, tutors, and undergraduates, simultaneously and *una voce* burst into song. There is poetry in the very air of High Street; the hum of attic bees resounds in softened and melancholy sweetness through the sombre twilight of our senior Common Rooms. Fancy gathers strength and freshness from discursive flights into the classic fields of Italy and Greece, and Pathos dissolves into tears over the tenderness of Whately and Aldrich. Once, if not oftener every year, the o'erlaboured Nine bend under the weight of the offerings of unnumbered worshippers; and it is with a feeling of proud defiance to Mr Moore, that I inform him of the grandeur and originality of almost all the poems—the rejected as well as the successful—sent in for the Newdigate prize. "Rome's hallow'd genius" has walked round every building beneath the Italian sky, for the last five-and-twenty years; and every temple, aqueduct, arch, or pillar—Doric or Bæotian—has for an equal period "breathed the soul of inspiration round." With such supernatural aids, who can avoid being a poet? the most prosaic minds catch the elevating infection, and Blenheim's park is filled with dreamers of romance—who never dreamt of such a thing before. Hedington echoes to the sighs of embryo bards, and the boughs of Joe Pullen moan in the evening breezes with voices mystic and musical, as those which sounded of yore from the fateful oaks of Dodona.

But their works are brought to perfection under many disadvantages. Their muse—instead of being left free to soar or skim, to rise in one long continuous flight, or float from one "flower-crowned" eminence to another, and then to fold up her wing as pleases her fancy best, on the straw-roofed cottage in the glade, or the ruined hall of other days, "bosomed high in lofty trees"—is chain-

ed, like an imprisoned eagle, to one fixed spot,—sometimes to the defaced columns of a broken and desolate shrine, and sometimes to the pedestal of a moss-grown pillar; and yet, will any one venture to deny, that the same sentiments run in glittering clearness through each individual poem; that the Muse is wandering in ideas, though her person is thus cabin'd; that she is original and ingenious, though her sentiments are generally cribb'd; and that her off-

spring are vigorous and healthy, though she is thus inhumanly confined? What, for instance, can be more splendid in imagery, sonorous in versification, or refined in sentiment, than the following short effusion? which I quote for the benefit of Mr Moore, not because it is the best Newdigate prize poem ever written, but because it embodies almost all the characteristics of that species of composition. It is on the subject of

A COLLEGE CAP.—AN ANTIQUE.

Since Rome's proud fanes in ruin clog the ground,
And mightiest walls uprear their broken mound;
Since undistinguish'd from her sandy bed
Troy sinks in night, and hides her vanish'd head;
Since, huge in size, tall columns, once sublime,
Nod to their fall beneath the touch of Time;
Why should we weep if years, with slow decay,
Have torn thy brightness and thy bloom away?
Yes, fallen thy pride, and dimm'd from length of years
Thy shatter'd form, My Reverend Cap, appears!

Not as in olden days, when, toss'd on high,
Thy long silk tassel pleased the gazer's eye;
Not as when, perch'd above thy nest of hair,
Thy round smooth base uprear'd its mass of square;
But changed in all, and thus in nought the same,—
And now a Cap—in nothing—save the name!

Cast far away, beneath the sofa thrown,
No more o'er clustering curls serenely shown,
Thy shivering tatters shun the blaze of day,
Lorn in their fall, unloved in their decay!
Yet dost thou tell a tale of more than tears,—
Frowns in each crease the majesty of years,
And Ruin glaring from each rent of thine,
Proves that Destruction is indeed divine!
And Desolation mourns the broken board,
In shape unchanged,—in beauty unrestored!

Three dots of wax still gleam within the crown,
And marks remain where several more were shown,
Still on the impress glows the thimble's mark,—
Two are of red, the third is somewhat dark,—
Yet if primeval, or through use made grey,
I can't remember, and I dare not say!

The glossy stain which decks thy foremost side,
Which press'd illustrious on my temple's pride,
Tells how within thy round were wont to meet
The mingled powers of Friction and of Heat;
While chipp'd-off corners, deck'd with cloth no more,
Tell thou art old—a tale I knew before!

Yet let thine Age some tender tribute claim,
While weeping Grief fans Recollection's flame,

And Memory, sighing, mourns thine alter'd state,
But bends submissive to the strokes of Fate!

What though thou press'd, with grasp confined and strong,
My aching brows when thou and I were young?
What though I pray'd, as oft the pain I bore,
My head were smaller, or thy size were more?
Perch'd on some minor front thou still mightst stand,
If deck'd once more by Joy's prolific hand;
Still mightst thou smile, unending in thy bloom,
Proud—with the mingled charms of Grease and Room!

Here we have almost all the component parts of a Newdigate poem—grief over the decay of the object celebrated, a description of its present appearance, and a triumphal anticipation of brighter days to come. All the passions and feelings flourish in the charms of personification, and not a conclusion of a paragraph but is followed by a note of admiration. What a gratifying proof it must be of the universality of genius in the younger branches of the university, that of one hundred and twelve poems submitted to the judges, one hundred and four contained precisely the same ideas? But, to counterbalance this amazing weight of talent, it must at the same time be honestly confessed, that the remaining eight, among which was the successful candidate, contained no ideas at all—melodious songs of fifty lines a-piece, unadulterated by one touch of thought, undarkened by one shadow of a meaning—but pure and transparent as that fountain of crystal water from which their inspiration and strength were drawn. Alas! “my loved, my honoured, much respected friend!” it is hard enough, when called on by unrelenting duty, to repress the vain glory of some poetaster, who fancies himself a poet—and no one, I am sure, performs that disagreeable task with more reluctance or tenderness than myself—but it is surely still harder, when even praise, judiciously applied, fails to awaken in the man of real genius the ambition of distinction—when, after

the composition of verses so original and pleasing as those I have quoted, the author cannot summon confidence in himself—and considers as far beyond his powers, subjects so easy of execution and design as The Law given to Moses on Mount Sinai—The final Doom of Mankind—The Salvation of the World, and a hundred others, with which our very schoolboys are now as familiar “as maids of fifteen are with puppy dogs.” It is a melancholy circumstance that he does not join the bright phalanx of the Montgomeries, the Coxes, the Balls, the Phillips’s, and add a fifth to those daring and majestic spirits which seek the “cælum ipsum” in their sublimity. But his silence argues no want of power. In that single poem there is more imagination, and a train of sentiments more adequate to the subject, than in the larger lucubrations of these noble and distinguished bards.

You have now, sir, seen what power of fancy there is displayed in a poem, confessedly inferior to several, which were written by different authors on the same subject. I shall present you with one which was declared—*longo intervallo*—the best, by the whole of the five judges, who are endowed, *ex officio*, with an infallible and most correct discrimination in all matters of literature and taste. It displays even a greater grasp of intellect than the former, but perhaps the subject is more fitted for the display of poetical power.

THE STATUE OF JULIUS CÆSAR—NEXT THE THEATRE.

Will then no Muse descend on downward wing,
The vast cold statue next the wall to sing,
To cast fresh laurels at the Cæsar’s feet,
And tell how Julius flares across the street?

All mark'd, and full of holes, the head seems brown,
Yet through one eye indignant Rage looks down;
Still curls the parted lip—but one remains—
Now worn, and cover'd with oblivious stains.

Think not of marble is that stately bust,
'Tis simple sandstone, it is common dust;
Fix'd on his basis—in proportions great
His huge mass totters—perch'd upon the gate.
That cart will shake him!—No; he scorns to fall—
Seems now as stable as his neighbouring wall;
At once by weight his niche he'll overthrow—
He will not fall, but thunder down below,
Collect new force by tumbling through the air,
And gather strength—to break the pavement there!

Unminded now those leaves he wont to love,
Which furnish'd wigs in every laurel grove—
Those shouts forgot which proffer'd thrice the throne,
And made him thrice the imperial gift disown!
Exposed to winds, unshelter'd from the rain,
No kind umbrella bids their rage be vain;
His huge eye gapes, than mackarel's far more dim,
As if the socket were too large for him.
Oh, could he yet from death release his foot,
To have one kick at Brutus!—curse the brute!

Vain hope! while all his comrades wish'd him well,
At Pompey's base the empurpled Cæsar fell;
Yet does he scorn to mutter one complaint—
'Tis but his body, not his soul grows faint.
With fix'd disdain he glares upon his foes,
And dies with heart more Roman—than his nose!

Yet now his bust is pitiful! Its size
No graceful form bedecks. To mark its eyes
Nought but two holes appear, by Time in-worn—
While one huge ear is from its station torn;
And this, whose features to be hid begin,
Stands on the rail, and glooms without a chin!

Haply to fill some drain, to scrub some floor,
Thy sand will serve when all thy use is o'er,
When Oxford, sapient Oxford, famed in song,
Shall mourn the fate which keeps thee there so long,
Shall sell, for what they bring, thy wretched race,
And raise some worthier pageant in thy place!

Shall I go on and multiply examples? I see, by the benignant shake of your head, and the proud glance of your eye, (for are not Christopher and his Oxford equally proud of each other?) that I have done enough. I have proved that our Alma Mater sends forth from her genial bosom whole colonies of poets, who spread to every corner of the habitable globe (except the retired and happy cottage of an "Enchanter dire," in Wiltshire,) the reputation of her wisdom and learning—who

celebrate the love and veneration with which she inspires every one of her sons who has wandered beneath the shadows of her hundred towers, and who prove, after years of absence from her embrace, how warm the interest is they retain in her prosperity, and how ready they are to draw the sword or pen in vindication of her fame.

I remain, most dear and venerated Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

CLOUDESLEY; A TALE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF CALEB WILLIAMS.*

In his able preface to this work, Mr Godwin sets the writer of fiction in a very high place. He compares him with the historian and the dramatist, and gives him the preference. He says—and his late occupation of the History of the Commonwealth has informed him of the truth of the assertion—that “individual history and biography are mere guesses in the dark.” “The writer collects his information of what the great men on the theatre of the world are reported to have said and done, and then endeavours with his best sagacity to find out the explanation; to hit on that thread, woven through the whole contexture of the piece, which, being discovered, we are told

‘No prodigies remain,
Comets are regular, and Wharton plain.’

But man is a more complex machine than is dreamed of in our philosophy, and it is probable that the skill of no moral anatomist has yet been consummate enough fully to solve the obscurities of any one of the great worthies of ancient or modern times.” While the writer of fiction, Mr Godwin goes on to say, “when he introduces his ideal personage to the public, enters upon the task with a preconception of the qualities that belong to this being, the principle of his actions and its concomitants. He has thus two advantages: in the first place, his express office is to draw just conclusions from assigned premises; a task of no extraordinary difficulty; and, secondly, while he endeavours to aid those conclusions by consulting the oracle in his bosom, the suggestions of his own heart, instructed as he is besides by a converse with the world, and a careful survey of the encounters that present themselves to his observation, he is much less liable to be cribbed and cabined in by those unlooked-for phenomena, which in the history of an individual seem to have a malicious pleasure in thrusting themselves

forward to subvert the best digested theories. In this sense, then, it is infallibly true that fictitious history, when it is the work of a competent hand, is more to be depended upon, and comprises more of the science of man, than whatever can be exhibited by the historian.” The writer of fiction, Mr Godwin asserts, has besides many advantages over the dramatist; “he has leisure to ripen his materials; to draw out his results one by one, even as they grow up and unfold themselves in the ‘seven ages’ of man. He is not confined, like the dramatist, to put down the words that his characters shall utter. He accompanies the language made use of by them with his comments, and explains the inmost thoughts that pass in the bosom of the upright man and the perverse.”

Such, indeed, have been the characteristics of Mr Godwin’s novels. While other writers represent manners rather than passions, or passions at once vague and incomplete, he conceives, in its entirety, the living picture of an event with all its adjuncts; he sets it down in its vivid reality: no part is dim, no part is tame. We have the clear and distinct representation of his conception, and are made to feel that his portraiture is endowed with the very essence and spirit of our nature. Mr Bulwer has, in his delightful novel of “*Pelham*,” described his idea of a work of fiction. Story, he renders the subordinate. The almost common events of life are his groundwork; or where he mingles the romantic, it is made rather an episode than an intrinsic part of his machinery. Mr Bulwer does not take the materials of the world around, first separating, and then, by aid of the inventive faculty, moulding them into a new form, whose exact appearance depends on a preconceived notion of what must be, to fulfil his idea; but he gives us rather himself, his experience, his opinions, his emotions. The high-wrought and

* London, Colburn and Bentley, 1830.

noble tone of his mind spreads a sacred and even mysterious grandeur over his pages. His wit enlivens them, his acute observations and peculiar and beautiful power of poetically linking the apparently dissimilar by their real similitudes, are the value and charm of his works.

But though Mr Bulwer's exceeding talent exalts this species of composition, it is not in itself of so high a grade as the other, which in fact almost infringes on the ideality of the drama by a sort of unity, wanting, in what we may call in comparison with this the "narrative," the "didactic novel." The temple which presents to our eyes the proportions and harmonious accords of architecture, is a finer production than a rambling palace, though the apartments of the latter may be more glittering, lustrous, and delightful. There seems in our human nature a necessity of self-restraint, before we can reach the highest kind of excellence. If simplicity is the best,—if those,

"Who, in love and truth,

Where no misgiving is, rely

Upon the genial sense of youth,

Glad hearts without reproach or blot,

Who do thy work and know it not,"—

and if the works which are the type of this artless celestial nature hold the first rank, yet both characters and productions of this kind are too rare and too individual to form a class.* an example they cannot be, for their characteristic is, that they are genuine and untaught. Putting, therefore, these out of the question, I repeat, that a certain degree of obedience to rule and law is necessary for the completion and elevation of our nature and its productions. Of all writers, Shakspeare, whom the ignorant have deemed irregular, is the closest follower of these laws, for he has always a scope and an aim, which, beyond every other writer, he fulfils. The merely copying from our own hearts will no more form a first-rate work of art, than will the most exquisite representation of mountains, water, wood, and glorious clouds, form a good painting, if none of the rules of

grouping or colouring are followed. Sir Walter Scott has not attained this master-art; his wonderful genius develops itself in individual characters and scenes, unsurpassed, except by Shakspeare, for energy and truth; but his wholes want keeping—often even due connexion.

Of all modern writers, Mr Godwin has arrived most sedulously, and most successfully, at the highest species of perfection his department of art affords. He sketches in his own mind, with a comprehensive and bold imagination, the plan of his work; he digs at the foundations, and learns all the due bearings of his position; he examines his materials, and sees exactly to what purpose each is best fitted; he makes an incident; he unerringly divines the results, both of the event and passion, which this incident will bring forth. By dint of the mastery of thought, he transfuses himself into the very souls of his personages; he dives into their secret hearts, and lays bare, even to their anatomy, their workings; not a pulsation escapes him,—while yet all is blended into one whole, which forms the pervading impulse of the individual he brings before us. Who, remembering Falkland, but feels as if he had stood by that noble ruin, and watched its downfall! Who but writhes under the self-dejection of Mandeville, and feels the while his own heart whisper fearful oracles of the tameless and sad incongruities of our souls! Who but exulted madly with St Leon, when he obtained his precious gifts! We pass with their creator into the very form and frame of his creatures: our hearts swell responsive to every emotion he delineates. When we heard of another tale by the same author, we wondered what new magic circle was traced, within which we were to stand side by side with the enchanter, seeing the spirits that rise to his call, enthralled by the spell he casts over us.

Cloudesley is before us, a fresh example of what we have been saying. This tale contains a train of events, each naturally flowing one

* The beautiful tale of Rosamond Gray, by Charles Lamb, occurs to us as the most perfect specimen of the species of writing to which we allude.

from the other, and each growing in importance and dignity as they proceed. We have no extraneous ornaments; no discursive flights. Comparing this book with others, we felt as if we had quitted gardens and parks, and tamer landscapes, for a scene on nature's grandest scale; that we wandered among giants' rocks, "the naked bones of the world waiting to be clothed." We use this quotation, because it suggested itself to our minds as we read these volumes, but we must guard our meaning from the idea of there being any turgidness in *Cloudesley*. Grace and dignity, joined to power, are its characteristics. The first volume is the least interesting. The author digs at the foundation, and then places the first stones; then we begin to feel the just proportions and promising beauty of the plan, till the tantalizing work of preparation finally yields to the full manifestation of the conception of the artist. If we may be permitted another metaphor, and this last is the most just, we will say that this work reminds us of the solemn strain of some cathedral organ. First, a few appropriate chords are fitfully and variously struck; a prelude succeeds to awaken our attention, and then rises the full peal, which swells upon the ear, till the air appears overcharged and overflowing with majestic harmonies. As far as an image can go, this exactly portrays our sensations on reading *Cloudesley*. The composer rapt us from ourselves, filling our bosoms with new and extraordinary emotions, while we sit soul-enchained by the wonders of his art.

The story of *Cloudesley* is of the younger brother of a nobleman, placed under peculiarly tempting circumstances, on the death of his elder, of his concealing that elder's new-born heir, and so stepping into the place and honours of the orphan. We have here three prominent characters;—the guilty uncle, his agent, who conceals and brings up the child, and the child himself. The contrast of these situations and characters produces a group matchless for interest, while the circumstances that grow out of the first committed fraud, are the influences that mould these characters at will. The con-

flicting emotions of the uncle are first brought forward, and then the remorse that quickly follows his crime. Remorse it may emphatically be called, and not repentance, since he does not desire to repair the injuries he has committed: a carking, self-consuming bitterness of spirit. He hates himself—but no love for another engenders a generous return to right. He finds himself the very dupe of ambition;—he wished to be the peer he would naturally have become, had his brother died childless,—so he puts aside the child, and assumes his station in the world, and then finds that he is not what he expected to be. Not the noble, the gentleman of vast possessions, inheritor of a spotless name; not the lineal successor to honours and power, such as thousands would envy. This, indeed, he appears in the eyes of the world, but in his own heart, he knows himself to be the opposite of this. He is a robber, a swindler, a villain; he would exchange back all for his former innocence, but his terror of infamy is greater than his love for virtue, and he clings tenaciously to the fruits of his crime, as the sole compensation for the consciousness of guilt. Remorse is at first a trifling punishment. God's justice follows in the premature deaths of his own children, and the loss of his beloved wife: he feels the finger of the Eternal marking with torturous traces in his soul the judgement due to crime.

More slowly—for he has no instinct of nature to quicken his emotions—the agent of the false uncle, *Cloudesley*, awakes to penitence. Remorse in the brother was inspired by the injury he had done the dead, in *Cloudesley*, by that inflicted on the living. In the former it was a barren feeling, wasting the soul; in the latter, quickened into life by the spirit of love, it grows into an earnest desire to repair the wrongs in which he took part. Thus he devotes himself to the preservation and education of the orphan boy. And here we have the third personage. The description of the bringing up of the injured outcast child, is replete with grace, and with many a lesson to be conned by parents, and followed by preceptors. Time rolls on, bringing to maturity these seeds

of events, these various elements of passion and of action, until there grows up before one's eyes their natural results, recorded by the hand of truth, graced by the charms of imagination.

At first Cloudesley's penitence manifests itself by the exemplary attention and affection which he bestows on his charge. He is a father to him in appearance; in reality, almost more, being tutor and servant at the same time, as he is the protector. He considers the injured offspring of his early and kind patron as a being superior to himself, whom he reverences as well as loves. As the boy grows up, he becomes more keenly alive to the injustice done him. He remonstrates with the usurper by letter, vainly. The only effect of his epistle is to increase the wretchedness of the successful criminal, not to change his intents. At last he visits him in person, and their interview is a highly-wrought scene of passionate eloquence. Still the uncle is obdurate. Cloudesley educated his ward in Italy. He had to travel far northward to seek his false relative. He leaves the boy, the nursling of love, on whose ear no unkind or harsh word had ever grated, under the guardianship of a man whose integrity, strangely blended with rudeness, renders him a very unfitting supplier of his place. This event brings on the catastrophe. We will not mar its interest by a lame abridgement. It is the peculiar excellence of Mr Godwin's writing, that there is not a word too much, and curtailment of the narrative would be like displaying the unfilled-up outline of beauty; we might feel that it was there, and yet remain in ignorance of its peculiar features. The interest is imperative, but unconstrained; nature dwells paramount in every part. As it proceeds, it becomes high-wrought, without being harrowing. To the end, the tragedy is tempered by the softest spirit of humanity; it touches the verge of terror, only to bring us the more soothingly back to milder feelings. We close the book, not tantalized by a sense of the injustice of fate, nor tormented by a painful depicting of unrebuked guilt, but with a compassion for the criminal,

and a love or admiration for the innocent, at once elevating and delightful. The few last pages are indeed a record of truths and sentiments, which, as coming from one who has lived so long, and, synonymous with this expression, suffered so much, inculcates a philosophy very opposite from the misanthropical one so prevalent a little while ago.

Mr Godwin's style is at once simple and energetic; it is full, without being inflated. We turn over the pages to seek an impressive passage, but it is difficult to find one sufficiently disconnected with the story, to quote. The description of the feelings of the unhappy deceived man of ambition, when he first finds himself fully entered on the path of guilt, is full of eloquence. Thus he speaks:

"It was my determination to return with all practicable speed to the British dominions. I loathed the country which had been the scene of these recent events. They had succeeded each other with such rapidity, as to confound my apprehension. I felt as if I had a load of guilt on my soul almost too vast and overpowering for human ability to endure. My feelings were those of a murderer! And yet I had committed no murder. Could I not with a safe conscience assure myself that I had in no way been a party to the destruction of Arthur, or of Irene? Their child was not dead. But he was by my means civilly dead to his property, his rank, and his country. I had determined that he should be an outcast, belonging to no one, an uncertain and solitary wanderer on the face of nature!"

"Oh! how I detested myself in the recollection of the base and hypocritical scene that I had caused to be played in the presence of the corpse of Irene! I had laid by her chaste and spotless side, the corpse of a child, the offspring of disgrace and infamy! I have often read that the blood of a murdered man would flow anew from his veins the instant his body was touched by the finger of his murderer. Well might I have expected that the hapless Irene should start again into life with indignation at the lie I imposed on her, the contamination with which I approached her. She was certainly dead! If the smallest particle of perception had remained in any part of her frame, it would have shrunk and shuddered on this dreadful occasion. I had tried the question to its utmost. I had never seen death till now. Never was such a penetrating

trial, such a demonstrative ordeal of its reality, devised by man. Her features were calm; there was a sweet and complacent serenity on the countenance. She was turned to earth." (Vol. ii. p. 38.)

"I was alone in my carriage as I traversed Germany from Vienna to Ostend, or worse than alone, with my valet in the vehicle to speak when he was spoken to, and do as he was directed. I traversed in my route many extensive forests and many sandy and dismal plains. My journey was made in the blackest and most naked season of the year. Dark clouds were perpetually hurried along the horizon, and the air was nipping and severe. I seldom slept in my carriage, but was left to the uncomfortable communion of my own thoughts. I slept not, but was lost in long and vague reveries, unconscious how the time passed, but feeling that it was insupportably monotonous and tedious. My mind was in that state in which a man has an undefined feeling that he exists, but in which his sensations rarely shape themselves into any thing that deserves the name of thought.

"In this situation, particularly when the shades of evening began to prevail, and in the twilight, my senses were bewitched, and I seemed to see a multitude of half-formed visions. Once, especially, as I passed through a wood by moonlight, I suddenly saw my brother's face looking out from among the trees as I passed. I saw the features as distinctly as if the meridian sun had beamed upon them. The countenance was as white as death, and the expression was past speaking pitiful. It was by degrees that the features shewed themselves thus out of what had been a formless shadow. I gazed upon it intently. Presently, it faded away by as insensible degrees as those by which it had become thus agonizingly clear. After a short time it returned. I saw also Irene and the child, living and dead, and then living again. No tongue can tell what I endured on these occasions. It was a delirium and confusion and agitation that continued for some hours. The fits were not periodical. If I had a visitation of this kind at night, that afforded no security that it would not return in the morning, and again at noon. My appetite deserted me, my eyes became fiery and bloodshot." (Vol. ii. p. 45.)

We lingered to select another extract from many beautiful passages, containing descriptions first of the domestic happiness, and then of the misfortunes, of the usurper: we feel inclined to take instead, the description of the injured boy himself, as

containing one of the sweetest pictures of educated, civilized youth we ever remember to have read:

"In the various pursuits, therefore, of classical studies and the English language, in a word, of every thing adapted to his years, the progress of Julian was at this time astonishingly rapid. In the course of the next six or seven years, he shook off every thing that was childish and puerile, without substituting in its stead the slightest tincture of pedantry. The frankness and nobility of his spirit defended him from all danger on that side. The constitution of his nature was incapable of combining itself with any alloy of the fop or the coxcomb. All his motions were free, animated, and elastic. They sprung into being instant, and as by inspiration, without waiting to demand the sanction of the deliberative faculty. They were born perfect, as Minerva is feigned to have sprung in complete panoply from the head of Jove. The sentiments of his mind unfolded themselves, without trench or wrinkle, in his honest countenance and impassioned features. Into that starry region no disguise could ever intrude; and the clear and melodious tones of his voice were a transparent medium to the thoughts of his heart. Persuasion hung on all he said, and it was next to impossible that the most rugged nature and the most inexorable spirit should dispute his bidding. And this was the case, because all he did was in love, in warm affection, in a single desire for the happiness of those about him. Every one hastened to perform his behests, because the idea of empire and command never entered his thoughts. He seemed as if he lived in a world made expressly for him, so precisely did all with whom he came into contact appear to form their tone on his."

"And, in the midst of all his studies and literary improvement, he in no wise neglected any of that bodily dexterity by which he had been early distinguished. His mastery in swimming, in handling the dart and the bow, in swiftness of foot, and in wrestling, kept pace with his other accomplishments. Nor was his corporeal strength any way behind his other endowments. He could throw the discus higher and farther than any of his competitors. But his greatest excellence in this kind was in horsemanship. He sprang from the ground like a bird, as if his natural quality had been to mount into the air. He vaulted into his seat like an angel that had descended into it from the conveyance of a sunbeam. He had a favourite horse, familiar, as it were,

with all the thoughts of his rider, and that shewed himself pleased and proud of the notice of the noble youth. He snorted, and bent his neck in the most graceful attitudes, and beat the ground with his hoofs, and shewed himself impatient for the signal to leave the goal, and start into his utmost speed. Julian was master of his motions. He would stop, and wind, and exhibit all his perfection of paces, with a whisper, or the lifting of a finger, from him whose approbation excited in the animal the supremest delight. In a word, Julian won the favour of his elders by the clearness of his apprehension, and his progress in every thing that was taught him; and of his equals, by his excellence in all kinds of sports and feats of dexterity, which could be equalled only by the modesty, the good humour, and accommodating spirit, with which he bore his honours, rendering others almost as well satisfied with his superiority as if the triumph had been their own." (Vol. ii. p. 184.)

Mr Godwin quotes three lines from the *Iliad*, applicable to himself, as Homer made them applicable to Nestor. "Two generations of speech-gifted men had passed away, with whom he had dwelt in green Pylos: he now lived among the third."* Well may Mr Godwin be proud of emulating

"Experienced Nestor, in persuasion
skill'd,"
who

"Words sweet as honey from his
lips distill'd."

It is a proud distinction thus to retain the power of creative thought, at a time when the grave is all too near, and our material frames are burdened with tokens of affinity to the clod beneath. To see mind triumph over mortality, the flame burning brighter, and yet more gently, in the decay of our animal powers, is in itself a tale to ponder over with a glad and thankful spirit. This last emanation of the master-mind of Godwin bears in it a soothing mildness, that reminds us of Wordsworth's exquisite description of

"An old age serene and bright,
And lovely as a Lapland night."

Here is nothing harsh and crabbed, nothing morbid and disheartening: every page displays freshness and vigour, each one containing some lesson to teach us confidence, love, and hope. This philosophy, as emanating from experience, is a precious boon, such as, since the days of the philosophers of old, has seldom been bequeathed to us. Let the reader turn to the last page of the third volume, and learn thence, that a glory still remains to the earth, an attribute to our mortal natures, that must elevate and bless us while man remains; and let our hearts exult, when one of the wisest men of this or any age tells us, that "the true key of the universe is love."

* Thus paraphrased by Pope, and so changed by him as to be inadmissible by the author:

"Two generations now had pass'd away,
Wise by his rules, and happy by his sway;
Two ages o'er his native realm he reign'd,
And now the example of the third remain'd."

THE SILENT MEMBER.

No. II.

HOUSE OF COMMONS, *Feb. 8th.*

DURING the last hundred and fifty years, (but more especially during the last century of that period,) our national literature has been encumbered by a class of writers, who, with no other qualification than that of being able to think on paper, have aspired to be authors; men, to whom their fathers gave a good education, and left them sufficient to live in idleness. But idleness becoming at last, as it always must do, a most laborious occupation, they turned to book-making. Instead of gossiping with their families, or neighbours, from breakfast to dinner, they made their pens familiar with their thoughts; and when they had recorded just such homely things as any man picked out of ten thousand would have written, those uncultivated reasons which are, in truth, as "plenty as blackberries," they forthwith had them printed and published. These were "the mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease," and whose "easy writing," has been pronounced "d——d hard reading." Yet they enjoyed a sort of reputation, which sometimes outlived themselves, if they did not happen to be addicted to the vice of longevity; and they were be-praised too, be-rhymed, and be-flattered, as ingenious, incomparable, and inexpressibly clever persons. Enquire for them now? None but a Fellow of the Antiquarian Society, or a correspondent of *Sylvanus Urban*, Gent., could tell you when they died, or where they are buried.

But we have also, in these our times, (and so perhaps had our forefathers, though all evidence of their existence, if there ever were any, has perished,) the "mob of gentlemen who *talk* with ease;" orators, who, were their physical energies equal to the task, could dribble, dribble, dribble, and still continue dribbling, (like a pump worked by an infant's arm,) from one lunar crescent to the next; —statesmen, with such a diabetes of the mind, that a continued stream of their thoughts keeps draining through their lips, with a sort of involuntary flux. At the head, the very apex of this class, *meo periculo*, I place Mr

Alexander Baring. I may be wrong, and I may stand alone in my opinion; but until I am convinced of the former, I shall not be disposed to relinquish the latter. Were I engaged in mercantile transactions, and wanted sound, honourable, and useful advice upon any practical points connected with them, there is no merchant in the city of London, whom I should be so desirous of consulting, as Mr Baring. But Mr Baring in his counting-house, and Mr Baring in the House of Commons, are, in my estimation, two very different individuals; as different as *the King* at St James's, and Lord King at Westminster; or as the Duke of Wellington, field-marshal, planting the British flag upon the towers of Bayonne, and the Duke of Wellington, prime minister, striking it to Don Miguel in Downing Street.

It has happened, however, to the honourable member, as it does to most men, that those qualities, whether of fortune or of station, or of personal character, by which they are distinguished in one capacity, are gratuitously assigned to them in all. Mr Baring is an eminent merchant, an eminent capitalist, an eminent member of society; therefore he is an eminent politician. He has large dealings, therefore he has a large mind; vast wealth, therefore a rich judgment; a high reputation in private circles, therefore an equally elevated reputation in Parliament. He is a good man, too, as I believe, therefore, too, he is a good statesman. By the alchemy of opinion, he has undergone that transmutation which presents him to us in the likeness of himself upon the mart. In the city he is, and perhaps deserves to be, Sir Oracle; but west of Temple Bar, he is only

— "Globose, a speaker in the house,
Who hems, and is delivered of his mouse."

Let one of Mr Baring's clerks stand up in his place and deliver one of his speeches, and I would not choose to be a member of a select committee appointed to enquire into, and report upon, the comparative number of ideas in the said speech, and a speech consisting of the same number of

words, uttered by Mr Alderman Waithman. This may sound like heresy to some; but only to those, I am convinced, who reason from adscititious circumstances; who hold, that

“A judge is just, a chancellor juster still;
A gownman learn'd, a bishop what you will;
Wise if a minister; but if a king,
More wise, more learn'd, more just, more every thing.”

Mr Attwood, for example, replied to Mr Baring this evening; and Mr Attwood is a shrewd, judicious man, bating a *little* disposition to look at every thing through the currency question, using it like a pair of green spectacles, which clothes all objects in one common hue, making them verdant and vernal alike. And how did he commence? “Agreeing with much of what has been said by my honourable friend and colleague, I cannot but the more regret some errors into which he has fallen, and which, coming *with the weight which every thing* said by my honourable friend *carries in this House*, I think it would be injurious not to explain.” This is what I would call the cant of custom in this honourable House. For what *was* the speech of Mr Baring? Simply and solely that there were many causes for the present distress, though he was unable to find out any of them; and that they could not be traced to the Ministers, because the same distress prevailed in other countries. He said further, “it was improper for gentlemen to expect that the government alone could find a cure;” and, moreover, that it “was clear the House could not be justly charged with being inattentive to the distresses of the people;” though *why* the one was improper, or *how* the other was clear, the House and the country were left to discover by whatever process might seem best to themselves. I confess, however, it was the display which the honourable member made, when adverting to our foreign policy, that produced the most unequivocal impression upon my mind as to the quality of the honourable member's mind.

“I am anxious,” said he, “before I resume my seat, to say a few words upon our foreign alliances. I see nothing in the circumstances of either this country or the continent, which

calls for the interference of our government, and therefore I trust they will not interfere.” (Hear, hear, from the third treasury bench.) “I cannot see what business we have to interfere in the concerns of Bessarabia or Moldavia, or any other province with which *we have nothing to do*.” (Hear, hear, as before.) “It is very well for honourable members feelingly to describe the diminution of our influence in foreign countries, and that we are not looked upon as of so great importance on the continent, as we have formerly been under other administrations.” (A faint hear, as before, and a laugh from the rest of the house.) “It may amuse and please honourable gentlemen to be treated in a superior manner on the continent; but I think it tends neither to the honour or the interest of the country, to be interfering in every trifling squabble among foreign nations.” (A loud hear, hear, from Alderman Waithman.) “We have no business to interfere in these questions. If we were offered a portion of the Netherlands or France, I am satisfied there are not ten men in their senses in this country who would not scout the idea of accepting it; *why, therefore*, should we interfere thus uselessly?” (An exulting hear, hear, from Mr Calcraft, in a tone that expressed his admiring acquiescence in the logical consequence of this interrogatory.) “It is immaterial to England in the hands of what power the mouths of the Danube and Tagus are, and I am satisfied it tends to diminish the high character of this country interfering thus in every ridiculous quarrel. For my own part, I would rather see the young queen on the throne of Portugal, than the present possessor, but I can see no just ground for a continued meddling. There will be no end of our difficulties,—there will be no end of the troubles and quarrels in which we shall involve ourselves, if we are to continue to interfere in the concerns of every worthless fellow of a prince in Europe.”

This is decisive language. Here we have the principle of non-interference asserted, if not with any remarkable force of argument, at least with a very remarkable force of repetition. It is clearly the honourable member's opinion, that England, as

the phrase is, "should keep herself to herself;" in fact, that we should leave all other countries alone, as the true and only means of being left alone ourselves, and consequently of advancing our own prosperity. I will not stop to examine the wisdom of a doctrine thus luminously expounded, but proceed to shew that the honourable member's reasoning is in the predicament of Gonzalvo's Utopian scheme of government in the Tempest, where "the latter end of his commonwealth forgot the beginning."

"If," continued Mr Baring, "there is any one subject more important in my estimation than another, it is the promotion of peace. Our internal interests, or our commercial, manufacturing, and agricultural interests, all unite and depend upon its continuance; and if the Right Hon. Gentleman opposite can promote peace in the South American States, [without interfering, of course,] he will do more good than by adopting any partial measures." "It is our national interest to prevent Spain [without interfering] from carrying on a constant warfare with Colombia and the other States of South America, in her attempts to recover her dominion over them." "With respect to our means of causing Spain to desist [without interfering] from her attempts, I am of opinion that one word, *peremptorily said*, [but without interfering,] would have the desired effect. The question of right which seems at issue is, whether this country ever interfered between any attempt on the part of Mexico to attack Cuba. If it can be satisfactorily made out that this country did say they should not make an attack on that island, why then, the corresponding measure which is called for on our part, towards Spain, is, to say to her, you SHALL NOT make an attempt on Mexico from Cuba; for if we did one, we might with equal justice do the other." "This country has given Spain a sufficient length of time to make her attempts for the re-establishment of her dominion; and it is now to be hoped these attempts will cease, and that the Right Hon. Gentleman will make representations to Spain on the subject of a *very serious nature*," [without interfering, however, or "there will be no end of our

difficulties."] "When we were engaged in our attempts to subdue our North American colonies, did Spain give us an opportunity to re-conquer them? So far from it, that she went to war with us. I am for applying the *argumentum ad hominem* in cases of this nature." That is, go to war with Spain, as she did with us; only *take care that you do not interfere*, for there would "be no end of the troubles and quarrels in which we should involve ourselves if we were to interfere in the concerns of every worthless fellow of a prince in Europe."

Mr Baring is a man of unimpeached and unimpeachable integrity, and utterly incapable of being influenced in his public duties by private and personal considerations. But were he not thus happily placed beyond the reach of suspicion, would it be possible to forget that he has large commercial dealings with South America? That he is a loan contractor? That South American dividends are irregularly paid, in consequence, as it is thought, of the insecure position of these States? And that the Mexican mines might, perhaps, be more profitably worked, if all dread of Spanish intrusion were completely annihilated? His principle of non-interference, as regards all European governments, for European objects, and his vehement desire of interference with Spain, for South American objects, are certainly not intelligible to me; because I utterly disclaim all idea of imputing to the honourable member any private or individual motives.

February 9th.

The elephantine epistle of "dear self," the redoubted Juhun Men Shuhur, where "*I was the little hero of the tale*," was discussed again to-night. It is a silly and contemptible affair; and, except for the purpose of annoying a very silly and shallow person, not worth the notice which has been bestowed upon it. Mr Peel seemed to be ashamed of it; so the noble Lord's defence was consigned to Mr G. Banks. But what defence could he make? He could not deny the fact, that such a letter was written; he could not vindicate the letter, and he was not instructed by his superior to appeal to the good-nature

of the House. When Lord Bacon, "the greatest, wisest," *I* will not, for the sake of antithesis, add "meanest of mankind," incurred the censure of a Stewart Parliament, he contented himself with reminding his judges that "there were *vitia temporis*, as well as *vitia hominis*;" and in a letter to James himself, on the occasion, he said, "I am resolved, when I come to my answer, not to trick my innocency by cavillations and voidances, but to speak to *them*, the language that my heart speaketh to *me*." The noble Lord, I willingly admit, does not lie under so heavy an accusation as that which strewed with sharpest thorns the remnant of that great man's path to the grave; and being, moreover, only a Lord, and not a Bacon, he has not hesitated to "trick *his* innocency" with all sorts of "cavillations and voidances." *These* are unworthy of him. The *letter* was not. Mr Banks gave a history of the transactions which led to its being written, and then said, "it was in reference to these transactions that the *private* and *confidential* letter of the noble Lord was written." Private and confidential! I could hardly trust my own ears. If ever there was a case, which in its importance as affecting the stability of our power in India, (a power that could not exist a day, after its nature and origin were made a question with the natives,) demanded an official dispatch, armed with all the authority of government in its collective capacity, it was this. And yet the noble Lord, in the fulness of his own incommunicable sufficiency as President of the Board of Control, scribbles a hasty, "private and confidential letter," with so little consciousness of the importance of the subject, and so great consciousness of his own importance, that while he informs Sir John Malcolm of what *he* will do, of what *he* has done, of what *he* thinks, and of what *he* does not think, he makes no copy, and when he sees it in print, cannot recollect whether it was what he wrote, though he has "no doubt it *was* written by him." This, the noble Lord admitted, in reply to a question from Lord Durham, (God save the mark! how these new lords with new names pop upon us at every turn!) in the House of Peers this evening.

But the Duke of Wellington,—he

is the man to stand up for a friend. He does not mince matters. "Whatever is, is right," with him, in these cases. "For my part," said the Noble Duke, (and he looked round the House as if he felt that when *he* declared a thing was white, no one else must presume to call it black,) "for my part," said he, "I cannot see one derogatory word in any part of that letter! My Noble Friend certainly intended it as private and confidential. It was a correspondence altogether of a private nature, with a person on a foreign station; and if other persons think fit to lay hold of such letters, and make out of them what they like, I must say that public business cannot be carried on at all." Really! *I* "must say," my Lord Duke, that had I been one of the peers to whom you *thus* addressed yourself, I would have endeavoured to enlighten your Grace as to the language which a minister of the crown, a servant of the king and the nation, ought to use upon *any* subject which the House of Peers "thought fit to lay hold of," adopting your own classic phraseology. I would also have laid hold "of another private and confidential letter, —written to one Dr Curtis, a Catholic priest, and asked your Grace whether you saw one derogatory word in any part of *that* letter?" Or whether that, too, was to be covered by the mantle which you threw over your noble friend's letter, when you said, "he was not *bound* to answer for the *construction* which others might put upon the language contained in it, or for the sentiments of other persons upon the subject?" *This* defence, by the bye, was twice urged by Mr Banks in the course of his speech. I take it therefore as a defence, whose validity is recognised by his Majesty's government. I do not quarrel with it. It is fair and reasonable. But why is it to be made a monopoly? Why are others to be denied the benefit of it? Why did not his Majesty's Attorney General, that paragon of constitutional lawyers, recognise its validity in the case of Mr Alexander, as well as his Majesty's Prime Minister, in the case of my Lord Ellenborough? I suppose, however, had this question been asked, your Grace would have met it with your standing reply,

"I do not feel myself called upon to argue that point;" or by your other standing reply, (for your oratory is copious,) "I must say I do not see the force of that argument."

One word more, upon this piece of official coxcomby, and I have done with it. The story of the flea-bitten traveller at Stony Stratford, must hereafter be accounted the dull-est of all dull jokes, upon inconsequential reasoning. Lord Ellenborough has eclipsed it for aye. "I should suppose," said he, in reply to Lord Holland, "that I was one of the last men in the country who could have been charged with a wish to interfere with the independence of the judges." Why? Pray guess. Do you "give it up?" Listen. "The station which my noble and learned father held ought to have protected me from such a charge!!!" Lend me your ear, my lord, and let me whisper in it, your noble and learned father's *title* was hereditary, but not that which earned it. Shakspeare, or Milton, or Newton, might have been father to a first-rate blockhead, (Sir Thomas More *was*, and we remember what he said to his wife on the occasion,)—and if that same blockhead, being accused of stupidity, had replied, "The talents which my celebrated father possessed, ought to have protected me from such a charge," would not the answer have been a better certificate of his duncehood, than the unanimous decision in its favour, of a whole university? I am enough your friend, my lord, to wish that this argument had remained a "private and confidential" opinion of your own.

Feb. 11th.

EAST RETFORD.

I am no reformer. I hold in utter abhorrence the whole race, from Hunt to Burdett, from John Gale Jones to John Cam Hobhouse, and from William Cobbett to Lord Radnor. I would not pull down a matchless and venerable edifice, to get rid of a few rotten rafters, or remove, here and there, a decayed stone. I would not cast away a noble inheritance, because some of the entails have been altered. I would not destroy what is good, for the chance of substituting something that may be better, with the equal or greater

chance of its being worse. I know the precise character and extent of the disease with which I am afflicted, but I do not know what may follow from ignorant and presumptuous quackery in its attempts to cure it. I would say of the British constitution, —*the constitution as it was on the 1st of January 1829*, (denying no one dilapidation that time has wrought, and admitting every thing to be improvement which speculative politicians have *honestly* proposed,) that,

"Take it for all in all,
We ne'er shall look upon its like again."

I am therefore no reformer; understanding by that word a person who *would* do the things I would *not*. But there *are* things which even I would do. To follow out my first simile, though I would not pull down a matchless and venerable edifice, to get rid of a few rotten rafters, or remove, here and there, a decayed stone; yet, if a mouldering turret were struck by lightning, or a time-eaten wall were levelled by some sudden tempest, I would seize that opportunity of repairing the building with new and solid materials, in the style of the original design. I would not patch up the breach with the same stones and timber that had already given way. This is the exact illustration of East Retford. And by these timely and progressive repairs, I should hope to preserve the whole structure from falling about my ears; for gradually, every rotten part would be removed, and the entire fabric re-assume its pristine solidity.

There are persons, and I have no right to question their sincerity, who believe, that if practical effect be given to the principle of reform, in however slight a degree, all power of checking its onward course would be surrendered; that if partial change be once admitted, the whole mass of turbulent change must follow. As his Grace of Wellington would say, "I am not called upon to argue that point now." But surely it is not from the present Ministry we can endure to be told so. It is not from the men who have betrayed the constitution; it is not from the apostates who have abjured it;—it is not from my Lord Darlington's *Irish Tories*, who govern us by *Whig* principles,

that the nation is to be fooled and insulted by *their* pretended love and veneration for the sacred institutions of our ancestors. It is not for these men, who gave up Protestant England to Catholic Ireland, to look holy and demure, and protest by their consciences, they cannot be parties to so monstrous an inroad upon the constitution as giving up East Retford to Birmingham. What though they really mean the thing they profess? They are not the less unworthy of confidence. Gasparino, the Italian bandit, of whom we read an account lately in the papers, and who acknowledged to one hundred and fifteen murders, out of one hundred and fifty with which he was accused, covered himself with sacred relics, crucifixes, and images of the Virgin; and was so pious withal, that he made it a rule never to cut a throat on Fridays. He was a true Catholic, I have no doubt; and a zealous one, once a-week; but he was a wholesale assassin nevertheless. So, our whig-tory cabinet *may* be true lovers of the constitution, and ready to shed their blood, even in its defence—till some *English* agitator, the organ of some *English* association, with the sinews of an *English* rent, plays the bully and plucks them by the beard—but they have, nevertheless, once and again laid their sacrilegious hands upon it, and left it bleeding with deep wounds. It is not, then, from such men, that I will consent to receive reasons why it would be a dangerous innovation to disfranchise East Retford, and enfranchise Birmingham, Leeds, or Manchester, with her forfeited privileges.

I confess I heard no arguments this evening, sufficient to convince me that there would be any danger in adopting the amendment proposed by the Hon. Member for Beverley, (Mr Tennyson,) “to exclude the borough of East Retford from electing burgesses to serve in Parliament, and to enable the town of Birmingham to return two representatives in lieu thereof.” The Chancellor of the Exchequer, indeed, who broke the first lance, came ambling into the lists upon the back of that sorry jade, Precedent. “I am determined,” said he, “to abide by my so often expressed opinion, and in following that line of conduct, I shall be adopting the view which has always actuated

me in public life, a deference to the established customs and precedents of this House. We ought never to forget that there is danger in going a single step in an opposite course. I mean, in taking the first step in a course not sanctioned by precedent.” Again, in allusion to what had fallen from Mr Huskisson—“He has enlisted under the banners of those who seek for wild reform, and forsaken the ranks of that party who have preferred, and still prefer, to follow in the safer course sanctioned by the precedents of Parliament.” The precedents of Parliament! “Revere them,” says Mr Goulburn. “Make them your polar star. Do not step one inch out of the magic circle they have traced. Venerate these sacred land-marks, and be happy.” Who made these precedents? Parliament. Who can unmake them? Parliament. Shew me that they are precious, that they are the emanations of unerring wisdom, that they have cherished our national greatness, and will maintain it—that they are so applicable to all times, occasions, and circumstances, that neither now, nor in years to come, can they be slighted with impunity—shew me these inherent virtues in your precedents, and I will prize them as I would the apple of my eye. But *as* precedents; as a something done by some former Parliament; as decrees made by men neither wiser nor better, I may assume, than we of the present generation,—to endure them with infallibility,—to give them the irrevocable quality of the laws of the Medes and Persians—to say, in effect, that what was ordained by the knights, citizens, and burgesses, of one House of Commons, may not be approached, questioned, or set aside, by the knights, citizens, and burgesses of another House of Commons, is the language of pure imbecility. What is half the business of every Session of Parliament? What, but to amend, revise, and repeal the legislation of preceding Parliaments? And are your laws less sacred than your precedents? “Man! and for ever!” exclaims the poet, in philosophical derision of the whole race of Goulburns, who would grope their purblind way to the grave in the path where their grandams placed them when they left their cradles; children all their lives, in the leading-strings and go-cart of antiquity. Away

with the enervating bondage of implicit obedience to precedents! Hold fast by what is good; but know that it is good, before you grapple to it. Act for yourselves, and from yourselves; neither seeking, with restless vanity, to change what is old, because it is old; nor enslaving your minds to its authority, as if you were not as free to examine its present fitness, as they were who determined its original necessity. But thus it is; or thus, at least, it may be, that a corrupt minister, wielding the pliant majorities of the House of Commons in one age, fetters the next with precedents.

Mr Peel, having first voided his bile on his right honourable friend, the member for Liverpool, proceeded to repeat some of his former reasons for opposing the transfer of the elective franchise from East Retford to Birmingham. They were such as satisfied the right honourable gentleman himself, and of course produced instantaneous conviction upon the minds of 154 honourable members who afterwards voted with the minister. They must have been extremely gratified also, to find that the right honourable gentleman having done with the Protestant interest, (or, as some may think, done for it,) he is now ready to become the champion of the landed interest, giving to the latter the same honourable, consistent, and firm support, which we all know he gave to the former. But what will the University of Oxford think, what will the country generally think, of Mr Peel's facetious jokes about his *present constituents*? "I oppose the noble lord's proposition," (Lord Howick,) "because the House is called upon to admit the truth of a general charge of bribery and corruption, without having any proof of the prevalence of such conduct. From the form of the resolution, it appears that the electors of cities and boroughs only are charged with corruption, and the freeholders of counties are exempted. There can be no doubt but that the representatives of all the cities and boroughs of the country will be very anxious to defend their constituents from such a charge; and I cannot suffer such a censure to pass upon the electors of the borough which *I have the honour to represent.*" (Loud laughter.) "I am prepared to defend

the electors of Westbury from such an accusation," (renewed laughter); "and I also feel confident that the noble lord" (Lord Howick) "will get up and vindicate the borough which he represents. I, at any rate, object to include my constituents in such a charge." This is sorry jesting! It neither becomes a minister of the crown, who should at least try decently to veil the corruptions he refuses to remedy; nor honours the once proud member for the University; clothed with that dignity for virtues he then professed; stripped of it now, for the abandonment of those virtues. Have there ever been moments when Mr Peel has reflected with just pride upon his situation as the representative of one of the most learned bodies in Europe? Are there ever moments when he remembers why he is no longer its representative, but, instead, the representative of Sir Manasseh Lopez? I will answer for him; and my reply is—*No!* Had he ever felt the pride, or did he now feel the degradation, he could not have played the droll upon such a theme, nor have enjoyed the laugh which his waggy provoked.

I like the sturdy good old English plain speaking of the Marquis of Blandford. I give him credit for sincerity, and then, without involving myself as a partisan, I say he is one of those men we want; not now merely, but at all times. When the Speaker put the question, for the House resolving itself into a Committee of Supply, he opposed it in these words: "To the question you have now put, sir, I must again say decidedly, no! I will not consent to vote one shilling of the public money until the alarming state of the country be taken into consideration—until the sufferings of the people be relieved—until the grievances they complain of be redressed. It little concerns me whether for so acting I shall be stigmatized as factious, or branded as a vexatious opponent, interrupting only proceedings which, without a numerous adhesion in this House, I cannot finally avert. But my determination is taken. And as I am convinced that his Majesty has been grossly imposed upon and deceived, as to the extent of the distresses of his people, I conceive that the best mode of awa-

kening the royal mind to a full sense of the existence of such distress, now presents itself in the constitutional form of withholding the supplies about to be asked at our hands. I therefore move that this House do now adjourn."

The Noble Marquis pressed his motion to a division, and his "adhesion," as he anticipated, was not numerous. Only nine members voted with him. No matter. Success is not the criterion of deserving it. I love to see honest men seeking their ends, by direct though inadequate means. The example is good for something, even as a precedent, Mr Goulburn. It begets honesty in others; or at any rate tends to give confidence to those, who, with equal purity of intention, lack equal energy of character. To think what we speak, is at best but an equivocal virtue. To speak what we think is the true heroism of our moral nature. I am of Andrew Fletcher's opinion, (would that we had half a dozen Andrew Fletchers now among us!) that "a word spoken in season does, for the most part, produce wonderful effects." And, therefore, I was delighted with one of these seasonable words addressed the other night to Lord Teynham, by the Duke of Richmond. The Noble Lord moved for certain returns relative to the poor laws, as to what money had been paid to labourers out of that fund. The Duke of Wellington pointed out the difficulty of obtaining the required returns, and the time that must elapse before they could be laid upon the table. The Duke of Richmond agreed with his Grace, but, turning to Lord Teynham, he said, "If he" (the Noble Lord) "wished to lessen the necessity of poor rates altogether, he could tell him how he might do it much more effectually than by moving for any such returns. It was, by voting against his Majesty's ministers, when they refuse to enter into an enquiry into the general distress of the country; and if the Noble Lord had voted for an amendment, which would have obliged them to enter into that enquiry, instead of swelling the ranks of the Noble Duke at the head of his Majesty's government, it would have been much better than moving for such returns as he required."

February 12th.

SIR JAMES GRAHAM'S MOTION FOR A
REDUCTION OF THE NATIONAL EXPENDITURE.

When Sir James feels his ground better, as he must do every session, with his talents, and when he is a little better acquainted with party tactics, he will not suffer himself to be caught, as he was this evening, by the clumsy stratagem of a milk-and-water motion brought forward by the government as a substitute for his own; a motion which means nothing, and will effect nothing, for one which went directly to its object, and that object salutary and indispensable. I have no doubt the honourable member was influenced by the opinions of Lord Morpeth and Mr Hume; the former declaring that Mr Dawson's amendment was as good, the latter, that it was better, than the original motion; and also by the consideration, that if he pressed his own he would be sure to lose it upon a division. Still, I would have pressed it, and for this reason,—that the ministerial concession might appear upon the journals of the House, as a concession; as something better, if it were better, than what it superseded, and not as a boon, gratuitously bestowed. It was a tardy pittance, wrung from reluctant hands, and it should not have been invested with the character of a spontaneous bounty. The hon. member for Montrose said, the "proposition of the Treasury bench was better, because it was unshackled, and less restricted than the other." Yet, if my ears did not deceive me, it had that serviceable restriction, that pliant condition, which can be made to accommodate itself equally to economy and profusion. "Every reduction is to be effected in the civil and military branches of the service, that can be made, consistently with the efficient discharge of their duties." Who are to be the judges of this efficiency? The Parliament? No. The House of Commons? No. The people? No. The Ministers? Yes. Even they—the very parties out of whose pockets the money must come, and from whose hands the patronage must pass, with which that money is identified in a thousand different ways.

That the government is not quick-sighted in discovering what reduction can be made, without impairing the efficient discharge of the public duties, we know from experience. The fact is established by this curious evidence, that every year, when hard pushed, they *do* make reductions which they declared it impossible to make the preceding year, when they are not so hard pushed. For example, in 1823, further reductions are impossible. In 1824, they take place. In 1825, not another shilling can be saved, with a due regard to the efficient discharge of the public service. In 1826, the public service is efficiently discharged, upon a reduced expenditure of a million or two. In 1827, they have cut down all salaries to the lowest practicable point. In 1828, the lowest point sinks a little lower. In 1829, the government cannot be carried on if retrenchment is pressed beyond its then limit. In 1830, that limit is reduced, and still the government is carried on. This is the history of ministerial economy. All sorts of *impossible* savings are effected year after year, with the greatest ease imaginable, when it is found *impossible* to raise a revenue sufficient to maintain salaries at the consistent level. But never till then. In private life, a man may be said to act cautiously, who spends no more than he gets; but the prudent man is he who always spends less than he gets, and does not wait to reduce his outgoings from a thousand to seven hundred a-year, till his income has sunk down to the latter sum. It is this prudence I would expect from the government. But as I have no faith in modern miracles, I do not expect to see it practised, while the undefined and indefinable (as it would seem) standard of efficiency is employed; which only means, we will if we must. The "must" is at hand however. Whoever may be Minister during the next five years, will find he has but this choice, to *meet* the exigencies of the country, or to *yield* to them; to remove the burden at once, or to lighten it by degrees. The former course would conciliate a people, never prone to be impatient or unreasonable in their complaints, and the Minister who adopted it would win golden opinions.

The latter, will vex and irritate; no credit will be given for what is done; no gratitude felt for the doing of it; while there is an extreme probability that, before it is done, the mass of discontent, which partial and protracted relief must keep festering in the body politic, will ripen into inflammatory action. A government renders itself unnecessarily obnoxious to popular odium, when it refuses to propitiate a distressed nation by the cheap sympathy of voluntarily abating some portion of that luxury and opulence which are derived from the nation. Taxation may be strained to a very high pitch, and borne contentedly, as we have seen in this country, provided enough be left, after the State is satisfied, to secure the moderate enjoyments of life; but when a crisis arrives, no matter how produced, in which a majority of the people feel that their rulers take what they need for themselves and their families; when the tax-gatherer disputes with the baker, the butcher, and the tailor, every guinea he demands for the King's Exchequer; then it is that men begin to reason sternly with allegiance, to compute the cost of loyalty, and to array against their public duties, as good subjects, duties apt to be considered in such moments of paramount obligation. Are we approximating to such a crisis? And can it be averted? Yes,—but not by high and sounding phrases about the elasticity of the national resources, the energy of the national character, or the enterprising spirit of the country; but by keeping the national feeling calm and tranquil; by preventing an ebullition; by narrowing the space which now divides those who suffer from those who do not; and by convincing the former, (for they are accessible to conviction,) that every sacrifice is cheerfully and promptly made for them, who have made so many sacrifices for others. Were this done, and done frankly, there would be an interval of repose during which that elasticity and energy and enterprise could come into play again; but not being done, it is to be feared, unless some fortunate accident intervene, that a paroxysm of the disease may come on suddenly, and work its own cure by the violence of the shock.

With what temper, for example, can a high-minded, proud, and powerful, and thinking nation, like England, endure to find its complaints "slighted off," and prated upon, by a shallow Under-secretary or Treasury-clerk, in a shoulder-of-mutton speech? I allude to Mr Dawson, the "honourable relative" of the Right Hon. Secretary for the Home Department. He was put forth to answer the able, eloquent, and argumentative statements of Sir James Graham. And he did so, with a pert volubility, which would have struck amazement into the "prentice boys of Londonderry." By way of consoling the distressed agriculturists, manufacturers, merchants, traders, &c., of 1830, he enumerated all the odds and ends of savings spread over the last three and thirty years—from 1797 down to the 31st December, 1829. But could he have "assured the House" that ten times the number of sinecure offices had been abolished within that period, and fifty times the amount of retrenchments had been accomplished, the main question would have remained just where it was, viz. how are the *actual* burdens of the country to be borne? The brilliant part of his speech, however, was, when he came to discuss the reductions which had taken place in the salaries of the "subalterns in office"—those meritorious individuals, who do the work, while their "superiors in office" receive the money. The most edifying alacrity is always displayed in paring down a salary of £500 a-year, but one of £5000 a-year, the lean hand of economy approaches not. Referring to these subalterns, Mr Dawson observed, "there had been no corresponding reduction in the prices of the necessities of life, equal to the reduction of thirty per cent which had been made on their salaries. The price of a *leg of mutton* in 1822 was sixpence per pound; in 1827, it was eightpence; that of a *shoulder of mutton* in 1822 was fivepence, and in 1827 it was sevenpence." Legs and shoulders of mutton, selected as the criteria of a public measure, by a member of the government, in his address to the House of Commons! And it was after a series of frivolous

statements like these, as if the Cabinet Ministers, and great officers of state, lived chiefly upon such epicurean joints, that the hon. member complacently observed, he "thought he had made out a case that the salaries of public officers, as at present paid by the government, were not greater than was sufficient to reward their exertions, or to incite them to a more efficient performance of their duties." It has been asked, "what must the religion be, where a monkey is the God?" And I am tempted to enquire what must the government be, where one of its subordinate, but from various circumstances, not insignificant, members, is permitted to make such a defence of its measures?

February 15th.

COMMITTEE OF SUPPLY.

Sir Charles Wetherell, the other night, called the hon. member for Montrose, "an omnifarious reformer;" and this evening, before he would allow Mr Goulburn to have his Committee, he compelled him to listen to an omnifarious speech of three hours and a quarter, "by Shrewsbury clock." It was, in fact, the "tattle of the whole" of Mr Hume's speeches for the last ten years; a digest of every topic he had separately discussed during that period. He travelled through the whole of the Finance accounts, and not an item was passed over, nor one which he proposed to exclude from the operation of retrenchment. Palaces, ambassadors, judges, woods and forests, army, navy, ordnance, clerks, secretaries of state, clergy, and taxation in general; malt, tobacco, and population; the Canadas, the Duke of Athol, and the Isle of Man; pensions, sinecures, and the sinking fund; high prices, low prices, and the corn laws; New South Wales, the Bermudas, and Sierra Leone; barracks, the Post-office, and the travelling expenses of government messengers; customs, excise, and a stamp distributor at Aberdeen; tax payers, tax collectors, and receivers general; the national debt, three per cents, and Exchequer bills; starvation, luxury, and the Military Asylum; and lastly, miscellaneous,—

crown lands, coals, soap, candle, leather, currying, tanning, beer, cider, perry, window duties, inhabited houses, absentees, cheese, butter, sugar, paper, glass, insurances, &c. &c. &c. &c.! The poor Chancellor of the Exchequer was so "frighted from his propriety" by this torrent, this deluge of subjects, that after nibbling at about a hundred of them, he gave up the rest in despair, and declared, if the motion of the hon. member were carried, he would resign. And yet the motion was nothing more, in substance, than "that the House should pledge itself to effect the largest saving which was possible, *consistent with the exigency of the public service.*" Mr Peel, justly, but perhaps incautiously, contended, that "not a single step was gained by the motion. If the mere language of it were looked to, it amounted merely to a truism."—Even so, Mr Peel! But these truisms stood in higher estimation with you on the night of Sir James Graham's motion. Then, you intrenched yourself behind the plighted faith of Parliament as a defence of impregnable strength. I confess, for my own part, I have no remarkable predilection for pledges of any kind, and least of all for parliamentary pledges, because their full value being obtained at the time, in the confidence which is lent upon them, it rarely appears they are thought worth redeeming. When the House of Commons, instead of insisting that a thing shall be done, consents to take the minister's promise that he will do it, it places itself in the situation of a creditor, who accepts a bill of exchange from his debtor, at a long date, without a guarantee. Present payment can no longer be enforced; and before the bill arrives at maturity, the acceptor perhaps becomes insolvent. In such cases, if I found I could not get twenty shillings in the pound, I would take fifteen, or ten, or six and eightpence; and so be satisfied with a part, when the whole had a tendency to represent nothing.

Feb. 18th.

IMPROVEMENTS IN THE ADMINISTRATION OF THE LAW.

It is of some advantage to a man
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to have two characters, so essentially distinct from each other, that though they may irradiate his name with equal glory, it is utterly impossible they can be reciprocally affected by the disgrace which may attach to either. Thus, the Duke of Wellington can never be stripped of a single leaf of those imperishable laurels, which his transcendent military career has twined round his brow, whatever of ridicule, or odium, or dishonour, may attach to him as a statesman. The universal voice of his country might pronounce him utterly incompetent to guide her civil destinies; but only scorn and contempt would await him who *therefore* attempted to question his fame as a mighty leader of armies. So it fares, and so it will hereafter fare, with the Right Hon. Robert Peel. Honest men, in all ages, will find it as difficult to reconcile his apostasy to honest principles, as we, his contemporaries, do. But he has incorporated his name with the legislative renown of England; and so long as it endures, so long will he be remembered with honour, and revered as a public benefactor. I lament, and I detest, his defection from the sacred cause which had been to him the lowest round of "young ambition's ladder." I CANNOT, and therefore I will not affect to do so, give him credit for sincerity of motive, or singleness of purpose; I CANNOT BELIEVE the man who tells me, in 1827, it is *impossible* for him, with a due regard to his own honour and the principles he has sworn to, to remain Secretary of State for the Home Department, under a Prime Minister who is only favourably inclined towards Catholic Emancipation, but with no intention of *granting it*, and who, in 1829, comes forward, as Secretary of State for the Home Department, to *propose* Catholic Emancipation under a Prime Minister who is determined it shall be *granted*. He may call this a sacrifice of private attachments and personal connexions to a profound sense of public duty. But I would call it a sacrifice of public duty to personal attachments and private interests,—attachment to place, and the interests of power and patronage. While, however, I speak thus of the Right Hon. Gentleman's conduct in this fatal business, (and speaking it

without rancour, and in the earnestness of truth, Mr Peel would have too much manliness to condemn it, were it spoken to his face,) I join with the loudest in their applause of what he has done, and what he meditates, for the amelioration of our legislative code. I give him the unqualified tribute of my admiration and my gratitude, for the unwearied labour, the happy discrimination, the temperate zeal, the indefatigable perseverance, and the comprehensive views, he has brought to his stupendous task. He has already performed much good. Let him go on; and when he has "reduced and perfected" our laws, he may boast of having accomplished that which Lord Bacon "held to be one of the greatest downeries that could be conferred upon this kingdom." Every step he takes must be an advance in the road of true glory. In his progress, he will have to unite firmness with wisdom; firmness to innovate upon customs which, wisdom will discern, have nothing but their antiquity to plead for their continuance. He will see the expediency of change: and I hope he will not be dismayed at proposing it. Will he allow me to glance at one or two of these changes?

In the first rank of "time-honoured" anomalies, is the principle which requires from juries a unanimous verdict. The observance of this principle, in a multitude of cases, must lead to the commission of perjury; for he who agrees to a verdict contrary to his own belief, and the impression which the evidence he has heard, makes upon him, *is perjured*. But ask any man who has served upon juries, and he will tell you, without the least suspicion he is proclaiming a monstrous wrong, that when a jury retires from the box, it is to dovetail opinions, to win assent against conviction, and to make the minority speak the sentiments of the majority; or, should the former happen to have stronger stomachs, and a more enduring patience, to make the majority agree with the minority. In all cases, or nearly so, the object is to fuse down into one homogeneous mass, the heterogeneous opinions of twelve minds. And the means are worthy of the end. The doubting, conscientious jurymen, who differ from their, I admit, equally consci-

entious, but undoubting, colleagues, have the benefit of no fresh evidence, no additional facts, to assist them in discovering that the view they have taken is erroneous; they have only the clamorous importunities of those who are impatient to depart, which at last grow into reproaches for unreasonable obstinacy, or perhaps become imputations of sinister motives. Of all modes of seeking truth, that which excludes the free exercise of the intellectual faculties is the most preposterous. I have heard, indeed, of such things among disagreeing jurymen, as deciding their verdict by chance,—even by the tossing up of a shilling! And who can doubt it is often the case, when it is remembered out of what class of persons common juries are selected? It is hardly a poetical license to affirm, "wretches hang that jurymen may dine." It frequently happens, that the guilt or innocence of an accused party is so palpable, so clearly established, that no twelve, or twelve hundred, men, could hesitate to concur in the affirmative or negative of the fact. But it also frequently happens, that the truth is obscured by a mass of conflicting testimony; or imperfectly established by concurrent witnesses; or distorted by prejudiced ones; and when this occurs, what right have we to expect the same view of it shall be taken by different individuals?—that the twelve men, who sit in the jury-box, should agree in *their* view, when no other twelve men in the court, perhaps, could be picked out, among judges, counsel, attorneys, and auditors, who have formed identically the same opinion? But we do expect it, and we enforce it; and the consequence is, that, as we cannot compel minds as well as tongues—cannot control thoughts as well as actions—a perpetual violence is done to the former, in order to secure an absurd and useless unanimity. I call it absurd, because it is opposed to all our experience of the moral nature of man, and to the practice of every other tribunal, political, civil, or judicial; and useless, because the ends of justice would be obtained with as much, and even greater certainty, by a different course. In the most important affairs of a free state, those affecting the lives, and property, and well-being, of its

citizens, a majority of the body by whom they are decided, is held to be a sufficient authority for their enactment; and why the same principle should not regulate the decision of twelve men impanelled to try whether A stole a sheep, or whether any public or private wrong has been perpetrated by B, is beyond my sagacity to discover. In numberless instances, substantial justice would be attained, where now it is not; and in no instance would it be endangered. It is not my purpose, on the present occasion, to go more deeply into this question; to consider whether it would be necessary to alter the number of a jury, so as to be always sure of a majority; whether a simple majority should be deemed sufficient; or whether a specific proportion, as three-fourths, or four-sixths, or any other division of the whole, should be required. I am merely anxious to suggest that subject to the consideration of the Right Hon. Gentleman; and if, in the course of his labours for simplifying our laws, and relieving them from the barbarous anomalies of semi-barbarous times, he should be induced to bring it forward, I shall be ready to enter into the discussion with him in a more detailed manner.

Another practice, not less glaringly absurd, prevails in our criminal law,—that of compelling an accused person to plead “not guilty,” in order that he may be put upon his trial. If he were not guilty, or not presumed to be guilty, why is he arraigned? And whether he is really guilty or not, it is the business of his judges to determine. I know what are the technical arguments urged in defence of this practice; but these technical arguments, founded upon the technicalities of legal practice, are part and parcel of those very incongruities, those unseemly excrescences, which it is the object of Mr Peel to remove. A nice lawyer, bred up in their unmeaning jargon, easily confounds them with the law itself. It is not from the mere lawyer, therefore, that we can look for reform. If he be not interested in their continuance, he is at least, by the force of habit, insensible to their deformity. One of these technical arguments, for instance, is, that every accused person is presumed to be innocent till

he is proved to be guilty. Granted. Give the accused all the benefit of this presumption, so far as it may operate to the protection of the really innocent; but do not carry it one jot beyond; do not let it be a defence for the guilty. The maxim, the “humane maxim,” as it is commonly designated, that it is better ninety-nine guilty men should escape, than one innocent person perish, has become an axiom in our jurisprudence, and a practical evil in our administration of justice; for, in our anxiety to throw open, as wide as possible, the paths of safety for one innocent man, we every day see one of the ninety-nine guilty creep through them. Perfection, we know, is not attainable in any thing of human origin; but the struggles for it, the ceaseless efforts of approximation towards it, are the elements of all that is great and admirable in the world. Law has been called the perfection of reason, and the perfection of law is to execute certain, speedy, and cheap justice,—to punish the wrong-doer, protect the innocent, and compensate the injured. This definition, however, excludes the axiom above quoted; and I venture to assert, it *ought to be excluded*. The mind naturally revolts at the idea of an innocent person suffering the punishment of guilt, and it is justice, rather than humanity, to guard against such a calamity; but it is neither justice nor humanity to construct defences, for the life of a single citizen who is innocent, so contrived, that for the one who reaps the inherited benefit, ninety-nine make them their shelter from deserved penalties.

There is a positive absurdity in demanding of a man whether he is guilty or not, when the Court is assembled to try that very fact, and when, if he deny his guilt, he is not believed, but the trial proceeds just the same. I remember being present, some years ago, at the assizes in a city in the West of England, where a simple-looking fellow was put to the bar, upon an indictment for sheep-stealing. The usual question was addressed to him, and his answer convulsed the court with laughter. “I am not going to tell you any thing about it, gentlemen; you must find it out, if you want to know.” It was from pure simplicity he made

this reply, thinking, no doubt, it was a hard case he should be a witness against himself; and hesitating, I suppose, to declare a falsehood by denying his guilt; for when he was instructed how he should plead, and did so plead, there was sufficient proof for his conviction. But if it be, as I contend it is, absurd to require of a man that he should say he is not guilty, as a sort of legal defiance to his accusers to prove him so, what can be urged in defence of the tenfold greater absurdity of *compelling* him to deny his guilt? Or, if not absolutely compelling, at least exhorting and persuading him? And this, too, for the sole avowed purpose of inducing him to take his chances of escape in the lottery of justice. Let us consider for a moment the relative position of the parties in such a scene as frequently occurs in our courts.

We will suppose a man indicted for forgery. He knows he has committed it, and that the proofs of his guilt are irrefragable. Or we will discard the latter circumstance altogether, as a motive. We will assume only, that being conscious of his crime, he either disdains to deny it, or is reluctant to burden his conscience with the additional crime of falsehood. In fact, it is of no consequence for my argument what are the reasons which impel him, when arraigned, to plead guilty. It is enough for me that he does so plead, to shew all the monstrous perversions of law and morality that follow. The judge no sooner hears his plea, than he employs every argument and entreaty to prevail upon him to retract it. In other words, he earnestly beseeches him to tell a direct and deliberate *lie*; and if the prisoner (as was actually the case at the last summer assizes, on the northern circuit) ventures to remonstrate against these entreaties, upon the ground that he cannot deny his guilt *without telling a lie*, the judge feels it his duty to explain, by a species of forensic casuistry not very edifying, that it is telling no lie at all, in a moral point of view, to say he is not guilty of the crime laid to his charge, though he knows he is! And for what purpose is all this machinery put in motion? Not to save an innocent man, for the man himself says he is not innocent;

but to give a guilty man, a criminal by his own confession, the benefit of that "glorious uncertainty of the law," which is its opprobrium; to enable him, as I have already said, to take his chance of drawing a prize in the lottery of the law; to secure him advantages which ought not to exist, the contingent probability that evidence may fail in some technical point, that some technical flaw may be discovered in the proceedings, or that a capricious jury may disbelieve him, and upon their oaths declare he *is* innocent, in spite of himself! Aye, and be it remembered, these chances are not altogether illusory. One case I distinctly remember, (and I have heard of others,) which occurred at the Old Bailey about fifteen years ago. A man who was actually indicted for forgery, pleaded guilty, was induced to retract his plea, stood his trial, and was acquitted, owing to some informality! Now, all this was very agreeable to the poor wretch, who thus unexpectedly slipped his neck out of the halter; but what a burlesque was it upon our criminal jurisprudence, and what a mockery of the stern and awful principles of equal justice!

Surely it is time these deformities should be swept away; and I look with confidence to the hand that is now diligently employed in ridding both the form and the administration of the law from their many ancient barbarities, to do it. Let me indulge the hope, too, that the Right Honourable Gentleman will go farther than he has yet gone, in reforming that part of our code which regulates the process for recovering debts. The insolvent debtors' act has done much, I allow, to mitigate the oppression of that code; but it still remains a monument of ferocious legislation; it still leaves the honest but unfortunate debtor at the mercy of a sordid and exasperated creditor, exasperated by that which most touches the sensibilities of a sordid nature,—the injury done to the pocket: it still places the personal liberty, the domestic interests, the present welfare, and the future prosperity of one man at the disposal of another; it still affords every facility for private malice, or cold-hearted selfishness, to persecute its victim under the sanction of the forms of justice. If the

Right Honourable Gentleman, as I have no doubt he will, determines to enter upon this task, he will not require to be told, that the principles and practice of the Scottish law, with regard to debtor and creditor, are worthy of his serious consideration.

The Marquis of Blandford's motion upon parliamentary reform followed Mr Peel's upon improving the administration of the law. I shall not now enter into this subject, which is a regular *pendant* to seasons of distress and difficulty. For when we are well off, parliamentary reform is laid asleep, and we have an excellent body of representatives; but no sooner do we get into trouble, than it rouses from its slumbers, like a giant refreshed with wine, and there is no word too bad for the honourable House. Before the session is over, I may perhaps be ready with a silent speech upon the question, not in reference to its abstract merits or demerits, (which have been exhausted, worn threadbare, any time these thirty years,) but to the momentum which it is likely to receive from the actual condition of the country, and the class of persons who are now banding themselves together for its advancement. Of the Marquis of Blandford's speech I shall only say, that comparing it with his "plan," I can with difficulty believe they both emanate from the same head. The one (looking at it simply as a speech in favour of reform) was full of pertinent matter, clothed in vigorous language; while the other was just such a piece of imaginative legislation as might be expected from any man who sat down in his library, with a sheet of foolscap before him, to make a House of Commons of his own, with a sublime disregard of every other House of Commons that ever existed. I could not but note, too, during this evening's debate, (as well as during those upon the East Retford bill,) the quiescence, and the tacit acquiescence, with which we now suffer ourselves to be told of our corrupt and venal character. We sit so tamely under the opprobrious imputations, (nay, even jest upon them occasionally,) that one, "not a native, and to the manner born," might almost take it as a presumptive proof that we are corrupt and venal to the

core; for while a man has one rag of decency or virtue fluttering upon him, he will generally make a stand in its defence, and sometimes assume, upon its authority, the existence of virtues and decencies he has not. It is only when he is stark naked, with all his sores and abominations exposed, that he lies still to be railed at. Be this as it may, however, it is certainly a novel mode of inspiring confidence and respect "out of doors," to let the country see what we think of ourselves; or, at least, what some among us think, and what none among us is ready to contradict. If self-knowledge be the root of all wisdom, we ought to be the wisest body in Europe. But if self-respect be the basis of all other respect, I am afraid it will be thought we present too rotten a foundation for the erection of a very solid superstructure. We must not expect that others will do us more honour than we do ourselves; and though the Attorney General might file his *ex-officio* against any railing demagogue who should give his tongue or pen license to inveigh against us with only one tithe of that contumelious spirit which we tolerate within our walls, nay, permit to travel beyond them, to every corner of the empire, yet while we continue thus to bandy insults and indignities, while we are the foul birds that bewray our own nests, it is in vain to hope we shall not sink in public estimation.

I cannot dismiss this subject without adverting to the extraordinary statement made by Sir Francis Burdett, whom his friends, by the bye, consider as having hoisted signals of distress of late. He sticks to reform, but that is all. Upon every other subject, he is neither whig, tory, liberal, opposition, nor ministerial, but every thing by turns, and nothing long. He is "neither fish nor flesh, and a man knows not where to have him." Whether he is ready to reply, (with Dame Quickly,) looking hard at the treasury benches, "You, or any man, knows where to have me," I shall not take upon myself to determine. But to return to the hon. Baronet's extraordinary statement,—for extraordinary it is, when we consider its grossness of misrepresentation, as regards the individual whom it calumniates, and

for the sake of which calumny it was alone made. "In early life," said the hon. Baronet, "I came into this house,—but in what way? In defiance of the law of the country, I purchased my seat of a notorious borough-monger—of no less a person than the Duke of Newcastle. But the noble Duke was no patron of mine. He took my money for the seat, and left me an independent member," &c.* If the name of the

* The grossness of misrepresentation of which I complain, can be thoroughly understood, only by perusing the following letter, which the Duke of Newcastle addressed to the public journals, in consequence of what had fallen from Sir Francis. In common justice to the noble Duke, (than whom a more amiable, honourable, and independent peer does not exist,) his commentary should accompany the insidious text. On a subsequent occasion, (March the 1st, when the Newark petition was presented, and when Mr Sadler so eloquently vindicated the conduct of his noble friend,) the hon. Baronet, alluding to this letter, made a questionable apology, disclaimed all intention of giving offence to the noble Duke, and denied that he applied the words "notorious borough-monger" to him! He explained a wish, too, that the letter had been "sent directly to himself instead of a newspaper, as, being comparatively an idle man, he should have been glad to reply to it." This might have been all very well, had the honourable Baronet only whispered his statement in the ear of the noble Duke. But the charge was public, and demanded a public refutation. The following is the letter:

SIR—In your report of the debate in the House of Commons on Lord Blandford's motion for reform in parliament, I observe certain expressions attributed to Sir F. Burdett, which demand my notice and remark.

As the state of my health does not admit of my attendance in parliament, where I should have noticed these unwarrantable assertions, in my place, I must beg the favour of you to give publicity to this letter, by inserting it in your paper.

In the report, Sir Francis Burdett is represented to have said, "that in early life he came into that house; but in what way? In defiance of the law of the country, he purchased his seat of a notorious borough-monger—of no less a person than the Duke of Newcastle. But the noble Duke was no patron of his; he took his money for the seat, but left him an independent member, having purchased a right to speak in the house of representatives with the voice of an Englishman who loved the liberty of his country." After some flourishing language, which must have been not unlike sounding brass and tinkling cymbals, the hon. Baronet proceeds to say that, "having himself been introduced to the house through such a channel of corruption, he could not help feeling for the electors of East Retford, who in these times of general corruption had at least the good sense to sell themselves," &c. &c.

Now, with every allowance for the utmost freedom of speech, this is past endurance. I cannot tamely submit to be publicly proclaimed a notorious borough-monger, a channel of corruption, and, by inference, as contrasted with the Baronet, an enemy to the liberties of the country, without repelling the charge with the truest indignation.

My hands are tied from entering into detail. The hon. Baronet accuses me of being a corrupt borough-monger, (an elegant and honourable appellation truly,) and states that he bought his first seat of me. He knows as well as I do that his assertion is not correct. When he first came into parliament I was quite a boy, and happily ignorant, as I wish I was now, of all his practices. This fact will shew the hon. Baronet in his proper colours. Having an object in view, he adopts the unwarrantable course of endeavouring to prop up his own reputation by the ruin of mine. I am to be proclaimed by name as a corrupt violator of the laws of my country, whilst the honourable Baronet figures in bright contrast on the opposite side as the exclusively honest man, the only champion of his country's freedom. I am, in short, to be the commonest of nobles—the Baronet the noblest of commoners.

However, as I do not deal in hollow professions—as I do not say much and mean little—as my reputation is as dear to me as the Baronet's to him—as I desire to stand well in the good opinion of my countrymen—so I must clear myself from all imputation or even suspicion of corruption, or of that venality which the Baronet complacently terms *venial*. I will not shelter myself behind the honourable Baronet's amnesty—I claim no indulgence—I call for his proofs of my venality—and I call upon him to shew any action of my life in which I have been influenced by a base love of gain, or even by a selfish consideration.

Duke of Newcastle had not been introduced into this confession of delinquency, the confession itself might have been regarded merely as a voluntary act of childishness, boasting of an offence in the knowledge of impunity. But the purpose for which it was made, is so manifest, and that purpose is so irreconcilable with every principle of good faith, good feeling, and good sense, to say nothing of its violation of strict truth, that I am sure the honourable Baronet, who, with all his political obliquities, has the right sentiments of a gentleman about him, must have been among the first to deplore so wanton an aggression upon these sentiments.

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March 3d.

SIR JAMES SCARLETT'S EX-OFFICIO
CAMPAIGN.

It is a problem of most difficult solution, to determine the degree of interference with the freedom of the press which ought to be tolerated in a free country. As an abstract proposition, all men of all parties, and of whatever principles, must allow that there *are* limits which cannot be transgressed without positive mischief to the State, and that these limits will vary according to the complexion of national affairs. It would be a frivolous parade of argument to enforce this proposition by any reference to historical facts, or by a gratuitous assumption of supposititious cases. Both the one and the other will readily occur to every mind that has reflected upon the subject. It is not here, therefore, that the difficulty lies; but in the question of how far the press *can* be regulated,

without enslaving it, and how far the attempt to regulate it can be carried without producing that evil. To say that it shall not be regulated, or to contend that it *ought* not, is to claim for the press a privilege not only incompatible with the general good, but an exemption from those salutary restraints which accompany the exercise of every right we possess in our social condition. Power, through all its gradations, from the king's sceptre to the constable's staff, is fettered with limitations; and these limitations are, or should be, multiplied and strengthened, in exact proportion to the magnitude of the power itself. Now the press is undeniably a power of vast magnitude, and with this peculiarity attached to it, that it has an inevitable tendency to increase its magnitude, under the operation of causes which *decrease* the magnitude (if I may so express myself) of almost every other description of power. I allude to the diffusion of knowledge among the great mass of the community. Enlarge the number of reading and thinking persons, and you enlarge, in nearly the same degree, the number of persons over whom the press can exert its influence more or less, with more or less of good or injury, according to the mode of this influence. But there are many kinds of power, political, religious, and civil, whose authority is greater, as ignorance and unreasoning submission are greater. While, therefore, it would be a paradox in legislation, to release *this* power from all control, and to absolve it from all responsibility, in disregard of those sound principles which circumscribe the

My name has been handed about by many a spouter in parliament, and by, perhaps, many a pot-house politician, as a corrupt borough-monger, and an enemy to the freedom of my country. Once for all, I utterly deny the very shadow even of such an imputation, and, if it were necessary, would challenge the most fiery ordeal of public scrutiny.

In these times of political villainy and *immoral* depravity, a man possessing a fair name may be a sort of political target for mock patriots and modern liberals to shoot at; but he must feel a conscious pride in the possession of that name which will shield him from all wounds, and urge him not to fear to preserve it.

Not only for myself, but for others who are situated as I am, I have thought it incumbent upon me to vindicate our claims to integrity and patriotism. As peers and Englishmen, we should be doubly noble; and let it not be supposed by the country at large, that because we are titled, we therefore have not the feelings of men, who prize their honour and love their country as much as any human being who may be blessed by the appellation of Englishman.—I am, sir, your obedient,

Clumber, Feb. 21, 1830.

NEWCASTLE.

exercise of all other power, there seem to be valid reasons why it should, in fact, be watched with a degree of vigilance beyond that required by any other power.

It is most desirable, however, that neither this vigilance, nor the interference which it may suggest, should be harassing or capricious. It must be left to no Attorney General's discretion, to cast his drag-net upon the waters, and make his haul, in the spirit of the old adage,—“All's fish that comes to his net.” Armed with an elastic law of libel; a law capable of dilating so as to enfold the largest offence, and of contracting so as to fit the smallest; a law which, like charity, (though in a different sense,) “covers a multitude of sins;” or rather, like the author of all sin, which first makes the criminal, and then punishes him: armed with such a law, so conveniently ambiguous, so comprehensive, and so omnipotent, there can be no safety for the liberty of the press, no protection for those who conduct the press. I would be understood to speak of no particular Attorney General,—but to suppose an Attorney General—the slave of his own self-importance; by nature, meanly vindictive; by education, versed only in the statutes at large; by long indulged habit, coarse, irascible, and insolent; by disposition, oppressive, and by accident, in power; and I ask what can stop such a man from committing the most heinous injustice, by virtue of his office? The sword is in his hand; and what shall prevent him from smiting with it those who anger him? What shall prevent him from seeking to appease private enmity under the pretext of punishing public wrong? Therefore, I say, *take away the sword*. In plainer phrase, give us to know what libel is, with the same certainty that we know what other offences are; and when you have defined in what it consists, and apportioned its penalty, let it be subjected to the same constitutional modes of proof that prevail in all other crimes. For, is it not monstrous, that a man committing murder, cannot be sent to trial, without the previous inquisition of a grand jury, while a man writing a few saucy, indiscreet words about a minister, or a minister's creature,

can be dragged to trial at the sole discretion, and upon the single responsibility, (the *irresponsible* responsibility—for the term is a rank delusion,) of an Attorney General?—These are grievous contradictions, and produce grievous injustice.

We talk of the LAW of libel—but where is it? In what page and volume of our statutes can it be found? We have no such law. Would to Heaven we had! A Draconian law would be preferable to the Chapter of Accidents; for men may avoid what they know and dread, or not dreading, may endure, at their *own* discretion. “The great difference,” it has been justly remarked, “between a country governed by *laws*, and one governed by *men*, is, that in the former, every man knows what he has to expect. *Laws* bear a fixed and definite sense, so that all men are punished alike in the same circumstances; but *men* are subject to caprice, so that it cannot be known beforehand how the same judge will be disposed to decide, and much less will one man's conduct be a rule for that of another.” Apply this description of a country governed by *men*, and not by *laws*, and you have an exact representation of our own condition with regard to libels. Men, not laws, determine what is a libel, and assign the penalty. Juries perform the first office; judges, the second; and the consequence is, no man can tell beforehand what a jury may choose to consider a libel, and still less what punishment a judge may choose to inflict. I am inclined to disregard the warning of the learned Jurieu, who cautions us against prophesying, unless we fix a period for the accomplishment of our prophecies sufficiently remote to avoid the chance of outliving their failure. I venture to predict, that even Sir James Scarlett, silvered o'er with age though his head be already, may live to see the auspicious change, when Englishmen may hold their grey goose quills with no other fear before their eyes, than that which every honest man would wish to have,—the fear of transgressing the laws.

And now, one word to you, Sir James, upon your defence this evening. You have had “an ugly customer,” as the pugilistic phrase is, to deal with. Sir Charles Wetherell

lights like a windmill, I allow; and in the course of his rambling, un-tinged, dislocated speech, threw his arms about in a manner particularly inconvenient to an antagonist who wanted to get close in, and pummel his argument with the knuckles of bar practice. But to my thinking, he gave, nevertheless, some con-founded hard knocks, right and left, and a great many straight-forward pacers, not only to yourself, Sir James, but to certain friends on your side of the house. And you could not rally, Sir James. No, not a bit of it. You fought off from your man. It was a grand, constitutional set-to, on the part of Sir Charles, which you tried to convert into hugging and kibbling. In short, you were in the House of Commons, and not in the King's Bench, where you had your breeding, and where the wig and gown give currency and authority to any thing, no matter how rapid, how stale, flat, and unprofitable." You were not surrounded by junior bar-isters, whose shrinking countenances reflect the full-blown confidence of your own; there were no leek attorneys sitting below you, with upturned eyes, in placid astonishment at your eloquence, nor a dozen plodding shopkeepers before you, wondering how you can be at once so long, so learned, and so loud, in your address to them. You were not on your own dunghill, and your row was a craven one. But let all this pass, and let pass the pompous vanity of your self-assumed, one-and-indivisible supremacy, as the sole arbiter of the fate of writers. I shall confine myself to your repeated assertion, that you considered the licentiousness of the public press so great, that in the discharge of your official duty you were bound to bring the offenders to punishment; to make an example of the principal delinquents. Could you have borrowed an angel's tongue, Sir James—could all the rhetoric of all the orators of Greece, and Rome, and England, have flowed from your lips—could all the wit, and wisdom, and argument, that ever swayed the minds of men, have concentrated in your own—you must have *failed* in proving what you asserted, so long as the evidence remained of the partial and exclusive character of your pro-

ceedings; so long as one man, one party, only, was placed upon the floor of the court by your means to receive judgment, while it was, and is, notorious, there are others whom you have not, and *one* whom you will not, place in the same situation. What should we say to a general who began a campaign with announcing that he intended to overrun a certain territory, laying it waste with fire and sword, and who, when he had reduced a *single frontier town* to ashes, laid down his arms without firing another gun? Why, that his ostensible, were not his real, intentions, and that the former were put forth only as a subterfuge, a trick, to conceal the latter. This, Sir James, has been *your* course. You denounced a sanguinary war—you made formidable preparations—you breathed fierce menaces—you proclaimed to A, and B, and C, and D, and E, that you were about to make a dreadful irruption into their territories with an army of *ex-officios*, all veteran troops,—a battering train of heavy briefs, and a tremendous *corps de réserve*, or rocket brigade, of fines and imprisonments. "Look to yourselves!" you cried; "you are all equally guilty, and upon all I will take equal vengeance!" But after this bluster and braggadocio, these burly Bobadilisms, this swagger and this rodomontade, had gone forth, lo! your operations were a mere month of March, which, as the proverb has it, comes in like a lion and goes out like a lamb! No, no, Sir James, *the* purpose, the *only* purpose, the undeniable, the paltry purpose, is too gross, too palpable, and stands too indelibly recorded against you. The legality of your proceeding I leave untouched. That part of the question has been handled by Sir Charles Wetherell in a way to make Westminster Hall ring with laughter at your expense. But you have one consolation. Sir Francis Burdett is your apologist, and your only apologist. It was kind and charitable in him. He affects to deprecate the party appellations of Whig and Tory. But his defence of you proved two things, that his moral perceptions of right and wrong are influenced by a Whig friend in distress, and that in some men the mind totters before the body.

TRIAL BY JURY IN CIVIL CAUSES.

THIS is a subject on which much nonsense is spoken and written in high and in low places—by the learned and the unlearned—in England, and still more in Scotland. Trial by Jury is boasted of as the pride of England. A vague notion exists that there justice is administered by juries—that the people are the judges of each other's rights, and that in this popular institution consists the freedom of an Englishman. Accordingly, some years ago, a great ambition was excited in Scotland to obtain Trial by Jury in Civil Causes. This was granted, and now generally Scottish litigants regard the boon with dislike, if not with detestation. The truth is, they did not understand the nature of the institution, or wherein its value consists. It may be worth while to explain the nature of Jury Trial as it has existed in England, without either undervaluing the institution, or attempting unduly to exalt its worth or utility.

In England, justice is administered not by juries, but by judges appointed and paid by the Crown. The most important causes are tried not in Jury Courts, but in courts that professedly proceed without the aid of juries. These are generally styled Courts of Equity, because, although they decide according to law, yet they are not bound by the forms which embarrass the proceedings of the Jury Courts, which are styled Courts of Law. Thus in Chancery, or other Courts of Equity, are decided generally all questions of intricacy—title-deeds, wills, accountings, bankruptcy, competitions of rights, &c. &c. The Ecclesiastical Courts also try questions of marriage, legitimacy, separations of married persons, &c., without juries. Hence all the most important law business is tried by judges without the aid of juries. This, however, affords only a narrow view of the matter.

Take the case of the Jury Courts, the King's Bench, Common Pleas, and Exchequer; in all these, juries are employed, but to what effect? In the first place, the judges avowedly reserve to themselves, in every case, the privilege of stating the law, and do not allow the juries to decide any

thing concerning it: Yet the law is the rule, according to which, in a free country, and in every civilized country, men are bound to live and to act. No man, in regard to his transactions, is at liberty to plead ignorance of the law. Every man is bound to know and obey it; yet a jurymen, as such, is not allowed to think or to act on the subject. He must take the law from the judge, however absurd or irrational the account given of it by that venerable person may seem. If a jury presume to do otherwise, the judges will, without hesitation, declare them guilty of gross presumption, and annul their verdict. Then what is the use of a jury, if not to discern right from wrong, or to say whether John or Thomas has the best right to the cow, or the horse, or the ship, or the field in dispute?

The answer made by the judges is, that the jury are to hear evidence, and to decide facts, and facts alone. Even as to facts, they can only receive such proofs as he is pleased to tell them are legal. It is thus very clear, that in a court consisting of a judge and a jury, the jury are a very subordinate sort of persons. They must not know the law. But on hearing opposite tales, supported by such proof as the parties are permitted by the judge to adduce, they say which of them supports his story most plausibly. Still if the court think they have gone wrong, even in this which is styled their peculiar province, the court takes the liberty to annul their verdict, and appoints the whole to be done and said over again before another jury, on the ground that the first jury have given a verdict contrary to evidence.

Thus, as to matters of law, a jurymen is nobody, and as to matters of fact, the judges only allow his decision to stand good if they think it right. A jury is a machine, which they use when it goes right, or reject, when, in their opinion, it goes wrong.

Next, a jury must consist of twelve men, and they must be unanimous in their verdict. This number, twelve, and this unanimity, are said to have been introduced in rude times, when

a man, strongly suspected of a crime, was allowed to be held innocent if he could bring twelve of his neighbours to swear that they thought him not guilty. The old custom is still adhered to, not only of the number twelve, but also of the unanimity. The reason of this is a very cunning one. Absolute unanimity being impossible, when men think with freedom, it obliges the jury, from the outset, to avoid thinking much on the subject of the trial, and to wait till they hear what is thought by the judge, and so, to save trouble to themselves, they acquiesce in his direction. This law of unanimity, therefore, is just an engine by which juries are compelled to do as the court directs them. In England they are liable to be confined till they say they agree—and confined, too, without food, fire, or candle, unless by permission of the judge, and when he leaves the town, he may carry them round the circuit from town to town in a cart. Blackstone, III. 376.

To say, therefore, that English juries decide causes, is a gross imposition on public credulity, and even on the common sense of mankind.

When the Scotch Whigs, some years ago, called aloud for trial by jury in civil causes, in order that they might not be behind their English neighbours, the unanimity formed a stumbling block. A Scottish judge, now deceased, aware of the disputatious character of his countrymen, is said to have remarked, that "no act of Parliament will make twelve Scotsmen of the same opinion on any given point." Our learned English friends did not, publicly at least, speak out the truth, that the use of the law of unanimity is to compel juries to obey the judge as their easiest rallying point. But the Scotch had such horror of perjury that it was found necessary to pacify them by allowing a jury, who could not attain to unanimity, to separate without giving a verdict after remaining twelve hours enclosed. So, after a trial of perhaps sixteen hours, and after being confined twelve hours more, the Scottish jury in civil causes may depart without giving a verdict, whereby all the expense incurred by the parties, and all their own trouble, become fruitless. This is avoided by doing as the judge directs, and by saying as he says.

Jurymen are tempted, or rather constrained, to yield up their judgment, to avoid personal hardship, attended with great damage to parties claiming a settlement of their disputes. It is necessarily a part of the system that the court can allow no enquiry into what passes among the jurymen when enclosed. An offer was recently made to prove, by the oaths of the jurors, that in a certain case a part at least of the jury, if not the whole, after some hours of wrangling, had left the decision to hazard. Various editions of the story have been stated; that most generally alleged is, that they put into a hat bits of paper, marked with the names of the parties to the suit, agreeing to hold the first drawn name entitled to the verdict. In that case, the court necessarily refused all investigation. It would have defeated the law of unanimity, the object of which is not to procure, what is frequently impossible, a sameness of judgment in twelve men, but to procure submission to the direction of the judge.

What, then, is the use of the English and now Scottish Trial by Jury in civil causes, if it be true that confessedly juries are not allowed to judge of the law, and that truly it is little better than mere humbug to say that they are made judges of facts?

I answer, that Trial by Jury is of great value, and even the law of unanimity of jurors, absurd as it is, has not been utterly useless. England was the first country on earth that, at least in modern times, attained to a perfectly fair administration of justice, while it had a fixed system of law. This is mainly to be ascribed to what is called Trial by Jury. But it is high time that this valuable institution should be purified of its dross, and relieved of the imputation to which it is liable, of being a cumbrous system of delusion. Its true nature ought to be known, and its form adapted to the benefit which it is calculated to produce.

The true value of a Trial by Jury in the English form, consists in the control over judges which it gives to the public. Parties meet each other publicly: Each brings forward his evidence publicly. The import of the case on both sides is stated before the public. The judge conducts the proceedings and decides

the cause in the face of the public. The use of the jury is, that the judge cannot decide the cause by merely declaring in a form of words that the plaintiff has gained, or the defendant has gained, his cause. A dozen ordinary men have been set apart by lot in a box: there they sit: they have heard and seen all that passed, and the judge must convince them that his view of the case is the right view. He must explain the grounds of his opinion, and shew how and why the decision proposed by him is correct. If he fail to satisfy them, they have it in their power, for the time at least, to put a negative on his judgment.

Most signal benefits result from this: The crown is constrained to appoint none to the office but men experienced in business and learned in the law. An ignorant man in such a situation would never be able to control the pleaders, and would be exposed and run down by public ridicule.

The judge is constrained to act justly. He must act righteously, or encounter infamy, and daily discomfiture, from the opposition of juries to his opinions. Hence the impartiality and high reputation of English judges. The Turkish Mollahs or Cadis are said to yield readily to corruption. Let it be supposed that when a cause is called, a committee of the surrounding mob were at the same instant called out by lot, and the cadi or judge, after hearing the cause, compelled to convince this committee, that the decree pronounced by him is just, it is evident that he would immediately, or from necessity, become a just judge.

The English system is correct so far as it provides that disputes shall be decided, not by ignorant men, but by judges learned in the law. For want of a better invention, the compulsory unanimity of jurors was employed to accomplish this object. Were ordinary persons taken by dozens by lot from the mass of mankind, to decide causes, the kingdom would be without law. Every different jury would have a different opinion concerning the rules of business. In other words, no man would know how to act, because justice would be administered according to no fixed and recorded principles. All the speculations of those men who pro-

pose to establish local or popular tribunals, to decide without appeal, are the result of mere ignorance. Civilisation cannot make progress unless the principles be fixed and certain, according to which transactions are to be regulated; and principles can only be recorded and adhered to by men who make the study of them the chief business of their lives.

The fault of the English system consists in this, that it is a system of humbug, and frequently of perjury. The jury are set apart in a box, and told that they are judges. The pleaders address them as judges. The judge addresses them as judges. To be sure, he tells them flatly that they must not meddle with the law, and that they must take it from his mouth; but he tells them also, that they are judges of the fact, although he and his brethren at the next term may probably annul their verdict, because they have misjudged the fact. This mode of treating them as judges flatters their vanity, and flatters the vanity of the populace, who are told they are judged by their country, meaning thereby that they are judged by each other; whereas, in reality, their transactions are judged of according to law as expounded by professional lawyers. Some jurymen, thinking themselves judges, occasionally try to judge for themselves, but, oppressed by the law of unanimity, and their own want of experience in business, they are compelled to yield after an ineffectual struggle, and to give way to the majority of their brethren, who usually obey the direction of the judge. The minority, in such cases, are sure to incur the guilt of perjury, or more generally the whole jury do so. They have sworn to try the cause, or to do justice; but instead of doing so, which would require a special exercise of judgment in each man, and thereby lead to strife, they retire for safety and ease to apathy, and wait to hear and obey the opinion of the judge. All this is wrong. No more grievous calamity can befall a people than to tamper with perjury, that is to say, with the great safeguards of human society, truth and religion.

Why should the forms of a barbarous age be maintained to the effect of producing deception? Why should

not justice be administered under forms consistent with truth and honesty and sound principle; and in such a way that all and sundry may clearly understand what is doing—that a man may know under what sort of government he actually lives—what place he holds, and what place other men hold, and what duties they perform to the community? Why should jurymen be puffed up with the notion that they are judges, when so many inventions have been devised to limit and annul their decisions—and have even been rightly and necessarily devised, as all admit who know any thing of such proceedings?

It would be easy to place the matter on a right footing. The oath of a jurymen ought to be, not that he is to try a certain issue, or decide a cause, but that he is to consent to no final judgment that appears to him inconsistent with truth and substantial justice. The pleadings ought all to be addressed to the court. The judge ought to pronounce the sentence or verdict; and having done so, it ought to be solemnly rehearsed to the jury. If no objection is made, the sentence stands. If a jurymen refuse his assent, the whole may retire for a limited time. If eight out of the twelve do not concur with the judge, after a brief consultation, they ought to be dismissed, leaving the (plaintiff) pursuer without a verdict.

In this way juries would substantially have as much power as at present, while at the same time there would be no modifying of opinions—no throwing the dice, or drawing lots, among the jurors, no perjury, little interference with the judges, no insulting of juries by withdrawing from them the law, and few, very few, new trials. The public would see and know the true value and duties of juries, viz. to act as spies upon the learned professional judges, to compel them to explain their views and opinions to the world at large, and to resist any manifest tendency to partiality or corruption. Ordinary juries, especially as now constituted, are unfit to perform any other public services than these; but to these they are competent, and nothing more ought to be required of them. The Trial by Jury would be purified from its absurdities and immoral tendency, while it would remain available for

every important purpose, to which it is calculated to prove subservient.

Our English neighbours have of late appeared very willing to make experiments on the Scotch, and to hold their ancient institutions very cheap. Let them now try upon Scotland, for civil causes, the experiment here suggested. It would prove highly acceptable to a people who retain a great regard for religion and sound morals. The Jury Court which they sent down to us was only a modification, and a bad modification, of their own. They have botched and mended at it these fifteen years, without rendering it acceptable to the country. The reason was, they insisted on favouring us with the greater part, though not all, of the defects of their own Jury Courts—their apostolical number twelve, instead of our fifteen—their unanimity of jurors, instead of our verdicts by majority—their proving of writings by witnesses, when nobody had disputed the genuineness of the writing—their management in admitting or requiring speeches about the import of proof before any proof has been led, and in allowing to a plaintiff (pursuer) two speeches by counsel, and to a defendant only one, and that before examining his witnesses. Hence chicane and dexterity have been recommended to us. A pursuer (plaintiff) tries to leave out some bit of evidence necessary to his antagonist to force him to lead evidence, while the other is tempted to hazard the want of proof on his part to avoid the effect on an ignorant jury of the persuasions of his opponent's counsel. Thus dexterity and stratagem are substituted for the grave and deliberate investigation of truth. The minds both of practitioners and of litigants are corrupted. All these, and other absurdities, stared Scotsmen in the face when the Jury Court appeared among them. They gazed with wonder and disappointment on the far-famed English Trial by Jury in civil causes. Like travellers in a strange country, they perceived a thousand absurdities in the procedure, to which the natives, by habit and familiarity, had become insensible. Had England sent down to us the institution, by merely declaring, in a single sentence, that it should be lawful, when found expedient, for the judges of the Court of

Session to try civil causes by juries, and from time to time to make the requisite regulations, it is certain that, long ere now, the institution would have become popular, convenient, and useful, or it would have been abandoned. But in Britain nothing can be done without a job. In 1806 the Whigs wished to job it, and, to do them justice, their plan was, in a considerable degree, of the reasonable kind now suggested, adding, no doubt, the benefit of various new lucrative posts. But they went suddenly out of office, and their opponents had gone too far in opposing their scheme, to find it easy at once to announce a change of opinion, and to turn round and adopt the job; for in those days political men had some narrow-minded scruples about such matters. After the lapse of a few years, Lord Chancellor Eldon found out that he might avoid some trouble by introducing Jury Trial into Scotland. It was convenient at the time to provide an office for an English barrister connected with Scotland; so the jury job, on a more narrow scale than formerly, was renewed. The whole plan was spoiled by this single circumstance of sending down an English barrister. If it had been possible for any man of that description to surmount all difficulties, the Right Hon. William Adam was that man: His high urbanity—his experience—learning—love of business—knowledge of the country, of which he was a native—its manners—its dialect—its institutions in general, seeing he had even in his youth been enrolled as an advocate—all advantages were on his side. But he undertook an impossibility,—that of rendering acceptable to us English forms, which in themselves were truly erroneous, of which the errors were palpable to Scotsmen, in consequence of their novelty, and to which, without renouncing their native sagacity, they could not be reconciled. He struggled on with wonderful vigour, surmounted difficulties which would have repelled any other man, and conducted trials in a manner that highly recommended himself, although not the system which he was endeavouring to introduce; for this plain reason, that his forms were all English—his precedents in the management of these

forms were English—his juries were to play at Englishmen—the litigants were to do the same. Hence, in nine out of ten cases, litigants submitted to what they accounted injustice, rather than proceed before the new Jury Court.

It is now proposed to do at last what should have been done at first, that is, intrust Jury Trial to the judges of the Court of Session. But here, again, we are threatened with a new job, which threatens to make Trial by Jury in civil causes permanently defective and useless. Mr Adam was sent down to the Jury Court, Mr Abercromby has been sent down to the Court of Exchequer. Scotland is now regarded as a province—a colony, or something more subordinate, in which, however, there are some snug situations to which broken down statesmen may retire. Mr Brougham is also a Scotch advocate, although his practice in the law has been in the character of an English barrister. If he cannot get to the wool-sack, to the rolls, or something good in England, he seems to look to Scotland, and is represented as having suggested in Parliament, that it would be right always to send an English barrister to conduct the Scotch Jury Court. Mr Brougham is undoubtedly a man of whom Scotland, the place of his nativity, has cause to boast. But his suggestion and his plan (if it be his plan) is most pernicious. The effect of it must infallibly be, to prevent Trial by Jury from taking root in Scotland, because for ever fettered and discredited by the encumbrance of English forms. What Mr Adam could not perform, will never be accomplished by any talents, however brilliant, that have had the same preparation.

— “*Si Pergama dextra
Defendi possent, etiam hac defensa fuisset.*”

We have, no doubt, got down English newspapers, containing an unaccountable libel on the Lord Advocate, so far as they represent him as stating in Parliament, that the Scotch had been unwilling to receive Jury Trial, being wedded to old forms—that it was nevertheless introduced in 1815, but with caution, in a separate court—that, in 1819, it was found that Scotland was not so aver-

to Jury Trial as had at first been imagined, and it was farther extended—that “thus did the Trial by Jury go on from year to year, till it became acceptable to all classes of persons.” Now, the reverse of all this is nearer the truth, and it is scarcely conceivable that such a statement could have been made by the Lord Advocate. If made, it implies a most unaccountable degree of ignorance of the opinions of practitioners in the Civil Courts of Scotland, as well as of the sentiments of the people at large. It is just as absurd as the suggestion ascribed to his lordship, of the inadequacy of the Bar of Scotland to supply fifteen qualified judges to the

Bench. But his proposed bill would require a special discussion of its merits. It appears to contain only one good enactment, that of leaving Trial by Jury to be managed by the Court of Session, but to be managed in a way that neutralizes its value. The bill has been carefully withheld from the public, like another Popish Plot—no doubt, that it may be hurried through Parliament without adequate consideration. The public institutions of Scotland were once most complete and valuable. Short-sighted and temporising jobbers are now engaged in breaking them down. They are bold in proportion to their incapacity and ignorance.

NOTE.

Since this article was written, the legal doctrine and judicial practice stated in it have been marvellously illustrated from the Chair of the House of Lords, by Lord Wynford, in moving the judgment in the appeal, *Allardyce and another v. Robertson*.—Robertson, a shoemaker, had been convicted of poaching before the Justices of Peace. One of the Justices appellants had said on the bench that he was a thief, having stolen bee-hives; and the other said he had been told that Robertson had stolen a quantity of leather. These matters had no concern with the poaching, but tended to lead the Court to impose the highest fine. Robertson brought his action of damages for defamation before the Jury Court. One Jury found the two parties liable for damages to the amount of L.200. A new trial was allowed by the Court, because the Jury should have found them liable for separate sums. Another Jury (against the opinion of the Lord Chief Commissioner) found each of the Justices liable for L.150, and the Court of Session supported the decision of the Jury. But the House of Lords reversed the decision both of the Court of Session and of the Jury, on the ground that there was no other proof of malice than the words spoken, and that the two Justices were acting at the time as judges. Thus the two Justices were ultimately acquitted; and Lord Wynford is represented to have said, that “No man admired the institution of Juries more than he did, but he thought that it would be dangerous to permit them to raise themselves up into arbitrators of cases without evidence. We lived under laws, and our property was protected by laws; but we should have but a bad security for both our lives and property if they were to be left to the arbitrary discretion of twelve men, uncontrolled by any rule. Juries would become an intolerable nuisance if not regulated by some law,” &c. &c.

ALTERATION OF THE COURTS OF LAW IN SCOTLAND.

It is extremely necessary that the community should seriously attend to the change now proposed to be inflicted on Scotland by the bill brought before Parliament relative to the Courts of Law. During the last twenty years one experiment after another has been made on the administration of justice here. Practitioners have no sooner learned the forms of court, than a new set of forms is introduced. Every alteration is styled, in its turn, a reform, and a high improvement; but still we are never made right, or see an established system. Alterations at the end of a century might be tolerable, but occurring as they now do every two or three years, a demonstration is afforded of ignorance of sound principles, and of folly or fidgety restlessness, on the part of government.

The principles of the new bill first reached us through the public press, in reports of the speeches of Mr Peel and the Lord Advocate, and the bill has at last reached us, after being withheld to the last moment. The object in view is said to be twofold,—to produce a saving to the national revenue, and to improve the administration of the law. For that purpose the offices of three judges of the Consistorial or Commissary Court, two Barons of Exchequer, two Lords of Session of the Outer House, and of the Judge Admiral, are to be abolished. Also clerks of court, to the effect of sweeping away eighteen public law offices. The Jury Court is also to be absorbed into the Court of Session, and the sittings of this last Court to be prolonged.

So far as economy or saving of money is concerned, there can be none immediately, because the dismissed judges are entitled to their full salaries for life. They are not legally removable, and therefore cannot be deprived of their emoluments. The Clerks of Court have similar claims. Nay, a greater expense must immediately be incurred, because it is unreasonable to require thirteen Judges of the Court of Session to do the duty of fifteen; and also of the Consistorial, Admiralty, and Jury Courts, and to reside

longer in Edinburgh than formerly, without granting to them an increase of salary. In regard to saving, the bill, therefore, is a gross, and even a very pitiful attempt at delusion, liable to instant and disgraceful exposure and confutation.

But it is said, that when the present men die out, there will be a saving to the nation of L.23,600. In this estimate, however, no account is taken of the addition which the remaining Judges expect.

Well, two courts of law are to be abolished, and we are to have eight fewer judges. This is avowedly done with a view to economy. It is said to be possible to dispense with their services, and therefore, to save expense, they ought to be dispensed with. Let it be supposed that this statement is correct, and consider its tendency and effect.

It has hitherto been the practice of every liberal prince, and of every enlightened government, to give encouragement and rewards to learning and learned men. In a civilized country especially, it is of high importance that the laws by which industry is protected, and our lives and liberties rendered safe, shall be studied and understood by a numerous class of persons. Judicial offices, liberally rewarded, have an effect upon the community totally independent of the services which the holders of them perform in their official functions as judges. They are prizes, to be gained by men of learning who devote themselves to the study of the laws of their country. Every situation of judge produces a considerable number of students—competitors for the prize which only one, however, can obtain. The establishment of Sheriffs and their substitutes, taken from the body of practitioners of the law, has diffused great intelligence among the provincial towns of Scotland. The number of judges in the capital has in like manner produced the competition of a numerous and learned body of professional men. Diminish the prizes to be gained in this department, and you diminish the number of competitors, and involve the community in consequent ignorance and inactivity.

In like manner, the Established Church of Scotland and the system of parish schoolmasters have effects totally different from the mere performance of divine service, or the instruction of children. Multitudes of parents of poor station, ambitious for their offspring, endeavour to procure for them the elements of literature, in the hope that they may attain to what they think eminence, or at least subsistence, by pressing forward to these offices, or to professorships in the universities. The greater number of young persons never follow out their original destination, or obtain the prizes, but the community is thereby rendered intelligent. These young men are enabled to struggle upward at home and abroad in the successful pursuit of fortune; and those who remain at home, display in the improvement of their native land, and in the conduct of its affairs, the effect of the encouragement given to every branch of literature.

The knowledge of the law ought, at all times, to be kept up in a free country, and diffused over the community. A small body of engineers, and other military men, may suffice, in the event of war, to train land forces—and so the army may, to some extent, be let down with safety in time of peace. But in peace and in war the constitution needs vigilant defenders, and the progress of a people in learning and intelligence ought never to be relaxed.

It is greatly to be feared that we have fallen into evil days. Like greedy and wretched usurers, we value every object by the pence that it costs. With boundless presumption and self-conceit we boast of our wisdom—the march of mind—the progress of intellect, and much other vain-glorious phraseology, expressive only of immeasurable vanity. When a man acts with blindness to his best interests, or self-conceit and rashness, the common people of Scotland say, “he is left to himself,”—meaning thereby, that Divine Providence, to chastise his presumption, has withdrawn from him its protecting care. In the present times it may justly be said of Britain, that a judicial blindness seems to have descended upon the land—the Divine wisdom has left us to become our own scourge. We

have forgotten what renders a nation truly great and powerful, and that man exists on this earth not to save money, but to attain to superiority, intellectual and moral. Every prize, that is, every judicial appointment, withdrawn from the law and learning of the kingdom, is, in so far, a discouragement to the liberal ambition of its youth, and a step towards the diffusion of darkness over the kingdom.

Government are said to act liberally in renouncing the patronage of judicial offices. The true description of the conduct of government is, that it lays hold of an excuse for withdrawing its patronage from learning and learned men. We have got a most illiberal government: if not illiberal, it is a most grossly ignorant government. Tell it not in Paris, in Berlin, or even at St Petersburg! What would Frenchmen, Prussians, nay, Muscovites or Turks, say of such policy? Why, that our prime minister Wellington may be a hero, fit to encounter hard blows, but must be utterly incompetent to rule a civilized community—that the subordinate manager of our civil affairs, Mr Peel, may have ordinary knowledge, but is surely destitute of wisdom as a statesman; and that our whole Cabinet must be an *ignoramus*—a disgrace to the great nation, which they are adopting means to degrade into barbarism. In such terms as these will the present project infallibly be described by enlightened strangers, and by the future historian.

When Scotland was a poor country, it could afford to support its present judicial establishment, because that establishment tended to promote the intelligence of the people, and thereby ultimately the prosperity and glory of the kingdom. Now that we are united to rich England, we are industriously hastening backward into the days of darkness and ignorance. A miserable sum, forming a drop or a grain of sand in the vast mass of revenue derived from Scotland, is made a pretext for letting down our national institutions, originally created, and successfully created, for the encouragement and patronage of learning. We may next expect to find government pulling down the Church,

and appropriating its revenues, on pretence of a saving of some pounds sterling.

The principle of this new bill, then, is in the highest degree worthless and contemptible, and founded on the most illiberal ignorance and narrow views. Nothing so utterly barbarous and unstatesmanlike has been proposed in Europe during the last two centuries. Scotland deserved better things of the British empire—but if such principles are to rule over Britain, it will speedily be no vain prediction or declaration, that the sun of its glory has set for ever. The sum to be ultimately saved, after eighteen healthy men have died, is said to be L.23,600; but has not the British Government, since the Union with Ireland, paid the police establishment of Dublin? The sum voted by Parliament for that purpose in 1828, was L.24,300. The miscellaneous estimates, as they are called, for Ireland, for charities, schools, &c., were for that year, L.238,546. For the internal improvement of Ireland, the sum was L.173,866. These were ordinary allowances; and here Edinburgh supports its own police, and there is to be squeezed and pared off from its judicial establishment, or its prizes for literary and scientific eminence, a sum less than is paid for the police of Dublin.

In the name of wonder, what good is to result to Scotland from a diminution of the number of its judges and courts of justice? By what political or rational principle is such a measure sanctioned? The suggestions said to have been made in Parliament will presently be attended to. In the meanwhile, let the details of the measure be considered. The Consistorial or Commissary Court performs two offices; the one ministerial, in granting confirmation (administration) of the effects of deceased persons: the other judicial, in trying consistorial causes. For the first of these duties, one of the four Commissaries is to be retained. Why this should be done, no mortal can tell. In all the counties in Scotland, except the Lothians, the duty in question has been devolved on the Sheriffs; and why the Sheriff should not perform the duty in Edinburgh, it is impossible to discover. So if the other three

Commissaries are to be dismissed, the retention of the fourth Commissary is an absurdity, so far as this matter is concerned. What other function he is to fulfil, is not very clear, for the judicial duty, we are told, is to pass to the Court of Session. If he is to act merely in taking proofs, which seems to be intended, nothing more absurd can be devised. A judge may with some success take proofs to be written down, but any other officer not paid by the litigants, would be a saucy, unmanageable, and intolerable nuisance.

But I decidedly object to the plan of transferring to the ordinary civil court, the duties of the Consistorial Court, more especially if the number of the judges is to be diminished. Consistorial causes (*i. e.* relative to marriage, legitimacy, and divorce) require more delicacy and deliberation in the preparation of them, than any others. The honour of individuals and of families is often involved in the discussion; and the succession to great estates frequently depends on the procedure. They are utterly unfit for the publicity and hurry of a jury trial. They are still more unfit in regard to public decency. In that respect, they are even unfit to enter the routine of the great civil court. They are governed by principles totally different from what occur in other judicial proceedings. We (in Scotland) hold that the absence of a defendant is in them of no importance. The party insisting in the action, must prove his case to the satisfaction of the court; and even the Bill admits this. The proof is at present conducted before one of the judges of the Consistorial Court, who, in cases of difficulty, may call in his brethren, and does frequently consult them. The peculiar nature of the law of Scotland, which allows the absolute dissolution of marriage for certain reasons, renders it necessary that such an establishment shall exist, separate from others, that nothing hasty, ill-concocted, or rash, may be done. The Court of Session, performing all the duties of the English courts of Chancery and Common Law, and much of what is done by the legislature, cannot safely be intrusted with the preparation of such cases. The plan now

proposed is therefore a bad one, though it were not barbarous and impolitic in other respects.

But the Court of Admiralty is also to be abolished. It has been already deprived of much of its utility. It was formerly most valuable as a mercantile court. An English merchant, or a Scotch manufacturer, sending goods in small parcels to different parts of Scotland, employed only one agent, viz. at Edinburgh, who raised actions, when necessary, for payment, before the Judge Admiral; but his jurisdiction was lately abolished by our wise rulers, except in causes above £25; the effect of which is, that a merchant, furnishing small parcels of goods to different parts of the country, must employ as many agents as there are counties in Scotland.

In all maritime and commercial states, courts of admiralty are kept distinct from the courts of common law, as in America, England, France, &c. This occurs with a view to the law of evidence, and the very peculiar situation of parties coming before such courts. I venture to predict, that for some years the Court of Session will have more disputation before it, about the mode of conducting consistorial and maritime questions, than about the merits of half the other cases in dependence before the court.

As to the Court of Exchequer, I shall only say, that even although the patronage of it has been much abused, yet it has afforded the means of doing honour to the law of Scotland, by the preferment of David Hume.

Next, as to the diminution of the number of Judges in the Outer House of the Court of Session, the plan is most absurd. It is by the Judges in the Outer House that the business of the Court is, and ought to be, done. The Inner House, by the constitution of the court, is a court of review. The Inner House ought to be occupied merely in giving an opinion whether a cause has been rightly prepared for judgment, and rightly decided. It is evident, therefore, that if the business of the country is to be performed with care and dispatch, there ought to be a full body of Judges in the Outer House. Instead of the number being diminished, it ought rather to be increased. At the same time, it is unsafe

to diminish the number of Judges in the divisions of the Inner House. Scotland is a narrow country. The Court of Session has great powers in political and other matters, reserved to Parliament in England. The country being narrow, family or other influences are highly dangerous. It is therefore absolutely necessary, either that the Bench in Scotland shall be numerous, or that the House of Lords shall be considered as an ordinary Scottish court, to be generally resorted to.

Next, however, Trial by Jury is to be transferred to the Court of Session. It ought never to have existed elsewhere. But, as if to defeat the effect of the only right part of the bill, care is taken to attempt to fasten down on the Court of Session all the absurd and antiquated English forms and principles by which trial by jury is encumbered, and has been rendered disgusting in Scotland. The same judges who have been trained in these forms, are to be compelled to attend at all trials, and compulsory trial by jury is to be continued in those cases in which, in favour of the Jury Court, it has been established. If the men who concocted the bill in question, gave the slightest attention to the subject, or made enquiry concerning it, they must have recollected or learned that the Jury Court has introduced into Scotland one, among many, grievous and most oppressive evils, that of multiplying actions of damages for trifling alleged injuries. Such actions are a mere indulgence of personal hostility. In former days, they occasioned only an eloquent debate in the Outer House of the Court of Session. A condescence (special statement) was then ordered, and there the matter ended—parties got time to cool, because it was known that small damages were to be obtained, (except in rare and atrocious cases,) and that the court discouraged all frivolous litigations of that sort. Now all such cases must be prepared for a jury. Heavy expenses are incurred in consequence of the indulgence given to personal hostility—trifles light as air are magnified, and individuals are tempted to endeavour to ruin themselves and each other by such litigations. The Court of Session is now to be compelled to indulge this spirit. In other cases,

trial by jury is to be fastened on the court and litigants in many cases, though both should see the propriety of avoiding that mode of trial.

But let us come to the material question, What could tempt Government to bring forward a legislative measure of this description? The saving of money is so paltry, that it must after all be regarded as a mere pretext. Then is it true that the present Military Cabinet are enemies to law and literature—that they wish to extinguish them from the land, and deliberately to bring us back to barbarism? Little as we think of the Cabinet, we cannot go this length. Then why, in the name of common sense, is such a bill introduced into Parliament? An answer generally made is this: When the English judges obtained an augmentation of their salaries in 1825, it appeared reasonable that the Scottish judges should share in the same liberality. But the Members for Scotland either had not the spirit to stand forward and demand for their country this act of justice, or they were men of so little credit and respectability in the House of Commons that they could not obtain a hearing on the subject. Thus the favourable opportunity was lost. Times changed, and when, in 1829, the minister (Mr Peel) himself made the proposal, he found the House so unfavourable that it was necessarily withdrawn. Now, to accomplish the object, the present bill has been got up as a stratagem devised by a weak government, to do that justice indirectly, which it is unable openly to perform. Other courts are to be destroyed, and the judges of the Court of Session are to be diminished in number, and their duties increased, to afford a pretext for claiming on their behalf an augmentation of pay. For this object, the ancient institutions of the country, the patronage of the law and the prizes of literature for Scotland, are to be extinguished.

Truly, the devisers of this project are committing a great crime. They are the enemies of Scotland, and of its law and literature.

But let us consider what is reported to have been said in Parliament to justify the measure.

The Lord Advocate is accused of having said that the Bar of Scotland

cannot supply an adequate number of men of learning to fill so many judicial situations. Did his Lordship never hear of the doctrine of demand and supply, and that the one is productive of the other? Scotland always produced more able lawyers than obtained preferment. Did not Erskine, Wight, and many others, eminent counsel in their day, go down to the grave unpromoted? The present Lord Advocate cannot well have a very intimate knowledge of the Bar of Scotland. He was long so much occupied with his duties as Sheriff of Edinburgh, and afterwards with the Crown's business in his present station, that he has had little leisure to act for private parties, as a practitioner in the civil court. It is to these circumstances that the statement in question must be ascribed. In truth, the practice of the law of Scotland was formerly of a description which tended to rear up a very large number of men of learning. In all actions, parties were entitled to state their cases in written arguments; and, to entitle them to appeal from one judge to the whole bench, they were compelled to do so. The younger counsel were much employed in preparing these pleadings, and in that way they acquired both law and literature. Instead of diminishing the number of these arguments from three in each case to two, or even one, recourse was had to the plan now in force of allowing no written argument whatever, without the permission of the Court. The tendency of this state of things, added to the proposed bill, no doubt is to diminish the number of qualified servants of the public, whether judges or counsel. How this is to serve the public it is not easy to discover. We are descending fast, with the help of his Lordship and his patrons, into Gothic and barbarous arrangements. To be sure, it is said that the course of preferment is now to be more pure than formerly. This prediction is explained in favour of Scotland, by the recent measure of conferring the best judicial situation in it upon an English barrister, upborne by English influence.

Farther, the Lord Advocate is said to have suggested, that collusive actions of divorce might be prevented by transferring the jurisdiction to the Court of Session; that is to say, a

Court loaded with the whole judicial business of the country, may be expected to investigate such cases more narrowly than a Court specially employed in that object. He is accused also of having suggested, that it might be proper to augment the expense of such actions, with a view, no doubt, to improve our morals by confining justice to the rich.

The Treaty of Union seems somewhat to have embarrassed his Lordship, as it requires that the Court of Admiralty, and especially the Court of Session, shall "remain in all time coming, within Scotland, as it is now constituted." But truly, after the demolition of the Protestant Constitution so specially protected by the Treaty of Union, it is mere pedantry now to talk of that treaty as a barrier against any innovation.

Sir M. S. Stewart spoke much in favour of economy, but read a letter which complained of what is styled the "Fee Fund," and said, the first improvement in the Court of Session, and the one which would diminish expense most, would be to abolish all fees to clerks of court, and let Government pay the salaries of the necessary clerks as well as of the Judges. On account of the truth or value of this remark, we are disposed to excuse, as the result of total ignorance of the subject, the complaints of the honourable baronet against the technicality of deeds by which alone the import of them is rendered precise and certain; and the unjustifiable project which he patronises, and which has recently been pressed on the public from other quarters, that instruments of seizin should be abolished, and the publication of sales of land, or the

creation of securities over it, confined to registration. In that way, the secret that a country gentleman has mortgaged his estate to nearly its full value would be confined to a very few, perhaps a dozen, writers in Edinburgh, and he would be enabled to proceed in full credit, running into debt in the country with all merchants and small dealers, to their utter ruin. By the present rules, no debt can be secured on land, without the performance on the ground of a very formal ceremonial by five men, one of whom must be a public notary. This necessarily excites the attention of the neighbourhood, and publishes the fact.

Mr Home Drummond defended the Court of Exchequer. Other members talked loosely about the value of jury trial and national frugality. Sir C. Forbes alone seems to have had the spirit to complain of the inadequate protection now enjoyed by Scotland in the British Parliament, and of the gross illiberality, in a pecuniary point of view, with which its judges and the country are treated! In detail, however, similar views were adopted by Mr Fergusson, who, being himself a lawyer, was enabled to point out various errors in the details of the Bill, and the impropriety of abolishing courts of law, and judicial and other offices, in the sweeping manner now proposed by government. With these exceptions, there does not seem to have existed in the House a single ray of statesmanlike intelligence on the subject. We are in a hopeful way—merchants, manufacturers, mariners, farmers, lairds, lawyers!—all in alarm, all going down!

POOR LAWS IN IRELAND.

WERE the subject of less serious character, it would be a somewhat amusing task to examine the various plans suggested for the removal or alleviation of the evils under which the population of Ireland has laboured more or less for centuries. Moments occasionally occur when the sufferings of the people acquire an unusual degree of intensity: public feeling is then aroused, and it becomes necessary to attempt, at least, to alleviate the most urgent symptoms. Thus, in 1822, when the potato crop—the staple food of the Irish population—had partially failed, and when the operation of an enhanced currency had exhausted the means of the unhappy occupiers, and totally disabled them to supply the deficiency from their own resources, it was deemed expedient that a meeting of Irish proprietors should be convened for the purpose of devising the most efficient mode of relieving their starving tenantry. Even this measure was attended with many of the whimsical circumstances which seem to attach to all transactions connected with Ireland: in any other case the meeting would have been convened in some town of the county which required relief: In the instance here stated, the proprietors of Irish land met—not in Dublin, Cork, or Belfast—but at the Thatched House tavern, in St James's-street, in order that the immaculate frequenters of certain houses in that pure neighbourhood, might be enabled to attend, without interrupting their regular and useful avocations.

On that occasion, as well as upon others of a similar character, two leading propositions have been usually put forward for the relief of Irish distress. The landlords proposed that the endowments of the Established Church in Ireland, should be confiscated for the benefit of their impoverished and racked tenantry: having nothing of their own to spare for this purpose, they proposed to give them the property of others. Now, we beg to state, that we marvelled not a little at the impudence of this proposition: we knew that the poorer Irish had in effect the actual

enjoyment of, at least, a very considerable portion of this property; we knew that, with few exceptions, the clergy were resident in the districts whence their incomes were drawn: we knew that these incomes were mostly spent upon domestics, mechanics, and labourers, living upon the spot; we were also aware, that the extinction of the claim of the Church would have had merely the effect of transferring these incomes from the resident ecclesiastic into the pockets of the lay-landlord, who, being probably an absentee, would expend his revenues at Paris, Rome, or Naples; whilst the working classes, to whom the expenditure of this property now gives employment, would have been thrown out of work, and would have been added to the unoccupied multitude which the absentees had already created in every part of Ireland.

The absentees, indeed, prefer heavy charges against the Irish clergy: they accuse them of spending their incomes like lay-esquires, in luxurious indulgences—not like Irish lay-esquires, on Neapolitan macaroni, but like English lay-esquires, in clothing their wives and daughters in silk, and their sons in broadcloth. Suppose we grant that they are actually guilty of the offence here imputed to them—that they live comfortably and respectably, liberally, but not wastefully, on their professional incomes, still we like them as well as a resident lay-proprietor, and prefer them immeasurably before the absentee landlord. They neither cook their own dinners, clean their own shoes, nor feed their own horses, but employ Irish men or Irish women in these various departments of domestic economy: we therefore prefer seeing a portion, although it be but a small portion, of the surplus produce of Ireland thus going into the mouths of her own children, to seeing the whole of it carried away to be expended on the inhabitants of France or Italy. If honesty were therefore put out of the question, it appears utterly inconsistent with the clearest principles of public policy, that the means of relieving Irish dis-

ness should at any period be sought for in the confiscation of Church property.

The political economists assert, that emigration is the true and only remedy for the poverty and misrule which prevail in Ireland: they propose that "a vacuum" should be created, by transporting one half or some other proportion of the present population of that island to our foreign settlements. They then suggest that the people of Ireland should be weaned from their injurious attachment to that abominable vegetable—the potato, and be coaxed into the indulgence of a taste for beef and mutton. This, they tell us, would have the effect of preventing Irishmen, conspiring with Irishwomen, from filling up "the vacuum." Of the success of this project we own that we entertain strong doubts. We are informed by the philosophers, that throughout all her works nature abhors a vacuum: hence we are inclined to think, that the exertions of the economists will prove of little avail: in spite of all their lectures, emigration reports, and pamphlets, we feel pretty confident that nature will prove too strong for them.

Ireland has been usually considered the stronghold of the political economist. Here the preventive checks upon the multiplication of the human race are admitted not to be in operation. The people of Ireland laugh at Mr Malthus, and propagate, as the economists assure us, "like brute beasts:" here then, if any where, it was to be expected that the theory which makes the population of a country increase in a geometrical ratio, and the produce of the same country in an arithmetical ratio, would have been completely realized. It appeared as if the state of society in Ireland had been expressly organized for the purpose of giving this theory fair play and a full trial. There are no Poor Laws to operate, as we are told they do in England, as a bonus upon human production, and interfere with the free trade of propagation. His Majesty's Irish subjects seem to be deterred by no checks or restraints from entering into matrimony. Here then was the most favourable ground which its author could have devised for the purpose of subjecting "the theory of popula-

tion" to the test of experience. No extra stimulus from Poor Laws—no checks from what the economists vocularly denominate "moral" restraint; but the people resolutely and fearlessly increasing their numbers, without regard to consequences. What, it may be asked, has been the result of the experiment? The theory would have led us to expect that within the last five-and-twenty years the population of Ireland would have doubled its numbers; but that the means of sustaining them increasing only in an arithmetical ratio, each individual must have been supplied with less food than would have fallen to his share five-and-twenty years ago. But, alas! and alack-a-day! for the geometrical theory! It is no doubt true, that the population of Ireland, proceeding without let or hinderance, has, within the period in question, increased with unexampled rapidity: but the produce of the country—the food which the soil yields, seems to have at least kept pace with the increase of the population: for, although at particular seasons much misery prevails in Ireland, it cannot be denied that the condition of the population has improved, in the ratio of the increase which has taken place in their number. An author well acquainted with the subject, observes, that "notwithstanding the wilderness of words, oral and written, which has of late years been wasted upon the affairs of Ireland, and the paroxysm of legislation under which we have laboured, arising out of the perpetual discussion of her misfortunes and her faults, I am grieved to acknowledge, that the proceedings even of the present (1827) session of Parliament compel me to think that the people of England are greatly uninformed, or, what is worse, greatly misinformed, as to our real condition. A plain Englishman despairs of eliciting truth from the mass of conflicting testimonies that exist on the subject. I myself, whilst I lived only in the capital, was satisfied with such vague notions of our peasantry, as that they were very dirty, and cheerful when they could get enough of potatoes; and very wretched and turbulent when they could not: that Popery and potatoes were in themselves baneful evils, greatly incompatible with peace and

order; and, finally, that of all the King's subjects, the men of the south of Ireland were the most ignorant and miserable. But of late years I have resided much amongst those very men of the South; and my views on these subjects have undergone considerable modification in consequence.

"That a tolerably large sum of privation and distress does exist in Ireland, is indeed undeniable: but since I have resided in the country, and have become minutely acquainted with the facts, I have satisfied myself that the suffering, taken absolutely, is considerably less than has generally been supposed; and that, compared with the hardships endured by the population of England, its excess is not so very great.

"I have heard men, who could talk on most subjects with an ordinary degree of sanity, assert, that the majority of the working classes in Ireland live, or rather starve, upon potatoes and water, as their only means of sustenance; and that their only clothing consists of the coarsest rags, so torn that they were never taken off at night, because the owner must despair of again finding his way into them, should he at any time incautiously doff them from his person. These and many such things I heard, and partly believed them; but now I know these things are not true. The race of very small farmers (I do not mean in person, for they are commonly tall varlets) is indeed much more numerous here than in England; but it very rarely happens that these men, holding, as they do, from six up to sixty acres of land, (Irish measurement,) fail to procure moderately good food and raiment wherewith they can be content. It is true, that very little money circulates among them: I myself have known repeated instances of twelve such farmers being unable to club together five pounds at a time when they earnestly desired to do so: nor is this so much to be wondered at amongst an agricultural population, unaided by manufactures; but the poorest of them has at least one cow and several pigs and poultry, and most of them have more cows than one, and a horse. The produce of the farm (including butter, which those who are poorest sell, and do not eat) pays the rent and

other land charges, supplies the family with potatoes, and feeds the live stock above mentioned. The man, and sons not yet married, besides tilling the land and cutting turf for fuel, which is commonly a privilege attached to their holding, are able to devote some time to labour for others, either in ornamental improvements for their landlord, or upon the public roads. The usual rate of wages for country labour is eightpence a-day; and though they cannot always procure employment when they wish for it, even at this small remuneration, yet they can and do procure enough to enable them to provide themselves and their families with clothes and other indispensable necessities:—and, remember, I am now speaking of the very poorest class of farmers.

"The whole of the agriculture of Leinster, Connaught, and Munster, (in Ulster, the divisions are larger, and the tenants more wealthy,) is carried on by such small farmers, cultivating from twenty to one hundred acres. In the improved parts of the country, near Dublin, and the other principal cities, the lots are the largest: in the more distant counties, they rarely exceed fifty acres. They derive from their farms a much smaller profit than an English farmer would expect from the same quantity of land, but they expend upon them a much less capital. They are extremely laborious, and frugal in their habits. Their personal wants are few, and their mode of life that of a rude and early period of society. Their habitations were universally, and are still very generally, mud cabins, distinguished only in size from those of the lowest peasants. Their food is chiefly milk and potatoes; bread and meat are occasional luxuries. Their manner of husbandry is a course of shifts and expedients to replace by ingenuity the absence of capital. Two or three subscribe a horse each to make out a team; or two, still poorer, keep between them a horse and a car. It is not uncommon to see them threshing out their corn, in fine weather, upon the hard surface of the turnpike road, from want of a properly floored barn. Their tools and implements are bad, and are patched and pieced to serve the exigences of the moment."

But although the condition of the little farmer, and even of the cottier who has the good fortune to be the occupier of a small portion of land, be somewhat improved beyond that of his predecessors in the same class, there still remains a very large number of Irish peasantry who are unable to obtain any allotments of land, and whose circumstances, as it must necessarily happen in a country where there is little or no demand for hired labour, are indescribably wretched. The evidence of the witnesses, who, on various occasions, have been recently examined, touching the state of Ireland, place this matter in a painful light. The Bishop of Limerick observes, that "the evil to be met with is a redundant population, which is now in the progress of curing itself in the most painful way—by ejectment, destitution, and starvation of those poor people whom I call surreptitious tenantry: at present they are in a state of hopeless, despairing wrecklessness; therefore, they scruple not the worst." Another witness, describing the condition of the cottiers in Westmeath, states, "that the erection of a cabin of the lowest class costs between two and three pounds. They are built, in many instances, upon the mere bog; the roof is formed with a few sticks thrown across, and covered with bog sods. Sometimes a family may be seen occupying a dry ditch, covered with branches and rushes. Their furniture consists of a pot, a little crook, and very few other articles. Except in very few instances, they have no bedsteads of any kind; but they sleep without any covering of blankets, upon rushes and straw." Mr J. Marshall stated, "that having a great work to carry on in the county of Kerry, in banking from the sea, as soon as it was understood that the works had commenced, hundreds flocked to obtain occupation: many of them had not tasted food for two days previously, as they had assured him. And when at work, he was informed by his steward, that the generality of them were so weak in consequence of the state of starvation which seemed to prevail among them, that he was necessitated to feed them for six weeks before they could execute men's work. When they had been sufficiently

nourished, and had come to their strength, they were very good labourers: most of these persons had families." "Whether," says the Catholic Bishop Doyle, "many instances occur at present of the poor perishing from actual want, I do not know. One instance, however, I am acquainted with; but I can state with confidence, that great numbers have died prematurely from the consequences of want. They became feeble, then lay in bed, and gradually died off."

When the circumstances of the small farmers of Ireland are taken into consideration, their hospitality and benevolence must excite admiration. However contracted may be the dwelling, or scanty the store, of the Irish peasant, the houseless and helpless beggar never in vain solicits shelter or relief at his hands. It has been computed, that the house of every poor labouring farmer contributes, on the average, every year, no less than one ton of potatoes, worth at least thirty shillings, to the satchel of the wandering beggar: and that over and above the relief which he is always willing to afford to those of his immediate kindred who happen to be in want. Calculating the population of Ireland at seven millions, and estimating them at five to a house, it will appear, that for the relief of the poor in that country, there is raised a voluntary tax, which does not fall much short of two millions sterling per annum. The greatest part of this tax is levied upon the poorest of those who have any thing to give, without the least return in the way of labour from the objects of their bounty. As the peasant's door is never closed during meal-time, he cannot, and indeed he will not, discriminate. Idleness and beggary are thus encouraged to prey upon the industry and produce of the land. This evil was at all times highly injurious; but recent circumstances have contributed to render it peculiarly urgent and oppressive. Not many years have elapsed since the landowners of Ireland did all that lay in them to increase the number of their tenantry: but the lucubrations of the economists appear to have excited in their minds a perfect panic upon the subject of population. "They are," as we are told,

"at length deeply convinced, that though a stock of cattle or sheep will afford profit, a stock of mere human creatures *unemployed* will afford none: and they are at this moment applying a corrective check of the most *violent* description, to that increase of population which there has been too much reason to deplore. The principle of dispeopling estates is going on in every part of Ireland where it can be effected: in some parts more; in some parts less." Instances are common in the South, where, on the expiration of a lease affording the landlord an opportunity of newly dividing the land, thirty, forty, or fifty occupying families have, in fact, been turned adrift, and the land which supported them, has been divided into perhaps half-a-dozen farms. The surplus population thus turned adrift, sometimes wander about the country as mere mendicants; but more frequently they betake themselves to the nearest towns, and there occupy as lodgers, the most wretched hovels, in the most miserable outlets, in the vain hope of occasionally getting a day's work. Their condition, when thus expelled from their tenements, and forced to take refuge in some town, is thus described by Mr Leslie Foster, who cannot be suspected of a disposition to overcharge the picture which he draws. "The male part of the family lie very frequently in bed during the day: the wife or daughter, perhaps, goes abroad, and begs about the neighbourhood for some few potatoes, which she brings home; on these they vegetate. It is scarcely to be imagined on what a small pittance one of these wretches endeavours to subsist; in fact, he is almost like a savage of the American deserts: he lies down on a little straw on the floor, and remaining there motionless nearly all the day, he gets up in the evening, eats a few potatoes, and then throws himself again upon the earth, where he remains until the morning."

This is in fact the true source of that tide of Irish vagrancy which has recently set in upon this country, and which, if not speedily checked, will make a fearful addition to the already ill-employed population of England. To serve political and party purposes, the landowners of

Ireland acted for many years upon a system of splitting their estates into fragments, to be occupied by a race of pauper tenantry. The disfranchisement of the forty-shilling freeholders has put an end to this political jobbing; and the landlords now universally exert themselves to clear their estates of the wretched cottiers, whom they had encouraged to settle and multiply upon their property. When examined by the committee appointed to enquire into the state of Ireland, General Bourke stated, "that on the termination of every subsisting lease, the system of diminishing the number of tenants is universally acted on in the south of Ireland. It produces a degree of misery which surpasses all attempts at description. Shocking instances of the misery produced by it, have occurred in the county of Limerick. In the case of a large farm near Croom, in the southern part of that county, the clearing of the peasantry led to the most shocking outrages. They resisted the efforts which were made to remove them; the military were called in to eject them; driven to desperation by the cruel necessity of relinquishing the homes of their fathers, they burnt all the houses which stood on the farm, and murdered some of the agents employed by the landlord." When it is recollected that the wretched outcasts, thus forcibly deprived of their cabins and potato-gardens, are at once cast upon the world, without house or home, and without any means of procuring subsistence in their own country, it cannot be considered surprising that they should be impelled to the commission of remorseless acts of outrage. We hear much of the ungovernable turbulence of the Irish peasantry; but the cold and unfeeling cruelty by which they are goaded on, is seldom mentioned. The landowners declaim loudly and vehemently on the injuries which they suffer from the excess of population which encumbers their estates, but think little of the ejected tenantry whom they doom to certain misery, or perhaps to absolute starvation.

The evils resulting from the system of clearing Irish estates of their superabundant population, are so

enormous and urgent, as to call for the immediate attention of the public. Admitting that it might conduce to the profit of an Irish landowner to thin the population now settled upon his estate, still it cannot be accordant with the principles either of humanity or policy, that he should be permitted to reap this advantage at the expense of bringing ruin upon the heads of his unoffending tenantry. Every encouragement and facility have been afforded to the occupiers of the soil to increase and multiply: hence the population of most Irish estates is become much too numerous to be profitably employed in the regular operations of agriculture: but now that the evils of the system sedulously fostered by the landlords themselves are perceived and felt, it is rather too much that they should expect to be permitted to wreak the consequences exclusively upon the heads of the helpless peasantry, and disencumber their estates of this surplus population, by turning their tenants adrift, literally to perish through sheer want. We are well aware that the school of philosophers, of which Mr Malthus is the acknowledged oracle, will defend these monstrous and unrelenting measures; they will tell us that an Irish ex-freeholder, being no longer of use to support the political influence of his landlord—to help him to get a pension or a place, “has no business to be where he is;” that for him “there is no longer a cover vacant at the feast of nature;” and that it is therefore consistent with the recognised principles of sound economy, that he should be handed over to the punishment of nature—to hunger, slow-wasting disease, and death. Without attempting, at least on the present occasion, to impugn the doctrines of these philosophers, we beg to express a doubt whether the public be sufficiently advanced in the knowledge of the most exact of all the sciences, to sanction the practical application of its principles. Although the schoolmaster has been for some time abroad among us, we are inclined to suspect his progress has hitherto been so slow, that the English public will revolt with abhorrence from those violent steps, by which an attempt is made to remedy, in a few weeks, evils which have

been the slow growth of centuries. It therefore behoves Irish landlords to ponder well on the consequences of turning loose their tenantry, in a country where they can procure neither land nor labour to support themselves. It appears to us that some measures must be adopted, if not to repress altogether, at least to regulate, these violent and sudden thinnings of the occupiers of Irish estates, which must appal the stoutest heart, and which, if generally carried into effect, cannot fail to produce the most dreadful calamities, and even excite public convulsions.

It must also be observed that the landowners of Ireland are, with few exceptions, absentees from the country whence their revenues are derived: this is a circumstance which renders the depopulating system much more dangerous than if it were carried into operation under the personal superintendence of the proprietor. We should be disposed to imagine, that few even of that class of persons possess nerves strong enough to witness with their own eyes the dreadful scenes of human suffering, which inevitably await the wretched cottiers and their families, when ejected from their tenements, and cast forth into the high-ways of the country. But whatever moderation may be expected to mark the proceedings of a resident proprietor, there is reason to fear that similar forbearance cannot be anticipated on the part of an absentee, who has no opportunity of personally witnessing the distress inflicted upon the outcast occupiers. Residing far away from the district, or perhaps the country, whence his rents are derived, he coolly transmits his commands to some hireling agent, who is forced, probably against his own wishes and better feelings, to obey instructions dispatched from London, Paris, Rome, or Naples, by a principal either unconscious of, or callous to, the sufferings, which his mandate may occasion in Ireland.

On all these grounds, it appears to us perfectly clear, that some check must be imposed upon the conduct of Irish landlords, while engaged in thinning the population of their estates. The principles of humanity render it the imperative duty of Parliament to throw some legislative

protection around the unfortunate peasantry of Ireland. If it should be considered impolitic absolutely to prohibit the abolition of the vicious tenures which have been allowed to spread over the face of Ireland, it would surely be consistent with sound policy to prevent the old system from being altered in so indiscreet and abrupt a manner, as must prove fatal to a vast proportion of the discarded peasantry. While the Irish landowners are indulged with unshackled liberty to manage their estates in the way which may appear most conducive to their private interests, it behoves the public to take care, that, in this pursuit of individual gain, they should not involve the peasantry in absolute destruction; and we really cannot see how this double object can be attained, without imposing upon the proprietors of Ireland a legal obligation to maintain their ejected cottiers, until they can be provided for elsewhere.

As long as the peasantry of Ireland were allowed to occupy their ancient curtilages, the necessity of an organised provision for the impotent or unemployed poor was not perhaps very urgent; each cottier drew from his own allotment a supply of necessities sufficient to keep him above absolute want. But the momentous change which has recently taken place in the policy of Irish landlords, affects the condition of the peasantry in a way which calls aloud for the alteration of the statesman. Indeed, this is a branch of national policy, which very deeply involves the interests and welfare both of the landlords and labouring classes throughout the whole of England. The number of peasants dispossessed of their tenements by the Irish proprietors is hourly increasing. These find their way into every town and hamlet of this country, where the supply of labourers already exceeds the demand for labour. This causes an excessive depreciation in the wages of the working classes, and makes a heavy addition to the burden already pressing upon those who are legally bound to contribute towards the maintenance of the poor. We do therefore think, that, as a mere question of equity between the owners of Irish estates and the pro-

prietors of English land, this is an insufferable grievance, which calls aloud for redress. Setting aside for the moment all considerations of humanity towards the Irish poor, forcibly expelled from their cabins, justice towards the people of England requires that a check should be imposed upon a practice which throws upon them the support of that migrating horde, which their landlords send forth as outcasts. We are little concerned about the amount which the maintenance of his ejected tenantry would abstract from the income of an Irish proprietor. Upon his estate have they propagated, and out of its produce ought they in all fairness to be fed. We had rather see ten shillings an acre deducted from his rent, should such a sacrifice become necessary, than that a penny an acre should be levied for that purpose on the land of this country, upon the produce of which they cannot have the slightest claim. The sums expended either upon the maintenance of the Irish poor, or in passing them to their own country, whence they speedily find their way back again, form no inconsiderable item in the aggregate amount of the English poor rates.

The numbers of Irish labourers arriving in Great Britain, are annually on the increase; and the following paragraphs, extracted from local newspapers, shew that this species of importation continues with unabated activity. "The Irish are still landing at the Broomielaw, at the rate of above a thousand per week, and are spreading like locusts over the whole surface of the country. The first thing they do on landing, is to find out the habitation of a resident countryman, whom they dispatch in search of employment. If he is successful, they enter at half the wages people are usually in the habit of paying; and if he fail in his mission, they know the worst; for it generally follows that, their funds being exhausted, they must either beg, steal, or starve. Some have got it into their heads, that it is incumbent on the police to relieve them in their destitute state with clothes and food; and one of them appeared at the Calton Police-office, a few days ago, claiming these essentials, when he was committed as a vagrant." In

another newspaper, under the date of the 28th of August, 1827, we are informed, "that there is a vast influx of Irish labourers at this season into the West Riding of Yorkshire. At Huddersfield the number is so great, that it is with difficulty they can find shelter during the night. The farmers, all the way from the western to the eastern coast, are quite annoyed with applications for employment from those half-famished people."

In the Report of the Select Committee on the Laws relating to Irish Vagrants, it is stated, that "the number of vagrants passed by the county of Lancaster alone, in 1827, was 6084.

"Many, though in actual possession of *considerable sums*, apply for parochial relief, in order that the expense of their journey may fall upon the funds of the English counties; and that they may thus convey home undiminished the amount of their earnings.

"The expense of the removal of a single adult pauper from London to Liverpool, is L.4, 11s. 3d.

"Your Committee cannot help directing the attention of the House to the increasing numbers passed to Ireland at this vast expense, and they see a prospect of still greater addition; not only in consequence of the excess of population in that country, but from measures which have already been adopted, and are likely to be still more actively extended in Ireland, for the purpose of systematically increasing the burden upon this portion of the united kingdom. The House will readily admit that there appears but little equity in calling upon the depressed population of England to afford to the natives of the other parts of the empire, that relief to which they would not be entitled in Ireland or Scotland.

"The evils resulting to the labouring classes of England from the increasing irruption of the pauper population of Ireland have been often and strongly pointed out; but this Committee cannot help expressing their decided conviction, that, if the present system continue unchecked, it will inevitably throw upon England *the expense of maintaining the paupers of both islands.*"

It appears, therefore, somewhat surprising, that the owners of real property in England should view this question with so much apathy. The establishment of a system of laws calculated either to secure to the Irish peasant the possession of his cabin, or devolve upon the landlord his maintenance, when expelled, would have the effect of removing from the shoulders of the inhabitants of England, a heavy burden which now falls upon them.

It is contended that the introduction of an organised system of laws for the management and maintenance of the poor is impracticable, because there are no persons resident in an Irish parish possessed of competent intelligence to superintend its details. Urged, as this objection is, chiefly by absentees, it seems fully as much as human patience can calmly endure. These persons desert the social station which they ought to fill in their own country; they domicile themselves at Westminster, Paris, Rome, or Naples: the people to whom, if resident upon their estates, they would give employment in the various capacities of domestics, mechanics, and labourers, are deprived of work by their expatriation; and, when called upon to contribute towards the support of the multitude whom their misconduct has deprived of bread, they turn round, and say, "No, we will not contribute one farthing for such an object, because there are no individuals resident upon our estates sufficiently intelligent and discriminating to superintend the distribution of such a fund." It is needless to combat an argument so monstrous and worthless. Even admitting the fact upon which it is grounded,—that, in consequence of the non-residence of the owners, no individual could be found upon an Irish estate capable of superintending the execution of a judicious system of Poor-Laws,—it would tend to place in a still stronger light the expediency, nay, the indispensable necessity, of the measure. It would have the salutary effect of forcing the absentees of Ireland to pay some attention to the management of property, which the present state of the laws allows them to neglect with impunity; it would compel them to at least an oc-

casional residence, in order to prevent the whole of their rents from being swallowed up in the relief of their pauperised tenantry. The urgent and frequently irresistible call of interest would thus constrain them to the discharge of duties, which higher and better considerations recommend in vain.

There are some extraordinary facts connected with the misery and distress which overwhelmed the Irish peasantry in 1822, which should be always borne in mind, whenever the subject of introducing Poor-laws into that country happens to be discussed. Of the conduct of the resident gentry, both lay and clerical, during that trying season, all authorities speak in terms of the warmest praise: their contributions of food and clothing had no limits except their means; and their personal exertions among the sick and dying will never be forgotten by those who witnessed them. The promptness and liberality with which the English public stepped forward on that occasion, will likewise, as they deserve, be held in lasting remembrance. What, it may reasonably be asked, was the conduct of the absentee proprietors of Ireland in this memorable period of national calamity? Did the cry of the hungry and starving peasant reach the ears of his landlord in the Salons of France or the Casinos of Italy? Did he hasten to the spot in which his tenants were actually perishing through want; or, if he did not personally appear among them, did he, in any degree, make up for this lack of attention by the magnitude of his pecuniary contributions? We almost blush for human nature, when we feel ourselves constrained to state, that the amount contributed on that occasion by absentee proprietors was trifling to a degree which, without incontrovertible evidence, could not command credit. From one district in the neighbourhood of Tralee, a body of proprietors, all absentees, drew at that time an income little short of L.90,000 per annum; but the aggregate amount of their joint contributions towards the relief of their distressed countrymen did not, in that emergency, exceed L.83. The bare recital of such a fact will go a greater way than any reasoning, in proving the necessity of introducing

some system of laws which may compel such a class of persons to perform duties, which they have never shown the remotest disposition voluntarily to discharge. Nor is even this fact the worst part of the history of the fund raised in England, in 1822, for the relief of the Irish peasantry. It has been since ascertained, that, of the very large subscription then collected, not more than a tenth part was really expended in feeding and clothing the miserable objects, for whose sole use it was designed by its generous donors. The remaining nine parts were distributed in money, and found their way into the pockets of the landowners, in liquidation of arrears of rent due from their tenants. Upon this well-known and incontrovertible fact, we cannot trust ourselves to make a single comment. The conduct which was pursued on that occasion by the great body of Irish landlords, shews, that, both from feeling and habit, they are utterly disqualified from giving any opinion worth attending to, respecting the policy of establishing a legal provision for the poor in that part of his Majesty's dominions. The question must be disposed of without consulting them, for the majority of them are morally incompetent to take a part in its discussion.

But we see no reason to conclude that the establishment of a code of laws providing relief for the impotent, and employment for the vagrant poor, would be attended with the injurious results which some persons anticipate from such a measure. We do not believe that it would practically tend to diminish the revenues of Irish proprietors, and gradually absorb the whole surplus produce of the land. On the contrary, we are inclined to the opinion, that the introduction of such a system would ultimately, and even speedily, have the effect of increasing the produce, and raising the rents of land, in that part of the empire: it would compel the Irish landlords to pay the necessary attention to the cultivation of their estates, and find instant and productive employment for their tenantry, who are now seldom more than half occupied. Any measure which would force them to pursue such a course, would be a benefit, and not a detriment to the proprie-

tors of Ireland; a more spirited and more enlightened system of tillage would be introduced; the gross produce of the land would be greatly increased, and the owner's rent would be raised in consequence. If the landlords of Ireland were to pay but a tithe of the attention, which, within the last hundred years, the landed proprietors of England and Scotland have bestowed upon the improvement and cultivation of their estates, no doubt can be entertained, that the produce of land already cultivated after the Irish fashion, might very speedily be doubled, and that a very great addition might be made to the present amount of Irish rents, without at all distressing the cultivators.

The subject of Irish rents is much misconceived in this country. We hear of six, eight, or even ten guineas per acre talked of as rent paid for land in Ireland; and too often jump at the conclusion, that an Irish proprietor receives a much higher rent for his estate than an English landowner. That there are in Ireland many acres of land, which for a single season, let for ten guineas, is undoubtedly true. But it should be recollected that these are small parcels of land, termed in the language of that country "cow-acres;" that is to say, single acres of fresh and unbroken soil, which having remained long in a state of pasture, are ready and fit for the production of an excellent crop of potatoes. The occupier, or, to speak more correctly, the cropper of this acre incurs no other charge in respect of it, than the labour of planting; he pays no rates, taxes, or other outgoings; all these are defrayed by the person who lets the land. In addition to this, it should also be remembered, that in point of extent, the Irish acre bears to the English acre a proportion of 7840 to 4840. This reduces the rent of ten guineas to about six pounds per English acre. This is the enormous rent which is sometimes said to be paid for land in Ireland. All we gather from the statement, however, is the fact, that under peculiar circumstances of situation and culture, some detached acres of land in a condition fit for immediate cropping, let for about six pounds the English acre. Now, we should like to know what an English farmer, occupying a soil

of very moderate fertility, would say to an offer of such a rent for one season for an acre of land, which having been long laid down to grass, or having been plentifully manured, should be considered capable of yielding an abundant crop of potatoes? We should rather think that he would laugh at an offer of even double that amount. With the exception of land let under the circumstances just detailed, rent in Ireland is greatly below the average rate paid for land of equal quality in England. We have seen various estimates drawn up by persons well acquainted with the subject; and in none of these is the average of Irish rents, taking the whole of the cultivable land into the account, estimated at a higher rate than fifteen shillings per Irish acre. When the natural fertility of that island is considered, nothing can furnish a more decisive proof of the backward state of Irish agriculture. An improved and energetic system of tillage; the application of more labour to the cultivation of the soil, would probably, in twenty years, double the rents; if the population which now subsists, either in complete idleness, or upon half employment, were regularly and constantly occupied in digging, ploughing, and hoeing, they would not only raise an ample supply of provisions for themselves, but also a very large surplus, which would go in the form of an augmented rent into the pockets of the landlords. The improved system of agriculture followed in this country, owes its introduction chiefly to the efforts and encouragement of enlightened proprietors resident upon their estates. But with exceptions that have little effect upon the general produce of the country, no successful attempts have been made to introduce the convertible system of husbandry into the South of Ireland, although the tenantry are stated to be really desirous of following any useful advice which might be given them on the subject. Hence, the land having yielded a few crops of potatoes, is then allowed, for a long succession of years, to fall into a state of nature, and yields both to the cultivator and the public, infinitely less than it would produce under an improved system. During the seed-time and harvest, the Irish pea-

santry are fully employed; each upon his own allotment; but those seasons over, all demand for labour ceases; as they are generally unacquainted with the various processes practised by skilful cultivators to increase the productive powers of the soil.

It may, with perfect truth, be said, that the whole attention of the body of Irish cottiers, is devoted solely to the culture of one crop—the potato. They bestir themselves in the spring while planting, and in the autumn while taking up this crop. But with the exception of those who come over into England in pursuit of employment during the summer months, the rest of their time is spent in a state of absolute idleness, and thus entirely lost both to themselves and the public. This idleness and waste of time, is the true source of all the poverty and misery which are so prevalent in Ireland. They are really employed only during about three months in the year, and hence it cannot appear at all wonderful that men who are idle for nine out of every twelve months, should be steeped in poverty and distress. Some of the most enterprising and industrious come over to England in the beginning of the summer, in pursuit of work: they return home with their earnings at the close of the harvest season, and live with their families in perfect idleness until the ensuing spring, when they again set out upon their travels.

A glance at the History of England will shew that the very energy and prosperity of British industry date from the period when the able-bodied and vagrant beggar was constrained to renounce his mendicant idleness, and to exchange a subsistence obtained from the mistaken liberality of the benevolent, for a livelihood earned by the exertion of his own industry. Until the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the population of England depended almost entirely upon the cultivation of the soil: The manufactures of the country being purely domestic, and pursued only during the intervals of agricultural labour. The processes of agriculture were then, as they are now, nearly throughout the whole of Ireland, confined to the simple operations of sowing the seed and gathering the crop; seed-

time over, a long interval intervened before the harvest called the husbandman again into the field. An interval of still greater length intervened between the harvest-home and its ensuing seed-time. These regular intermissions from field-labour furnished each cultivator with long periods of leisure, which he might devote to the fabrication of such articles of necessity or convenience as his taste or habits required. In this state of society, manufactures presented no outlet to absorb the surplus population as it increased in number; hence it spread itself gradually over the land; woods and forests were cleared and grubbed up; wastes were reclaimed and cultivated, according to the imperfect system then in practice; farms were gradually split into minor holdings, until, in the end, there was no room for further subdivision. The number of the people continued gradually to increase; and the constantly accumulating surplus, having no opportunity to settle on the soil, and no opening for its labour in any other branch of profitable industry, was forced to subsist, in a state of idleness and vagrancy, on the bounty of those who occupied land. Of the condition of this portion of the population of England, in the beginning of the seventeenth century, we are presented with the following lively picture, in a tract published in the year 1601. “The golden vale in Herefordshire (being ye pride of all that country), being the richest, yet (for want of employment) the plentifullest place of poore in the kingdom—yielding two or three hundred folde. The number so increasing, (idleness having gotten the upper hand,) if trades bee not raised, beggary will carry such reputation in my quarter of the county, as if it had the whole to halves. There bee within a mile-and-a-half of my house everywaye, five hundred poore habitations, whose greatest meanes consist in spinning flaxe, hemp, and hardes. They dispose the seasons of the yeare in this manner: I will begin with May, June, and July, (three of the merriest months for beggars,) which yield the best increase for their purpose to raise multitudes, whey, curdes, butter-milk, and such belly provision abounding

in the neighbourhood, serves their turn. As wountes or moles hunt after wormes, the ground being durable, so these idlers live intolerable by other's meanes, and neglect painful labors by oppressing the neighbourhood. August, September, and October, with that permission which the Lord hath allowed the poorer sorte to gather the eares of corne, they do much harme. I have seen three hundred leasers and gleaners in one gentleman's corne-field at once; his servants gathering and stouking the bound sheaves, the sheaves lying on the ground like dead carcasses in an overthrown battell: they following the spoyle, not like soldiers (which scorne to rifle), but like theeves desirous to steell; so this army holdes pillaging wheate, rye, barley, pease, and oates. Under color of the last grain, oates, it being the latest harvest, they doe (without mercy in hotte blood) steall, robbe orchards, gardens, hop-yards, and crab-trees; so, what with leasing and stealing, they do poorly maintain themselves November, December, and almost all January, with some heales from the neighborhood. These are the principal meanes of their maintenance. The last three moneths, February, March, and Aprill, little labour serves their turne; they hope, by the heate of the sunne, (seasoning themselves like snakes under headges,) to recover the month of May, with much poverty, long fasting, and little praying; and so make an end of their year's travel in the Easter holy-days."

The following extract from a letter, printed in Strype's Annals, and addressed by a Somersetshire Justice of the Peace to the Lord Chancellor Burleigh, in transmitting to him the calendar of the assizes held in that county in 1596, gives a representation equally unfavourable of the state of the peasantry in the West of England:—"God is my witness, I do with grief protest, in the duty of a subject, I do not see how it is possible for the poor countryman to bear the burdens daily laid upon him, and the rapines of the infinite numbers of the wicked, wandering, idle people of the land; so as men are driven to watch their pastures, their woods, and their corn-fields. And I may justly say, that the infinite num-

bers of the idle, wandering people, and the robbers of the land, are the chiefest cause of the dearth; for though *they labour not, yet they spend double as much as the labourer doth*, for they live idly in the alehouses day and night, eating and drinking excessively. This year there assembled sixty in a company, and took a whole cart-load of cheese from one driving it to a fair, and dispersed it among them. Within these three months, I took a thief that confessed unto me that he and two more lay in an ale-house three weeks, in which they eat twenty fat sheep, whereof they stole every night one. It is most certain, that if they light upon an alehouse that hath strong ale, they will not depart until they have drunk him dry. And they grow the more dangerous, in that they have bred that fear in the justices and other inferior officers, that no man dares call them into question; and at a late sessions, a tall man, a man sturdy and ancient traveller, was committed by a justice, and brought to the sessions, and had judgment to be whipt. He present at the bar, in the face and hearing of the whole Bench, swore a great oath, that if he were whipt, it should be the dearest whipping to some that ever was. It strake such a fear in him that committed him, as he prayed he might be deferred until the assizes, when he was delivered, without any whipping or other harm, and the justice glad he had so pacified his wrath. By this your lordship may inform yourself of the state of the whole realm, which I fear me is in as ill case or worse than ours."

It appears that, even so late as the end of the seventeenth century, hordes of vagabonds and beggars, roaming in multitudes, lived by levying contributions and free quarter, to the great oppression of the people of Scotland. These multitudes were daily augmented by the peasantry, whom the system of consolidating farms, introduced about that period in this portion of the island, had dispossessed of their ancient tenements. In his Two Discourses concerning the affairs of Scotland, published in 1698, Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun states, "That there are at this day in Scotland (besides a great number of families very meanly provided for by

the church-boxes, with others who, with living upon bad food, fall into various diseases,) 200,000 people begging from door to door. These are not only no way advantageous, but a very grievous burden to so poor a country: and though the numbers of them be perhaps double to what it was formerly, by reason of the present great distress, yet in all times there have been about 100,000 of these vagabonds, who have lived without any regard or submission, either to the laws of the land, or even to those of God and nature. No magistrate could ever discover, or be informed, which way any of these wretches died, or that ever they were baptized. Many murders have been discovered among them; and they are not only a most unspeakable oppression to poor tenants, (who, if they give not bread, or some sort of provision, to perhaps forty such villains in one day, are sure to be insulted by them,) but they rob many poor people, who live in houses distant from any neighbourhood. In years of plenty, many thousands of them meet together in the mountains, where they feast and riot for many days; and at country-weddings, markets, burials, and other the like public occasions, they are to be seen, both men and women, perpetually drunk, cursing, blaspheming, and fighting together."

The state of things here described as subsisting, both in England and Scotland, at the period in question, is by no means peculiar; it marks an ordinary epoch in the natural progress of population and society. The cultivable land of every country becomes gradually occupied; the population, continuing to multiply, at length overflows. This gives rise to want, idleness, and vagrancy. The surplus population cannot obtain land to cultivate; and manufactures, not yet existing, offer them no resource. This period, whenever it occurs, forms a great and important crisis in the internal economy of a nation, constituting, in effect, what may be termed the transition period, from a state purely agricultural, to another and a better arrangement of the community, which takes off the surplus hands, not required for tillage, to be profitably employed in mechanical and manufacturing industry. During the progress of this

change, much individual suffering presents itself to the eye of the philanthropist. It is, however, an instance of that apparently severe, but ultimately benevolent economy of Providence, by which human enterprise and industry are directed into their most beneficial channel; and it is also the dawn of national wealth and prosperity. As long as a community remains devoted solely to agricultural pursuits, so much of the time of each cultivator is lost or wasted, that he can do little more than extract from the imperfectly tilled soil a scanty supply of food for his own family. There is scarcely any surplus to pass into the pockets of the landlord, or to meet the necessary demands of the state.

This was precisely the condition of the population of England, until matters came to a crisis in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. It was the good fortune of England to have its affairs at that period administered by a cabinet unrivalled in sagacity and wisdom; they fully appreciated the difficulties which were to be overcome, and established a system of laws for the management of the poor, admirably calculated to answer the ends of humanity, as well as to accelerate and assist the change which was then taking place in the distribution of the population. Until that period, the only attempts made by the legislature to suppress mendicant idleness were confined to the infliction of severe pains and penalties; the idle beggar was treated as a criminal, "who had no right to be where he was;" and his presumption in "sitting down uninvited at the feast of nature," was considered as a crime to be expiated only by whipping and boring in the ear with "a red-hot iron, not exceeding the compass of an inch;" and a repetition of his offence was punishable even with death. Various statutes, both of the English and Scottish Parliaments, passed in the course of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, enact, "that a vagabond above the age of thirteen, shall be adjudged to be grievously whipped, and burnt through the gristle of the right ear with a hot iron of the compass of an inch, unless some credible person will take him into his service for a year; and if being of the age of eighteen years, he after so fall

again into a roguish life, he shall suffer death as a felon, unless some credible person will take him into service for two years; and if he fall a third time into roguish life, he shall be adjudged a felon." Bacon and his associates, however, took a different view of the matter: They seem to have not only come to the conclusion that the able-bodied beggar had a right to be here, but that the sound-limbed varlets, whom the economists of that day wished either to transport or annihilate, might, if properly set to work, be rendered highly productive to the commonwealth. And to work they set them accordingly. This laid the foundation of our present national greatness; it called into full play the whole physical force of the population, and directed it ultimately into the channels best adapted to promote the accumulation, as well as creation, of public wealth.

The present distribution of the Irish population seems to bear considerable resemblance to that which prevailed in this country as lately as the close of the sixteenth century; until that period, many of the evils now complained of in Ireland existed here; and it appears at least probable, that they would yield to the discreet application of the same remedy.

It will be seen that we advocate the introduction into Ireland of a proper system of laws for the management of the poor, not for the purpose of enabling the idle to subsist at the expense of the industrious, but of forcing the owners of land to pay some attention to the habits and occupations of the peasantry. The misery which prevails among the Irish population is all brought on, not by any peculiar oppression under which they labour, but by their own bad management and inactivity. They are mostly stout and active, and can work well if they will; but the *will* to work is generally wanting. Hence the quality of their fare, the slovenly appearance of their dwellings, and the raggedness of their clothing. A large proportion of them live entirely on potatoes and salt, with an occasional supply of milk in the summer months. The fire being in the middle of the hovel, the pot in which they boil the potatoes is set on three stones, and the man, his wife, and

their children, all sit round, enveloped in smoke. If the family possess any poultry, a pig, a cow, an ass, or a horse, they are all inmates of the cabin, and the provender which they get for these animals, which sometimes extends to the luxury of a few oats, is laid down on the floor, which is composed of the natural earth. With all this company, it may easily be conceived that the floor must be nearly as dirty as the highway; yet the whole family generally lie on it, and there is not a seat to be met with in the house. That their clothing appears so ragged, is entirely their own fault; they are so lazy, that as long as they can get any new clothing, they will never mend any of the old. They never darn a hole in a stocking, but wear it till the foot comes off; and they treat every other part of their dress in the same manner. "The broad and striking contrast," observes Sir John Walsh, "which the face of the country, and the condition of the people, present to the eye of the traveller arrived from the rich agricultural counties of Salop and Chester, or the manufacturing districts of Lancashire, has not been sufficiently dwelt upon. He has just left the well-clothed peasantry, the neat cottages, the large, comfortable farm-houses, surrounded by a little town of barns and out-houses; the strong, sleek cart-horses; the compact, well-built waggons, carts, and agricultural implements; the neat, trim fences; in fine, all the marks of high and expensive farming which meet the eye in almost all the midland and southern counties of England; or he has seen the bustle and commercial activity, the immense manufactures, the swarming population, the wealth, and prosperity, of the neighbourhood of Manchester and Liverpool. He finds on the other side of the channel a naked country, with a character of neglect and desolation. He does not at first perceive the numerous brown-looking thatched huts which are scattered in all parts, and which, at least, prove that there is no deficiency of inhabitants. He looks in vain for the houses of the better class of yeomen and farmers. The nearest approach to them are a few low cottages, white-washed, slated roofs, small windows, the frames not painted, and the glass broken. Nowhere does he see the

least attempt at neatness or embellishment. The land is generally cultivated, but in an unfinished and slovenly manner. The fences are commonly mere banks and ditches, without quick; a pole stuck across a gap serves for a gate. He meets with nothing but rude cars drawn by one starved, miserable looking horse, and driven by a loitering, careless fellow. He finds numerous foot passengers, many of the men and women bare-legged, some of the children quite naked. They seem all belonging to the same class: a frieze great-coat for the men, and a blue cloak for the women, cover, for the most part, very ill-conditioned and slatternly apparel. He passes few towns, and those few consist of a small nucleus of tolerable houses, surrounded by a filthy suburb of mere huts. If he enter the cabins of the peasantry, he finds that their interior fully corresponds with their external appearance of wretchedness and poverty. They are dark and dirty, filled with smoke, and their furniture scanty, and of the rudest description. He learns that their chief food consists of potatoes, that at many seasons of the year they cannot procure work, and that the wages of labour, which he has been accustomed to consider as the sole resource of the peasantry, are at all times so low as scarcely to maintain a family. The Irish themselves are loud in their complaints of the unhappy condition of their poor. All parties unite in these representations; all dwell upon the miserable state of the peasantry, without work, without clothes, without food, and without habitations better than the wigwams of the American savages. It is, indeed, uncontestedly true, that this melancholy picture is in many particulars correctly drawn; and even those who contend that it is stated too darkly, and that sufficient allowance is not made for the habits of the people, which have not taught them to value comforts, the want of which is deplored as a misfortune, must admit that the state of the great mass of this population is a national evil. No statesman can view without regret that so large an integral part of the British dominions is so backward in wealth and civilisation; and every patriotic minister must desire to hasten the progress of its improvement,

which bears so small a proportion to its natural capabilities and resources."

Idleness and vagrancy are the real impediments which stand in the way of the improvement and prosperity of Ireland. As things are now managed, an enormous proportion of the whole population actually subsists, in a state of perfect idleness, upon the bounty of the remainder, which is seldom more than half employed. Hence it is that the naturally fertile soil of Ireland is but half tilled; and of the produce which land imperfectly cultivated must necessarily yield, a considerable portion is daily wasted upon athletic and unoccupied vagabonds. The idleness thus fostered is the true cause of the misery of the Irish population. This pernicious practice preys upon the vitals of the land; like a worm it secretly eats into the germ of her prosperity, and until the thousands and tens of thousands of huge-limbed and long backed vagabonds, now maintained in idleness, be employed productively, Ireland can never emerge from her poverty. All authorities acquainted with the condition of Ireland concur in stating, that "itinerant mendicity has proceeded to an enormous and lamentable extent:"—"The number of people supported in Ireland by charity is *quite inconceivable*. They must be supported either by charity, or by pillage and plunder." But not only are the people of Ireland wretched, not only is the influx of them extending that distress, and diminishing the wages and comforts of the British labourer: the evil is extending itself still farther than this. The higher classes in Ireland, feeling the inconveniences of this general disorder, are driven from their homes and from their country, and by their absence increase that very evil from which they are flying. "A residence in Ireland is becoming a burden too great to be borne. It is bad enough living in the midst of distress; but, in addition to this, the gentry are in daily apprehension of their houses being attacked, and their families destroyed. We must leave Ireland to police magistrates."

It is but little creditable to the vaunted humanity and wisdom of the age, that no effort has yet been

made to improve the condition of the miserable peasantry of Ireland. The Legislature have wasted session after session in discussing measures of relief for the wealthier classes; but it cannot devote one hour to search for means to remedy the misery in which the mass of the people is steeped. Never was the poor of any other nation, either heathen or Christian, left in so destitute, in so pitiable and forlorn a state, as those of Ireland. In all other countries, some revenues have been set aside for the relief of the impotent pauper; but in Ireland the dreams of the economists have been realized, and the lame, the halt, the blind, the aged, and the orphan poor have been left entirely to the unaided assistance of casual and individual charity. It is, however, perfectly clear, that the condition of the Irish population is a subject which will ere long force itself irresistibly upon the attention of Parliament. If it be not determined that the whole nation should be consigned to permanent barbarity, the adoption of some system for the suppression of vagrancy, and the relief of the impotent poor, will become a matter, not of choice, but of absolute necessity. If no plan for employing the wandering poor of Ireland be arranged and carried into effect, there can be no doubt that they will very rapidly multiply, and that they will continue as felons to purloin, or as unfortunate vagrants to extort, a subsistence from the owners of property. The proprietors of Ireland err egregiously in supposing they can derive any real advantage from neglecting their mendicant poor. The cost of maintaining them in a state of vagrancy must inevitably fall upon the produce of land, and form a deduction from the rent. This horde of mendicants is no doubt, in the first instance, maintained by the renter of land; but this is a drain on his resources, of which he regularly calculates the probable amount, and which, to that extent, diminishes the surplus produce that would otherwise fall to the share of the landlord. Hence it is clear, that it is both the duty and the interest of those who possess property in Ireland to repress the vagrancy and improve the condition of their poor countrymen. The idle mendicant would by that

means be converted into a productive labourer, and would become the creator of a revenue to the landowners, instead of continuing an idle consumer.

General vagrancy is the unavoidable result of the want of a system to provide a maintenance for the poor: where no poor laws exist persons unable to work must necessarily be allowed to ask for charity: the affluent are compelled to submit with patience to the inconvenience of being importuned and beset in the streets, on the roads, and at their houses. The poor of England and Scotland are supported either in parish workhouses, or in their own cottages, by a fund levied indiscriminately and equally upon the owners of real property. This is the price which the British public pays for the luxury of being exempt from the distressing scenes of mendicant wretchedness which haunt the traveller in every corner of Ireland; and it is a price, which every one who knows the extent of the evil, where not provided against, pays willingly and cheerfully. It is also obvious, that wherever the support of the indigent is left to private charity, the burden must fall unequally upon the members of the community possessing means to contribute. The benevolent, the feeling, and the religious, are induced to bestow their property and their time, and even endanger their health, in efforts to alleviate the afflictions of their fellow-creatures—but the proud and hard-hearted make no such sacrifices; they continue in the selfish enjoyment of their riches, and their property remains undiminished by the calls of benevolence and by the tears of the wretched. An equal rate for the relief of the poor is therefore the only means of reaching the pockets of this class, and compelling them to bear their fair proportion of the burden of maintaining the poor.

It would appear that both in England and elsewhere much misconception prevails with regard to the laws affecting the poor of Scotland. It seems to be conceived that we have no Poor Laws, and that the indigent inhabitants of this part of the United Kingdom being but few in number, are supported entirely by voluntary contributions. Many wri-

ters have taken pains to encourage this opinion, and to hold up the state of Scotland as affording a striking contrast to that of England, in being comparatively exempt from the miseries of pauperism; and this has been attributed to an exemption from any system making a compulsory provision for the poor. The mode of providing for the poor of Scotland is this:—a collection is made for that purpose every Sabbath-day at the kirk; if the necessary demands of the indigent should, as they generally do, exceed the amount thus collected by voluntary contribution, the next step is a meeting of the heritors or landed proprietors of the parish, who in general agree to raise a specified sum, and retire on the understanding that each will contribute to it in proportion to his interest in the parish. The fund thus raised is distributed under the superintendence of the minister, acting under the advice, and with assistance, of the Kirk Session. This is probably the ground on which Mr Malthus and others have ventured to assert that the poor of Scotland are in general supported by voluntary contributions, distributed under the inspection of the minister of the parish, *having no claim of right to relief*; and the supplies from the mode of their collection being necessarily uncertain, and never abundant, the poor have considered them merely as a last resource, in cases of extreme distress. But a reference to the records of the Scottish parliament will prove that the benevolence of the heritors is not quite so voluntary as its eulogists represent it. These documents, when consulted, will be found to exhibit a striking similarity in the progress and state of the people, and in the measures adopted to suppress vagrancy, both in the northern and southern parts of this island. Nearly at the same time similar acts were passed in Scotland during the reign of James the Sixth, and in England during that of Elizabeth, establishing a compulsory provision for the poor. Various cruel and arbitrary acts passed at previous periods in both countries, having utterly failed to suppress the outrages committed by vagabonds, or to prevent beggary; by an act of the sixth parliament of James the Sixth,

in the year 1579, severe punishments are enacted against all idle vagabonds whom no person will employ, and also upon all jugglers, players at fast and loose, all persons calling themselves Egyptians, and having neither land nor houses, all minstrels and tale-tellers, and also scholars of universities, not having licences to beg. This same act likewise provides that the magistrates shall take an inquisition of all the poor, and shall register their names, and that every poor person shall go to his own parish within forty days of notice. If any of them are able to work, *employment is to be procured for them*. If not, the magistrates are to fix what sum will be necessary for their maintenance, and *shall tax all the inhabitants of the parish accordingly, a new term being made every year*. In a subsequent act, passed in 1597, to obviate the want of justices, the execution of the act of 1579 was, in county parishes, committed to the Kirk-Session.

It cannot, we think, be denied, that, in principle, the laws affecting the poor of Scotland bear a close resemblance to the poor-laws of England; indeed, the act of 1579, which, with a few amendments subsequently made, forms our code of poor-laws, is almost a literal transcript of an English statute passed seven years before;—in the fourteenth of Elizabeth. It is no doubt true, that, owing to a difference in the state of society, and the fact, that with us the power of levying assessments, and granting relief, is vested in those who are chiefly liable to the support of the poor, the practice of the two countries is to a certain extent different. It must, however, be observed, that in those districts in which the ancient rural system has been broken up, and farms have been consolidated, we are rapidly and unavoidably falling into the English practice. In those parts of Scotland which have for some time been exposed to the influence of this change, it is no longer contended that the poor rate is not compulsory; but throughout, by substituting the expression heritors (or proprietors) for occupiers, and kirk-session for vestry-meeting, we have an exact description of what takes place in England, and of proceedings which must evidently, in

the long run, lead to the same results, to similar good or similar evil. "In very populous places," says Mr F. T. Kennedy, "and in the Border counties, a practice has arisen not very dissimilar to the practice of England, namely, that a legal and compulsory relief has been established; but, in the county of Ayr there cannot be said to be a compulsory relief for the poor; at the same time it should be considered, that on many occasions the proprietors of land come forward in a very liberal manner with a *voluntary contribution*, in order to avoid what would be the consequence, *if refused*, that measures would be taken to compel them to give extensive relief to the poor."

Whatever difference of opinion may prevail with regard to the policy of establishing a system for the employment of the vagrant and able-bodied poor, there can be none as to the necessity of providing for the sick and the impotent. The evils to which, in seasons of distress and sickness, the wretched poor of Ireland are exposed, from the absence of all means of relieving them, are too dreadful to be longer endured. In times of distress and sickness, it is found indispensable to station constables on the highways, to drive away the unfortunate beggars, and prevent them from entering the towns. We are informed by Dr Cheyne, in his Report on the State of the Province of Ulster in 1809, that "when any individual of a family was affected with fever, the rich were sometimes so much impressed with the danger of contagion, that they had him removed to a barn or an outhouse, (where they had prepared a bed, and broken a hole in the wall to admit of their handing in medicines and drink,) and locked the door, which was not unlocked till sometime after the disease was over. But when a stranger, or a labourer, who had no cabin of his own, took the disease, it was quite customary to prepare a shed for him by the way side: This was

done by inclining some spars against a wall, or bank of a ditch, and covering them with straw. Under these sheds, which the rain penetrated, the patients lay on a little straw."

One observation we must be permitted to make in parting with this subject. The improvement of Ireland must originate in exertions of the proprietors and occupiers of its own soil. Much has been said about the transfer of English capital into that part of the united kingdom, to be laid out either in establishing manufactures, or in improving the cultivation of land. It is difficult to believe, that this resource will, under any circumstances, prove available to any great extent; few instances occur in history, in which capital has been thus transferred from one country for the improvement of another. Every country must derive its wealth from its own resources and industry, and from these alone; as private wealth consists merely in the savings effected by an individual, so public wealth is the aggregate of such savings. Ireland, like every other country, must become the architect of its own fortune: Its improvement can arise only from the industry of its own population, and its wealth only from their savings. If means be adopted to call this industry into full operation, a foundation will be laid for a superstructure of national wealth and prosperity. The national resources of Ireland are ample and inexhaustible; and to produce both wealth and happiness, it is only necessary that means should be adopted to give a proper direction to the industry of its population—to repress idleness and mendicity—and in every case to render labour a condition to be fulfilled, before subsistence shall be administered to an able-bodied workman. If the landlords of Ireland neglect, as they have hitherto neglected, the execution of this duty, the population of that Island never can emerge from its poverty and misery.

A GREEK PASTORAL.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

WHERE proud Olympus rears his head,
 As white as the pall of the sheeted dead,
 And mingling with the clouds that sail
 On heaven's pure bosom, softly pale,
 Till men believe that the hoary cloud
 Is part of the mountain's mighty shroud,
 While far below, in lovely guise,
 The enchanted vale of Tempe lies,
 There sat a virgin of peerless fame,—
 Thessalia, sweetest, comeliest dame!—
 Gazing upon the silver stream,
 As if in a rapt Elysian dream.
 Far far below her glowing eye,
 Standing on an inverted sky,
 Where clouds and mountains seem'd to swingle,
 And Ossa with Olympus mingle,
 She saw a youth of manly hue,
 In robes of green and azure blue,
 Of grape, of orange, and of rose,
 And every dye the rainbow knows;
 The nodding plumes his temples graced,
 His sword was girded to his waist:
 And much that maiden's wonder grew,
 At a vision so comely and so new;
 And, in her simplicity of heart,
 She ween'd it all the enchanter's art.

As straining her eyes adown the steep,
 At this loved phantom of the deep,
 She conjured him to ascend, and bless
 With look of love his shepherdess.
 And when she beheld him mount the tide,
 With eagle eye and stately stride,
 She spread her arms and her bavaroy,
 And scream'd with terror and with joy.

The comely shade, approaching still
 To the surface of the silent rill,
 Beckon'd the maid with courteous grace,
 And look'd her fondly in the face—
 Till even that look she could not bear,
 It was so witching and so dear.
 She turn'd her eyes back from the flood,
 And there a Scottish warrior stood,
 Of noble rank and noble mien,
 And glittering in his tartans sheen.

She neither fainted, scream'd, nor fled,
 But there she sat astonished;
 Her eyes o'er his form and features ran,—
 She turn'd to the shadow, then the man,
 Till at last she fix'd a look serene
 Upon the stranger's manly mien;
 Her ruby lips fell wide apart,
 High beat her young and guileless heart,
 Which of itself reveal'd the tale,
 By the quiverings of its snowy veil;
 A living statue feminine,
 A model cast in mould divine;

There she reclined, enchanted so,
 She moved not finger, eye, nor toe,
 For fear one motion might dispel
 The great enchanter's thrilling spell:
 "'Tis all enchantment! Such a grace
 Ne'er ray'd a human virgin's face!
 'Tis all enchantment, rock and river,—
 May the illusion last for ever!"
 Exclaim'd the youth—"O, maiden dear,
 Are such enchantments frequent here?"
 "Yes, very!" said this mould of love,
 But hand or eye she did not move,
 But whispering said,
 As if afraid

Her breath would melt the comely shade,
 "Yes, very! This enchanted stream
 Has visions raised in maiden's dream,
 Of lovers' joys, and bowers of bliss,
 But never aught so sweet as this.
 O pass not like fleeting cloud away,
 Last, dear illusion!—last for aye!
 And tell me, if on earth there dwell
 Men suiting woman's love so well."

YOUTH.

"I came from the isle of the evening sun,
 Where the solans roost, and the wild deers run,
 Where the giant oaks have a gnarled form,
 And the hills are coped with the cloud and the storm,
 Where the hoar frost gleams on the valleys and brakes,
 And a ceiling of crystal roofs the lakes;
 And there are warriors in that land,
 With helm on head and sword in hand,
 And tens of thousands roving free,
 All robed and fair as him you see.
 I took the field to lead my own
 Forward to glory and renown;
 I learn'd to give the warrior word,
 I learn'd to sway the warrior's sword,
 Till a strange enchantment on me fell,—
 How I came here I cannot tell.

"There came to the field an old grey man,
 With a silver beard and a visage wan,
 And out of the lists he beckon'd me,
 And began with a tale of mystery,
 Which soon, despite of all control,
 Took captive my surrender'd soul.

 With a powerful sway,
 It roll'd away,
 Till evening dropp'd her curtain grey,
 And the bittern's cry
 Was heard on high,
 And the lamps of glory begemm'd the sky;
 Yet still the amazing tale proceeded,
 And still I follow'd, and still I heeded,—
 For darkness or light,
 The day or the night,
 The last or the first,
 Or hunger or thirst,
 To me no motive could impart,—
 It was only the tale that charm'd my heart.

" We posted on till the morning sun,
And still the tale was never done—
Faster and faster the old man went,
Faster and faster I ran, intent
That tale of mystery out to hear,
Till the ocean's roll-call met my ear—
For the forest was past, and the shore was won,
And still the tale was never done.

" He took to a boat, but said no word,
I follow'd him in of my own accord,
And spread the canvass to the wind,
For I had no power to stay behind :
We sail'd away, and we sail'd away,
I cannot tell how many a day,—
But the winsome moon did wax and wane,
And the stars dropp'd blood on the azure main,
And still my soul with burning zeal
Lived on the magic of that tale,
Till we came to this enchanted river,
When the old grey man was gone for ever.
He faded like vapour before the sun,
And in a moment the tale was done.

And here am I left,
Of all bereft,
Except this zone of heavenly weft,
With the flowers of Paradise inwove,
The soft and silken bands of love.
Art thou the angel of this glade,
A peri, or a mortal maid ?"

MAIDEN.

" It is all enchantment ! Once on a time
I dwelt in a distant eastern clime,—
O many a thousand miles away,
Where our day is night, and our night is day,
Where beauty of woman is no bliss,
And the Tigris flows a stream like this.
I was a poor and fatherless child,
And my dwelling was in the woodland wild,
Where the elves waylaid me out and in ;
And my mother knew them by their din,
And charm'd them away from our little cot,
For her eyes could see them, but mine could not.

" One summer night, which I never can rue,
I dream'd a dream that turn'd out true.
I thought I stray'd on enchanted ground,
Where all was beauty round and round ;
The copse and the flowers were full in bloom,
And the breeze was loaden with rich perfume.
There I saw two golden butterflies,
That shone like the sun in a thousand dyes ;
And the eyes on their wings that glow'd amain,
Were like the eyes on the peacock's train.

I did my best
To steal on their rest,
As they hung on the cowslip's damask breast ;
But my aim they knew,
And shyer they grew,
And away from flower to flower they flew.
I ran, I bounded as on wings,
For my heart was set on the lovely things,

And I call'd, and conjured them to stay,
 But they led me on, away, away !
 Till they brought me to enchanted ground,
 When a drowsiness my senses bound ;
 And when I sat me down to rest,
 They came and they flutter'd round my breast ;
 And when I laid me down to sleep,
 They lull'd me into a slumber deep,
 And I heard them singing, my breast above,
 A strain that seem'd a strain of love ;—
 It was sung in a shrill and soothing tone,
 By many voices join'd in one.

Cradle Song of the Elves.

I.

Hush thee, rest thee, harmless dove !
 Child of pathos, and child of love !
 Thy father is laid
 In his cold deathbed,
 Where waters encircle the lowly dead ;
 But his rest is sweet
 In his winding-sheet,
 And his spirit lies at his Saviour's feet.
 Then hush thee, rest thee, child of bliss !
 Thou flower of the Eastern wilderness !

II.

Thy mother has waked in her cot of the wild,
 And has wail'd for the loss of her only child ;
 But the prayer is said,
 And the tear is shed,
 And her trust in her God unaltered ;
 But O, if she knew
 Of thy guardians true,
 And the scenes of bliss that await for you,
 She would hymn her joys to the throne above.—
 Hush thee, rest thee, child of love !

III.

Hush thee, rest thee, fatherless one !
 Joy is before thee, and joy alone ;
 There is not a fay that haunts the wild,
 That has power to hurt the orphan child :
 For the angels of light,
 In glory bedight,
 Are hovering around by day and by night,—
 A charge being given
 To spirits of heaven,
 That the elves of malice afar be driven.
 Then hush thee, rest thee, lovely creature !
 Till a change is wrought in thy mortal nature.

“ When I awoke from this dreamless slumber,
 There were beings around me without number :
 They had human faces, of heaven beaming,
 And wings upon their shoulders streaming ;
 Their eyes had a soft unearthly flame,
 And their lovely locks were all the same ;

Their voices like those of children young,
And their language was not said, but sung:—
I ween'd myself in the home above,
Among beings of happiness and love.

“Then they laid me down so lightsome and boon,
In a veil that was like a beam of the moon,
Or a ray of the morning, passing fair,
And wove in the loom of the gossamer;
And they bore me aloft, over tower and tree,
And over the land, and over the sea:
There were seven times seven on either side,
And their dazzling robes stream'd far and wide.
It was such a sight as man ne'er saw,
Which pencil of heaven alone could draw,
If dipp'd in the morning's glorious dye,
Or the gorgeous tints of the evening sky,
Or in the bright celestial river,
The fountain of light, that wells for ever.

“But whither they bore me, and what befell,
For the soul that's within me, I dare not tell;
No language could make you to conceive it,
And if you did, you would not believe it:
But after a thousand visions past,
This is my resting-place at last.
These flocks and fields they gave to me,
And they crown'd me the Queen of Thessaly.
And since that time, I must confess
I've no experience had of less
Than perfectest, purest happiness;
And now I tremble lest love's soft spell
Should break the peace I love so well.”

YOUTH.

“No, love is the source of all that's sweet,
And only for happy beings meet,—
The bond of creation since time began,
That brought the grace of heaven to man.
Let us bathe in its bliss without control,
And love with all the heart and soul;
For mine are with thee, and only thee,
Thou Queen of the maidens of Thessaly.”

MAIDEN.

“If thou couldst love as a virgin can,
And not as sordid, selfish man;
If thy love for me
From taint were as free
As the evening breeze from the Sulon sea,
Or the odours hale
Of the morning gale,
Breathed over the flowers of Tempe's vale;
And no endearment or embrace,
That would raise a blush on a virgin's face,
Or a saint's below, or a spirit's above,
Then I could love!—O as I could love!”

YOUTH.

“Thou art too gentle, pure, and good,
For a lover of earthly flesh and blood;

But I will love thee and cherish thee so,
 As a maiden was never loved here below ;
 With a heavenly aim,
 And a holy flame,
 And an endearment that wants a name ;
 I will lead thee where the breeze is lightest,
 And where the fountain wells the brightest,
 Where the nightingale laments the ofttest,
 And where the buds of flowers are softest.
 There in the glade,
 My lovely maid
 I will fold within this rainbow plaid ;
 I will press her to my faithful breast,
 And watch her calm and peaceful rest,
 And o'er each aspiration dear,
 I will breathe a prayer to Mercy's ear,—
 And no embrace or kiss shall be,
 That a saint in heaven will blush to see."

Then the Maiden sunk on his manly breast,
 As the tabernacle of her rest ;
 And as there, with closed eyes she lay,
 She almost sigh'd her soul away,
 As she gave her hand to the stranger guest,
 The comely youth of the stormy west.—
 Thus ends my yearly offering bland,
 The Laureate's Lay of the Fairy Land.*

* " We have to remind such of our readers as are well acquainted with the poetry of the Ettrick Shepherd, that to feel the full power of his genius, we must go with him

' Beyond this visible diurnal sphere,'

and walk through the shadowy world of the imagination. It is here, where Burns was weakest, that he is most strong. The airy beings, that to the impassioned soul of Burns seemed cold—bloodless—and unattractive—rise up in irresistible loveliness in their own silent domains, before the dreamy fancy of the gentle-hearted Shepherd. The still green beauty of the pastoral hills and vales where he passed his youth, inspired him with ever-brooding visions of fairy-land—till, as he lay musing in his lonely shelling, the world of fantasy seemed, in the clear depths of his imagination, a lovelier reflection of that of nature—like the hills and heavens more softly shining in the water of his native lake. Whenever he treats of fairy-land, his language insensibly becomes, as it were, soft, wild, and aerial—we could almost think that we heard the voice of one of the fairy-folk. Still and serene images seem to rise up with the wild music of the versification—and the poet deludes us, for the time, into an unquestioning and satisfied belief in the existence of ' those green realms of bliss ' of which he himself seems to be a native minstrel.

" In this department of pure poetry, the Ettrick Shepherd has, among his own countrymen at least, no competitor. He is the poet laureate of the Court of Faëry—and we have only to hope he will at least sing an annual song as the tenure by which he holds his deserved honours."—*Blackwood's Magazine*, vol. iv. pp. 528, 9.

HINTS TO THE TWO HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

In glancing at some of the leading features of the present Session, people of common sense might be tempted to address the two Houses of Parliament in the following manner :

Your sentiments govern or neutralize those of the empire, and your decisions rule its interests. The vast and perilous power which you thus possess—a power which, saying nothing of abuse, may be easily rendered ruinous in the upright use—will well justify the presumption we are about to be guilty of. On divers matters of the first public moment you have in the present Session promulgated, and acted upon, doctrines which we feel ourselves compelled to dissent from ; and it is our object to state the grounds of our dissent, and call on you for additional argument and evidence.

We shall restrict ourselves to matters which are of the highest permanent importance, and which, on every principle of national salvation, ought to be stripped of their controversial character. It is as much your interest as your duty to make them the subjects of honest discussion, and seek information respecting them in every quarter. You will not be suffered to proceed much farther on mere assertion and assumption ; you must speedily either exchange them for fact and demonstration, or cease to form a legislature.

When the motions respecting the distressed state of the community were brought before you, we shared in the general expectation that you would, like men of business, look at the divisions of the population separately for the purpose of discovering cause and remedy. Different bodies were obviously suffering from different evils, and of course the truth could only be ascertained by detailed examination. In common with the rest of our fellow-subjects, we were disappointed ; you resorted to your wild generalities, and threw nearly the whole blame on the change of currency in respect of its effect in reducing prices.

These matters are undeniable.

1. No change of currency had taken place in London, Manchester,

Liverpool, and the whole of Scotland.

2. In the various counties the working classes, farmers, and landowners, were suffering severely from the lack of employment, bad wages, and heavy poor-rates, caused by excess of population. This excess has been for some years increasing, and according to your own reports, it originated in other things than the change of currency.

3. In many districts the farmers were suffering severely from the low price and unsaleable character of wool.

4. Agricultural produce had been greatly depressed in price by large importations.

5. The influx of Irish labourers had operated to reduce wages, and create an excess of labour in agriculture and manufactures.

6. In many trades the working classes were distressed by low wages, caused by the low prices at which foreign goods could be imported.

7. The losses of the farmers from the causes we have mentioned necessarily reduced wages, and the quantity of employment amidst their labourers.

8. The distress of the working classes caused distress in trade, and reduced prices in both agriculture and manufactures.

9. While there was a great decline in the consumption of animal food, the supply of it from Ireland was increased ; this of course distressed the grazing districts, and injured the farmers generally.

10. The shipping interest, the silk trade, the mining, and several other interests, were distressed by foreign competition ; the ship-builders, rope-makers, sailmakers, &c., were distressed indirectly by the same cause, and directly by the liberty given to shipping to fit in foreign ports.

11. Some of the leading manufactures were bound to low prices by the protecting duties of foreign countries.

12. The distress of so large a part of the population necessarily distressed trade and manufactures generally.

All this we say is undeniable; it has nothing to do with the change of currency. Yet you put it out of sight, and ascribed public suffering almost wholly to such change!

Let us now contrast this with your conduct on other occasions.

In the discussions which took place in late years on the Corn Laws, you regularly insisted that such laws governed the prices of corn. One part of you maintained that the old ones caused corn to be much dearer than it otherwise would be, and the other part maintained that a change would ruin the farmers by low prices. You asserted that corn was made dear by prohibition, and that it would be made cheap by admitting the foreigner into the market. The variations which had taken place in its value, you charged on variations in the supply; and the same was done by the Press. In the 88th Number of the *Edinburgh Review*, we find this statement. "Owing partly to the unprecedented destruction of agricultural capital that had taken place during the low prices of 1814, 1815, and 1816, (these low prices had not been produced by the suppression of small notes,) partly to deficient harvests, and more than all to the restraints on importation, the prices of 1817, 1818, and 1819, were oppressively high. But mark the effects of this increase of price—fresh capital was applied to the land; and this increase of tillage, conspiring with favourable seasons, again sunk prices to such a degree, that they fell in October 1822 so low as 38s. 1d., the average of that year being only 43s. 3d.!" These sentiments were your own, with this exception, that you ascribed the low prices of 1821 and 1822 to the excessive importations which took place before the closing of the ports in 1819.

And what is your conduct at present? When you speak of prices in detail, you virtually deny that they have been in any material degree affected by the change of currency. When you speak of the low prices of wool, do you charge them on this change? No. When you treat on the pauperism and distress of the southern and midland counties, do you make this change responsible for them? No. Do you blame it for bringing the Irish labourers into the

country, who, as you assert, form such a powerful source of general bad wages and pauperism? No. When you look at the distress of the shipping interest, or of the silk trade, or of the lead and copper miners, or of the cotton weavers, or of the producers of kelp, or of any portion of the community, do you say it has been produced by the change in question? No. Do you assert this change to be the cause why the manufacturers are bound to such low prices in foreign markets? No.

Thus, when you framed the present Corn Law, you declared that it, by its effect on supply, would govern the prices of corn; you now declare that it cannot affect prices, and that they are governed by the currency. When you look at prices and public suffering in the aggregate, you ascribe them to one cause; but when you look at them in detail, you deny operation to this cause, and ascribe them to others wholly different!

If this monstrous inconsistency affected your own reputation only, we should be silent respecting it; but it bears vitally on the interests of the empire. It is utterly impossible for you to legislate correctly on the property and bread of the community, if you be ignorant of the things which govern price. The latter is either regulated by the currency, or it is not; we call on you, in the name of the country, to decide the question.

We will now offer a few remarks in reference to your decision. A large part of you, in speaking of the high prices of corn in 1817 and 1818, and the low ones in 1821 and 1822, ascribe them wholly to the currency. Would not the bad crops in the former years, the excessive importations on an abundant crop which they caused, and the very great increase of imports from Ireland in the latter years, affect prices? If they would, what are we to think of those legislators who put them wholly out of the question?

You speak of a metallic standard of value, as though the relative value of commodities to it, could not vary; you assert that with it the prices of commodities must be always low. We have no alternative but to disbelieve you, or history altogether. Is the price of wheat governed by this standard, or by the seasons? Are

wages governed by it, or by the supply of labour, and the quantity of employment? We put the question in regard to every commodity. What is the reply given by history and the nature of things? It is, that it is utterly impossible for the standard of value to govern prices, and that they must vary about as much with a metallic, as with a paper one. In illustration, we give the average price of wheat at Dantzic during four periods of ten years each.

From 1780 to 1789	it was	33s. 10d.
1790 to 1799	—	43s. 8d.
1800 to 1809	—	60s. 0d.
1810 to 1819	—	55s. 4d.

We may add, that the price generally varied much yearly. Were the variations caused by changes in the standard of value? No; they flowed from causes wholly independent of it.

You charge the high prices of the war on a depreciation of the currency. The history of the last two years and the present one abundantly proves, that if the supply of foreign corn were as small, and the demand of government, and means of consumption of the working classes, were as great, as they were during the war, corn would be now fully as dear with a metallic currency as it then was with a paper one. Let labour be as much in demand, and as free from foreign competition, as it was during the war, and wages will be as high as they then were. Place imported commodities in the war circumstances, and they will rise to the war prices. This will be the case if the price of gold remain what it is.

What is the outrageous absurdity which you here fall into? You in reality maintain, that, with a gold currency, short crops and inability to procure supplies from abroad cannot make corn dear—an inadequate supply of labour, and freedom from foreign competition, cannot make wages high—and short supply, expensive transit, scarcity, and high wages, cannot make general commodities dear!

The high price of gold during the war was caused, as every intelligent man knows, by other things than the high prices of commodities. It arose partly from the great general demand

for gold created by the war, and partly in respect of this country, from the circumstances produced by the war, which rendered a great export of gold necessary, and an equal import impossible. Yet you practically assert, that the price of gold cannot be affected by a great demand, a constant export, and inability to import; and can only be raised by the high prices of commodities!

If you admit the contrary, you overturn your beautiful currency theory. If you admit that short supply and scarcity can produce high prices independently of the currency, you cannot deny that they produced such prices during the war. If you admit that gold can be made dear by a great demand, necessary export and short supply, independently of the prices of commodities, you cannot deny that its high price during the war flowed from them. If you make these admissions, you own that the paper currency, during the war, was not the cause of high prices, and was not depreciated.

You say that a contraction of the currency must cause not only a momentary, but a permanent fall of prices, because the property of the country must be represented by the currency, and therefore the value of the one must fall with the amount of the other.

In this you virtually maintain, that the *quantity* of property cannot be affected by variations in the amount of money—that production will be the same in quantity, whether prices be profitable or losing ones—that a diminution of capital cannot diminish production. If you own the contrary, you must own that the currency can be increased or reduced without permanently affecting prices.

Let us suppose that, by small notes, two millions are added to the currency, and that half the sum is lent to the farmers. How will the farmers employ it? Granting that, in the first instance, they use it to keep their produce from market, and thereby raise prices, this, as you declare, must raise their profits, and incite them to force their old land with manure, and take additional land into culture. What must follow? An increase in the quantity of pro-

duce fully equal to the increase of currency, and of course, according to your own doctrines, the old prices.

Suppose that the other million is advanced to the woollen manufacturers, how will they employ it? They cannot raise the price of woollens without contracting largely the foreign markets, therefore they cannot raise labour and raw produce. They will cause an increase in the quantity of woollens equal to the increase of currency, and, therefore, there can be no permanent rise of prices.

Suppose that, by the suppression of bank-notes, two millions are taken from the capital of the farmers or the woollen manufacturers. This will cause, for a moment, forced sales and low prices; but production must fall in proportion to the loss of capital, and prices must rise to cover the cost of production. The farmers must raise less produce, and therefore, with the same consumption, foreigners must supply the difference, or corn and cattle must be made dear by the suppression of the notes. The woollen manufacturers must produce less woollens; therefore, with the same consumption, foreigners must supply the difference, or the suppression must make woollens dear.

If you, by any suppression of bank-notes, take thirty or forty millions from the capital of the country, you must contract general business in a proportionate degree; the farmers must raise less produce, the manufacturers must fabricate fewer goods, and the merchants must have less trade; but prices, except for the moment, must still generally cover the cost of production. By contracting business, it may create a great glut of labour; this may reduce prices, by reducing wages; but, on the other hand, the deficiency of capital will raise them by adding to the cost of production. By doing this, you will greatly narrow your general business, produce a vast portion of distress, and give a large amount of your trade to foreign nations; but you will cause no permanent reduction of prices, unless it flow from the penury of your labouring orders.

It is by operating in this manner, and not by producing any permanent reduction of prices, that your sup-

pression of small notes has been the parent of much public suffering.

If you say, unlimited issues of bank-notes enable the producers to keep goods constantly high by withholding them from market, we reply, it is impossible. The more abundant capital is, the greater must production be; the farmer and manufacturer must, on the average, sell in the year all they produce, and it must be consumed. Such issues, by keeping production at the highest relative point, must keep prices generally low; the glut of capital, which has existed since the war ceased, has been the parent of excessive production and low prices.

If you assert, that abundance of money must make it cheap, we reply, that, in respect of capital, this can only make the profits on it cheap. The wages of capital, like those of labour, must be made low by excess; and this must make goods, not dearer, but cheaper. Abundance of money, as revenue, no doubt, makes it cheap, but bank-notes are not issued as revenue. Such abundance, and the consequent high prices, can only flow from abundance of prosperity. Bank-notes can only raise general prices by raising revenue; and it is only by increasing prosperity, that they can do this. It is utterly impossible for them to raise your prices so far as to contract your markets, because a contraction must be an instantaneous fall of prices.

Suppose that several millions are added to the capital of the country by the issuing of bank-notes. Your farmers and manufacturers produce more goods, and your domestic, colonial, and foreign trades are enlarged; through this, the money obtains employment; but no permanent advance of prices takes place, save what is caused by an increase of prosperity. If you double the capital of the individual, he employs the additional sum, not in raising his prices, but in enlarging his stock and business. The case is the same with the nation. It has been by such operation that an abundance of bank-notes has been so prolific of prosperity and wealth.

Your doctrine really amounts to this. An increase of money will not enlarge production and importation; neither will a decrease reduce them.

Take away the whole of a farmer's capital, and it will not reduce in the least his production of corn and cattle; it will only reduce his prices: deprive the manufacturer of capital, and he will still fabricate the same quantity of goods; the only effect will be a reduction of his prices: strip a nation of its capital, and this will not diminish in the least degree its production and trade; the only consequence will be, its goods will be no longer sold, but given away!

When you speak of a paper currency, you vituperate it as a national scourge; you actually assert that the extreme of public misery is preferable to one. Yet when you speak of the history of the empire during the long term of years in which its currency was paper, you declare that it was distinguished by unexampled prosperity! We cannot ascribe such conduct to wicked attempts to impose on the community; therefore, what must we ascribe it to?

A large number of your members declaim against the change, on the ground that it operates most unjustly on the contracts entered into when the currency was paper. The alleged injustice can only exist in the fall of prices. Yet most of those men regularly support every other change which has the reduction of prices for its avowed object. They are worshippers of Free Trade—they would abolish the Corn Law—they would sweep away protecting duties—they would buy at the cheapest market—solely for the sake of obtaining goods and labour at the cheapest rate! With them, to bring down prices by a change of currency is robbery; but to bring them down by other means is perfect equity!

You insist that a paper currency, without limitation, would again produce general high prices. By this you really insist that the production and import of an enormous additional quantity of animal food—the production and import of more corn, to the amount of many millions of quarters annually—the import of a vast additional mass of wool, cotton, sugar, and other articles—the loss of foreign markets for manufactures—and an immense import of most kinds of manufactured goods, could not prevent high prices!!!

dogmas, because we wish to be thought sane, saying nothing of other matters. Borrowing from the terms which your tutors and leaders bestow so liberally on their opponents, we must humbly observe, that the most finished "empirics" never produced any thing capable of excelling your currency "empiricism."

The low prices, whatever may be their cause, have evidently formed the immediate great source of the suffering. The farmer has been unable to obtain prices for his produce sufficient to cover the demands on him; the inevitable fruits have been loss and insolvency. Other producers have not been able to obtain prices that would yield them adequate profits. The prices of agricultural produce and manufactured goods have been too low to afford sufficient wages to the working classes. These classes have been distressed much less by the want of work, than by inability to earn, when in full employment, a sufficiency of necessaries; and it is manifest that their low wages have been produced by low prices.

Now putting the currency wholly aside, you have intentionally produced these low prices by your new laws. You changed the Corn Laws for the express purpose of reducing prices; you did the same touching wool, seeds, and other articles of agricultural produce; and it was to reduce prices that you changed the whole of your protecting laws. Your legislation has only produced what you intended it to do; you are surrounded by demonstration that the low prices which you intended it to produce have formed the main source of the distress; yet you protest that the distress cannot be ascribed to it in the smallest degree!

What is really your conduct here? You make a law expressly to prohibit the farmer from obtaining for his produce sufficient to meet his expenses on the one hand, and to take from him a part of his market on the other; in consequence, he sinks into distress and bankruptcy: yet you declare, that although your law has had its intended effects, it cannot possibly have injured him! You make another law to prohibit the shipowner, silk manufacturer, miller, &c. &c. from obtaining remuneration for their services.

rating prices, and to take from them their trade; they inevitably fall into loss and ruin; but you insist, that though your law has thus sunk their prices, and reduced their trade, it must have benefited them! You make a third to cut down wages so far, by a reduction of prices, that the labourer, by the most severe toil, cannot keep his family from want; you acknowledge that it has had the intended effect on his wages, but maintain that it must have been highly advantageous to him! Your arch-"*empiric*," Mr Huskisson, declared that his measures were to produce cheapness, and admit foreigners to a certain extent into your markets; he owns that they have produced cheapness by taking away profits and wages; he admits that the country is in great suffering, and that the working classes are in great penury; yet he insists that his measures which he intended to produce, and which have on his own confessions produced, the losing prices and famine wages, have had no share in creating the distress, but, on the contrary, have been very advantageous!!!

In the whole history of "*empiricism*" this was never before equalled. The most impudent of medical quacks never yet ventured to declare that he increased health by poisoning people; and that when he destroyed them in this manner, he gave them life, and had no share in causing their death. This, however, is done by your political quacks; they declare, that by destroying property, profits, and bread, they increase prosperity; and that when by this they plunge the master into bankruptcy, and the workman into starvation, they do not cause distress, but, on the contrary, give wealth to the one, and abundance to the other!

After deciding in this manner that laws which intentionally destroy property, profits, employments, and wages, cannot possibly produce distress—that the farmer and manufacturer must be benefited by losing prices and the annihilation of their capital, and the working classes must have their comforts increased by the loss of employment and the reduction of wages to famine ones—after doing this, you decide that prosperity must be soon restored without

any efforts on your part towards its restoration!

What, in reality, is your latter decision? You declare that the landowner must *permanently* reduce his rents—that he must lose for ever a large part of his income and property; and in the same breath you tell him that he will soon regain prosperity. You declare that the invasion of his markets by foreigners, and the inability of the labouring orders to consume a sufficiency of corn and animal food, shall *permanently* bind the farmer to inadequate prices; and in the same breath you tell him that he will soon regain prosperity. You declare that the shipowners and various manufacturers of different descriptions shall be *permanently* bound to losing prices and glut; and in the same breath you tell them that they will soon regain prosperity. You declare that the labouring classes shall be *permanently* bound to famine wages, and the inroads of foreigners on their employment; and in the same breath you tell them that they will soon regain prosperity. You insist that the elements of prosperity shall be for ever banished—that your laws shall for ever confine land and its productions to distress value, producers to distress prices, and the labouring orders to distress wages; and at the same moment you insist that there will soon be a return of prosperity!

Now, in the name of common reason, why do you desire prosperity when you are so violently hostile to high prices? They are one and indivisible. To be prosperous, the landlord must have the value of his land preserved from injury, and obtain a good rent; the farmer must have prices which will enable him to pay such rent, give good wages and make good profits; the manufacturers must have prices which will enable them to buy raw produce at a reasonably high rate, give good wages, and make good profits; and the working classes must have good wages, and a sufficiency of employment. All this can only exist in high prices, and without it there can be no prosperity. Yet while you profess to sigh for the latter, you wage a war of extermination against the only things it can flow from!

And why are you so hostile to high

prices? During the long period in which you had them, did they destroy your revenue, paralyze your power, and scourge your trade? Did they ruin and starve your population? You are mute, but we find an answer in the most magnificent period of English history. Oh, but you sagely shake your heads and exclaim—"They would affect contracts, banish gold, prevent competition with foreigners, and produce fits of suffering." And would all these, collectively, be as injurious as the present distress? They would comparatively be evils too trivial to be thought of. Yet to preserve the country from such evils, you fill it with loss, hunger, and misery—with all the elements of national ruin. To prevent sickness you take away life.

Your conduct is the more inexcusable, because the history of other countries, as well as of this, is open for your instruction. In proportion as foreign nations have had high prices, they have been rich and prosperous; in proportion as they have had low ones, they have been poor and wretched. What does the Russian or Prussian agriculturist reap from low prices, save permanent poverty and embarrassment? What does the continental labourer draw from low wages, save constant penury and privation? Nevertheless, you proclaim that this country must sink to their low prices and wages, to gain wealth and prosperity!

If you thus continue to delude yourselves, you will not long delude others. When you rail against the old restrictive system and bank-notes, people will remember that they did not overwhelm the empire with dreadful misery, as your free trade and gold have done. When you utter your unmeaning folly, "that this country must not stand still while all is in motion around it;" they will think that "standing still" could not have yielded worse fruits than the "motion" you have given it has yielded. When you tell producers that you will enrich them by taking away their profits and property, or labourers, that you will increase their comforts by rendering it impossible for them to support themselves by the most severe toil, they will detect the true character of the "empiricism," and treat it accordingly.

At least be consistent; if you must vituperate high prices, vituperate prosperity equally. Proclaim that the latter is the bane of the public weal, and that it is your duty to banish it for ever. This will enable the community to judge correctly of your proceedings.

But you say, not only that there will be a return of prosperity in spite of what you have done, but that it will be hastened by your further labours in reducing profits and wages. Your present protections are but temporary ones, which you are anxious to abolish. Many of you declare that the extinction of the Corn Law would form a vast source of prosperity; let us now look at your doctrines on this matter.

Sir Henry Parnell, amidst other absurdities, has lately informed the world that—"If the effect of the Corn Law is, at least to raise the price of corn 5s. a-quarter, this advance on the quantity consumed, taken at fifty million quarters, creates a charge on the public of L.12,500,000, a-year." In this, you directly or indirectly concur: every reduction in the price of corn, you represent to be a benefit to the public at large.

Sir Henry thus admits that a reduction of 5s. in the quarter of corn, would take annually twelve millions and a half, from some part of the "public:"—from whom would the sum be taken? *From the landowners only*, is the ready reply of both him and yourselves. We deny it—we assert that men who give such a reply are, in respect of information, a disgrace to Parliament.

It is as certain, that a reduction in the price of corn must reduce husbandry wages, as it is that one in the prices of cottons and woollens must reduce the wages in the cotton and woollen trades. When such a reduction takes place, the farmer must diminish his costs of production; he cannot immediately operate on rent and taxes, therefore he employs less labour and reduces wages. No fact is better established by history than this—a fall in corn causes a greater reduction in husbandry wages, looking at quantity of employment as well as rate, than in rents. Such wages are now only half of what they were during the war, but rents have not fallen in proportion.

What we and history say, will not, we are well aware, make any impression on you; but, however, it is asserted by the "quacks"—we use their own language—whom Sir Henry follows, and yourselves, that a fall in corn must cause a fall, not only in husbandry, but in all wages. It is your grand argument to the landowners, that the loss of rent produced by cheap corn, would be balanced by the cheapness of labour and commodities.

Every man acquainted with the subject, knows that to the farmer rents are really the highest when corn is the lowest; and that a fall in corn sweeps away a large portion of his capital.

Now, how stands the matter on your own confessions?

The twelve millions and a half would be as much taken from the husbandry labourers, saying nothing of the farmers, as from the landowners. The sum does not constitute a charge on the landowners, the farmers, the husbandry labourers, and the labouring classes generally. While it forms a gain to some of these, it causes no loss to the others.

This you distinctly admit and maintain.

Upon whom then does the sum fall as a charge? The master manufacturers, traders, and people who live on the interest of money. Do they consume all the corn grown in the country? Sir Henry Parnell himself will scarcely assert this in terms, although he does so in effect. They of course can only be affected by it as a charge in proportion to their consumption. They probably do not exceed one-tenth of the population, and perhaps they do not consume one-fifteenth of the corn, as Sir Henry's estimate includes that consumed by the farmers in seed and feed.

The 5s. per quarter, then, does not form a charge on the "public," if we are to understand by the term, the vast majority of the population; and it only forms one on the trifling minority of the "public" to the amount of about L.830,000. This is the fact according to your own doctrines.

If, then, you take this sum from the price of corn, you take it from a large part of the "public," to give it to a small one; you transfer the wages of the husbandry labourer to the income

of the comparatively wealthy. This is not all. You assert that the reduction must reduce general wages and prices: if this be true, it follows that the labourers employed by the export trade really charge the money they pay for corn on foreigners, and of course the latter would reap the gain on the corn consumed by them. The fact then is this: you take a large sum from one part of the "public," and only give a portion of it to the other; the rest you give to foreigners: in consequence, you subject the "public" as a whole to loss.

On your own doctrines, this is incontrovertible.

Sir H. Parnell on this matter in reality asserts, 1. The dearer corn is, the greater is the dead loss sustained by the farmers on all they sow, give to their cattle, and consume in their houses, although, as they produce this corn themselves, variations in its market value cannot possibly make any difference to them. 2. This dead loss cannot be in any degree counterpoised to them by the additional profit they gain on the corn they *sell*. 3. The dearer corn is, the greater is the dead loss sustained by the landowners on all they consume. 4. This dead loss cannot be in any degree made up to them by the rents which dear corn gives them. 5. As this dead loss to both rises with the price of corn, it follows that it is the least when corn is the cheapest; of course the profits and rents of farmers and landowners must be at the maximum when corn is not sold but given away. 6. The wages and employment of husbandry and other labourers cannot be in the least varied by variations in the price of corn. He either asserts all this, or he asserts that the landowners, farmers, and husbandry and other labourers, do not consume a grain of corn; but that the whole produced in the country, seed included, is consumed by the rest of the population. His dogma amounts to the one or the other.

Yet this Sir Henry is one of your leaders; he was the chairman of your Finance Committee, he writes books on Currency and Political Economy, and he despises, with all the pomp of infallibility, those who dissent from him. Here is one reason why his errors should be severely dealt with, and we will cite another; he puts

forth these monstrous errors after they have been again and again refuted.

Why do you sanction the doctrine that variations in the price of corn fall solely on rents? Mere opinion respecting it is out of the question, because it has been abundantly tested by experiment. You have had long periods of dear, and of cheap corn; what have they established? The farmers and husbandry labourers profited more than the landowners from the high price, and they suffered more from the low one. The nature of things proves that this must always be the case—that at all times the low price of corn must injure the husbandry labourers even more than the landowners. Why then do you, in the teeth of experience and reason, sanction what is alike injurious in practice and propagation?

It is because we are the enemies of falsehood and delusion, that we protest against your conduct on this matter.

You countenance the assertions that the Corn Law exists for the benefit of the Aristocracy only—that the great landowners are the only people who profit from high prices. Are they true or false? The great landowners generally take low rents, which they vary but little, and in consequence variations of price affect them much less than their tenants; they are comparatively but little benefited by the corn law; the advantages yielded by the latter in respect of rent, are principally reaped by the middling and small landowners. Of this you cannot be ignorant.

You thus, under the pretence of attacking the Aristocracy, attack the best part of the Democracy; because a law happens to benefit a rich Peer, it must be destroyed, though its destruction will ruin multitudes of people of middling and small property. Put the Aristocracy wholly out of sight, and you will still have a body of landowners who rank amidst the most virtuous and valuable of your population, and who far surpass in numbers and property your cotton and woollen manufacturers combined.

The land of these landowners has been, in a large degree, bought by them or their ancestors in the last thirty years; therefore it does not

yield them adequate interest on the capital vested in it; of course, if you take away the corn law, you, to a great extent, take their just property. Now, what are the pleas on which you seek to plunder them?

You and your "empirics" regularly declare, that labour must fall with corn; you represent that your great object in bringing down corn, is to bring down wages; and you assure the landowner, that if his rents fall, wages and commodities will fall equally. On your own declarations, therefore, the robbery of these landowners would not yield the least gain to the working classes; it would only, in general, benefit the master manufacturers and traders, the people whose income arises from the interest of money, and foreigners.

Would the robbery raise the rate of profit of manufacturers and traders? You say, No! for you assert that prices would fall with wages. According to your own doctrines, it could only benefit them a little in their house-keeping expenses.

But you say the cheapness would increase the export trade. Where is your evidence? Some foreign nations prohibit your goods, and others will only receive them under protecting duties, which they raise as you reduce your prices. In several of them, the duties on your manufactures would have been at this moment much lighter than they are, if your prices had been kept up; the reduction, therefore, has merely raised their revenues. You, therefore, grind your landowners and labourers to powder, not to increase your exports, but to tax them for the benefit of foreigners; you compel them to pay the taxes of America and some other states, as well as their own.

This refers to your articles of export; with regard to other articles, the abolition of the Corn Law could not enable you to export them.

Thus, you would plunge half your population into the abyss of confiscation and penury, to increase your exports to foreign nations, not only when you have no evidence that it would have such effect, but in the teeth of conclusive evidence that it could not. You raise the cry over the ruin and famine which your cheapness creates,—“Oh, it will enlarge the export trade!” but you nei-

ther point out the place, nor calculate the quantity; you do not condescend to shew where the prohibition will be abolished, or the protecting duty will not be raised. Your cry is a crazy assertion branded as false by every species of evidence. Could any thing be more unstatesmanlike, could any thing be more criminal, than this wholesale destruction of property and bread, not only when you have no proof that it will accomplish what you desire, but when you are surrounded by proof that it is impossible for it to do so?

This, then, is really the question touching the Corn Law,—*Shall the landowners be robbed of both income and property, merely that the master manufacturers, tradesmen, and certain other people of property, may have their expenses of living somewhat reduced, and foreign nations may be enabled to buy goods cheaper of, and draw more taxes from, this country?* This is really the question; on your own shewing, the labouring classes have nothing to do with it.

Your "empirics" tell the working orders that they will profit prodigiously from cheap bread; and in the same breath they tell the landowners, that wages must fall in the same degree with bread. They thus confess that the labourer's command over bread would not be in the least increased in regard to wages. But they assert, a vast additional quantity of manufactures would be exported in payment for foreign corn. Putting out of sight the preventatives to this we have named, these same "empirics" maintain, that as many agricultural labourers would be thrown out of employment by the import of the foreign corn, as would be required for fabricating the additional manufactures. On their own doctrines, therefore, the working orders could not be benefited in wages, or quantity of employment, or any thing.

You know that these wretched errors have fatal effect on the public mind—that they array the lower against the upper classes, and generate every feeling requisite for the production of public ruin; yet you countenance them. We spare reproach, but we separate ourselves from the shame and iniquity.

We should not trouble ourselves with a man of Mr Courtenay's cali-

bre, looking at him apart from his office: the opinions of an individual who has bit the dust at every encounter with petty lawmaking, and who completely broke down under such a matter as legislating for benefit societies, can be rendered worthy of remark by his office alone. Incredible as it may appear, such a personage is actually the Vice President of the Board of Trade, and therefore may be presumed to utter the sentiments of the Ministry: on this ground we will offer some observations on the speech he delivered on Mr Davenport's motion.

Mr Courtenay with marvellous candour owns that when he received his office, his mind was free as "a sheet of blank paper" from all impressions touching the principles of Free Trade. We fully believe him, so far as concerns knowledge. Here is a public functionary who avows that when he obtained a very important office, he was utterly disqualified for filling it—he was totally destitute of the information required for the discharge of its duties. But he declares he has since duly examined these principles, and has found them to be perfectly true. Could any thing be more ludicrous than for such a man to pretend to examine, and above all to understand them?

Mr Courtenay says, "Procuring the articles we might want where we could get them at the cheapest rates, be it domestic or foreign," is the "sound principle of Free Trade," and the principle on which Government is "determined to act."

This most ignorant person thus can see no difference between the articles which this country produces, and those which it does not produce—between cotton, sugar, and indigo, on the one hand, and corn, cattle, silks, and linens on the other. In reality he maintains, that if this country could be undersold in every thing, it ought to abandon production altogether!

He lauds the cheapness, because by its "reaction" it increases exports. How is the cheapness produced? By destroying capital and bread—by cursing the labouring classes with famine. Yet in his eyes, cheapness produced in this manner is a national benefit. Overwhelm your whole population with loss and want, and this will be highly advantageous to it,

provided you thereby make some trifling addition to your exports. Does this Vice-President of the Board of Trade know that the cheapness is met by increased duties in foreign countries? Such a man cannot be expected to know it.

If you hold his opinions, why do you not sweep away all protecting duties? if not, why do you suffer him to hold office?

Mr Courtenay says, "Did the honourable member imagine that foreigners would give us their goods for nothing? We must give them ours in exchange, or, if not, we must give them gold; and where could we obtain the gold, except as the price of our goods?"

According, therefore, to this Vice-President of the Board of Trade, the prohibitory systems of other nations are of no efficacy. Open your ports to French productions, and this will enable you to export as many manufactures, as you would do, should France admit them free of duty. Why do you complain of the restrictions of Russia, when you have nothing to do beyond admitting Russian produce, and this will enable you to export as much as you would do if these restrictions had no existence? If America wholly exclude your goods, and take nothing but gold for what you buy of her, this will not inflict the least injury on your trade; you will, in consequence of it, sell all the goods to other nations for gold, which you would sell to her should she give them free admission: Why then do you declaim against her Tariff? It is preposterous in foreign nations to censure your Corn Law, because, if they will only take your manufactures, they will export as much corn as they would do if this law were abolished. It is their own restrictions, and not the Corn Laws of other states, which prevent Poland and Prussia from selling their corn. Abolish your restrictions, and you will then, in spite of foreign prohibitions, really supply the universe with cottons and woollens. If the whole world rigidly exclude your goods, this will not do the least injury to your exports, provided you give free admission to all foreign commodities. All this is truth, or the opinions of the Vice-President of the Board of Trade are below contempt.

The individual who fills such an office is so inconceivably ignorant as to assert in reality, that gold cannot be bought abroad with any thing save goods, and that every import of gold must necessarily cause an additional export of goods of its amount!

Mr Courtenay sneers at the "understanding" of Mr Sadler! This is too admirable. Let us, however, do him justice; he only repeats the dogmas of your "quacks," although he repeats them with the servility, omissions, and blunders displayed by the schoolboy when he recites his incomprehensible grammar task. It is owing to your support that men whose capacity is barely equal to mechanical clerkships, and whose powers of investigation are not sufficient for the management of a cabbage garden, thus puff themselves into first-rates, by deriding their superiors. An end must be put to their silly arrogance.

You sanction those dogmas, although you are surrounded by demonstration that they are false. It is notorious that, for much of the gold which you buy of the countries that produce it, you give in payment foreign goods; and that your ability to export goods is greatly injured by the necessity for exporting gold. You call an unfavourable state of the exchanges an evil; to keep gold in the country, you subject the population to grinding loss and misery, and still you declare that things which compel you to export it are beneficial!

Let us now glance at your conduct on the petitions of the shipowners.

Reciprocity treaties have been entered into with various foreign nations, and it is evident that their real character can only be ascertained by information on the following points.

1. Their effects on the employment of shipping in the trade with the countries with which they have been entered into.

2. Their effects on the freights, value, and quality of British shipping generally.

3. Their effects on the number of ships and seamen employed by this country.

4. Their effects on foreign shipping.

What do you do on the first point? Do you, as common reason would

dictate, look at the trade with the reciprocity countries *separately*? No, you look at all foreign and colonial trade *as a whole*; and you say, here is an increase of tonnage—British has increased in a greater ratio than foreign tonnage; therefore the treaties have done no injury. What is the real fact? In the trade with the reciprocity countries, British tonnage has decreased, and foreign has increased in an infinitely greater ratio than it has done: a more conclusive proof of the injurious operation of the treaties could not be given; but, nevertheless, because British has increased in the trade with countries which have not entered into such treaties, with countries which have no ships, and with your own colonies, you declare that they have done it no injury! Your logic amounts to this: British tonnage has increased in the trade with China and Canada, *ergo*, it cannot have been injured by the treaties which have in a great degree expelled it from the trade with northern Europe and the United States! According to such logic, if a man have his pocket picked, it constitutes no loss to him, looking only at the sum taken from him and the deed of the pickpocket; its character as a loss or gain, must be decided by the profit he may draw from his dealings with honest people.

We cannot ascribe such conduct—at least in your leaders—wholly to ignorance. Far be from us the error of suspecting that Mr Herries knows any thing of first principles, or is any thing better than a mere accountant; but he must be aware, from his acquaintance with figures, that his flourishes touching the aggregate tonnage entries, are no proof that the treaties in question are not injurious. The most senseless man amidst you may comprehend, that an increase in the trade with Spain and the East Indies forms no evidence that there has been no decrease in that with Prussia and the Hanse Towns.

How do you act touching the second point? You admit that freights have been ruinously low ever since the treaties came into operation; but you deny that they have formed the cause. What do you cite as the cause? You actually cite competition with the ships of the reciprocity countries! The treaties removed

what were practically protecting duties from the foreign vessel, and placed her on an equality with the British one; they did that touching ships which the admission of foreign corn duty free would do in respect of corn. Now, you impose protecting duties on foreign corn and other articles, solely to enable the British producers to obtain higher prices; and you unanimously declare that they cause prices to be higher than they otherwise could be; but while you do this, you insist that a protecting duty on the foreign ship would not raise freights in the least to the British one! You actually declare that the low freights of the British shipowner arise from the low ones which the foreigner can afford to take; and in the same breath you maintain that a duty which in effect would greatly raise the freights of the foreigner, would not enable the British shipowner to raise his in the least.

Were you to solemnly vote, that light is darkness, it would not be one jot more demonstrably at variance with truth, than your vote is, that a duty on foreign ships would not raise freights to British ones. The vote really amounts to this—*if the freights of foreign ships were trebled or raised in any greater degree, such ships would be employed as much as they now are, and the advance would not raise in the least the freights of British ones.*

How does this operate on the reputation of your “*empirics*?” You may delude yourselves by such votes, but they will not much longer delude the country.

According to the testimony of Mr Marriot, who is a friend to reciprocity, the competition in the trade with the reciprocity countries causes freights to be ruinously low, not only in it, but in your coasting and colonial trades. Freights generally cannot, in the nature of things, be high in one trade and low in another; if they be low in one, they must be so in all. On the same testimony, they cannot be higher until your ships are wholly driven from the trade with the reciprocity countries.

How has this operated on the value of British ships? It has destroyed one half. And how has it affected their quality? Let us refer again to the same gentleman, who speaks

from personal knowledge; he says he can remember the time when the underwriters would take a British ship at almost half the premium they required on the foreign one; but now the foreign one is in many cases preferred!

And what is your conduct on the third point? You have fewer ships and seamen than you had fifteen years ago; the number keeps declining, and, diminished as it is, you have a constant glut. This you studiously keep out of sight, and when it is pleaded, you ridicule it as a matter of no consequence; because your tonnage entries inwards and outwards have increased. A London Morning Paper lately called these entries the "commercial navy," and you practically adopt its ludicrous blunder. Judging from your words, it might be imagined, that the maritime power of this country consists, not in the number and quality of its ships and seamen, but in the number of voyages they can make in the year. The increase in these entries arises in a large degree from the steam vessels. Let one of these vessels of 200 tons, make forty voyages in the year to the opposite coast, and she will contribute 8000 tons to your entries inward; let forty of them of the same burden make forty voyages in the year; and while they will only comprehend 8000 tons of shipping, they will add 320,000 tons to your inward entries. There is, you say, an increase in these entries—has it been caused by an increase of ships and seamen? No! The latter have decreased, but they have been in the year more frequently numbered over; the increase consists wholly of fictitious ships and seamen, but provided you have it, you think the decline of real ones a matter of no moment! According to your doctrines, the dwindling away of your ships to fifty sail would not do the least injury to your maritime power, provided the fifty sail could give you as large entries inwards and outwards as you now possess.

And what do you do regarding the fourth point? Nothing. Your treaties are multiplying and improving foreign ships and seamen in all directions; they have made them in many cases superior to your own in quality and character; but all this

does not give you the least concern. You never enquire what its future effects are likely to be on the employment of your own ships, and your maritime power.

Your "quacks" represent that the low freights benefit the community by reducing prices. This is as erroneous as their other representations. The reduction of prices which they cause is nearly all monopolized by foreigners.

Upon the whole, then, your ship-owners have lost half their property—they have been for five years in deep distress, and their distress increases—and your ships and seamen have declined greatly in both number and character; all this you admit, and still you declare that the reciprocity treaties have been beneficial!—all this you admit, and still you declare remedy to be wholly unnecessary!

Do you wish to draw on yourselves the ridicule of the whole world?

Let us now, in conclusion, glance at your refusal to enquire into the condition of the empire.

For nearly five years, the population has been in extreme suffering, and its suffering has annually increased. As it buys more goods in one part of the year than in another, the distress has varied in extent, but every year, as a whole, has added to its severity. Wages have been unable to recover, in the best moments, their loss sustained in the worst, and in consequence they have annually fallen. It was proved by that virtuous and patriotic nobleman, the Duke of Richmond, that wages were lower, and pauperism was more extensive, in 1829, than in 1826, although the latter year was called one of unexampled distress.

When the motions for enquiry were made, all this had reduced the mass of your working classes to the extreme of wretchedness; death from actual starvation, was a matter of frequent occurrence amidst them, and they were, as a whole, enduring penury and hunger to an extent unknown in previous history. Crime was making the consequent progress, and agriculture and trade were sinking into the consequent ruin.

Yet you refused enquiry; and on what grounds? Because you knew without it what remedies were ne-

cessary, and were determined to apply them? No, because you were ignorant of the remedies, and were determined that none should be resorted to. This you virtually assigned as your reason.

The Duke of Wellington resisted enquiry on the ground that it would extend to some twenty-four topics, and would compel you to examine the operation of the currency, free-trade, and poor laws.

The number of topics is a matter too ridiculous for notice. Is the operation of the laws we have named free from doubt and controversy? With regard to the change of currency, Ministers declare that it has done no injury, and has had no effect on prices; the great body of you declare the contrary, and Mr Herries admits, that it is of the first importance for the truth to be ascertained. Here is a point which vitally affects the interests of the empire; you cannot possibly legislate correctly on the property and bread of the community, without accurate knowledge respecting it; you are, on your own shewing, utterly destitute of such knowledge; and still you are not to enquire into the causes of public misery, because it will compel you to inform yourselves touching the nature of currency!

Your Free Trade laws have manifestly scattered ruin and misery far and wide; you are divided respecting them, and the country feels and believes them to be erroneous. Your doctrines have been decisively refuted by argument and experiment; your facts are flatly denied, from personal experience, by the interests to which they relate; and your errors, contradictions, inconsistencies, and absurdities, prove that you are grossly ignorant touching the matters to

which these laws refer. Yet you are not to enquire into the causes of public misery, because it will compel you to seek the truth on such matters.

In various counties there is a great excess of population, and the labourers are nearly all paupers; yet you are not to enquire into the causes of public misery, because it will compel you to ascertain whether this evil be capable of remedy.

You prove, by your conduct and confessions, that you are grossly ignorant of the true principles of political economy—that you are grossly ignorant of the mechanism of agriculture, manufactures and trade—that you are grossly ignorant of the sources of national prosperity and destruction: and you avowedly refuse to enquire, lest it should give you the requisite information. In your ignorance, you have by wild changes filled the land with calamity; and you refuse to enquire, lest it should make you acquainted with the only things by which the calamity can be removed. Can the dreadful sufferings of the working classes be mitigated? Can agriculture be extricated from loss and insolvency? Can the distress of the Shipping Interest be relieved? Can the inroads which ruin is making on every class and calling be prevented? You practically confess that you are in total ignorance on these points, and that you will not enquire, because it may dispel your ignorance.

This cannot endure much longer; proceed but a little farther, and it will be retorted on yourselves; take a few steps more, and ignorant change, savage experiment, blind insensibility to proof, and obstinate refusal to enquire and investigate, will find in you their next victims.

LETTER FROM A HALF-CASTE TO A PARSEE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—AN intelligent friend of mine, who was lately here from Madras, having, at my solicitation, left with me, when he returned to India, the rough draught of various letters he had written, during his residence in Europe, to a correspondent at Bombay; and having given me permission to publish such of them as I should consider of public interest, I enclose a copy of his letter on the subject of the renewal of the Honourable East India Company's Charter, and which, I hope, you will find worthy of a place in your widely circulating journal.

When I intimated to my friend my intention to publish certain of his letters, he expressed a wish that they should be entitled "Letters from a Half-caste to a Parsee."—To this I objected, that I understood half-castes generally are not much respected in India by Europeans, and that as to the Fire-worshippers, we know nothing of them; and that hence his letters, with such a title, might not be so well received by the public, as they would be under other circumstances. He rejoined, that he had seen nothing like prejudice against his caste while he had been in England; that he would be glad, if his letters should do credit to himself and his Anglo-Indian brethren; and that those who have been at Bombay must know, there are men among the Parsees of great intelligence and respectability. I shall send you, hereafter, such of my friend's other letters as are likely to be interesting to the public, if I find the present one is well received.—I am, sir, yours, &c.

F. M'L.

Glasgow, 11th April 1830.

No. I.

TO J*****JEE F***JEE, SAHIB, BOMBAY.

London, 20th Feb., 1830.

DEAR J*****JEE,

As I have written to you so fully and so frequently, you are perhaps surprised I have hitherto said nothing on a subject in which all East Indians are much interested. I mean the modifications likely to be made in the management of public affairs, within the dominions of the East India Company, on the renewal of their charter. Few in India entertain the opinion it will not be renewed, though many in England do so.

In a free country like this, it would not, perhaps, be unreasonable to expect that most matters of great public interest should be regarded in nearly the same point of view by the great body of the people; but this is often not the case. In the matter of the renewal of the charter, for instance, the merchants of Liverpool, Manchester, Glasgow, and the other manufacturing towns advocate Free Trade in its utmost extent, regard-

less of the interests of the inhabitants of the Company's dominions, or of the risk of loss to the British revenue, should Free Trade be the means of causing a misunderstanding with the Chinese.

The East India Company, on the other hand, are going on the opposite tack,—they are doing every thing in their power to make it appear the trade to China can only be conducted in safety by themselves; but the public, knowing the events which have taken place since the charter was last renewed, will not now receive the evidence of the Company's servants without a suspicion that they have a strong predilection for *things as they are*.

When the charter was last renewed, a parliamentary committee was appointed, as at present, to ascertain if it was likely the consumption of English manufactures would be greatly increased by opening the ports of

India to private traders; and on that occasion all, or nearly all, the Company's servants who were examined, gave it as their opinion, it would be quite impossible to extend the consumption of British goods in India. A gentleman who lately held a high situation at Madras made the remark, that "the natives of India generally only wear a bit of coarse cotton cloth round their waists, that their food is rice and ghee, and that they are so poor, they cannot possibly afford to purchase any thing European."* How does this correspond with the experience of late years? There have, I understand, been upwards of 30,000 bales of cotton piece goods sent yearly to the eastward of the Cape, and taking the value of each bale at only L.60, the amount of the imports into India of this article alone is L.1,800,000.†

I am very far from supposing that the gentleman alluded to did not give his sincere opinion; but as it is probable the Company's servants, who are now giving evidence tending to discourage Free Trade, are, without being aware of it, somewhat biassed by their own, or their friend's views or interests; and as, in short, I see no good reason why the China trade should not be thrown open, and the merchants of England be thereby enabled to have the chance of extending their trade in that quarter, I incline to think his Majesty's ministers will find it expedient, on the present occasion, to lay the trade open to the manufacturers of this country, who are now much in want of new markets for their commodities.

The Company say they are afraid of the free traders causing disturbances in China; but is it not more likely that the English merchants, now residing at Canton, who smuggle opium into China every year to the amount of L.1,800,000,‡ should cause disturbances there, than that the fair dealer in English manufac-

tures, which may be legally imported into the Celestial Empire, should do so? The Company's servants say but little against the opium trade, for this obvious reason—it is all produced in the Company's Indian territory, and on every chest of it they have a clear profit of about 300 per cent!

You perhaps think you have now got me on the horns of a dilemma, for I set out by stating that the Company must be upheld, and you may think that what I have since proposed, reduces their trade to nothing.

The tea trade is the only one, it appears to me, in which the Company should take any interest; and without the monopoly of the British market for it, I am quite sure it will not be in the Directors' power to go on paying the usual dividends. To continue this monopoly is, no doubt, to tax the country for the benefit of the Company; but if, on the other hand, Ministers should take the tea trade out of the hands of the Company, they would have to support a large establishment in China, and which would have to be paid for by the nation. In short, the tax, if the Board of Control do their duty, should be but a trifling one, and not nearly so much opposed to the principles of Political Economy, as the extra tax of 10s. per cwt. on all sugar imported into England, and which does not come from the West Indies or Mauritius; for these colonies are a heavy expense to the mother country, and not therefore worth maintaining; whereas the East Indian possessions very nearly pay their own expenses, and take off a very large, and annually increasing quantity of British manufactures.

The shipping establishments of the Company shew, more than any thing else, how readily large chartered bodies fall into the rear of the rest of the community in respect to improvements. The Directors should give up this branch of their patronage, as

* In justice to the very respectable gentleman here alluded to, I must remark, that cotton piece goods are now 50 per cent cheaper than they were in 1812, a circumstance that was not then contemplated by any one as likely to happen.—F. M'I.

† Mr O'Brien, M.P., in a pamphlet which he published lately, page 43, makes the annual exports of piece goods to India about L.2,000,000.—F. M'I.

‡ Mr O'Brien, M.P., states the amount at L.2,000,000.—F. M'I.

soon as the charters of the ships now in their employ shall have expired, and allow the tea to be brought home in ships of not less than 400 tons burden, the owners of which may be able to give the Board of Control, or the Court of Directors, sufficient security that smuggling shall not be allowed on board. If ships of this burden were to be taken up for the single voyage from China only, the vessels which are sent out annually to New South Wales and other parts of India, and often return with little or no cargo, would be tendered to the Company at a third or a fourth of the freight which is now paid for the tea. In this way, every old woman in Old England would find her advantage in the change of system, for her tea would cost her much less than at present; nor would the revenue suffer, for though the duty (being an *ad valorem* one) would be less on every pound of tea than at present, the increase in the consumption (a natural consequence to a regular and steady diminution in the cost) would more than make up the difference to the revenue.

You will infer from what I have just said, I propose the Company shall not be allowed to tax the tea at the public sales in London, at higher rates than may be sufficient to cover the prime cost in China, the freight of it home, and a per centage, by way of profit, to enable the Directors to provide for the usual dividends on the Company's stock, as heretofore.

I confess, on the other hand, that, even on the ground of the general public advantage, I think the tea trade should be continued in the Company; for their permanent establishment in China, their ample funds, and means of resistance to oppression, when threatened by the Chinese, are advantages which can never be possessed, in the same degree, by individual merchants, however respectable; but, on the other hand, his Majesty's Ministers ought not to listen to the Company's advocates, who say, that the gentlemen who navigate their ships are superior, by birth and education, to sailors in general,—that they have often beat the French in time of war,—and that the revenue derived from tea would not

be safe in other hands. If I may judge from the length of the half-pay navy list, England is not likely, for long time to come, to be in want of officers for her ships of war, should she require more than she does at present; and even the article of tobacco (which pays 300 per cent duty, in place of 100 per cent, as it does,) has never been cumbered with an extra freight to secure the duty on it.

It will be necessary, however, should the China trade be thrown open, that a chief be appointed to Canton by his Majesty's Minister. This chief ought to have full power to control all parties that may offer against the regulations that must be established for the welfare of the Free Trade, and to settle any disputes that may arise between the Company and the new comers.

As to colonization, I suspect it will not be carried to any great extent in India. The country is not new—has been long under the plough—and is moderately peopled; hence agriculturists will find much less encouragement than they expect.

Indigo is already cultivated to such extent to supply the wants of nearly the whole world. Coffee, cotton, and sugar, have all been often tried. I understand that Mr B.'s coffee plantation, in your neighbourhood, has not done much good. A plantation which was carried on for ten years at Dacca, has lately been abandoned, the produce being invariably of inferior quality, like that of Ceylon and Sumatra, probably owing to the excessive drought which prevails in Bengal from November to June, and to the heavy rains which follow, and continue while the berry is on the bush, and prevent it from filling properly. Another large plantation which had been commenced near Calcutta, is, I understand, not likely to meet a better fate than the Dacca one.

During the years 1814 to 1818, when large shipments were made from England of India cotton, a great many experiments were made to improve the quality of it, but without success: the seed brought from America had generally lost its vegetating quality before it reached its place of destination; or, if it did produce plan-

the quality of the cotton obtained from them, after the first year, was nothing superior to that produced from country plants. I do not mean to say, that it is impossible to improve the quality of the cotton now grown in India, but that every attempt that has yet been made, (and they have been many,) has virtually failed to do so. There is, indeed, a small annual plant grown near Dacca, from the cotton of which the India mul-mul muslin is made; this cotton, though of short staple, is silky and beautiful, but then it costs generally about 7d. per lb. at Dacca, and hence more of it has never been sent to England than a few bales, by way of trial; and even in times when cotton generally was 100 per cent higher in Europe than it is at present, the Dacca article was not found to answer. Bishop Heber says, that seeing this cotton-plant growing near Dacca, he asked the people what they did with the produce of it, and was told, "it was all sent to England, where it could be manufactured into cloth much cheaper than in India."* So much for random information! The cotton, as just stated, is all manufactured in the neighbourhood of Dacca. In short, there is still more cotton manufactured in Hindostan than in all England; a reference to the Honourable Company's records, and to other sources of information, equally satisfactory, puts this beyond all doubt.

In the present distressed state of the West India Colonies, it will not be in the power of Ministers to equalize the duties on East and West India sugars, and while the duties on that from the East Indies continue as at present, I do not expect that much of it will be imported into Eng-

land; the application of British skill and machinery, however, may by and by produce the article in India at a cheaper cost, and of a better quality, than heretofore, and in that case, it will come into more extensive competition with the produce of the West Indies, in the markets of the continent of Europe, than it has yet done.

The Company are spending large sums of money every year in endeavours to instruct the natives of India; but it appears to me they are going the wrong way to work. They hold out no inducement for the natives to study English, Persian being the only language really necessary in the situations of emolument to which natives can aspire, and it is as much a foreign language to the judges and judged in India, as French is to the people of this country. Let the Company's code of laws be translated into, and the business of the Courts of Justice be carried on in English, and you'll soon see thousands of natives, not only conversant with the English language, but with English books and English customs.

It might be objected to what I have just proposed, that all the servants in the judicial branch of the Company's service should be conversant with Persian and Arabic. I reply, that even now few of the judges have more than a slight acquaintance with Persian, and still slighter with Arabic; and that the law language of Hindostan, would be as unintelligible to a Persian of Ispahan, as Canton-English would be to the Bishop of London. It is readily admitted, that the judges, in order to be able to do their duty effectually, should be acquainted with the dialects of the people, over whom they preside;

* In order to be certain that I had not misrepresented what is said by the Bishop, on the subject of the Dacca cotton, I have just referred to the 1st vol., 3d edition, of his works, and find what he says, page 185, to be as follows: "The cotton produced in this district is mostly sent to England raw, and the manufactures of England are preferred by the people of Dacca themselves for their cheapness." When looking for his remarks on cotton, I found the following information, which will be new to you, viz. at page 139, "that indigo is kiln-dried;" at page 161, "that there are birds of Paradise in Bengal;" and at page 187, that the hills about Chittagong are covered "with verdure, coffee, pepper, vines, and bamboos." I do not recollect to have ever seen any vines at Chittagong: there was a coffee plantation there formerly, but it was abandoned upwards of twenty years ago, if I am not mistaken. The Bishop was a most amiable and able man, but his Narrative should have been submitted to some one acquainted with India, before it was published. He was animated with the spirit of a true Christian, and would have done much good to India, had he been spared.—A. M.P.

but Persian and Arabic (though they would certainly still be a great acquisition in every judge) have little more connexion with these dialects, than English has with Chinese.

Moreover, it ought to be part of the Company's plan to make the natives of India Christians, and they cannot be Christians, except in name, till they know something of the history of Europe, and of the west of Asia; and this they can only do, without much difficulty, by the means of the English language and literature.

Do not suppose from what I have just said, I have the least wish to see British laws introduced generally into India. They have been tried at the Presidencies, and certainly have not been found to answer. Hundreds of families at Calcutta and Madras, which were, forty or fifty years ago, comfortable and contented, have since then been set by the ears, brother against brother, in the King's courts, and, after years of litigation, have found they have spent twenty times the amount of the sum originally in dispute in law charges. The greatest misfortune that has happened to India in the last twenty years, is the large importation of attorneys which has taken place during that period. In Calcutta, in 1811, there were eleven or twelve attorneys on the list; now there are, I hear, upwards of sixty!! During all that time, the population and wealth of the place has been stationary, if it has not retrograded; while in the *mofussil** generally, I think, there has been some improvement. Such are the effects of British Justice, or rather of what lawyers call "the glorious uncertainty of the law."

I confess I do not see how this evil is now to be remedied: the natives, I hope, will get wiser ere long, and come to think, that a suit in one of the Supreme Courts neither adds to their respectability nor comfort.

It appears to me indispensable to the good government of India, that a majority of the Direction should have been in Hindoostan, where only they could become well acquainted with the character, and institutions, and customs of the natives; and this circumstance is a great bar to the Direc-

tion being made over to his Majesty's Ministers, whose attention, while in office, must be chiefly turned to other matters, and their continuing there very uncertain. This is the more necessary, from the fact, that in the House of Commons, men who have returned from India without much knowledge of the natives, and others, who, from the way in which they speak of India, scarcely know as much of its inhabitants as I know of the people in Lapland, are ready to legislate for the millions of Hindoostan, as if their concerns were not of more importance than those of half-a-dozen *sansculottes* in a village in the county of Clare. In confirmation of this remark, I refer to the reports of the discussions on the "Elephant Letter," the ground-work of which is correct, in my opinion, though the style of it certainly is not in its favour.

I have met a great many men here well acquainted with every thing concerning India; but people generally care, I think, less about our interests after they return from Hindoostan, than you would expect. It must be well known, for instance, to all who have been in India, that there is often great delay in obtaining justice in the Zillah Courts; yet, when the Company's affairs come under review, no one will probably attempt to effect an amendment in the practice of these Courts, though there will be many ready to advocate the interests of the merchants of England and those of the Company; the Directors' patronage, too, will not be lost sight of, nor will there be wanting many who would give the natives of India "the blessing of great price—British laws;" but reverting to the practice of the Zillah Courts, I may mention, as you have not had much to do with them, that, shortly before leaving India, I obtained probate of the will of a deceased friend, part of whose property consisted of debts due from sundry persons residing in the Zillah of ——. On writing to my correspondent in that Zillah, he informed me that the deceased had already commenced his actions for the recovery of these debts, but that if I did not make interest with the judge to have the matters in dispute

* Interior of the Country.

brought to an immediate hearing, they would not, in the regular course of business, be tried in less than two years!

A Free Press in India, is a subject requiring too much consideration to be brought in at the tail of a long letter. All the people here are advocates for it, yet nothing is more impracticable, as the Anglo-Indian government must for long continue to be constituted. Suppose, for instance, that A, a stanch radical, is allowed to go out to Bombay; that he sets a newspaper agoing there; that he abuses the Governor of Bombay, the Governor-General, and all the other functionaries—his papers find their way immediately to Lucknow, Hyderabad, and the seats of all the other native governments, and are there translated into Persian or Hindoostanee. The native princes in these cities are despotic, and examine the motives and conduct of the English governors by the rules they adopt for their own. They see that A, a *parvenu*, tells the Governor-General that he is what the French call an *innocent*, that under his management every thing is going to ruin, and that still the Governor-General does not take steps to get quit of this nuisance: they infer, the Governor-General must be an old wife, as represented,

and that the English government must be going to pieces; it is time for us, therefore, say they, to look out for new alliances, for "*saue qui peut*" must be the order of the day; but as for this A, if he were in our hands his fate should be soon decided—it would be,

"Off with his head—

So much for Buckingham!"

The Company's silk factories should now be abandoned: The chiefs of these establishments, though nominally only commercial agents, are always regarded by the natives as being under the special protection of the judges, and their Dewans do not always exercise their authority in a way to redound to the Company's credit.

In conclusion, I shall be glad to hear that some effectual measures are to be taken to prevent perjury in India, where it does more mischief than Europeans can imagine. A little severity would go a great way to check it; and the loss of a few lives in accomplishing so desirable an object could be more easily defended than the massacre at Barrackpore.

This is a long letter, but as the subject is interesting to us both, I make no apology.

Yours always faithfully,

A. McP.

THE CURRENCY QUESTION.—ADJUSTMENT OF THE STANDARD OF VALUE.—
ONE POUND NOTE CIRCULATION.

THE appellation of the "Currency Question" has been applied indifferently to both or either of two several and distinct questions,—the Adjustment of the Standard of Value, as fixed by an Act of the Legislature in 1819, commonly known as Mr Peel's Bill,—and the Restoration of the Small-note Circulation in England. Each of these questions rests, in reality, upon its own independent merits, though they have been popularly considered as without any material distinction. But there is no principle necessarily involved in the decision upon either question which can bind the supporter, or opponent, of the one, to any particular line of conduct, as regards the other. The term "Currency Question" was originally employed when the question of the Adjustment of the Standard of Value was brought before Parliament in 1822. And several of the original supporters of this question having since been among the chief defenders of the one pound note circulation, firmly maintaining, at the same time, their opinions with regard to the standard of value, both questions were considered to belong to the same family, and were designated by the same name. The designation is infelicitous, for it conveys no just idea of the essential character of either question, nor, indeed, any definite idea whatsoever. It is only applicable, inasmuch as these questions relate to operations which would be calculated to affect the circulation, or Currency, of the country. But the Joint Stock Bank Question, and the Bank Charter Question, are alike capable of affecting the circulation, and might, with equal propriety, be comprised in the sweeping appellation, the "Currency Question."

We shall here take leave to request our readers, our "Constant Readers," not to suffer themselves to be prejudiced by the unpromising title prefixed to these observations, and to shrink in dismay from the anticipated labour of perusing a paper, not even professing to present more than dry discussion upon matters almost proverbial as dull and

barren of interest. If they will so far condescend as to accompany us in our brief excursion, although the path we propose to follow does not promise many flowers, it will be found plain and easy, and some portion of useful information may be obtained by the way.

Able as the subject of the Adjustment of the Standard of Value has been discussed in Parliament, and thoroughly as its various bearings have been there investigated, the public generally have had very limited opportunities of becoming acquainted with the merits of the case. Till within the last two or three years, the Currency Question was popularly regarded as a matter of incomprehensible mystery. Many turned from it in despair, as entirely beyond the sphere of their knowledge and the range of their faculties. And many others, who had obtained some insight into the practical working of the Currency, found the small light which they possessed, sufficient to shew in obscure, and, therefore, exaggerated, magnitude, difficulties which were to be encountered, but not adequate to display the real nature of those difficulties, or to shew the means of avoiding or overcoming them. There are several causes to whose action this general deficiency of information may be fairly ascribed. The newspapers, which ordinarily represent, with a tolerable degree of accuracy, the substance of the debates in Parliament, appeared, while this subject was under discussion, to be affected with a sudden suspension of their reporting faculties, and became suddenly non-conductors, or at least very imperfect conductors, of the sentiments which were uttered in the House of Commons. In the more elaborate and precise records of Parliamentary debates those discussions are preserved, but the circulation of those records is not extended in proportion to their merits and utility. Why the debates on this subject have not been more accurately reported, or reported with one-sided accuracy, in the daily papers, is not here material: the fact,

however, is notorious and undeniable. Thus the most important deliberations which occupied the attention of the House of Commons in 1822, presenting, as given in Hansard's Debates, a body of detailed and ample information, accompanied with sound and clear argumentative statements, fully elucidating this much agitated question, were never fully or fairly reported in those channels of information to which only the public have access. Nor did those whose knowledge was equal to the task, develope and explain their views to popular apprehension, by other publications. Consequently the Currency has been exclusively a Parliamentary question.

In the absence of any fair explanatory statements, all those worthy persons who shrink from the labour of independent enquiry, and are generally willing to adopt the opinions promulgated by certain men whom they are disposed to recognise as authorities, have been imbued with notions hostile to the Adjustment of the Standard of Value. Though the supporters of Adjustment have confined their exertions to Parliament, their adversaries have taken a different course, and have profited by the inactivity of the adjustment party, misrepresenting most flagrantly their views and objects. The people have been taught to look upon the "Currency Question" as pregnant with evils of a deep and fearful description. "Unlimited circulation," "insolvent bankers," "assignats," "national bankruptcy;" these are a few of the calamities which were averred to be lurking at the bottom of that Pandora's box, the "Currency Question." Who would venture to lay open this repertory of mischiefs? Discussion even was deprecated as dangerous on such a subject; enquiry was condemned as destructive. By means such as these the understanding of the public has been abused. Assailed, directly and indirectly, by ridiculous falsehoods, and base insinuations, Truth herself might for a time be obscured by the arts of her interested enemies. And it is no slight proof of the soundness of the opinions entertained by those who advocate the adjustment of the standard, that, not only has the justice of their chief positions been ad-

mitted by all who have candidly and fairly examined the arguments on either side, but that the people also begin to see through the misrepresentations by which they have been deluded, and to attribute their protracted sufferings to this the chief cause capable of producing them. There is a general and increasing disposition to refer to the mal-adjustment of the standard of value in 1819, and to the measure of abolishing the Small-note circulation, as intimately connected with the disasters of the country. And as notice has been given, that in the course of the present month the subject of the Currency will be brought forward in the House of Lords by Earl Stanhope, and in the House of Commons by Mr Attwood, this appears to be not an unsuitable opportunity for executing a long contemplated plan,—to explain the present position of the Currency Question, (distinguishing the two questions which, as before stated, pass under that name, and applying ourselves mainly to the Adjustment of the Standard, that being the question coming before Parliament,) and to offer a brief sketch of the leading arguments which bear upon the subject. The increasing importance which this question assumes, will excuse the devotion of some space to such an object. And from this statement our readers will be better able to comprehend the ensuing discussions. Many will doubtless be not a little surprised to find the real proposition, and its consequences, if acted on, totally different from the deformed creature of their imaginations.

Laying aside, as immaterial to our present object, all controversy as to the policy or impolicy, the justice or injustice, of the original Bank Restriction Act, it is for us to consider that measure only in its effects. But in so doing, we wish by no means to convey any idea of our concurrence in certain animadversions which have been directed against that measure by several of the mercenary politicians of the day, (the application of this phrase will scarcely be mistaken,) who, while Mr Pitt controlled the energies, and directed the policy, of this country, moved in the subordinate situations adapted to their several capacities. These men,

the clerks and under secretaries, when statesmen of talent and independence filled the important offices of the government, having risen, in ministries composed of clerks, to secretaryships and presidencies, cavil at the bygone ministers at whose orders their pens were formerly mended, and their votes regulated. The character of the Bank Restriction Act, when that Act shall become a question for the historian to submit to the judgment of posterity, must be adjudicated upon considerations of high and general importance. We have observed with much pleasure, in a recent speech of Sir R. Vyvyan's, a just appreciation of the leading principles by which that judgment will be directed.

To return to the more immediate subject. During the period of the Bank Restriction, the currency became depreciated from 30 to 50 per cent, estimating the depreciation by the increase in the average prices of commodities generally. This is Mr Baring's estimate and mode of estimation, as stated by him in the House of Commons in 1829, and on this point Mr Baring's is an unexceptionable testimony. By the support and animation given to productive industry by a gradual rise of prices to this extent, the people were enabled to sustain the burdens, of unprecedented magnitude, imposed to supply the necessities of the war. It is scarcely possible to overrate the immense stimulus given to production by the rising of prices consequent on an increasing circulation. "We find," says Hume, "that in every kingdom into which money begins to flow in greater abundance than formerly, every thing takes a new face; labour and industry gain life; the merchant becomes more enterprising; the manufacturer more diligent and skilful, and even the farmer follows his plough with greater alacrity and attention."

The tradesman, after laying in his ordinary stock of goods, meets with a ready and a profitable sale; and when he is about to replenish his store, finds that he has to purchase at an advanced price. Again he meets with a sure demand; and again, when he replaces his stock, the price has been raised. He will now take a larger quantity of goods, to provide against

the constant augmentation of price; and the success of this operation induces him to repeat it upon a still larger scale. In such a state of things credit becomes extended, and a general and well-founded confidence in pecuniary engagements prevails. There is a ready sale, and the manufacturer and merchant can depend on disposing of their goods or consignments, to provide for their liabilities. It is true, that the rise in prices is produced by the depreciation in the currency; but the money which the dealer, or merchant, receives, is such as is available to discharge his engagements, and the high price is required to enable him to pay the higher taxes required for the service of the state. Such was the operation of depreciation.

The Ministers who were in power at the termination of the war, regarded the Bank Restriction Act as a portion of the war establishment, to be laid on the shelf with other supernumeraries, the necessity for its active services no longer existing. No one ever considered, that the duties, for the discharge of which this mighty machine was employed during the war, did not cease with the war, but were permanent. Towards the close of the war, the aid of the Bank Restriction was requisite, not only to enable us to support increasing burdens, but to bear those already fixed for ever on our shoulders. With our armed force we might dispense, for our enemies in the flesh were disposed of. But the Bank Restriction was the powerful and faithful ally, by whose assistance only we were rendered capable of coping with a more inveterate enemy, the National Debt. We maintained an equal contest against our foreign foe and Domestic Debt, and the former having ceded the field, had our undivided efforts been applied to reduce the latter, we might have hoped for speedy relief from our encumbrance. The sum no longer required for the expenses of the war, might have been employed in the reduction of the Debt. At the termination of the war, however, measures of preparation for giving up the Bank Restriction were taken, and for restoring the currency to precisely the same state in which it was before the adoption of the Bank

Restriction. It would appear a sufficiently plain proposition, that a return to the ancient system of currency must of necessity produce a fall of prices to the ancient rate. And hence would naturally result another point for consideration—whether, with the prices of the last century, we could pay taxes four times as great as were then levied? Whether, when the price of wheat was reduced to 40s. or 45s. per quarter, farmers would be able to pay rents fixed during the prices of the Bank Restriction, when wheat was 80s. or 90s. per quarter? Whether other engagements of every description, entered into during the existence of high prices, and founded on those high prices, could be fulfilled in a period of low prices?

These questions did not appear to have been considered by those who were preparing for the immediate removal of the Bank Restriction; but these preparations speedily produced consequences which gave a practical answer of a conclusive nature to those questions—consequences such as always follow a contraction of the Currency. In 1816, the Directors of the Bank of England took effective measures to reduce their circulation in quantity, and thus to restore its value, as a preparatory step to the return to cash payments. A fall of prices, and therefore great distress among those who had purchased goods, and made contracts on the faith of the high prices, followed. All the classes called the productive classes were subjected to the calamities necessarily resulting from such circumstances; and, in 1817, the termination of the Bank Restriction was postponed, and the Ministers induced the Directors of the Bank to increase, thereby depreciating, their circulation again. The distress of the country was relieved—1818 was a year of excitement, as it is now called, of active and profitable commerce, in the language of the Ministers of that day, of war-prices, and of prosperity. The return to cash payments having been adjourned, the Bank Restriction, and its train of consequences, were as fully in operation as during the war. In 1819, however, the question of cash payments was again agitated, and committees of both Houses of

Parliament were appointed to “consider of the state of the Bank of England, with reference to the expediency of the resumption of cash payments at the period fixed by law, and into such other matters as are connected therewith, and to report to the House such information relative thereto as may be disclosed, without injury to the public interests, with their observations.”

Of the House of Commons’ Committee, Mr Peel, in an hour when his evil genius had an undue ascendancy, was appointed the chairman. The committee was proposed by Ministers, and appointed, after the manner of such committees, with a predominant proportion of tame elephants duly tutored. The committee of the Upper House was concocted on similar principles, and worked equally well. Mr Peel’s committee reported in favour of the resumption of payments in gold, coined at the rate of L.3, 17s. 10½d. from the ounce of pure gold, at a certain period; and on that report was founded the bill, notorious as Mr Peel’s Bill, providing that cash payments should be so resumed.

To do the committee and their chairman justice, they were unconscious of the consequences which the measure recommended by them could not fail to produce. They never contemplated the possibility that they were effectuating an alteration in the value of money of from 30 to 50 per cent. Five per cent, they were told, by such authorities as they referred to, was the extent of the alteration which would be produced; and five per cent, although even that was a heavy tax to impose upon the country, they did not consider too high a price to pay for the advantage of a settled Currency.

Before we enter upon an examination of the arguments adduced to shew the measures which ought to have been adopted in 1819, with regard to the standard of value, we shall request the attention of our readers to the following extract, from a late publication of M. Say, whom it is scarcely necessary to describe as a highly celebrated French writer on Political Economy. This passage may well challenge an attentive perusal; it displays an accurate acquaintance with the intricate work-

ings of our monetary system, and a general knowledge of our internal arrangements, necessarily acquired by a course of studious application and well-directed enquiry, which few men would have the inclination to enter upon, or the ability to complete. After speaking of the celebrated One Pound Note resolution of the House of Commons in 1811, M. Say thus continues his remarks: "Le parlement aurait pu décréter que la dépréciation ne venait pas du discrédit, et la thèse était soutenable, quoiqu'elle ne fût peut-être pas bonne; car la dépréciation est un fait dont le discrédit peut-être, ou n'être pas, la cause. Un papier-monnoie peut perdre de son prix, quoique l'on ait encore confiance aux promesses qu'il énonce. Les écus eux-mêmes perdraient de leur valeur si l'on en fabriquerait trop, et néanmoins ils n'éprouveraient aucun discrédit.

"Peu d'années et les progrès de l'économie politique suffirent pour éclairer la nation Anglaise. On convint généralement que la monnaie ne valait plus autant qu'avant la suspension; et pour éviter une dépréciation plus grande, ou seulement l'incertitude que l'on pouvait concevoir sur la stabilité des monnaies, on voulut revenir à la monnaie métallique. Deux moyens se présentaient pour y parvenir.

"Le premier consistait à faire une livre sterling d'argent ou d'or de la même valeur que celle où la livre sterling de papier était tombée. En 1814 une livre sterling de papier pouvait acheter 108 grains d'or fin, au lieu de 148 grains contenus dans l'ancienne livre sterling d'or. En fabricant des livres sterlings d'or et en leur donnant un poids de 108 grains, on mettait au pair l'or avec le papier.

"L'inconvénient était qu'on aurait payé aux anciens créanciers de l'état les intérêts de leur prêt avec une monnaie de 108 grains d'or, tandis qu'ils avaient prêté une monnaie dont chaque unité contenait 148 grains. *C'était une banqueroute partielle; mais elle était déjà faite*, et les anciens créanciers de l'état pour qui elle était arrivée graduellement, en avaient pris leur parti.

"L'avantage était de décharger la nation d'une partie de son énorme

dette, et surtout, de ne pas payer aux nouveaux créanciers de l'état, à ceux qui avaient prêté depuis la dépréciation, l'intérêt de leur prêt en une monnaie plus précieuse que celle qu'ils avaient prêtée. Les engagements contractés durant une longue et graduelle dépréciation, et surtout les engagements des fermiers envers leurs propriétaires, avaient été stipulés en conséquence de la dégradation survenue dans la valeur de la monnaie. Le prix de tous les produits, et surtout celui du blé, s'étaient accommodés à cette nouvelle valeur de l'unité monétaire; il n'y avait plus à craindre d'autres fluctuations que celles qui pouvaient résulter des circonstances ordinaires; mais du reste nul bouleversement de fortune.

"L'autre moyen de donner la même valeur à la livre sterling de papier et à celle d'or, consistait à réduire le nombre des livres sterlings de papier, jusqu'à ce que leur valeur fût remontée au pair de l'ancienne livre sterling, et que chaque livre sterling de papier pût acheter 148 grains d'or, pur, c'est à dire, la quantité d'or nécessaire pour fabriquer une livre sterling suivant l'ancien tarif. C'est ce dernier parti que l'on prit.

"La paix avait beaucoup réduit les dépenses de l'administration; qui n'eut plus besoin dès-lors d'obtenir de nouvelles émissions de la Banque d'Angleterre. En même temps le gouvernement contraignit celle-ci à retirer beaucoup de ses billets en se faisant payer le montant de ses lettres de change en port-feuille et en réduisant la somme de ses escomptes. De nouveaux rapports avec le continent de l'Europe augmentèrent en Angleterre le besoin que l'on avait de l'instrument des échanges; enfin la valeur de la livre sterling de papier remonta au niveau de celle de la livre sterling d'or, frappée selon l'ancien tarif. Mais ce n'a pas été sans de douloureux inconvénients.

"La dette publique a été augmentée puisqu'on en a payé les intérêts en une monnaie plus précieuse. Les fermiers qui s'étaient engagés à acquitter leurs fermages en livres sterlings valant 108 grains d'or, ont été obligés de les acquitter en livres sterling valant 148 grains; et les baux sont à longs termes en Angleterre. En même temps que les fermages grossissaient, le prix de denrées bais-

sait. Les fermiers payaient plus cher leur loyer et vendaient moins cher leurs produits.

“ Les impôts qui sont stipulés en unités monétaires, sans égard à la valeur de ces unités, se sont trouvés augmentés d'un tiers quand la valeur de la monnaie s'est accrue d'un tiers. C'es sur ce pied que le peuple a dû payer la liste civile, les gros traitemens des fonctionnaires; les pensions, les sinecures, et tous les abus que le dernier quart de siècle a vus se multiplier plus que tout autre laps de temps de même durée.

“ Faut-il être surpris de la gêne et du malaise extraordinaire que la nation Anglaise a éprouvés dans les années qui ont suivi la paix de 1815? Les classes privilégiées, les fonctionnaires, les pensionnaires de l'état, le clergé, et les rentiers, ont profité de cette réintégration de la valeur du papier monnaie; mais elle a été un fléau pour la masse de la nation et pour l'industrie: fléau qu'une nation si riche en capitaux, si judicieusement administrée d'ailleurs, et si admirablement industrielle, pouvait seule supporter.

“ Je me suis laissé entraîner dans ces details historiques parce qu'ils jettent un grand jour sur la matière des monnoies. Les exemples frappent toujours plus que les raisonnemens.”*

It were vain to attempt, by any eulogistic remarks; to give additional weight to the authority of M. Say. His character, as the most enlightened and really well-informed political economist of the present day, is established. Living in retirement, and devoted to the pursuit of his favourite study, his writings, distinguished by profound and philosophical reflection, put to shame our own *soi-disant* philosophers, who, since the days of Smith, have foisted a series of ill-digested theories upon the public, vainly hoping that they were acquiring a title to be classed as men of science. There are many points on which we differ with M. Say; but we acknowledge, with pleasure, that his compositions bear the marks of being written in a spirit of fair philosophical investigation, very different from the

spirit which characterises the essays of our own political economists.

In the foregoing passage, the question on which the House of Commons should have deliberated, and the considerations which should have regulated their decision in 1819, are fully and fairly stated. The correctness of the description of the circumstances attendant on the Bank Restriction, will scarce be disputed; and without impugning this statement, it would seem difficult to forbear admitting the necessary conclusion deduced from it. In 1819, the first actual and positive measures were taken for any settled arrangement of the currency. Subjected to a course of arbitrary depreciation during the war, of arbitrary fluctuation in the years immediately succeeding the war, some steps were required to place this important instrument of our commerce on a determined and settled basis. It is enough for a trader to devote his attention to the immediate conduct of his business, and to the variations in the supply, or the quality, of the commodities wherein he deals. How is it possible for him to take into his calculations the varying value, for the evil is not felt in a course of steady depreciation, but is greatest in a system of alternations of the medium of his sales and purchases? “ There were three great questions,” said Lord Liverpool, May 21, 1819, “ to be considered in the discussion of this subject. First, whether it was expedient to return to some fixed standard of value; 2dly, whether it was expedient and practicable to return to the ancient standard; and, 3dly, by what means it was to be done.” These certainly were the questions to be considered; but the misfortune was, that they were not considered. The second question, in reality the only one of real importance, was passed over. That it was expedient to return to some fixed standard of value, may be readily conceded, for on that all are agreed. During the war, when, to supply the war expenses, the taxes were yearly augmented, the government was obliged to facilitate, by

* From “ Cours Complet d'Economie Politique Pratique, par Jean Baptiste Say.” Vol. iii. published 1828.

means of an abundant circulating medium, the collection of these taxes. As the burdens increased, the circulation was increased also. The weight of taxation must be borne by the productive industry of a country, and, by the process briefly explained in a previous portion of these remarks, a stimulus was supplied, which enabled the productive classes to bear up against the imposts of the war. And without the application of that stimulus, the burdens of the war could not have been supported. At the close of the war, the *increasing* stimulus was no more necessary. But with burdens four times as large, and all private engagements being founded on prices higher by one-third than the prices which existed antecedently to the Bank Restriction, to attempt to return to a high standard of value, and to low prices, was a wild project indeed. For twenty-two years every man had regulated his arrangements, and made his calculations, on a rate of prices and a standard of value altogether different from the ancient standard. The ancient standard was abolished. There was no fixed standard; but nearly fifty per cent was the degree of depreciation marked by the surest barometer—the price current. Can there be a rational doubt, that the legal standard of value should have been adjusted according to that rate? that, without admitting of further depreciation or alteration, the value of the currency should have been fixed at its then actual and natural rate? There was no more reason for returning to the “ancient standard,” as it was called, than for returning to the original standard, and coining the pound sterling from a pound of pure silver. One standard was as impracticable as the other.

It is not necessary to enter at present more fully into the discussion of the propriety of a more equitable adjustment of the standard of value in 1819. On this head, the adjudication of Mr Say is satisfactory; and that question may be considered as set at rest. Upon those who have not so far made themselves acquainted with the merits of the question, as to be satisfied on this point, argument would be thrown away. They will never arrive at conviction, save by a summary process, precluding

the necessity of a regular argumentative approach.

We shall proceed to take a view of that position which is now the chief object of contest, and on the determination of which the final decision must chiefly depend. The adversaries of alteration maintain, that the time when an adjustment of the standard of value would have been practicable, is now passed by; that, though in 1819 this might have been fit matter for investigation, persons have now adapted themselves to the new order of things, and that more evil and disorder would result from agitation of the subject than could be compensated by any probable benefit to be expected.

Mr Peel, March 19, 1830, is represented as using the following expressions:—“But suppose the public creditor is to be paid only in the currency in which the debt was contracted, let me ask the Honourable Member to discriminate who are the parties to whom the depreciated rate of payment is to be made? A great majority of the original contractors have passed away; and, since 1816, a vast portion of the public funds has got into the hands of persons who did not pay for it in a depreciated, but in an improved currency; not in the value which the Honourable Member would set upon it, but in the improved mercantile value. Surely, the Honourable Member would not turn on those parties, and say to them, ‘You must be the dupes of your confidence in the resolutions of Parliament, which state that faith must be kept inviolate with the public creditor.’”

The tone and language here attributed to Mr Peel, are such as consist very ill with his personal position as regards this particular question. In 1819, he supported his Bill by arguing, that any mischief it might produce would be transitory. In 1822, he maintained that no injurious effect was produced by his Bill. Will he now come forward and deny, 1stly, That his Bill established an alteration in the currency of 30 per cent; 2dly, That to this alteration a great portion of the periodical calamities to which the country has since been subjected, are attributable? These are two plain propositions, and admit of a plain yea or nay

answer. In 1828 Mr Banks proposed to Mr Peel the former proposition, in these words :

"Allow me to put it to him," (Mr Peel,) "and other men who have supported him in his measures regarding the Currency, whether, considering how excessively the Currency has been decreased,—and I address myself now particularly to those very persons who sat on the Committee of 1819,—if we could have had all the matters fairly before us then, and any person with prophetic eye could have seen deep enough to perceive the consequences of what we were doing, and had predicted all that has since happened, any one of us would have voted for passing that bill? I do not believe that, with this knowledge, my right honourable friend" (Mr Peel) "would have supported it: at least, I am sure, if I could have foreseen what was to come, I would have been no party to the bill, or to any other measure founded on similar principles. Such was the inexperience at that time on this subject, that those who were most conversant with mercantile concerns, stated that the depreciation resulting from the introduction of a metallic currency would not exceed 5 or 6 per cent. This was the way in which they talked, when it was actually 25 per cent. On such opinions as these, the bill of 1819 was passed, which inflicted most grievous suffering on all classes of the people; and as it appears to me that this bill will tend to the same result, and as there is no cause whatever for it, I should feel that I had not done my duty, if I had not said these few words against it."—*From Mirror of Parliament.*

No reply was given to this appeal. Until this deficiency be supplied, the first proposition may be assumed as undeniable, and the second, the necessary sequence, will scarce be disputed. Now, with this palpable evidence of the errors made in 1819 and 1822, with what confidence can those men who were parties to those errors, now call for any reliance on their assertions, that the time for redress is gone by? Those who are chiefly implicated in the measure of 1819, give vent to no expressions of contrition or self-condemnation, for the miseries caused to the country by their obstinate adherence to fallacious

opinions. They, whom it would better become to mourn their fatal folly in sackcloth and ashes, refuse to permit any enquiry into the extent of the mischief they have caused, or the possibility of administering even a tardy relief. Conscious of their faults, yet withholding the sole atonement in their power, they strive to check any allusion, to stifle any investigation, which might expose the incapacity they have manifested. The arguments and the declamation of persons such as these, merit no attention, and call for no reply. The value of their assertions has been formerly tried; they have been tested, and found of no account. They who denied investigation, and even an audience to the complaints made in 1822, on the ground that there was no cause for enquiry, must not expect to be again honoured with the confidence they then abused. They have become too deeply interested, from personal considerations, in the subject-matter of discussion; they are so far concerned in the issue of the cause, that they are not in a position to view its merits with even that degree of fairness to be expected from the hired advocate.

The argument, that it is too late to retrace our steps with regard to the standard, has, however, much weight with a very different class of men. It is a stumbling-block in the way of those, who, with a deep consciousness of the evil effects of the measure to which they were accessories in 1819, and with a sincere desire to remedy, if remedy were possible, the ruinous consequences of their error, yet look upon the backward path as closed. Some observations, which were made by Mr Denison in 1828, on this particular point, we quote, as expressing the feelings of the gentleman to whom we refer:

"What would have been the proper course to take in 1819? To have altered the standard. Such a measure would have prevented the ruin of the farmer, the tradesman, and the artizan; or, at least, it would have diminished the pressure upon them. The cause of all the evils which we had endured, and which we are still enduring, was the fatal policy of contracting a large debt in one description of the currency, and trying to pay it in another." Setting out due

at the commencement of his speech, we were rather surprised at finding Mr Denison uttering, after a few other observations, the following pithy sentence: "It was impossible now to think of altering the standard." This opinion would appear to have been given without much consideration. And on this subject, beyond all others, any hasty judgment is to be regarded with distrust. Without entering into any detailed examination of the series of deplorable blunders which mark the course taken by the Legislature on this question, it is surely sufficient to advert to the resolutions of the House of Commons in 1811, and to the bill of 1819, to make manifest the impropriety, the danger, and even the indecency, of taking any more steps without the most complete enquiry. The consequences of those lamentable mistakes have done more to shake the attachment of the people to the established government, to produce a conviction of some defect in the organization of the Legislature, than all the revolutionary efforts of the zealots in the mis-called cause of liberty at the commencement of Mr Pitt's war. The efforts of the disaffected will always be directed in vain to excite a prosperous and happy people: distress is the parent of sedition. It is necessary to call attention to the present symptoms of popular discontent, to impress upon those who do sincerely act with the sole intent of promoting the general welfare, the especial necessity of zealous exertion in the discharge of their duties. Let them remember, that the character of the deliberative portion of the Legislature has been deeply compromised by the injudicious character and destructive effects of many of their enactments. Cautious and searching scrutiny into all questions submitted to Parliament, of any essential interest, is imperatively requisite. And there are few matters of more general importance, or more appropriate subjects for investigation, than the now admitted fact of an alteration having been effected in the value of property, generally to the extent of one-third, by an Act not intended to effect any such alteration. A direct law to compel every debtor in the kingdom to pay his creditor 30 per cent more

than he borrowed, would be an act of absurd injustice, too gross to be tolerated. And if this operation has been effected by an indirect law, and unintentionally, can the Legislature refuse to take any cognizance of that operation, for the purpose of affording, if possible, some redress to the parties wronged? Is a measure of such ruinous oppression to be passed over, as a servant-maid would pass over the unhappy fracture of a china tea-cup, with the philosophical observation, "What is done cannot be undone?" Mr Denison declares, that in 1819 a certain measure might, and ought to, have been adopted, a measure capable of preventing the sufferings since endured by the country; that such a measure would have been an act of justice. Mr Peel's Bill was then unjust, according to Mr Denison. But this unjust bill was passed ten years ago, and the mischief it could effect has been effected, and is irretrievable. This supposition is totally unfounded and absolutely erroneous. From the very nature of the engagements upon which that Bill was calculated to act most injuriously, they are yet in existence. Take the following case: A landholder possesses, in 1818, an estate of L.10,000 per annum, in rents paid during the prices of the Bank Restriction. He has a mortgage upon it which requires L.4000 per annum of his income. The value of the currency being raised, and prices falling, his tenants pay their rents as long as they can, and are then ruined, or require a reduction. Thirty per cent is taken off. The whole rental then amounts to L.7000, of which the mortgagee still claims L.4000, and the unfortunate landholder, who had originally an income of L.2000 per annum more than the mortgagee, is now left with L.1000 less. And is not every man who finds himself in a situation such as this, entitled to claim relief and adjustment—either by altering the money, or reducing his encumbrance? Consider the case of the National Debt. Being accustomed to speak of and regard the Debt as one large mass, we have no correct idea of the manner of its pressure upon each individual. Upon every man of property it acts in effect as would a mortgage. Of his income he is obliged to pay in taxes

a certain portion, in proportion to his expenditure. And the value of the currency being increased, that part of the public mortgage which each man has to pay is augmented in real value, and remains the same in nominal amount, while his rents fall. It is very well to speak of the parties who hold the private or public mortgages, and the consideration due to their interests. But it is yet to be shewn why one of the parties to these bargains is to be regarded more tenderly than the other. The question is not, whether one is to receive less than he bargained to receive, but whether the other is to pay more than he bargained to pay. We do not assume to decide here the course which it is fit to take with regard to these parties. But this we do maintain, that on these grounds alone the Legislature is bound to consider most gravely, and to investigate most minutely, the question of the Currency. It is a question most intimately connected with the welfare of all the interests of the community: it is a question which votes given carelessly at three o'clock on the Saturday morning, and thought no more of on the Saturday noon, cannot set at rest. Mr Peel's

Bill was introduced for the express purpose of imposing a limit to fluctuations, and placing the commerce of the country upon a steady basis. Since 1819, the country has undergone two periods of appalling distress, with an interval of exceeding prosperity. Is this state of things to continue? Not one single object for which that Bill was introduced, professedly, has been effected, but in every thing the result has deceived the expectations of its framer.

The foregoing observations we have thought it incumbent upon us to submit to our readers. They would find the "Currency Question" a subject well deserving their attention, and one which would afford instruction, and even amusement, sufficient to repay the labour of an accurate investigation of its merits. The parliamentary debates of 1822, and the debates on the Small-note Question in 1828, offer the most ready means of procuring information; and whosoever is disposed to render himself thoroughly acquainted with a question which is daily rising in importance, can refer to no more perfect and satisfactory sources of knowledge.

Noctes Ambrosianæ.

No. XLIX.

ΧΡΗ Δ'ΕΝ ΣΥΜΠΟΣΙΩ ΚΥΛΙΚΩΝ ΠΕΡΙΝΙΣΣΟΜΕΝΑΩΝ
ΗΔΕΑ ΚΩΤΙΛΛΟΝΤΑ ΚΑΘΗΜΕΝΟΝ ΟΙΝΟΠΟΤΑΖΕΙΝ.

Σ.

PHOC. *ap* Ath.

[*This is a distich by wise old Phocylides,
An ancient who wrote crabbed Greek in no silly days ;
Meaning, " 'TIS RIGHT FOR GOOD WINEBIBBING PEOPLE,
NOT TO LET THE JUG PACE ROUND THE BOARD LIKE A CRIPPLE ;
BUT GAILY TO CHAT WHILE DISCUSSING THEIR TIPPLE."*
*An excellent rule of the hearty old cock 'tis—
And a very fit motto to put to our Noctes.]*

C. N. *ap* Ambr.

SCENE—*The Blue Parlour. TIME—Seven o' Clock. PRESENT—NORTH, ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER, SHEPHERD, and TICKLER, each with a silver Coffee Pot before him, and a plate of Muffins.*

SHEPHERD.

I'm sorry to see you, sir, wi' crape on your hat, and weepers on your cuffs ; but I hope it's nae dear frien'—only some common acquaintance, or distant relation ?

NORTH.

A worthy man, James, for whom I had a sincere regard, though our separate pursuits in life kept us pretty much asunder for the last thirty years. Death renews the youth of friendship.

SHEPHERD.

Maist miraculously.

NORTH.

You need not look so glum, James ; for I purpose being becomingly cheerful over my coffee.

TICKLER.

Ætat. ?

NORTH.

The defunct was threescore and ten—died of a short and unpainful disease—has left his widow comfortable—and his sons rich—and to myself a hundred guineas for a mourning ring.

SHEPHERD.

That's useless extravagance.

NORTH.

No, James, it is not. A man on his death-bed should not be shabby. My friend knew that I had a hereditary love of such baubles.

SHEPHERD.

What kirkyard was he buried in ?

NORTH.

Grey-Friars.

SHEPHERD.

An impressive place. Huge, auld, red, gloomy church—a countless multitude o' grass-graves a' touchin' ane anither—a' roun' the kirkyard wa's marble and free-stane monuments without end, o' a' shapes, and sizes, and ages—some quaint, some queer, some simple, some ornate ; for genius likes to work upon grief—and these tombs are like towers and temples, partakin'

not o' the noise o' the city, but staunin' aloof frae the stir o' life, aneath the sombre shadow o' the castle-cliff, that heaves its battlements far up in- to the sky. A sublime cemetery—yet I su'dna like to be interred in't—it looks sae dank, clammy, cauld—

TICKLER.

And uncomfortable. A corpse would be apt to catch its death of cold.

SHEPHERD.

Whisht.—Whare did he leeve?

NORTH.

On the sea-shore.

SHEPHERD.

I cou'dna thole to leeve on the sea-shore.

TICKLER.

And pray why not, James?

SHEPHERD.

That everlastin' thunner sae disturbs my imagination, that my soul has nae rest in its ain solitude, but becomes transfused as it were into the mighty ocean, a' its thochts as wild as the waves that keep foammin' awa' into naething, and then breaking back again into transitory life—for ever and ever and ever—as if neither in sunshine nor moonlight, that multitudinous tumultuousness, frae the first creation o' the world, had ever ance been stilled in the blessedness o' perfect sleep.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

In the turmoil of this our mortal lot, the soul's deepest bliss assuredly is, O Shepherd! a tideless calm.

SHEPHERD.

The vera thocht, sir—the vera feelin'—the vera word. That Moon ye see, sir—bonny as she is in heaven—and when a' the starry lift is blue, motionless ane believes as if nae planet were she, but the central soul o' the lovely lights round which the silent nicht thocht-like revolves dreamily—dreamily, far far away—She will not even for ae single hour let the auld Ocean shut his weary een, that often in their sleeplessness seem longing, me-thinks, for the still silence o' the steadfast earth.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

The majesty of power is in the gentleness of beauty. Cannot an eye—call it in its trembling light a blue-sphered tear—in one moment set countless human hearts a-beating, till love in ecstasy is sick as death, and life a spiritual swoon into Paradise?

SHEPHERD.

Aye, aye, sir. Ance or twice in my life—hae I seen a smile, for sake o' which I would hae sacrificed my soul. But nae fiend—nae demon was she who sent it through a' my being, like a glimpse o' holiest moonlight through a dark wood, bathin' the ground-flowers in beauty as they look up to their sister stars,—an angel she—yet she died, and underwent burial in the dust—forgetfulness and oblivion!

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

Say not oblivion. A poet's heart is the sanctuary of dim and tender memories—holy ground haunted by the ghosts of the beautiful—some of whom will be for long long years, as if they were not—sojourning in some world beyond the reach of thought—when, lo! all in a moment, like white sea-birds, gleaming inland from the misty main, there they are glide-gliding through the illumined darkness, and the entire region of the spirit is bea-tified by the heavenly visitants.

SHEPHERD.

Nae delightfu' thocht ever utterly and eternally perishes. A' the air is filled wi' their perpetual presence, invisible, inaudible—during life's common hours—but nae barrier is atween them and us—often do we feel they're near when the hush o' moonlicht is on the hills—although a sweet vague consciousness is a' that stirs our souls,—and at times mair especially sacred—when virtue clears the inner eye-sight, and fines the inner ear-touch, we know them as we knew them of yore, a divine restoration, mortality puts on immortality, and we feel there is no such thing as—death!

NORTH.

The exterior surface of the earth is a shield spread by God between the eyes of the living and the faces of the dead.

SHEPHERD.

What if it were not so? Grief wad gang mad!

NORTH.

What pleasanter spot, James, than a country kirkyard!

SHEPHERD.

I steek my een—and I see ane the noo—in a green laigh loun spot amang the sheep-nibbled braes. A Funeral! See that row o' schoolboy laddies and lassies drawn up sae orderly o' their ain still accord, half curious and half wae, some o' the lassies wi' lap-fu's o' primroses, and gazin' wi' hushed faces as the wee coffin enters in on men's shouthers that never feel its wecht, wi' its doon-hangin' and gracefu' velvet pall, though she that is hidden therein was the poorest o' the poor! Twa three days ago the body in that coffin was daucin' like a sunbeam owre the verra sods that are noo about to be shovelled over it! The flowers she had been gatherin'—sweet innocent thochtless cretur—then moved up and doon on her bosom when she breathed—for she and nature were blest and beautifu' in their spring. An auld white-headed man, bent sairly doon, at the head o' the grave, lettin' the white cord slip wi' a lingerin' reluctant tenderness through his withered hauns! It has reached the bottom. Was na that a dreadfu' groan, driven out o' his heart, as if a strong-haund man had smote it, by the first fa' o' the clayey thunder on the fast disappearing blackness o' the velvet—soon hidden in the boney mould! He's but her grandfather—for she was an orphan. *But* her grandfather! Wae's me! wha is't that writes in some silly blin' book that auld age is insensible—safe and secure frae sorrow—and that dim eyes are unapproachable to tears?

TICKLER.

Not till dotage drivels away into death. With hoariest eld often is parental love a passion deeper than ever bowed the soul of bright-haired youth, watching by the first dawn of daylight the face of his sleeping bride.

SHEPHERD.

What gars us a' fowre talk on such topics the nicht? Friendship! That when sincere, as ours is sincere—will sometimes saften wi' a strange sympathy merriest hearts into ae mood o' melancholy, and pitch a' their voices on ae key, and gie a' their faces ae expression, and mak them a' feel the mair profoundly because they a' feel thegither, the sadness and the sanctity—different words for the same meaning—o' this our mortal life;—I houp there's naething the maitter wi' wee Jamie.

NORTH.

That there is not indeed, my dearest Shepherd. At this very moment he is singing his little sister asleep.

SHEPHERD.

God bless you, sir; the tone o' your voice is like a silver trumpet.—Mr de Quinshy, hae you ever soom'd up the number o' your weans?

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

Seven.

SHEPHERD.

Stop there, sir, it's a mystical number,—and may they aye be like sae many planets in bliss and beauty circlin' roun' the sun.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

It seemeth strange the time when as yet those Seven Spirits were not in the body—and the air which I breathed partook not of that blessedness which now to me is my life. Another sun—another moon—other stars—since the face of my first-born. Another earth—another heaven! I loved, methought—before that face smiled—the lights and the shadows, the flowers and the dews, the rivulets that sing to Pilgrims in the wild,—the mountain wells, where all alone the “book-bosomed” Pilgrim sitteth down—and lo! far below the many river'd vales sweeping each to its own lake—how dearly did I love ye all! Yet was that love fantastical—and verily not of the deeper soul. Imagination over this “visible diurnal sphere,”

spread out her own spiritual qualities, and made the beauty that beamed back upon her dreams. Nor wanted tenderest touches of humanity—as my heart remembered some living flower by the door of far-up cottage, where the river is but a rill. But in my inner spirit, there was then a dearth which Providence hath since amply, and richly, and prodigally furnished with celestial food—which is also music to the ears, and light to the eyes, and the essence of silken softness to the touch—a family of immortal spirits, who but for me never had been brought into the mystery of accountable and responsible being! Of old I used to study the Spring—but now its sweet sadness steels unawares into my heart—when among the joyous lambs I see my own children at play. The shallow nest of the cushat seems now to me a more sacred thing in the obscurity of the pine-tree. The instincts of all the inferior creatures are now holy in my eyes—for, like Reason's self, they have their origin in love. Affection for my own children has enabled me to sound the depths of gratitude. Gazing on them at their prayers, in their sleep, I have had revelations of the nature of peace, and trouble, and innocence, and sin, and sorrow, which, till they had smiled and wept, offended and been reconciled, I knew not—how could I?—to be within the range of the far-flying and far-fetching spirit of love, which is the life-of-life of all things beneath the sun, moon, and stars.

SHEPHERD.

Do ye ken, sir, that I love to hear ye speak far best ava' when you lay aside your logic? Grammar's aften a grievous and gallin' burden; but logic's a cruel constraint on thochts, and the death o' feelin's, which ought ay to rin blendin' intil ane anither like the rainbow, or the pink, or the peacock's neck, a beautifu' confusion o' colours, that's the mair admired the mair ignorant you are o' the science o' opticks. I just perfectly abhor the word "therefore," it's sae pedantic and pragmatikal, and like a doctor. What's the use o' premises? commend me to conclusions. As for inferences, put them into the form o' apogtheegms, and never tell the world whence you draw them,—for then they look like inspiration. And dianna ye think, sir, that reasoning's far inferior to intuition?

TICKLER.

How are your transplanted trees, James?

SHEPHERD.

A' dead.

TICKLER.

I can't endure the idea of a transplanted tree. Transplantation strikes at the very root of its character, as a stationary and steadfast being, flourishing where nature dropt it. You may remove a seedling; but 'tis sacrilege to hoist up a huge old oak by the power of machinery, and stick him into another soil, far aloof from his native spot, which for so many years he had sweetly or solemnly overshadowed.

SHEPHERD.

Is na that feelin' no a wee owre imaginative?

TICKLER.

Perhaps it is—and none the worse of that either—for there's a tincture of imagination in all feelings of any pith or moment—nor do we require that they should always be justified by reason. On looking on a tree with any emotion of grandeur or beauty, one always has a dim notion of its endurance—its growth and its decay. The place about it is felt to belong to it—or rather they mutually belong to each other, and death alone should dissolve the union.

SHEPHERD.

I fin' mysell convincin'—that is being convinced—but no by your spoken words, but by my ain silent thochts. I felt a' you say, and mair too—the first time I tried to transplant a tree. It was a birk—a weepin' birk—and I had loved and admired it for twenty years by its ain pool, far up ane o' the grains o' the Douglas water, where I beat Mr North at the fishin'—

NORTH.

You never beat me at the fishing, sir, and never will beat me at the fishing, sir, while your name is Hogg. I killed that day—in half the time—double the number—

SHEPHERD.

But wecht, sir—wecht, sir—wecht. My kreel was mair nor dooble yours's wecht—and every wean kens that in fishin' for a wager, wecht wins—it's aye decided by wecht.

NORTH.

The weight of your basket was not nearly equal to mine, you ——

SHEPHERD.

Confound me gin, on an average, ane o' my troots did na conteen mair cubic inches than three o' yours—while, I had a ane to produce, that on his first shewin' his snoot, I cou'd hae sworn was a sawmon;—he wou'd hae filled the creel his ain lane—sae I sent him hame wi' a callant I met gaun to the school. The feck o' yours was mere fry—and some had a' the appearance o' bein' baggy-menons. You're a gran' par-fisher, sir; but you're nae Thorburn either at troots, morts, or fish.

NORTH (*starting up in a fury.*)

I'll fish you for——

SHEPHERD.

Mr North! I'm ashamed to see you exposin' yoursell afore Mr De Quinshy—besides, thae ragin' fits are dangerous—and, some time or ither, 'll bring on apoplexy. Oh! but you're fearsome the noo—black in the face, or, rather, blue and purple—and a' because I said that you're nae Thorburn at the fishin'! Sit doon, sit doon, sir.

[*MR NORTH sits down, and cools and calms himself.*]

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

Mr Hogg, you were speaking a few minutes ago of transplanting——

SHEPHERD.

Ou aye. There it stood, or rather hung, or rather floated, ower it's ain pool, that on still days shewed anither birk as bonny's itsell, inverted in a liquid world. A bed o' fine broom mould had sunk down frae the brae abune, a' covered wi' richest moss-embroidery, and there a' by itsell, never wearyin' in the solitary place, grew up that bonniest o' a' bonny birks frae a seedlin—when first I saw't—like a bit wee myrtle plant—ilka year gracefu'er and mair gracefu', till a full-grown tree—sic brae-born birks are never verra tall—it waved it's light masses o' delicate leaves, tress-like, in the wind, or let them hang doon, dependin' in the loun air as motionless as in a pictur. The earliest primroses aye peeped out a' round it's silver stem—and whether 'twas their scent, or that o' the leaves of my sweet tree, I never cou'd tell—but oh! as I used to lie in my plaid aneath it's shade—scarcely a shade, only a sort o' cool dimness—beside the dancin' linn—as Thamson says, the “air was balm,” indeed—and sae thocht the wee moorland birds that twittered—unalarmed at me—among the foliage. Like a fond but foolish lover, I said until mysell, ae day o' especial beautifulness, as I was touchin' it's silken bark—“I'll tak' it doon to Mount-Benger, and plant it on the knowe afore the door, early some morning, to delight wee Jamie wi' astonishment.” Wae's me! for that infatuation! I did sae, and wi' as much tenderness as ever I took a bonny lassie in my arms—but never mair did the darling lift up its head—lifeless-lookin' frae the first were a' its locks o' green licht—the pale silk bark soon was sairly ruffled—and ere Midsummer came—it was stane-dead! Aften—aften—in the drought—did wee Jamie gang wi' his watering-pan, and pour the freshness among its roots—but a' in vain—and wud ye believ't, the lovin' cretur grat when he saw that a' the leaves were red, and that it had dee'd just as his pet-lamb had dune—for his affection had imbued it with a breathin' and a sentient life.

TICKLER.

Why, James, you are “poachin' for the pathetic.” Sir Henry Steuart's groves are a living proof of his skill and science—but they are not the haunts dear to my imagination. I love the ancient gloom of self-sown, unviolated woods. But these trees were not born here—they are strangers—aliens—or, worse—upstarts. I should wish to feel round my mansion the beauty of that deep line of Cowley's (I think)——

“And loves his old contemporary trees!”

But these—whatever their age—were carted hither—all their roots have been handled—

SHEPHERD.

Nae mair about it. It's still usefu'—sic transplantation—and I esteem every man who, by ony sort o' genius, skill, or study, contributes to the adornment o' naked places, and, generally speakin', to the beautifyin' o' the earth. Sir Henry has dune that—in his degree—and may, therefore, in æ sense or licht, be ranked among the Poets. Nae man loves trees as he does, without poetry in his soul—his skill in transplantin' is equal to his skill in translation; and I'm tauld he's a capital Latin scholar—wutness his English Sawlust; and I wush he had been at Mount-Benger when I carried aff that bonnie virgin birk frae her birth-place—in that case, she had been alive at this day, wi' bees and burdies amang her branches.

TICKLER.

I should like to be at a Bear-Hunt. My friend Lloyd describes it capitally, in those most entertaining volumes, "Northern Sports,"—or what do you call them—published t'other day by Colburn.

SHEPHERD.

It's a shame to kill a bear, except, indeed, for his creesh and skin. He's an affectionate creatur amang his kith and kin—in the bosom o' his ain family, sagawcious and playsome—no sae rouch in his mind as in his mainners—a good husband, a good son, and a good father.

TICKLER.

Did you receive Lardner's Pocket Encyclopædia, James?

SHEPHERD.

Aye—I did sae. Was't you that sent it out? Thank ye, sir. It's chokefu' o' maist instructive and enterteenin' maitter. Cheap?

TICKLER.

Very. And Bowring's Poetry of the Maygars?

SHEPHERD.

Them too? Mr Bowring is a benefactor, sir. National Poetry shews a people's heart. History's aften cauld-rife; but sangs and ballants are aye warm wi' passion. Ilka national patriotism has its ain peculiar and characteristic feturs, just like ilka national face. A Hun's no a Scot, nor a Dutchman a Spaniard. Yet can they a' feel ane anither's national sangs, could they read ane anither's language. But that they canna do; and therefore a man wi' the gift o' tongues, like Mr Bowring, extends, by his translations, knowledge o' the range o' the infinite varieties o' our common humanities, and enables us to break doon our prejudices and our bigotries, in the conviction that all the nations o' the earth hae the same sympathies as ourselves, racy as our own, and smellin' o' the soil in which they grow, be it water'd by the Rhine, the Ebro, the Maese, or ony ither outlandish river.

TICKLER.

What say ye, James, to the vote t'other day in Parliament about the Jews?

SHEPHERD.

I hae nâe objections to see a couple o' Jews in Parliament. Wull the members be made to shave, think ye, sir? Ould cloes! Ould cloes! A' that the Hoose 'll want then, for picturesque as weel as political effeck, will be a few Blacks—here and there a Negro.

NORTH.

Gentlemen, no politics.

SHEPHERD.

Be't sae.—Mr North, what for do you never review books about religion?

NORTH.

Few good enough to deserve it. I purpose, however, articles very soon, on Dr M'Crie's Progress and Suppression of the Reformation in Spain, (also his History of similar events in Italy,) and Inglis's admirable View of the Evidences of Christianity; Mr Douglas' of Cavers' delightful volume, The Truths of Religion—The Natural History of Enthusiasm, a very able disquisition—Le Bas' Sermons, eloquent, original, and powerful—Dr Morehead's ingenious and philosophical Dialogues—

SHEPHERD.

I love that man—

NORTH.

So do I, James, and so do all that know him personally—his talents—his genius—and better than both, his truly Christian character—mild and pure—

SHEPHERD.

And also bricht.

NORTH.

Yes, bright.

“In wit a man—simplicity a child.”

SHEPHERD.

What sort o’ volls, sir, are the Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry, published by Curry in Dublin?

NORTH.

Admirable. Truly, intensely, Irish. The whole book has the brogue—never were the outrageous whimsicalities of that strange, wild, imaginative people so characteristically displayed; nor, in the midst of all the fun, frolic, and folly, is there any dearth of poetry, pathos, and passion. The author’s a jewel, and he will be reviewed next number.

SHEPHERD.

The Eerishers are marchin’ in leeterature, *pawri pashu*, wi’ us and the Southrons.—What’s stirrin’ in the Theatre?

NORTH.

T. P. Cooke, THE SEAMAN, is to take his benefit one of these nights—

SHEPHERD.

Let’s a’ gang in a body, to shew our pride and glory in the British navy, of which he is the best, the only Ideal Representative, that ever rolled with sea-born motion across the stage. Nae caricaturist he—but Jack himself! He intensifies to the heart and the imagination the word—TAR.

NORTH.

So, in a different style, does Baker of the Caledonian Theatre.

SHEPHERD.

Bass is a speerited manager.

NORTH.

He is; and there I heard, a few weeks ago, one of the sweetest, strongest, and most scientific singers that now chants on the boards—Edmunds. His Black-Eyed Susan is delicious. He is but a lad—but promises to be a Braham.

SHEPHERD.

Is it possible that Mr Murray is gaun to alloo Miss Jarman to return to Covent Garden?

NORTH.

Impossible! A fixed star—The sweet creature must remain in our Scottish sky—nor is there now on any stage a more delightful actress. Her genius on the stage is not greater than her worth in private life.

TICKLER.

An accomplished creature—simple and modest in mind and manners—yet lively—and awake to all harmless mirth and merriment—a temper which is the sure sign and constant accompaniment of purity and innocence. We must not lose The Jarman.

NORTH.

Nor her sister Louisa—a charming singer, and skilful teacher of singing—quite the lady—and in all respects most estimable.

SHEPHERD.

Saw ye ever Miss Smithson?

NORTH.

Yes—In Jane Shore. She enacted that character finely and powerfully,—is an actress not only of great talent, but of genius—a very lovely woman—and, like Miss Jarman, altogether a lady in private life.

SHEPHERD.

I’m glad to hear ye say sae—for you’re the best judge o’ actin’ in a’ Scotland.

NORTH.

Oh dear! Oh dear! Oh dear! Oh!

SHEPHERD.

What's the maitter—my dear sir—what's the maitter?

NORTH.

Racking rheumatism.

SHEPHERD.

It's a cruel complaint. I had it great pairt o' the wunter—first in my head—then in my—

NORTH.

Oh! oh! oh! oh! oh! oh!

SHEPHERD.

I'll gie ye a simple and infallible receipt for't, sir, if you hae courage to ack on't. The morn's mornin' tak a doze o' drogs,—then get Mr Nibbs—Mr Mapplestone's successor—to cup you atween the shouthers;—he's maist expert wi' his box o' lancets—then tak the shoor-bath—no, that's an anachronism—tak it the first thing in the mornin' afore the drogs;—then get an auld woman—be sure she's an auld ane, sir—no Mrs Gentle—to nip your arms, and legs, and back, wi' her finger and her thoomb—to nip you severely, sir, and you manna mind the sairness—for at least twa hours; then get in twa cawdies and gar them beat a' the same pairts wi' swutches as if they were dustin' carpets—say for twenty minutes;—then get the above auld woman again to rub and scrub your naked body, frae head to heel, wi' ane o' the hard brushes that John polishes the tables wi'—say for half an hour; then a change o' instrument or weapon—for hard brush coarse towel—and ten minutes o' dichtin'; then—the receipt's drawin' to a close—gar the gardener flog you a' ower, and smairtly, wi' a succession o' fresh bunches o' nettles, that'll burn your skin as red's red currans—and mak ye dance, aiblins, up and doon the floor withouten mindin' the want o' music;—then cover your limbs and trunk wi' a peculiar pasteey plaister that you can get at Duncan and Ogilvie's,—the princes o' apothecaries,—then on wi' your leathern and your flannel waistcoats, and your night-shirt, and in atween twa feather beds in a room wi' a roosin' fire; if the barometer out o' doors in the shade is at aughty sae muckle the better; and if your rheumatism stauns *that*, there's nae houp for you on this side o' the grave, and you maun e'en lay your account wi' bein' for life a lamiter.

NORTH.

To-morrow, James, I will assuredly try your receipt. Will you step down to the Lodge, and help to administer the medicine?

SHEPHERD.

Wi' a' my heart. But I'm wearyin' to hear Mr De Quinshy taukin'. Tak up some coffee, my dear sir. I wush you may na burst yoursel' wi' swallowin' sic coontless cups o' coffee. But what's this I was gaun to ask ye—ou aye—what's your Idea o' Education?

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

The over anxiety of improvement, Mr Hogg, introduces into education much perilous and injurious innovation. An anxiety for particular objects of minute regard often urges on the understanding of those who do not understand properly the single and great ends which alone make education important; and they are not aware that the prosecution of those pursuits injures and weakens the mind itself, diverting its powers from their proper aim, and disturbing their silent and spontaneous growth.

SHEPHERD.

I like that weel—silent and spontawneous growth—like a bit blade o' grass, or a bit flower, or a bit buddie no the size o' my nail unfaulding itsel' to the dew and sunshine into a leaf as braid's my haun'—or a bit burdie, the beginnin' o' ae week a blin' ba' o' puddock hair, at the beginning o' the neist a mottled and spangled urchin hotchin restlessly in the nest, and ere three weeks are ower, ghintin' wi' short, uncertain, up-and-down flichts in and out among the pear-blossoms o' a glorious orchard—sic an orchard, for example, as in spring makes the bonny toun o' Jeddart a pictur o' Paradise in its prime. Silent and spontawneous growth—a wise expression!

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

The primary objects of education are few and great;—nobleness of character, honourable and generous affections, a pure and high morality, a free, bold, and strong, yet a temperate and well-governed intellectual spirit.

SHEPHERD.

Hoo many miss these great ends a'thegither! Perhaps frae bein' a' huddled thegither under ae general system.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

Just so, Mr Hogg. The means which nature has provided for attaining the great ends of education are infinitely various. To each she has assigned individual character. According to that character must be his virtue, his happiness, his knowledge. The feelings and affections, which are different to different minds; desires which reign powerfully in one heart and are unknown to another; faculties of intelligence infinitely diversified, springing up into glad activity, and by their unseen native impulses,—all these make to each, in his own mind, a various allotment of love, joy, and power,—a moral and intellectual being, individual and his own. In the work of education, then, we look on one who has not only a common nature which he shares with us, but a separate nature which divides him from us. Though we may understand an infancy—and that is not easy—which reflects to us the miniature of our own mind, it is difficult indeed to understand that of any mind which is unlike our own, which in intellect, in imagination, and love, has faculties and affections with which our own mind does not acquaint us. This is a circumstance which peculiarly exposes us to the danger of thwarting the providence and bounty of Nature, and of overruling, in our rude, unskilful ignorance, the processes she is carrying on in her wisdom for the happiness, the virtue, and the power of the human soul she is rearing up for life.

SHEPHERD.

Oh! but you're wise, sir, Mr De Quinshy—oh! but you're unco wise!

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

Look at a child on its mother's breast.

TICKLER.

Hem!

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

The impulses, and movements, and quick impressions of sense—or of a sentient being living in sense—are the first matter of understanding to a high intellectual nature.

SHEPHERD.

Mr Tickler, nae yawning—hearken till Mr De Quinshy.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

By these touches of pleasure and pain it is wakened from the sleep of its birth. By sounds that merely lull in it the sense of pain, or reach it with emotions of delight, it is called to listen in that ear which will one day divide with nicest apprehension all the words of human discourse, and receive in the impulses of articulated sound the communicated thoughts of intellectual natures resembling itself.

SHEPHERD.

The bit prattler!

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

That eye, which watches the approach or departure of some living object yet unknown, which traverses its little sphere of vision to look for some living toy, is exercising that vision which shall one day behold all beauty, and read wisdom in the stars of heaven. And that hand, with its feeble and erring aim now so impotent and helpless, shall perhaps one day shape the wonderful fabrics of human intelligence—shall build the ship, or guide the pencil—or write down wisdom—or draw sounds like the harmonies of angels from the instruments its own skill has framed. And what are the words to which those lisped out murmurings shall change? Shall Senates hang listening to the sound? Shall thronged and breathless men receive from them the sound of eternal life? Shall they utter song to which unknown ages shall listen with wonder and reverence? Or shall they only, in

the humble privacy of quiet life, breathe delight with instruction to those who love their familiar sound—or the adoration of a spirit prostrate before its Creator in prayer?

SHEPHERD.

That's real eloquence, sir. Fu' o' feelin'—and true to nature, as the lang lines o' glimmerin' licht—streamin' frae the moon shinin' through amang and outowre the taps o' the leafy trees.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

Let us hear with scorn, O gifted Shepherd! of the mind of such a creature being a blank, a *Tabula Rasa*, a sheet of white paper.

TICKLER.

Like Courtenay's.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

On which are to be written by sense, characters which sense-born understanding is to decipher. If we must have an image, let it be rather that of a seed which contains a germ, ere long to be unfolded to the light, in the shape of some glorious tree, hung with leaves, blossoms, and fruit; and let it be "Immortal Amaranth, the tree that grows fast by the throne of God."

SHEPHERD.

Beautifu'—philosophical—and religious!

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

How does it lift up our thoughts in reverent wonder to Him who framed this spirit and this its natural life; and through the intervention of sense, and from the face of a material world, discovered to that intelligent and adoring Spirit, the evidences of his own being, and the glory of his own infinite perfections!

SHEPHERD.

Baith sound asleep! That's shamefu'.

NORTH.

Broad awake, and delighted.

"That strain I heard was of a higher mood."

TICKLER.

Let us two leave Mr De Quincey and Mr Hogg for a time to their metaphysics, and have a game at chess.

[NORTH and TICKLER retire to the chess-board niche.

SHEPHERD.

Pronounce in æ monosyllable—the power o' education. Praise?

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

LOVE.

SHEPHERD.

Hoo often fatallly thocht to be—Fear!

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

LOVE! Look on the orphan, for whom no one cares—for whom no face ever brightens, no voice grows musical; who performs in slavish drudgery her solitary and thankless labours, and feels that, from morning to night, the scowl of tyranny is upon her—and see how nature pines, and shivers, and gets stunted, in the absence of the genial light of humanity.

SHEPHERD.

Like a bit unlucky lily, chance-planted amang the cald clay on a bleak knowe to the north, where the morning sun never, and the evening sun seldom shines, and bleakness is the general character o' the ungenial day. It struggles at a smile—does the bit bonnie stranger white-lily—but you see it's far frae happy, and that it'll be sune dead. The bee passes it by, for it's quite scentless; and though some drops o' dew do visit it—for the heavens are still gracious to the dying outcast—yet they canna freshen up its droopin' head, so weak at last, that the stalk could hardly bear up a butterfly.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

Even the buoyant—the elastic—the airy—the volatile spirit of childhood cannot sustain itself against the weight of self-degradation thus bearing it down with the consciousness of contumely and contempt. The heart

seems to feel itself worthy of the scorn it so perpetually endures; and cruel humiliation destroys its virtue, by robbing it of its self-esteem.

SHEPHERD.

God's truth.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

Look on that picture—and on *this*. See the child of the poorest parents, who love it, perhaps, the better for their poverty——

SHEPHERD.

A thousan'—a million times the better—as Wordsworth nobly says—

“A virtuous household, though exceeding poor.”

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

With whom it has been early made a partaker in pleasure and in praise—and felt its common humanity, as it danced before its father's steps when he walked to his morning labour—or as it knelt beside him at morning and evening prayer; and what a contrast will there be, not in the happiness merely, but in the whole nature of these two beings!

SHEPHERD.

A rose-tree full in bearing, balming and brightening the wilderness—a dead withered wall-flower on a sunless cairn!

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

Change their lot, and you will soon change their nature. It will, indeed, be difficult to reduce the glad, and rejoicing, and self-exulting child to the level of her who was so miserably bowed down in something worse than despair; but it will be easy—a week's kindness will do it—to rekindle life, and joy, and self-satisfaction, in the heart of the orphan-slave of the work-house—to lift her, by love, and sympathy, and praise, up to the glad consciousness of her moral being.

SHEPHERD.

Aye—like a star in heaven set free frae the cruel clouds.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

So essential is self-estimation, even to the happiness, the innocence, and the virtue of childhood; and so dependent are they on the sympathy of those to whom nature constrains it to look, and in whom it will forgive and forget many frowning days for one chance smiling hour of transient benignity!

SHEPHERD.

I defy the universe to explain the clearness, and the cawmness, and the comprehensiveness, to sae nothing o' the truth and tenderness o' your sentiments, sir, in spite o' metapheesicks, opium, and lyin' in bed till sax o'clock o' the afternoon every mornin'. You're a truly unaccountable cretur.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

I have read little metaphysics for many years—and I have reduced my daily dose of laudanum to five hundred drops. My chief, almost my sole study, is of the laws of mind, as I behold them in operation in myself, and in the species.

SHEPHERD.

And think ye, sir, that sic a study—pity me but its something fearsome—is usefu' to men o' creative genius, to poets, and the like, sic as me and——

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

The knowledge acquired by such study alone can furnish means to execute the enterprises of nobler art and spiritual genius.

SHEPHERD.

I houp, sir, you're mistaen there—for I never, in a' my life, set mysel doon seriously to study human nature, and to commit ony o't to memory, as I hae often tried, always in vain, to do the Multiplication Table——

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

“Impulses of deeper mood
Have come to you in solitude:”

But they had all past you by, unless your heart, your imagination, and your reason, had all been made recipient by divining dreams, which, when genius dreams, are in verity processes, often long, dark, and intricate of thought,

terminating finally in the open air, and on the celestial soil of eternal truth.

SHEPHERD.

Aiblins, I've been mair studious than I was sensible o' at the time, when lyin' by the silver springs amang the hills—for a shepherd's life is aften sedentary—and gin a body 'll just let his sowl alane, leeve it entirely to its ainseel, and no trammel't in it's flights, it's wonderfu' hoo, being an essence, it 'll keep hummin' awa' outowre far distant braes, gangin' and comin', just like that never-weary insect the unquarrelsome bee, that draps doon instinctively on ilka honey-flower that scents the wild, and wheels hame to its hive by air-ways never flown afore, yet every ane o' them the nearest and directest to the straw-roof'd skep in the lown sunny neuk o' the garden, that a' day lang murmurs to the sunshine a swarming sang, and at night emits a laigh happy hum, as if a' the multitude were but ae bee, unable to keep silence even in the hours o' sleep.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

Yes—those high minds which, with creative genius, have given, in whatever form, a permanent being to the conceptions of sublime Imagination; whether they have embodied their thoughts in colours, in marble, or in imperishable words, have all trained and enriched their genius in the same self-meditation. This is true of those whose arts seem to speak only to the eye:—The same derivation of its strength is yet more apparent in respect to the productions of those arts which use Language as the vehicle of representation. That eloquence which, in the words of great historians, yet preserves to us, in living form, the character of men and nations—which, from the lips of great speakers of old or modern times, has swayed the passions, or enlightened the reason of multitudes—that Poetry which, with a voice lifted up from age to age, has poured forth, in awful or dazzling shapes, imagery of the inmost passions and feelings of men, and made almost the soul itself a visible Being——

SHEPHERD.

That's capital—indeed wonderful—on Coffee.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

The very powers which Bacon imparted to the science of Nature, he drew from the science of Mind. It was in the study of the Mind itself, that he found the true principles which must guide Natural Philosophy.

SHEPHERD.

Na—there you're beyond my depth altogether. If I gang in to dook wi' you in that pool, I'se be droon'd to a moral.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

But the yet highest character of all high study, is when viewed in its reflection on the mind. The discoveries of Astronomy have perfected Navigation. But it was not the prospect of that augmentation of human power that was in the mind of Galileo when he watched the courses of the stars, and strove in thought to explore the mechanism and motion of worlds. It satisfied him that he could *know*.

SHEPHERD.

That's a fine thocht, sir. I'm no sleepy.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

In the trance of long and profound meditation, the power that rose in his spirit, and the illumination that flowed in upon his mind, standing alone amidst surrounding darkness, were at once the requital of all his painful vigils of thought. These were the recompense that was with him, when the prisons of jealous and trembling power were closed upon the illustrious Sage, as if the same walls could have buried in their gloom his mind itself, and the truth which it enshrined.

SHEPHERD.

Galileo and Milton met at Florence, or somewhere else in Tuscany. I wush I had been o' the pairty, and had got a keek through the Italian's telescope.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

Are we under any necessity, Mr Hogg——

SHEPHERD.

Nane whatsoever.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

—of remembering the same fruits of astronomical knowledge, in order to venerate the name of Newton? Or, do we imagine that he himself saw in his sublime speculations, nothing more than the powers they would furnish to man? We never think of such advantages. We conceive of his mind as an intelligence satisfying its own nature in its contemplations, and our views of what he effected for mankind terminate, when we have said, that he assisted them to comprehend the sublimity of the universe.

SHEPHERD.

Chalmers never spoke better—nor sae weel—in his Astronomical Discourses—yet in preaching he's a Paul.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

A world as full of wonders—aye far fuller—my dear Shepherd—is disclosed to the metaphysical eye—yours or mine—exploring the manifestations of spirit—and all its heavenly harmonies. All sorrow and all joy, the calamities which have shaken empires, the crimes which have hurried single souls into destruction, the grounds of stability, order, and power, in the government of man, the peace and happiness that have blossomed in the bosom of innocent life, the loves that have inwoven joy with grief, the hopes that no misery can overwhelm, the stern undaunted virtue of lofty minds,—if such thoughts have any power to produce tenderness, or elevation,—if awe, and pity, and reverence, are feelings which do not pass away, leaving the mind as unawakened and barren as before—if our capacities are dilated by the very images of solemn greatness of which they are made the repository—then is such study important, not merely by the works which may spring from it, when genius and science meet, but by its agency on the mind itself engaged in it, which is thereby enlarged and elevated.

SHEPHERD.

I would like to hear ye, sir, conversin' wi' Coleridge and Wordsworth—Three cataracts a' thunderin' at ance! When you drap your voice in speaking, it reminds me o' that line in Cammel,

“The torrent's smoothness ere it dash below.”

I never could understaun' distinctly the distinction between the Useful and the Fine Arts. I begin to suspect there is nane in nature.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

Distinction-drawing is generally deceptive. Madame de Stael praises in monuments their noble inutility. Yet how can that which moves affection be useless? It is a means of happiness. Schools surely are useful, yet they tutor the mind only.

SHEPHERD.

That's plain as a pike-staff.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

Again, shall we call a Language-Master useful, and yet the poem useless out of which he teaches his pupils?

SHEPHERD.

There would assuredly be nae logic in that, sir.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

What is a Music-Master? Why, his trade is useful to himself—he teaches one pupil a useful trade, and another, we shall say, a useless accomplishment. Yet is he not useless himself in teaching the useless accomplishment, because he gains thereby useful money.

SHEPHERD.

Ane can never gang far wrang, I see, in ony doubtfu' discussion, to bring in the simile o' the rainbow.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

What is a Poet who indulges pleasure, and purposes pleasure merely to others; yet in the meantime sets printers and booksellers in motion?

SHEPHERD.

Dinna be angry we me, sir, for requeestin' you, gin ye hae nae objections, to define Utility.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

It can be nothing but Production of Enjoyment. Yet these things of which the essence and sole existence is enjoyment, though they do not end with the present enjoyment, but by their influence on the mind are causes of future enjoyment, are held useless!

SHEPHERD.

I jalouse there maun be something at the bottom of the question which ye hae na yet expiscated. How stauns Poetry?

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

Utility, it may be said, regards the Persons of Mankind, Poetry their Dreams.

SHEPHERD.

That's rather antithetical—but very vague. It'll hardly do, sir.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

Mr Hogg, I beg your attention for a few minutes. There is a great root of Utility—the bodily life. Whatever springs out of this is useful—agriculture, weaving, and brick-making, in the first degree. Secondly, things subservient and subordinate to these—the protection of property by laws, the king, and the army. Then, as it is impossible to eat, or live in peace in your house without public morals, or to hold the state, the great and universal shield of men's bodies, together without them—Morality and Religion. This is one Utility—that of the body.—Some enquirers seem hardly to know another. But man, James, has two natures, and his Utility has two roots. The above is reversed, beginning from his immortal and ever-happy soul, resting upon, rooted in, Deity. Proceed hence, and you derive at last the body, and earth, which, as we are constituted, are means to this soul, and necessary conditions to its fulfilling its own birth and destiny. But, begin from the body, which is to last from day to day—or from the soul, which is to last for ever—in either way you comprehend a Totality, the whole Being; arts for his body, science and morals for his soul. Imagination—Poetry—seems to elapse—to elude grasp—between. It is neither the body nor the soul; but a light that plays about both.

SHEPHERD.

Something sublime in a' that, sir; but rather unsatisfactory at the hinner end, when you come upon the preceese pint o' Poetry.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

Imagination of the arts seems separable, as a mimicry of reality—a play of mind borrowed from all real things—in itself unreal.

SHEPHERD.

Be it sae—it soun's sensible.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

Tell the difference between Homer and Greek history, between Shakspeare and English history.

SHEPHERD.

Eh?

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

When I compare Homer with the Roman history, I am tempted to say, the difference is, that we trace down the series of causations in actual events (bodily events) from Cæsar to ourselves: But Troy, like Olympus, is a world between which and us clouds roll. Yet this avails not when Shakspeare writes Henry the Fifth. There is the very man—our king—more alive and himself than in history. Are there clouds then, O Shepherd, between him and me—and do I, after all, see but his glorified shadow?

SHEPHERD.

I suspeck but his glorified shadow.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

This, then, is the power of Poetry—it divides *from* the real world what it takes *in* the real world. Is not the Temple of Diana in a grove separate from this world, though built from the town quarry, and upon ground which is not only mere earth but made part of such a man's property, and paying rent? So Poetry consecrates—and so—but higher far—doth Religion.

SHEPHERD.

Do you ever gang to the kirk, Mr De Quinshy ?

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

Religion consecrates that which was common by changing it to our feelings—that is, our feelings to it. But what change ? Is it removed *from* use ? No :—It is consecrated *to* use :—but to pure, high, unworldly use. In approaching, contemplating that which is holy, our spirit seems freed from many bonds. Fetters of this world fall off. Holy bonds are laid on us, and holy bonds, which the soul receives willingly, are, therefore, Liberty and Law.

SHEPHERD.

I ay thocht Liberty had been ae thing, and Law anither—just like black and white.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

I think that all feeling of pleasure is, or necessarily appears to be—spontaneous ; and that, in consequence, all forms of thought and action, which are the natural produce of, and are produced by feelings of pleasure, appear to be free. They appear to be the spontaneous product of our minds, and spontaniety is freedom. Further, forms of thought and action, which are not the work of our mind, but are presented to it, provided that feeling which appears to us spontaneous flows into these forms, and is at home in them—then are those forms, Mr Hogg, freely accepted, and we are still conscious of liberty.

SHEPHERD.

That's gaen glimmery.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

Now, my dear Shepherd, Poetry is an example of forms which are the produce of our feelings of pleasure. Religion and Morality, when accepted with love, are examples of forms presented to us, and accepted with the consciousness of liberty retained. But in both Religion and Morality there is necessarily some invention of the loving and happy mind for itself ; and of a verity, Christianity is free—for it engrafts a spirit, out of which forms arise freely—and that spirit is LOVE.

SHEPHERD.

Do ye understaun the great question of Liberty and Necessity, sir ? It's desperate kittle.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

I call the will free—thereby expressing a feeling. Whether the present movement and the present determination of my will arise necessarily out of the predisposition of my mind, and is a necessary effect of existing causes, is a question of a fact wholly out of the domain of my consciousness. Our feeling of freedom is quite independent of and irrelevant to the fact of liberty or necessity. It is a feeling which throws no light, and possibly, in the nature of things, can throw none upon its own cause. A feeling springs up in us suddenly, seeming to us unreformed, the birth of the moment. A person has loved me, and done acts of love to me that have made me happy for those twenty years past. I love that person. I may say that I know the causes of my love ; the course of means which have constrained my love—yet notwithstanding that known conviction and constraint, I feel my love to be free.

NORTH (*flourishing his crutch, and marching from the niche.*)

Hurra ! Tickler's done brown.

TICKLER (*agitatedly pulling up the waistband of his tights.*)

I'll play you a main of Three for a Thousand Guineas.

SHEPHERD.

A thoosan' guineas ! That's fearsome.

TICKLER.

Another jug ? The Dolphin !

SHEPHERD.

Mr North ?

NORTH.

Laws were made to be broken—so pull the bell-rope—

SHEPHERD.

I hae mair sense than do that. I never gied a worsted rape a rug a' my days that it didna burst. I'll roar down the lug. Awmrose—Awmrose—the Dolphin! (*Enter MR AMBROSE, like Arion.*) Ready-made and reekin'! Mawgie!

TICKLER.

That's a poor, mean, degrading simile of Byron's, James, of the dying dolphin and the dying day.

SHEPHERD.

I never recollected a line o' poetry a' my days—but I dinna doot it's bad—for you hae a gleg ee for fautes, but a blunt ane for beauties, sir.

TICKLER.

Borrowed, too, from Butler's boiled lobster and the reddening dawn.

SHEPHERD.

Coffee's nae slokener—and I am unco thrusty. THE KING!

OMNES.

God bless him!

SHEPHERD.

Hunger's naething till Thrust. Ane in the middle o' the muir o' Rannoch I had near dee'd o' thrust. I was crossing frae Loch Ericht fit to the heed o' Glenorchy, and got in amang the hags, that for leagues and leagues a' round that dismal region seem howked out o' the black moss by demons doomed to dreary days-dargs for their sins in the wilderness. There was naething for't but lowp—lowp—lowpin' out o' ae pit intil anither—hour after hour—till, sair forfeuchen, I feenally gied mysel' up for lost. Drought had soaked up the pools, and left their cracked bottoms barken'd in the heat. The heather was sliddery as ice, aneath that torrid zone. Sic a sun! No ae clud on a' the sky glitterin' wi' wirewoven sultriness! The howe o' the lift was like a great cawdron pabblin' into the boil ower a slow fire. The element o' water seem'd dried up out o' natur, a' except the big draps o' sweat that plashed doon on my fever'd hauns that began to trummle like leaves o' aspen. My mouth was made o' cork cover'd wi' dust—lips, tongue, palate, and a', doon till my throat and stamack. I spak—and the arid soun' was as if a buried corpse had tried to mutter through the smotherin' moults. I thocht on the tongue of a parrot. The central lands o' Africa, where lions gang ragin' mad for water, when cheated out o' blood, canna be worse—dreamed I in a species o' delirium—than this dungeon'd desert. Oh! but a drap o' dew would hae seem'd then pregnant wi' salvation!—a shower out o' the windows o' heaven, like the direct gift o' God. Rain! Rain! Rain! what a world o' life in *that* sma' word! But the atmosphere look'd as if it would never melt mair, entrenched against a' liquidity by brazen barriers burnin' in the sun. Spittle I had nane—and when in desperation I soaked the heather, 'twas frush and fusionless, as if withered by lichtenin', and a' sap had left the vegetable creation. What'n a cursed fule was I—for in rage I fear I swore inwardly, (heev'n forgie me,) that I did na at the last change-house put into my pooch a bottle o' whisky! I fan' my pulse—and it was thin—thin—thin—sma'—sma'—sma'—noo nane ava'—and then a flutter that tel't tales o' the exhausted heart. I grat. Then shame came to my relief—shame even in that utter solitude. Somewhere or ither in the muir I knew there was a loch, and I took out my map. But the infernal idewit that had planned it had na alloo'd a yellow circle o' aboun six inches square for a' Perthshire. What's become o' a' the birds—thocht I—and the bees—and the butterflees'—and the dragons?—a' waddin' their bills and their probosciscs in far-off rills, and rivers, and lochs! O blessed wild-dyucks, plouterin' in the water, strieckin' theirsells up, and flap-pin' their flashin' plumage in the pearly freshness! A great big speeder, wi' a bag-belly, was rinnin' up my leg, and I crushed it in my fierceness—the first inseck I ever wantonly murdered syne I was a wean. I kenna whether at last I swarfed or slept—but for certain sure I had a dream. I dreamt that I was at hame—and that a tub o' whey was staunin' on the kitchen dresser. I dook'd my head intil't, and soaked it dry to the wood. Yet it slokened not my thrust, but aggravated a thousan' fauld the torment o' my

greed. A thunder-plump or water-spout brak amang the hills—and in an instant a' the burns were on spate; the Yarrow roarin' red, and foaming as it were mad,—and I thoct I cou'd hae drucken up a' its linns. 'Twas a brain fever ye see, sirs, that had stricken me—a sair stroke—and I was conscious again o' lyin' broad awake in the desert, wi' my face up to the cruel sky. I was the verra personification o' Thrust! And felt that I was ane o' the Damned Dry, doom'd for his sins to leeve beyond the reign o' the element to a' Eternity. Suddenly, like a man shot in battle, I bounded up in to the air—and ran off in the convulsive energy o' dyin' natur—till doon I fell—and felt that I was about indeed to expire. 'A sweet saft celestial greenness cooled my cheek as I lay, and my burnin' een—and then a gleam o' something like a mighty diamond—a gleam that seemed to comprehend within itself the hail universe—shone in upon and through my being—I gazed upon't wi' a' my senses—mercifu' heaven! what was't but—a WELL in the wilderness,—water—water—water,—and as I drank—I prayed!

OMNES.

Bravo—bravo—bravo! Hurra—hurra—hurra!

SHEPHERD.

Analeeze that, Mr De Quinshy.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

Inspiration admits not of analysis—in itself an evolvment of an infinite series——

SHEPHERD.

Is na the Dolphin rather owre sweet, sirs? We maun mak haste and drain him—and neist brewst, Mrs Awmrose maun be less lavish o' her sugar—for her finest christals are the verra concentrated essence o' saccherine sweetness, twa lumps to the mutchkin.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

Mr Hogg, that wall-flower in your button-hole is intensely beautiful, and its faint wild scent mingles delightfully with the fragrance of the coffee——

SHEPHERD.

And o' the toddy—ae blended bawm. I pu'd it aff ane o' the auld towers o' Newark, this morning, frae a constellation o' starry blossoms, that a' nicht lang had been drinkin' the dews, and at the dawin' cu'd hardly haud up their heads, sae laden was the hail bright bunch wi' the pearlins o' heaven. And wud ye believe't, a bit robin-redbreast had bigged its nest in a cozey crannie o' the moss-wa', ahint the wall-flower, a perfect paradise to brood and breed in,—out flew the dear wee beastie wi' a flutter in my face, and every mouth open'd as I keek'd in—and then a' was hushed again—just like my ain bairnies in ae bed at hame—no up yet—for the hours were slawly intrudin' on the “innocent brichtness o' the new-born day;” and it was, guessin' by the shadowless licht on the tower and trees, only about four o'clock in the mornin'.

TICKLER.

I was just then going to bed.

SHEPHERD.

Teetus Vespawsian used to say sometimes—“I have lost a day”—but the sluggard loses a' his life, and lets it slip through his hauns like a knotless thread.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

I am no sluggard, Mr Hogg—yet I——

SHEPHERD.

Change nicht into day, and day into nicht, rinnin' coonter to natur, insultin' the sun, and quarrellin' wi' the equawtor. That's no richt. Nae man kens what Beauty is that has na seen her a thoosan' and a thoosan' times, lyin' on the lap o' nature, asleep in the dawn—on an earthly bed a spirit maist divine.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

The Emotion of Beauty——

SHEPHERD.

Philosophers say there's nae sic thing as Beauty! and Burns, out o' ci-

vility to Dr Dugald Stewart and Mr Alison, confessed that it's a' association o' ideas. Mr De Quinshy, I houp ye dinna believe sic havers?

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

Mr Alison's work on Taste might convert the most sceptical, so winningly beautiful! It has revealed, not merely the philosophy, but the religion of the Fine Arts. He does not deny adaptations of the world of Matter to the world of Mind—harmonies which—

SHEPHERD.

But is there nae sic thing as Beauty? Nor Sublimity?

NORTH.

Don't be alarmed, my dear James. Beauty, wherever you go, "pitches her tents before you;" nor can it signify a straw, whether she be the living queen of the green earth, blue sky, and purple ocean, or an apparition evolved from your own imaginative genius.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

We seem to take Beauty in two senses—for we sometimes oppose it to Sublimity; and yet we have a feeling, that over Sublimity there lies a thin transparent veil of Beauty, which makes it not terror and pain, but delightful Poetry. Methinks, too, that there is a Beauty that lies out of Imagination and Poetry—merely or nearly sensible—without intellect, and without passion; for example, that of a colour,—of some soft, fair, inexpressive faces—

SHEPHERD.

Often very bonny—but a body sune tires o' them—sae like babbies.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

I think Dr Brown clearly wrong, who says that there is no essential difference between Beauty and Sublimity, because a stream begins in simple loveliness, and ends in being the Mississippi or River of Amazons. Beauty begins to be high, when it is felt to affect Intellect with a sense of expansion, with a tendency to the indefinite—the infinite. If it ever appears—which I have said it sometimes does—shut up in soft sense—and unimaginative, the reason is, that this expansive intellectual action is then stopped—stagnated in mere present pleasure. Such pleasure might appear, to our first reflection upon it, to be wholly of sense, even though, in metaphysical exactness, it were not so: but the difference in kind between Beauty and Sublimity, is, that the element of the first is Pleasure, of the second Pain.

SHEPHERD.

Eh?

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

There are two obviously, or apparently distinct Sublimities—one of desolate Alps, the other of the solar system, and Socrates.

SHEPHERD.

Whew!

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

In the one, the soul seems to struggle, and be in a sort conquered—or it may conquer. I don't know which—

SHEPHERD.

Aiblins baith—alternately.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

In the other, it sympathizes with calm great Power, and is serenely elated.

NORTH.

Burke's Fear is in the first—

SHEPHERD.

What! Burke—Hare—and Knox!

NORTH.

Edmund Burke, James.—But how, my dear sir, is there pain in the second?

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

In the case of Moral Sublimity, sir, it is evident that there is a triumph of the Moral Sense over some sort of pain: that is the essential condition of all

Moral Sublimity. Even when the conquest is over pleasure, it is a conquest over the pain of relinquishing the pleasure.

SHEPHERD.

Maist ingenious and intricate!

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

But in the Sublimity of the order of the universe, there seems to be no pain—nothing but the subliming intellectual apprehension of Infinity.

NORTH.

That kind of Sublimity, then, Mr De Quincey, might less seem to have a distinction in kind from softest Beauty, or any Beauty from which imagination seems most to be withdrawn. For if in such Beauty there is the feeling of indefiniteness, not of great extension, but of the mere obliteration and invisibility of limits, then that indefiniteness is the beginning—or the least degree of infiniteness,—and it would require very nice analysis, indeed, to shew that from low Beauty, or from good Beauty, up to this Sublimity, there are new, not differently proportioned, elements.

SHEPHERD.

Confound me, Mr North, if you're no gettin' as unintelligible as Mr De Quinshy himself—Hae ye been chewin' opium?

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

This subliming infinite is mixed with pain in the

“Good man struggling with the storms of Fate.”

SHEPHERD.

I understaun' that—for 'tis like a flash o' truth.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

Pain and fear seem the proper elements of the natural Sublimity of this world, considered as the domain and theatre of imagination; as in desolate Alps, on which I think the earth is considered as the seat of man, with reference to, and subordinate to him; at least as collected within itself and about him, and it is not considered in reference to all creation. The sun appears in *our* sky—lightening *us*—not as the centre of the solar system. Therefore, even if the Deity is felt in the earthly scenes of imagination, it is not with distinct intellectual acknowledgment or estimate of the laws of his government, or of his agency:—his power is felt as a power that bursts out occasionally and uncertainly—that is, it is seen as it is felt—that is, it is seen by feeling—and only what is felt is seen—the feeling is all the seeing—so that cessation of feeling is utter darkness—and there is intellectual death.

SHEPHERD.

Nae wonder, nae wonder—that under sic circumstances death shou'd ensue; but what is a' this about, and whare will it end—this world or the neist?

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

And as our feeling, Mr Hogg, is by bursts and uncertain, so the manifestations of power in such scenes are to us looking with imagination, by bursts and uncertain. When we view the universe intellectually, all is seen equably, steadily by intellect:—Power appears all-pervading and uniform, as it did to Sir Isaac Newton.

SHEPHERD.

Mr North, what for dinna ye speak? What wi' Mr De Quinshy's monotonous vice, and Mr Tickler's monotonous snore, my een's beginnin' to steek.

NORTH.

When I read Lear, all my fleshly nature, in such Sublimity, is smitten down by fear and pain, but my spirit survives, conquering, and indestructible. As to Beauty again, James, the most marked thing in it is the feeling of love towards the object made beautiful by that feeling of love. Love, if ye can, the sublime object which shivers and grinds to dust your earthly powers, and then you overspread Sublimity with Beauty—like a merciful smile breaking suddenly from the face of some dreadful giant.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

A very large—or very small animal becomes imaginative—as——

SHEPHERD.

What do you mean, sir? I insist on your tellin' me what you mean, Mr De Quinshy?

ENGLISH-OPIUM-EATER.

As an eagle, or a humming-bird. In the first there is expansion—in the second contraction; but in both, a going of intellect out of the accustomed habit-fixed measure. There is an intellectual tendency *from or out of*; namely, from or out of ourselves, but ourselves peculiarly conditioned—namely, as we exist in the world. For if Ourselves were high and fair, sublime and spiritual, there would be something gained, perhaps, by going out of the I or Me. But we have accumulated a narrow, petty, deadly, earth-thickened self; and every departure from this may be gain.

SHEPHERD (*bawling down his ear.*)

Awmrose! a nicht-cap!

[*Enter Mr AMBROSE with a night-cap.*

Thank you—ye needna tie the strings—now wheel in the sofa—and let's hae a nap.

[SHEPHERD *lies down on the Tiroclinium.*

NORTH.

Thou Brownie!

SHEPHERD.

Noo—I can defy your havers—for I'm aff to the Land of Nod. Gude night. Wauken me at sax o'clock, in time for the Fly.

[*Sleeps.*

ENGLISH-OPIUM-EATER.

In the brightest beauty there is perfect composure and calm.

SHEPHERD (*turning on his side.*)

Are you speakin' about me?

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

The understanding sees distinctly, and the heart rests, and yet there is conscious Imagination. And why doth the soul thus rejoice in a repose in which it has no participation?

SHEPHERD.

You may participate, if you like. There's room aneuch on the sofa for twa.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

Whence this sympathy with an unsouled, inanimate world? Because the human soul is perpetually making all things external and circumstant a mirror to itself of itself,—filling all existence with emblems, symbols,—everywhere seeing and reading them, and in gazing outwardly, still wrapt in self-study,—or rather intuitive self-knowledge. The soul desires, loves, longs for peace in itself: it is almost its conception's deepest bliss. Wherever, therefore, it discovers it, it rejoices in the image whereof it seeks the reality. Thus, the calm human countenance, the wide waters sleeping in the moonlight, the stainless marble depth of the immeasurable heavens, reflect to it that tranquillity which it imagines within itself—represents that which it desires. The pictured shadow is grateful to it, wanting the substance. It loves to look on what it loves, though it cannot possess it:—and hence the feeling of the soul, in contemplating such a calm, is not of simple repose, but desire stirs in it, as if it would fain blend itself more deeply with the quiet which it beholds. All the while, it is Beauty that creates the desire: and never is there the feeling of Beauty—no, never—without the transfer on the object, or the transfusion, by the mind, of some quality or character not in the object. In most, and in all great instances, there is apprehension, dim and faint, or more distinct, of pervasion of a spirit throughout that which we conceive to be beautiful. Stars, the moon, the deep-bright ether, waters, the rainbow, a fair lovely flower,—none of them ever appear to us, or are believed by us, to be mere physical, unconscious, dead aggregate of atoms.

SHEPHERD.

I'm only pretendin' to be sleepin', sir; and noo you're really speakin' like yoursell—at ance Poet and Philosopher. Do ye ken, sir, that I aye

understaun' every thing best when I'm lyin' a' my length on my side—or my back—which I attribute to my early shepherd-life among the hills. Walkin', or stannin', or even sittin', I'm sometimes gaely stupid—but lyin', never ! Thochts come croodin' like eemages, and feelings croonin' like music, and the haill mortal warld swims in licht, or a saft vapoury hase, through which a' things appear divinely beautiful. I learnt the secret, without seekin' for't, just by lyin' upon the braes in my plaid among the sheep.

NORTH.

I remember translating a poem of Schiller's, in which is a verse to this effect—

All lived to me—the Tree—the Flower—
To me the murmuring Fountain sung ;
What feels not, felt, so strong a power
Of life, my life o'er all had flung.

SHEPHERD.

A' us fowre, sirs, hae been made what we are—ower and aboon the happy, natural, constitutional temper o' our speerit—by ha'en been born and bred in a mountaneous kintra. Some signal exceptions there are undoubtedly, —though I forget them just the noo—but folk in general are a' flat-souled as weel's flat-soled, in a flat kintra. God bless our ain native snaw-white-headed, emerald-breested native region o' the storms.

[Starting up and seizing the Dolphin.

NORTH.

How purely imaginary the line that separates the two countries ! Yet love delights in the distinction, as it hovers over the Tweed—and to the ear of the native of each land,—what a mystery in the murmurs of the kingdom-cleaving River ! Sweet bold music ! worthy of distinguishing—without dividing—England from Scotland—a patriotic poetry flowing in the imaginations of their heart-united sons.

SHEPHERD.

Aye—the great glory o' auld Scotland ance was, that she could fecht England without ever haen been ance totally subdued. Yet if that incarnate Fiend the First Edward hadna been stricken deed, chains micht hae been heard clinkin' through a' her forests. God swoopit him aff—his son fled affore the Bruce—and auld Scotland thenceforth was free. Now—we fecht England in ither guise ;—peace hath “ her victories as well as war,” and if we maun yield the pawm to England, wi' a gracefu' and majestic smile she returns it to her sister, as much as to say—“ Let us wear it alternately on our foreheads.”

ENGLISH-OPIUM EATER.

There are, as I imagine, Mr Hogg, numerous and complicated associations with the natural sounds peculiar to any region of the world, that would have to be taken into account in estimating those many, and often unapparent causes which concur, in the great simplicity of natural life, to form even the national spirit of a people.

SHEPHERD.

Nae doot, nae doot, sir ; nae doot ava.

NORTH.

Yes; James, in a mountainous country like our Highlands, for example, where the hearts of the people are strongly bound to their native soil, the many and wild characteristic sounds which are continually pouring on their ears, are like a language in which the spirit of their own wild region calls to them from the heart of the clouds or the hills. The torrent's continuous roar, the howling of blasts on the mountain-side, among the clefts of rocks, or over their cabins in lonely midnight, sounds issuing from caverns, the dashing roll of a heavy sea on the open or inland shore, wild birds screaming in the air—the eagle or the raven—the lowing of cattle on a thousand hills,—all these, and innumerable other sounds from living and inanimate things, which are around them evermore, mix in their heart with the very conception of the land in which they dwell, and blend with life itself.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

An hour ago, Mr Tickler, you challenged Mr North to a main at chess. Will you suffer me to be your antagonist for a single game?

TICKLER.

For Love and Glory.

[*They retire to the Niche.*

SHEPHERD.

I want to hear your opinion, Mr North, about this Lord and Leddy Byron bizziness?

NORTH.

I see no need of bad blood between such men as Moore and Campbell, about such a man as Byron. Time—that is, a Month, must have soothed and sweetened the peccant humours——

SHEPHERD.

Mr Cammel, I'm thinkin', was the maist peccant—for after pattin' and pettin' Mr Muir on the back, he suddenly up, I hear, with his fists, and tries to floor him afore he can say Jack Robinson. Us poets are queer chieils—that's the only key to the mystery—and it'll open ony door.

NORTH.

As to Mr Campbell's having admitted into the New Monthly a short critical notice of Mr Moore's Life of Byron, without having read the volume, and as to his having scored out some objurgatory sentence or two in the said critique about the Biographer, it is silly or insincere to say a single syllable against that; for an editor would needs be in a condition most melancholy and forlorn, who, on the one hand, could not repose any confidence in any of his contributors, and on the other, did not hold possession of the natural right to expunge or modify, at his will and pleasure, whatever he feared might be painful to the feelings, or injurious to the reputation, of a friend. Truth is sacred—and being so, allows a latitude to her sincere worshippers, at which the false would stare in astonishment.

SHEPHERD.

Nae need for an Editor to be a Drawco. Neither does an Editor become responsible—in *foro conscientiæ*—for ilka word his work may contain; if he did, there would soon be a period pitten till the Periodicals, for sameness and stupidity are twa deadly sins, and on that principle o' conduct, Maga herself would be sune flattened doon into stale and stationary unsaleability—in cellars stinkin' o' stock.

NORTH.

God forbid I should wound the feelings of Lady Byron, of whose character—known to me but by the high estimation in which it is held by all who enjoy her friendship—I have always spoken with respect—as I have always shewn my sympathy with her singular sufferings and sacrifices. But may I without harshness or indelicacy say, here among ourselves privately, my dear James, in this our own family-circle, that by marrying Byron, she took upon her, with eyes wide open, and conscience clearly convinced, duties very different indeed from those of which, even in common cases, the presaging foresight shadows with a pensive but pleasant sadness—the light of the first nuptial moon?

SHEPHERD.

She did that, sir. By ma troth, she did that.

NORTH.

Byron's character was a mystery then—as it is now—but its dark qualities were perhaps the most prominent—at least they were so to the public view, and in the public judgment. Miss Milbank knew that he was reckoned a rake and a roué; and although his genius wiped off, by impassioned eloquence in love-letters that were felt to be irresistible, or hid the worst stain of that reproach, still Miss Milbank must have believed it a perilous thing to be the wife of Lord Byron. Blinded, we can well believe her to have been in the blaze of his fame—and she is also entitled to the privilege of pride. But still, by joining her life to his in marriage, she pledged her troth, and her faith, and her love, under probabilities of severe, disturbing, perhaps fearful trials in the future, from which, during

the few bright days of love, she must have felt that it would be her duty never, under any possible circumstances, to resile.

SHEPHERD.

Weel, weel, sir. Puir things! they a' dream theirsells awa' into a clear, dim, delightfu' delirium, that sae brightens up, and at the same time sae softens doon, the grim precipices and black abysms o' danger in the light o' love and imagination, that a bairn, sae it seems, micht fa' asleep, or walk blindfauld along the edges o' the rocks, and even were it to fa', would sink doon doon on wings, and rest at the cliff-foot on a bed o' snaw, or say rather o' lilies and roses, and a' silken and scented flowerage!

NORTH.

I would not press this point harshly or hardly, so as to hurt her heart; but *now* that the debate, or rather the conjectural surmises are about the Truth, and the Truth involving deep and dark blame of the dead, this much, I trust, may be said *here*; and if I be in aught wrong or mistaken, James, I have at least spoken now in a mild, and not unchristian spirit.

SHEPHERD.

Age has mellowed the strang into the wise man. In ither twenty years you'll be perfeck.

NORTH.

That Byron behaved badly—very badly to his wife, I believe, as firmly and as readily as Mr Campbell does, on the word of that unfortunate, but I hope not unhappy lady.

SHEPHERD.

She canna be unhappy—for she's good.

NORTH.

But I think Lady Byron ought not to have printed that Narrative. Death abrogates not the rights of a husband to his wife's silence, when speech is fatal—as in this case it seems to be—to his character as a man. Has she not flung suspicion over his bones interred,—that they are the bones of a—monster?

SHEPHERD.

I hae na seen, and never wish to see, her Remarks; but may she enjoy peace!

NORTH.

If Byron's sins or crimes—for we are driven to use terrible terms—were unendurable and unforgiveable—as if against the Holy Ghost—ought the wheel, the rack, or the stake, to have extorted that confession from his widow's breast?

SHEPHERD.

Pain might hae chirted it out o' her tender frame.

NORTH.

But there was no such pain here, James; the declaration was voluntary—and it was calm. Self-collected, and gathering up all her faculties and feelings into unshrinking strength, she denounced before all the world—and throughout all space and all time—for his name can never die—her husband as excommunicated by his vices from woman's bosom!

SHEPHERD.

'Twas a fearsome step—and the leddy maun hae a determined speerit—but I am sorry that her guardian angel didna tell her to draw back her foot afore she planted it resolutely over the line o' prudence and propriety, I fear indeed o' natur' and religion. Oh! that she had had some wise and tender being o' her ain sex by her side, aulder than herself, and mair profoundly impressed, in the mournfu' licht o' declinin' years, wi' the peril o' takin' on ourselves the office o' retribution—mair especially when our ain sorrows hae sprung frae ither's sins—when the heart that conceived evil against us had aften met our own in love or friendship—

NORTH.

When, as in this case, the head once suspected to have been insane, had lain in the bosom of the injured—was once beautiful and glorious in the lustre of genius—"the palace of the soul," indeed, though finally haunted and polluted by the flesh-phantasms of many evil passions.

SHEPHERD.

Some day I'll write your Life and Conversations, sir, after the manner o' Xenophon's *Memorabilia* o' Socrates.

NORTH.

'Twas to vindicate the character of her parents, that Lady Byron wrote—a holy purpose and a devout—nor do I doubt, sincere. But filial affection and reverence, sacred as they are, may be blamelessly, nay, righteously subordinate to conjugal duties, which die not with the dead, are extinguished, not even by the sins of the dead, were they as foul as the grave's corruption. Misinterpret me not. I now accuse Lady Byron of no fault during her husband's life. I believe she did right in leaving him, though she was wrong in the mode of her desertion. But allowing that a painful and distressing collision between her filial and conjugal duties had occurred, ought she not, pure and high-minded woman as she is, to have balanced with a trembling hand, and a beating heart, what was due to her dead husband's reputation—stained and stripped as it had already been by his own evil deeds—against all that in the most reverential daughter's bosom could be due to the good name of her father and her mother, which, though breathed on rudely and unjustly, yet lay under no very heavy, no unsupportable weight of calumny, and was sure, in the tide of time, to be freed, almost or entirely, from all reproach; or, might she not have waited, meekly and trustingly, to a later day, when all good spirits would have listened to her solemn and sacred, pitying and forgiving voice—when it, like her lord's, was invested with the awfulness of death and the grave?

SHEPHERD.

Something within me says 'twou'd hae been better far.

NORTH.

To vindicate her mother from an unjust but no deadly charge, she has for ever sacrificed her husband. Such sacrifice I cannot but lament and condemn, though I know how difficult it is to judge aright of another's heart. I speak, therefore, not in anger, but in sorrow—and though in some moods I may soften the blame, in no moods am I able to lessen my regret. Then how calmly—how imperturbably she approaches—with no friendly voice—the gloom of the grave! In widow's weeds—but with no widow's tears visible on her marble cheeks—beautiful, it is said—but, methinks, stern and stoical, rather than meek and Christian—somewhat too lofty, when lowliness would have been lovely—and silent, enduring, misunderstood, and unappreciated forgiveness, angelical and divine!

SHEPHERD.

In a' the great relations o' life, I suppose I may safely say, sittin' in the presence o' sic a man as Christopher North—for I dinna count thae twa creturs in the corner—that a' human beings are bound by the same ties, be their condition high or low, their lot cast in a hut or in a palace.

NORTH.

There the Shepherd speaketh like himself—and as none other speaks.

SHEPHERD.

Now, only think, my dear sir, o' what has happened, is happening, and will happen to the end o' time, seein' human nature is altogether corrupt, and the heart o' man desperately wicked, a thoosan and tens o' thoosans o' times in wedded life, a' ower the face o' this meeserable and sinfu' earth.

NORTH.

Bliss and Despair are the Lâres of every House.

SHEPHERD.

Oh! wae's me! and pity me the day! hoo many broken-hearted wives and widows are seen sichin' and sabb'in' in poortith cauld, and wearin' awa' in consumptions, brought on them by the cruel sins o' their husbands!

NORTH.

When the spring-grove is ringing with rapture, we think not of the many wounded birds dying, emaciated of famine, in the darkness of the forests.

SHEPHERD.

Not a few sic widows do I mysell ken, wham brutal, and profligate, and

savage husbands hae brought to the brink o' the grave—as good, as bonny, as innocent—and oh! far, far mair forgivin' than Leddy Byron! There they sit in their obscure and rarely-visited dwellings: for Sympathy—sweet spirit as she is—doth often keep aloof frae uncomplaining Sorrow—merely because she is uncomplaining—though Sympathy, instructed by self-sufferin', kens weel that the deepest, the maist hopeless meesery is the least given to complaint.

NORTH.

In speechless silence, long cherished, and unviolated as a holy possession, the passion of Grief feeds on materials ceaselessly applied by the ready hands of that officious minister—Memory,—till at last the heart in which it dwells, if deprived of such food, would verily die of inanition!

SHEPHERD.

There sitteth Sorrow, sir—or keeps daunerin' about the braes a' roun' her mournfu' hamestead, dimly lichted, and cauldly warmed by a bit peat or wood fire—for fuel is aften dear, dear—and to leeve, it's necessary first to hae food;—daunerin' about, ghaistlike, in the sunshine, unfelt by her desolate feet—faint and sick, aiblins, through verra hunger—and obliged, on her way to the well for a can o' water—her only drink—to sit doon on a knowe and say a prayer!

NORTH.

The Lord's Prayer!

SHEPHERD.

Aye, the Lord's Prayer. Yet she's decently, yea tidily dressed, puir cretur, in her sair-worn widow's claes—ae single suit for Saturday and Sabbath—her hair untimeously grey, is neatly braided aneath her crape-cap, across a forehead placid, although it wrinkled be;—and sometimes on the evening, when a' is still and solitary in the fields, and a' rural labour has disappeared awa' into houses, you may see her stealin' by hersell, or leadin' ae wee orphan in her haun, and wi' anither at her breast, to the corner o' the kirkyard, whare the lover o' her youth, and the husband o' her prime is buried. Nae ugly hemlock—nae ugly nettles there—but green grass and crimson flowers—a' peacefu' and beautifu' as if 'twere some holy martyr's grave!

NORTH.

A consolatory image even of the last stage of human suffering.

SHEPHERD.

Yet was he—a brute—a ruffian—a monster. When drunk, hoo he raged, and cursed, and swore! Aften did she dread that in his fits o' unhuman passion, he wou'd hae murdered the babie at her breast; for she had seen him dash their only callant—a wean o' eight years auld—on the floor, till the bluid gushed frae his ears, and then the madman flung himsell doon on the swarfed body o' his first-born, and howled out for the gallows. Limmers haunted his doors, and he theirs—and 'twas hers to lie—no to sleep—in a cauld forsaken bed—ance the bed o' peace, affection, and perfect happiness. Nane saw the deed—but it wouldna conceal, even frae averted een, for her face was owre delicate to hide the curse o' an unhallowed haun—ance had he struck her, and ance when she was pregnant wi' that verra orphan now smiling on her breast, too young yet to wonder at these tears, crowin' in the sunshine, and reachin' out its wee fingers—aften, aften covered wi' kisses—to touch the gowans glowing gloriously upon its indistinct but delichtsome vision, owre its father's grave!

NORTH.

Ut Pictura Poesis.

SHEPHERD.

Abuse his memory! Na—na, were it to save her frae sinkin' a' at ance over-head into a quagmire. She tries to smile amang the neighbours, and speaks o' her callant's likeness to its father. Nor, when the conversation turns on by-gane times, the days o' auld lang-syne, does she fear sometimes to let his name escape her white lips—"My Robert,"—"Sic a ane owed that service to my gudeman,"—"The bairn's no that ill-faured, but he'll never

be like his father,"—and ither sic sayings, uttered in a calm, laigh, sweet voice, and a face free o' a' trouble—nay, I ance remember how her pale coontenance reddened on a sudden wi' a flash o' pride, when a silly auld gossiping crone alluded to their kirking, and the widow's een brightened through their tears, to hear tell again hoo the bridegroom, sittin' that Sabbath in his front seat in the laft beside his bonny bride, hadna his marrow for strength, stature, and every quality that becomes the beauty o' a man, in a' the congregation, nor yet in a' the parishes o' the hail county. That, sir, I say, whether richt or wrang, was—Forgiveness.

NORTH.

It was, James.

"Familiar matter of to-day,
What has been, and will be again;"

Quoth the Beadsman of Rydal.

SHEPHERD.

Is a leddy o' quality, the widow o' a lord, mair to be pitied than a simple cottager, the widow o' a shepherd? Maun poets weep and wail—and denounce and prophesy, about the ane, wi' the glow o' richteous indignation round their laurelled brows, illuminin' the flow o' tears frae their een,

"Which sacred Pity doth engender,"—

Calling heaven and earth to witness to her wrongs, and launchin' their anathemas on the heads o' a' that wou'd, however tenderly, doubt the perfectibility o' a' her motives, and swither about hymnin' her as an angel superior to all frailty and all error, while they leave the like o' me, a puir simple shepherd, to sing the sacred praises o' the sufferers in shielins, far, far, far awa' amang the dim obscure hills, frae—Fashionable Life! For what cares Nature in her ain solitudes for—Fashion? What cares Grief?—What cares Madness?—What cares Sin?—What cares—Death? No ae straw o' the truckle-bed on which at last the broken—no, not the broken—but the heart-worn-out-and-wasted widow expires amang her orphans.

NORTH.

Lady Byron deserves sympathy—and it will not be withholden from her—but freely, lavishly given. But there are other widows as woful in this world of woe, as you have so affectingly pictured them, James; and let not men of virtue and genius seem to sympathize with her sorrows, so passionately as to awaken suspicions of their sincerity, so exclusively as to force thoughtful people to think, against their will and their wishes, that they are either ignorant or forgetful of the lot of humanity, as it is seen and heard, weeping and wailing—in low as in high places—over all the earth.

SHEPHERD.

I canna think, if a' the world overheard us, that a single person could fin' faut wi' our sentiments. But, being sincere, I'm easy.

NORTH.

Lord Byron sinned—Lady Byron suffered. But has her conduct—on its own shewing—been in all respects defensible?—without a flaw? Grant that it was—still think how it must have appeared to Byron, whatever was his guilt. She thought him mad—and behaved to him, during his supposed insanity, advisedly, and from pity and fear of his disease, with apparent affection. "My dear Duck!" How was it possible for him to comprehend the sudden cessation of all such endearing epithets—and to believe that they were all deceptive—delusive—false—hollow—a mere medical prescription? The shock must have been hideous to a man of such violent passions—to any guilty man. No wonder he raged—and stormed—wonder rather that he became not mad—or more madly wicked. Yet very soon after that blow—say that it was not undeserved—we hear him vindicating Lady Byron from some mistaken but not unnatural notions of Mr Moore, and not merely confessing his own sins, but earnestly declaring that she was a being altogether agreeable, innocent, and bright.

SHEPHERD.

Poor fallow!—bad as I fear he was—thae words will aye come across the memory o' every Christian man or woman, when Christianity tells them at the same time to abhor and take warning by his vices.

NORTH.

Lady Byron did wisely in not making a full disclosure at the first to her parents of all her husband's sins. It would have been most painful—how painful we may not even be able to conjecture. But since duty demanded a disclosure, that disclosure ought, in spite of all repugnance, to have been complete to a single syllable. How weak—and worse than weak—at such a juncture—on which hung her whole fate—to ask legal advice on an imperfect document! Give the delicacy of a virtuous woman its due; but at such a crisis, when the question was, whether her conscience was to be free from the oath of oaths, delicacy should have died, and nature was privileged to shew unashamed—if such there were—the records of uttermost pollution.

SHEPHERD.

And what think ye, sir, that a' this pollution could hae been that sae electrified Dr Lushington?

NORTH.

Bad—bad—bad, James. Nameless, it is horrible,—named, it might leave Byron's memory yet within the range of pity and forgiveness—and where they are, their sister affections will not be far—though, like weeping seraphs, standing aloof, and veiling their eyes with their wings.

SHEPHERD.

She should indeed have been silent—till the grave had closed on her sorrows as on his sins.

NORTH.

Even now she should speak—or some one else for her—say her father or her mother (are they alive?)—and a few words will suffice. Worse the condition of the dead man's name cannot be—far, far better it might—I believe it would be—were all the truth, some how or other, declared—and declared it must be, not for Byron's sake only, but for the sake of humanity itself—and then a mitigated sentence—or eternal silence.

SHEPHERD.

And what think ye o' the twa Tummasses?

NORTH.

I love and admire them both—their character as well as their genius. I care not a straw for either. They are great poets—I am no poet at all—

SHEPHERD.

That's a lee—you are—Your prose is as gude ony day, and better than a' their poetry.

NORTH.

Stuff. They are, to use Mr Campbell's expressions about Mr Moore, men "of popularity and importance"—I possess but little of either—though the old man is willing to do his best—and sometimes—

SHEPHERD.

Hits the richt nail on the head wi' a sledge-hammer, like auld Vulcan Burniwind fashionin' swords, spears, shields, and helmets, for Achilles.

NORTH.

Mr Moore's Biographical book I admired—and I said so to my little world—in two somewhat lengthy articles, which many approved, and some, I am sorry to know, condemned. Obstinacy is no part of my character,—and should it be shewn that my estimate of Byron, up to the fatal marriage, was, as one whom I greatly esteem thinks, antichristian,—forthcoming shall be my palinode. The petty, and paltry, and poisonous reptiles who crawl slimily over his bones, I kick not into their holes and crannies, out of respect to my shoes.

SHEPHERD.

Sharp-pinted!

NORTH.

Mr Moore thought better of Lord Byron than many—perhaps than most men do—but he had opportunities of judging which few men had—and I see no more reason for doubting his sincerity than his talents. These are un-

questionable; and though I dissent entirely from some opinions advanced in his book, I will not suffer any outcry raised against it, either by people of power or weakness, to shake my belief in the general excellence of its spirit.

SHEPHERD.

Nor me. It's an interesting and impressive quarto.

NORTH.

Mr Moore spoke what he believed to be the truth. If he has drawn too favourable a character of Byron, time will correct it; but he has no reason to be ashamed of the portrait. The original sat to him often, and in many lights. But a man's soul is not like his face—and may wear a veil of hypocrisy, so transparent as to be invisible to the unsuspecting eyes of friendship. Who will blame Mr Moore bitterly, if he were indeed deceived?

SHEPHERD.

No me, for ane. I like Muir.

NORTH.

And he likes you, James, and admires you too, as all other men do whose liking and admiration are worth the Shepherd's regard. It is most unfair—unjust—unreasonable—and absurd—to test the truth of what he has said by Lady Byron's letter. That letter astounded the whole world—opened their eyes, but to dazzle and blind them; and even they who abuse his biographer, are as wise now about Byron as they were before—as much in the dark about facts—for which they go groping about with malign leer, like satyrs in a wood.

SHEPHERD.

But Mr Campbell's no o' that class.

NORTH.

No, indeed. But Mr Campbell—one of the best of poets and of men—does not well to be so angry with his brother bard. He acknowledges frankly—and frankness is one of his delightful qualities—that before he saw Lady Byron's Remarks, he did not know that she was so perfectly blameless as he now knows she is—And, pray, how could Mr Moore know it either? Nobody did or could know it—nor, had all the ingenuity alive been taxed to conjecture an explanation of "My dear Duck," could it have hit on the right one—a belief in Lady Byron's mind of her husband's insanity! Mr Moore believed, (erroneously we now know,) with all the rest of the world, that Lady Byron had been induced by her parents to change her sentiments and resolutions, and therefore he used—and at the time was warranted in using, the terms, "deserted husband."

SHEPHERD.

Completely sae.

NORTH.

As to applying for information to Lady Byron on such a subject, that was utterly impossible; nor do I see how, or even why—under the circumstances—he should have applied to Mrs Leigh. Thinking that some slight blame might possibly attach—or say, at once, did attach, to Lady Byron—and more to her parents—he said so—but he said so gently, and tenderly, and feelingly—so I think—with respect to Lady Byron herself;—though it would have been better—even had the case not stood as we now know it stands—had he not printed any coarse expression of Byron's about the old people.

SHEPHERD.

You're a queer-lookin' auld man—and your manners, though polished up to the finest and glossiest pitch o' the gran' auld school—noo nearly obsolete—sometimes rather quaint and comical,—but for soun' common sense, discretion, and wisdom, I kenna your equal; you can untie a Gordian knot wi' ony man; the kittler a question is, the mair successfully do you grapple wi't; and it's a sublime sight—no without a tinge o' the fearsome—to see you sittin' on Stridin-Edge like a man on horseback on the turnpike road, and without usin' your hauns, but haudin' the crutch aloft, descendin' alang that ridge, wi' precipices and abysses on every side o' you, in which, were you to lose your seat, you wad be dashed in pieces sma' like a

potter's sherd,—from the cloud-and-mist region whare nae flower blooms, and nae bee bums, though a rainbow a' the while overarches you, doon safely to the greensward round the shingley margin o' Red-Tarn, and there sittin' a' by yoursell on a stane, like an eemage or a heron.

NORTH.

I do not think, that, under the circumstances, Mr Campbell himself, had he written Byron's Life, could have spoken—with the sentiments he tells us he then held—in a better, more manly, and more gentlemanly spirit, in so far as regards Lady Byron, than Mr Moore did; and I am sorry that he has been deterred from swimming through Mr Moore's Work, by the fear of "wading"—for the waters are clear and deep, nor is there any mud either at the bottom or round the margin.

SHEPHERD.

Oh! but I like thae bit rural touches—in which you naturally excel, haen had the benefit—an incalculable ane—a sacred blessing—o' leevin' in the kintra in boyhood and youth—and sae in auld age, glimpses o' the saft green o' natur' visit the een o' your imagination amidst the stour and reek o' the stane-city, and tinge your town-talk wi' the colouring o' the braes.

NORTH.

I am proud of your praise, my dear James, prouder of your friendship, proudest of your fame.

SHEPHERD (*squeezing Mr NORTH's hand.*)

Does Mr Cammel say that he kens the cause o' the separation?

NORTH.

I really cannot make out whether he says so or not—but I hope he does; for towards the close of his letter he acknowledges, I think, that we may still love and admire Byron, provided we look at all things in a true light. If so, then the conduct which was the cause cannot have been so black as the imagination left to itself, in the present mystery, will sometimes suggest.

SHEPHERD.

That's consolatory.

NORTH.

Mr Campbell and Mr Moore—after so slight a quarrel—if quarrel it be—will be easily reconciled. The Poets of "Gertrude of Wyoming," and of "Paradise and the Peri," must be brothers. If Mr Campbell has on this matter shewn any failings—"They lean to virtue's side;" let ducks and geese nibble at each other in their quackery, but let amity be between the swans of Thames, whether they soar far off in flight through the ether, or glide down the pellucid waters, beautifully and majestically breasting the surges created by their own course, and bathing their white plumage in liquid diamonds.

SHEPHERD.

Floorey and pearly!

NORTH.

I see a set of idle apprentices flinging stones at them both—but they all fall short with an idle splash, and the two royal Birds sail away off amicably together to a fairy isle in the centre of the lake—where for the present I leave them,—And do you, my dear James, put across the toddy.

SHEPHERD.

The toddy! You've been sip—sippin' awa' at it for the last hour, out o' the verra jug—and never observed that you had broken the shank o' your glass. Noo and then I took a taste, too, just to shew you the absurdity o' your conduct by reflection. But you was sae absorbed in your ain sentiments, that you would nae hae noticed it, gin for the Dolphin I had substituted the Tower o' Babel: Na! if you hae na been quaffin the pure speerit!

NORTH.

'Twill do me no harm—but good. 'Tis McNeill and Donovan's best, 6, Howard Street, Norfolk Street, Strand, London. They charm the Cockneys with the cretur pure from Islay,—and this is a presentation specimen full of long and strong life.

[TICKLER and the ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER advance from the Niche.

SHEPHERD.

What 'n a face! As lang's an ell-wand. You've gotten yoursell drubbed again at the brodd, I jalouse, Mr Tickler. A thousand guineas!

TICKLER.

Fortune forsook Napoleon—and I need not wonder at the fickleness of the jade. Our friend is a Phillidor.

SHEPHERD.

I never heard afore that chess was a chance-ggemm.

TICKLER.

Neither was the game played at Waterloo—yet Fortune backed Wellington, and Bonaparte fled.

SHEPHERD.

But was ye near makin' a drawn battle o't?

TICKLER.

Hem—hem.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

Like Marmont at Salamanca, by excess of science, Southside out-ma-nœuvred himself—and thence fall and flight. He is a great general.

TICKLER.

There is but one greater.

SHEPHERD.

So said Scipio of Hannibal.

TICKLER.

And Hannibal of Scipio.

NORTH.

And Zanga of Alonzo—

“Great let me call him, for he conquer'd me.”

SHEPHERD.

Let's hae, before we sit doon to soop, a ggemm at the Pyramid.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

Sir?

SHEPHERD.

You maun be the Awpex.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

And the Shepherd the Base. But I am in the dark. Pray?

SHEPHERD.

Wull you promise to do as you're bidden, and to ax nae questions?

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

I swear, by Styx.

SHEPHERD.

Weel done, Jupiter. Up wi' ye, then, on my back. Jump until that chair—then until the table—and then until my shouthers.

[The ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER, with much alacrity, follows the SHEPHERD's directions.

NORTH.

Now, crutch! bend, but break not. Tickler—up.

[MR NORTH takes up a formidable position, with his centre leaning on the wood, and TICKLER in a moment is on the shoulders of old CHRISTOPHERUS.

SHEPHERD.

Stick steddly, Mr De Quinshy, ma dear man—for noo comes the maist diffeecult passage to execute in this concerto. It has to be played in what museciners ca'—Alt.

[The SHEPHERD mounts the Steps of the Green Flower-Stand—and with admirable steadiness and precision places himself on the shoulders of SOUTHSIDE.

NORTH.

All up?

SHEPHERD.

I'm thinkin' there's nane missin'. But ca' the catalogue.

NORTH
Christopher North! Here. Timothy Tickler!

TICKLER.

Hic.

NORTH.

James Hogg!

SHEPHERD.

Hæc—hoc.

NORTH.

Thomas De Quincey!

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

Adsum.

NORTH.

Perpendicular!

SHEPHERD.

Streichen yoursell up, Mr De Quinshy—and clap your haun to the roof. Isna Mr North the Scottish Hercules? Noo, Mr English Opium-Eater, a speech on the state o' the nation.

[MR GURNEY *issues from the Ear of Dionysius*—and the ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER *is left speaking.*]

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THE CHRISTIAN YEAR.*

THE age in which we live has been fruitful of poetical works; we may venture to say, that it has been fruitful of poets. There has been no period, we believe, of our literature, since the age of Elizabeth, that has been marked by such an overflow of poetry. For although, through the whole of the intervening time, we may observe that the vein of poetry has been prevalent in the English nation, (we do not now speak of our own before that incorporation of the literature of the two countries, which the last half century has witnessed,) although, on looking back, we recognise at every step familiar and honourable, and some illustrious names of the English Parnassus, yet we find at no time so many together of high distinction. And least of all do we find any number at one time; we find, indeed, few altogether to whom the language of Verse is the language of Imagination and Passion. At no other period was the whole literature of the land tinged, coloured, and vivified with poetry. It will be matter of curious speculation to those who shall write the later history of English literature, to trace out the causes, while they mark the periods of the different appearances which our Poetry has put on; and to explain how a people, adapted in their character for Poetry, and at all times loving it in all its shapes, should have departed frequently so far from

its genuine character, and from its impassioned spirit. In Milton, the Power of Poetry seemed to expire; not merely because no voice like his was heard, when his own voice had ceased; but because the very purposes of Poetry seemed to be changed; and the demesnes of verse to be subjected to other faculties, and the sceptre passed into unlineal hands. Milton, like his great predecessors, drew his Poetry from the depths of his own spirit brooding over Nature and Human Life. But for the race that succeeded, it seemed as if a veil had fallen between Nature and the Poet's eyes; as if that world, which by its visible glory feeds inspiration, had, like the City of Ad, been wrapped in darkness from the eyes of men, and they had known of it only in surviving traditions. Excepting Thomson alone, who is there among our Poets, in the space between that race which died in Milton, and the age of Poetry which has since sprung up almost with our own generation—who among them is there that seems to stand beholding the world of Nature and of Man, and chanting to men the voice of his visions, a strain that, like a bright reflection of lovely imagery, discloses to the minds of others the impressions that fall beautiful and numberless on his own? Even Collins, pure, sweet, and ethereal—though his song in its rapture commences with the skies, and though a

* Oxford—J. Parker; London, C. and J. Rivington.

wild and melancholy beauty from his own spirit passes upon all the forms of nature and of life that he touches—though there might seem to be, therefore, a perfect inspiration in his Poetry, yet does he not rather give to nature than receive from her? Does he speak under the strong constraint of a passion drawn from the living world, and though changed and exalted in the poet's mind, yet bearing with it, as it rushes out in his song, the imperishable elements from which it was composed? Or does it not rather seem to be the voice of a spirit which does not feed on the breath of this world, but has thinly veiled from human apprehension the thoughts and feelings of its own spiritual being, in imagery of that world which is known to men? And of that imagery how much is supplied to him from other Poets? We dare not say that nature was veiled from his sight; the feeling in which he speaks is so tender, native, and pure. He has caught from her hues and ethereal forms; but surely we may say, that he does not speak as a passionate lover of nature. He does not speak as one to whom nature, in all her aspects and moods, is health and life; whose soul by delighted verse is wedded to the world; but by the force of its own inherent creative power changes into new shapes, and brings forth into new existence, its own impressions from outward creation.

A generation of poets has appeared in our day, who have gone back to Nature; and have sought the elements of Poetry immediately in the world of Nature and of human life. Cowper was perhaps the first. The charm of his Poetry is a pure, innocent, lovely mind, delighting itself in pure, innocent and lovely Nature;—the freshness of the fields, the fragrance of the flowers, breathes in his verse. His own delight in simple, happy, rural life, is there; and we are delighted, as, with happy faces, and with endeared familiar love, we walked by his side, and shared with him in his pleasures. How shall we speak of Burns? Of him whose poetry, so full of himself, is almost one impassioned strain of delight in Nature, and in the life he drew from her breast? Of him, ploughman as he was, whose ennobling songs have fed with

thought, and lifted up with passion, the minds of the high-born and the learned? But of all the Poets who now occupy the places of eminence in the literature of the island, many and high in talents as they are, it may be said generally, that the great character of their Poetry is, that return to the great elementary sources of Poetry; to the world of Nature and human life. Wordsworth, searching deeply in his own spirit, the laws of passion, and lavishing eloquence to delineate nature with almost a lover's fondness; Scott, the painter of all he sees, and of all that his imagination has seen, who has brought back departed years, and clothed them in the shape and colours of real life; Southey, with wild and creative power, multiplying before our sight visions from unreal worlds, but making for them a dwelling-place of the beautiful and mighty scenes of our own, and ever touching their fanciful natures with pure and gentle feeling, springing up from the deep fountains of human loves; Campbell, who seemingly speaks but to embody ecstasy in words, touching, and but touching, the forms of nature and the passions of men, with a pencil of light; Moore, full of delight, and breathing in enchanting words and verse his own delight, through all ears and hearts; Byron, who—but suffice it for the present to say, that all these, and many other writers of genius, though of less fame, their contemporaries, have filled their Poetry with the passionate impressions which have been flung from the face and bosom of Nature upon their spirits, or have risen up to them in strong sympathy with the affections and passions of other men, or yet deeper from their own. Though there may be much in the Poetry which this age has produced, which will be condemned as false to Nature; and more, far more, which must be censured and rejected, as violating the severe and high canons of Art—yet this must be admitted, we think, as a comprehensive description, as its great and honourable distinction, that it is full to overflowing of the love of the works of God.

The great difference between the Poetry of Milton and that of our own day, is the severe obedience to an intellectual law which governed his

mind in composition. The study of his Poetry would be as much a work of exact intellectual analysis, as that of the logical writings of Aristotle. It is evident that he was not satisfied with great conception; it was not enough that Language yielded her powerful words, to invest those conceptions with a living form. But he knew that when he wrote, he practised an intellectual art:—that both the workings of Imagination, and the vivid impression of Speech, must be reduced into an order satisfying to Intelligence; and hence, in his boldest Poetry, in the midst of wonder and astonishment, we never feel, for a moment, that Reason is shaken in her sovereignty over all the actions of the mind: we are made to feel, on the contrary, that her prevailing, over-ruling power rises in strength and majesty, as all the powers that are subjected to her kindle and dilate.

Such a character in composition, testifies not only to the high intellectual power of the mind which formed the work, but it shews the spirit of the age. We are assured by that evidence, if we had no other, that the age which gave Milton birth, had cultivated, to the highest, the Intellectual Faculties. We read, in his poetry, the severe and painful studies, the toiling energies of thought, the labours of abstract speculation, and long-concatenated reasonings, which tried the strength of the human faculties in the schools. Imagination has clothed that strength in her own forms; but the strength is of that nurture. The "Giant of mighty bone" has heroic beauty; but the structure of his unconquerable frame is of Titan origin.

In the Poetry of our own age, we miss the principle of Intellectual strength. The two most popular poets of the day, Scott and Byron, are, above all the known writers of the country, remarkable for the confusion of intellectual processes, and the violation of intellectual laws, almost throughout their composition. They rest upon Conception. Imagination and Passion yield them abundant creation; language, vivid and living, clothes the brood of their minds in visible form; and there is their composition. Take their writings, and analyse them by any laws, known or possible, of human speech,

and you would expel thought from them: there are passages of great splendour and fascination, which may be demonstrated to be unintelligible. But what then? The sympathy of a reader is sometimes stronger than the laws of language. He *will* understand. He asks satisfaction to his own imagination and passion; and in the truths of imagination and passion he finds it.

The fault is one which does not prove that there is not, in the minds of both these illustrious writers, vast intellectual capacity and vigour. But it does appear to argue, that their minds have not undergone due intellectual discipline; and might justify an observer in suspecting, that out of the walk of their own genius, they would not be found of formidable strength. But the chief deduction from the extraordinary prevalence of such a defect in writers of such pre-eminent reputation and favour, is intellectual weakness in the age to which they belong. That high ancient discipline of the intellectual powers must long have disappeared, when those who write for the sympathy of the minds of highest cultivation, write in fearless scorn of intellectual laws, and yet win the wreath of the games.

This defect has not impeded their living reputation, but it may possibly obstruct their future. We apprehend it can hardly do otherwise than take from the authority of their genius.

Now, in an age when so much true Poetry—true and high, with all its defects—blushes and breathes over the land—a crop of indigenous flowers—there will be much that is false and low, though with a certain shew and seeming of truth and splendour. Poetry is scarcely imitation of Nature, so much as Nature's self; but there will be imitation—skilful or unskilful—of poetry;—and thus the art of mimicry will be cultivated by hundreds who possess talent, but no genius. So is it with us of this generation. The population of versifiers doubles itself every ten years. They, too, belong to schools. Each school—be it of Scott, or Wordsworth, or Byron—is like a room hung round with mirrors, all reflecting an Eidolon of a great Master. The images—mere shadows—are all alike; yet each pretends to think itself no image, but

an original substance. While often, to hide from the world and themselves the utter hollowness of their characters, they dress up the Eidolon in uncouth and fantastic habiliments, and try to impose the Nothing upon our eyes as a Something self-existent. But the mockery and the delusion is seen through; and such Apparitions are chased off the Day into chaos and old Night.

People, now-a-days, will write, because they see so many writing; the impulse comes upon them from without, not from within; loud voices from streets and squares of cities call on them to join the throng, but the still small voice, that speaketh in the penetralia of the spirit, is mute; and what else can be the result, but, in place of the song of lark, or linnet, or nightingale, at the best a concert of mocking-birds, at the worst, an oratorio of ganders and bubbles?

At this particular juncture or crisis, the disease would fain assume the symptoms of religious inspiration. The poetasters are all pious—all smitten with sanctity—Christian all over—and crossing and jostling on the Course of Time—as they think, on the high road to Heaven and Immortality. Never was seen before such a shameless set of hypocrites. Down on their knees they fall in booksellers' shops, and, crowned with foolscap, repeat to Blue-Stockings, prayers addressed in doggerel to the Deity! They bandy about the Bible as if it were an Album. They forget that the poorest sinner has a soul to be saved, as well as a set of verses to be damned; they look forward to the First of the Month with more fear and trembling than to the Last Day; and beseech a critic to be merciful upon them with far more earnestness than they ever beseeched their Maker. They pray through the press—vainly striving to give some publicity to what must be private for evermore; and are seen wiping away, at tea-parties, the tears of contrition and repentance for capital crimes perpetrated but on paper, and perpetrated thereon so paltrily, that so far from being worthy of hell-fire, such delinquents, it is felt, would be more suitably punished by being singed like plucked fowls with their own unsaleable sheets. They are frequently so singed; yet singeing has not the

effect upon them for which singeing is designed; and like chickens in a shower, that have got the pip, they keep still gasping and shooting out their tongues, and walking on tip-toe with their tails down, till finally they go to roost in some obscure corner, and are no more seen among bipeds.

Among those, however, who have been unfortunately beguiled by the spirit of imitation and sympathy into religious poetry, one or two—who, for the present, must be nameless—have shewn feeling; and would they but obey their feeling, and prefer walking on the ground with their own free feet, to attempting to fly in the air with borrowed and bound wings, they might produce something really poetical, and acquire a creditable reputation. But they are too aspiring; and have taken into their hands the sacred lyre without due preparation. He who is so familiar with his Bible, that each chapter, open it where he will, teems with household words, may draw thence the theme of many a pleasant and pathetic song. For is not all human nature, and all human life, shadowed forth in those pages? But the soul, to sing well from the Bible, must be imbued with religious feelings, as a flower is alternately with dew and sunshine. The study of THE BOOK must have begun in the simplicity of childhood, when it was felt, indeed, to be divine—and carried on through all those silent intervals in which the soul of manhood is restored, during the din of life, to the purity and peace of its early being. The Bible must be to such a poet even as the skies—with its sun, moon, and stars—its boundless blue, with all its cloud-mysteries—its peace deeper than the grave, because of realms beyond the grave—its tumult louder than that of life, because heard all together in all the elements. He who begins the study of the Bible late in life, must, indeed, devote himself to it—night and day—and with a humble, and a contrite heart, as well as an awakened and soaring spirit, ere he can hope to feel what he understands, or to understand what he feels,—thoughts and feelings breathing in upon him, like spiritual scents and sounds, as if from a region hanging, in its mystery, between heaven and earth. Nor do we think

that he will lightly venture on the composition of Poetry drawn from such a source. The very thought of doing so, were it to occur to his mind, would seem irreverent; it would convince him that he was still the slave of vanity, and pride, and the world.

They alone, therefore, to whom God has given genius as well as faith, zeal and benevolence,—will, of their own accord, fix their Pindus either on Lebanon or Calvary—and of these but few. The genius must be high—the faith sure—and human love must coalesce with divine, that the strain may have power to reach the spirits of men, immersed as they are in matter, and with all their apprehensions and conceptions blended with material imagery, and the things of this moving earth and this restless life.

So gifted and so endowed, a great or good poet, having chosen his subject well within religion, is on the sure road to immortal fame. His work, when done, must secure sympathy for ever; a sympathy not dependent on creeds, but out of which creeds spring, all of them manifestly moulded by imaginative affections of religion. Christian Poetry will outlive every other; for the time will come when Christian Poetry will be deeper and higher far than any that has ever yet been known among men. Indeed, the sovereign songs hitherto have been either religious or superstitious; and as “the day-spring from on High that has visited us,” spreads wider and wider over the earth, “the soul of the world, dreaming of things to come,” shall assuredly see more glorified visions than have yet been submitted to her ken. That Poetry has so seldom satisfied the utmost longings and aspirations of human nature, can only have been because Poetry has so seldom dealt in its power with the only mysteries worth knowing—the greater mysteries of religion, into which the soul of a Christian is initiated only through faith, an angel sent from heaven to spirits struggling by supplications and sacrifices to escape from sin and death.

These, and many other thoughts and feelings concerning the “Vision and the Faculty divine,” when employed on divine subjects, have arisen

in our hearts, on reading—which we have often done with delight—“*The Christian Year*,” so full of Christian poetry of the purest character. Mr Keeble is a poet whom Cowper himself would have loved—for in him piety inspires genius, and fancy and feeling are celestialized by religion. We peruse his book in a tone and temper of spirit similar to that which is breathed upon us by some calm day in spring, when

“Heaven and earth do make one imagery,”

and all that imagery is serene and still—cheerful in the main—yet with a touch and a tinge of melancholy, which makes all the blended bliss and beauty at once more endearing and more profound. We should no more think of criticising such poetry than of criticising the clear blue skies—the soft green earth—the “liquid lapse” of an unpolluted stream, that

“Doth make sweet music with the enamell’d stones,

Giving a gentle kiss to every flower
It overtaketh on its pilgrimage.”

Beauty is there—purity and peace; as we look and listen, we partake of the universal calm, and feel in nature the presence of Him from whom it emanated. Indeed, we do not remember any poetry nearly so beautiful as this, which reminds one so seldom of the poet’s art. We read it without ever thinking of the place which its author may hold among poets, just as we behold a “lily of the field” without comparing it with other flowers, but satisfied with its own pure and simple loveliness; or, to use again the language of Wordsworth, each separate poem may be likened, in its unostentatious—unambitious—unconscious beauty—to

“A violet by a mossy stone,
Half hidden to the eye.”

Of all flowers that sweeten this fair earth, the violet is indeed the most delightful in itself—form, fragrance, and colour—nor less in the humility of its birth-place, and its haunt in the “sunshiny shade.” Therefore, ’tis a meet emblem of those sacred songs that may be said to blossom on Mount Sion.

The most imaginative poetry inspired by Nature, and dedicated to her praise, is never perfectly and

consummately beautiful till it ascends into the religious; but then religion breathes from, and around, and about it, only at last, when the poet has been brought, by the leading of his own aroused spirit, to the utmost pitch of his inspiration. He begins, and continues long, unblamed in mere emotions of beauty; and he often pauses unblamed, and brings his strain to a close, without having forsaken this earth, and the thoughts and feelings which belong alone to this earth. But poetry like that of the "Christian Year" springs at once, visibly and audibly, from religion, as its fount. If it, indeed, issue from one of the many springs religion opens in the human heart, no fear of its ever being dried up—a perpetual perennial. These waters can embue with life even the seed that falls on stony places, till the desert blossoms like the rose. Small indeed may seem the silver line, when first the rill steals forth from its sacred source! But how soon it begins to sing with a clear loud voice in the solitude! Bank and brae—tree, shrub, and flower—grow greener at each successive waterfall—the rains no more disturb that limpid element than the dews—and never does it lose some reflection of the heavens.

In a few modest words Mr Keeble states the aim and object of his volume. He says truly, that it is the peculiar happiness of the Church of England to possess in her authorized formularies an ample and secure provision, both for a sound rule of faith, and a sober standard of feeling in matters of practical religion. The object of his publication will be attained, if any person find assistance from it in bringing his own thoughts and feelings into more entire unison with those recommended and exemplified in the Prayer Book. We add, that its object has been attained; and that his name is now, most assuredly, among those of whom the heart breathes,

" Blessings be with them, and eternal
praise,
The Poets, who on earth have made us
heirs
Of Truth and pure delight, by heavenly
lays."

In England, "The Christian Year" is already placed in a thousand homes,

among "household books;" and its reception there has proved, that let as many worthless weeds spring up as rankly as may be, all eyes will yet be turned to "the bright consummate flower," wherever the air is gladdened by such an apparition. We are neither blind nor deaf yet to the sights and sounds of beauty—and a true poet is as certain of recognition now as at any period of our literature. In Scotland we have no Prayer-book printed on paper—perhaps it would be better if we had—but the prayer-book which has inspired Mr Keeble, is compiled and composed from another book, which, we believe, is more read in Scotland than in any other country. Here the Sabbath reigns in power that is felt by soul and sense to be a sovereign power over all the land. We have, it may be said, no prescribed holidays; but all the events recorded in the Bible, and which in England make certain days holy in outward as well as inward observances, are familiar to our knowledge and our feeling *here*; and therefore, the poetry that seeks still more to hallow them to the heart, will find every good heart recipient of its inspiration, for the Christian creed is "wide and general as the casing air," and felt as profoundly in the Highland heather-glen, where no sound of psalms is heard but on the Sabbath, as in the cathedral towns and cities of England, where so often

" Through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise."

Poetry, in our age, has been made too much a thing to talk about—to shew off upon—as if the writing and the reading of it were to be reckoned among what are commonly called—accomplishments. Thus even true, great poets have too often sacrificed the austere sanctity of the divine art to most unworthy purposes, of which, perhaps, the most unworthy—for it implies much voluntary self-degradation—is mere popularity. Against all such low aims he is preserved, who, with Christian meekness, approaches the muse in the sanctuaries of religion. He seeks not to force his songs on the public ear; his heart is free from the fever of fame; his poetry is praise and prayer. It meets

the soul like the sound of psalms from some unseen dwelling among the woods or hills, at which the wayfarer or wanderer stops on his journey, and feels at every pause a holier solemnity in the silent solitude of nature. Such poetry is indeed *got by heart*; and memory is then tenacious to the death, for her hold on what she loves is strengthened as much by grief as by joy; and when even hope itself is dead—if, indeed, hope ever dies—the trust is committed to despair. Words are often as unforgettable as voiceless thoughts; they become very thoughts themselves, and *are* what they represent. How are many of the simply, rudely, but fervently and beautifully rhymed Psalms of David very part and parcel of the most spiritual treasures of the Scottish peasant's being!

"The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want,
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green: he leadeth me
The quiet waters by."

These four lines sanctify to the thoughtful shepherd on the braes, every stream that glides through the solitary places,—they have often given colours to the greensward beyond the beauty of all herbage and of all flowers. Thrice hallowed is that poetry which makes us mortal creatures feel the union that subsists between the Book of Nature and the Book of Life!

There is such perfect sincerity in the Volume now lying before us, and which creates this strain of thought in which, perhaps, we have been somewhat too long indulging, such perfect sincerity, and consequently such simplicity, that though the production of a fine and finished scholar, we cannot doubt that it will some day or other find its way into many of the dwellings of humble life. Such descent, if descent it be, must be of all receptions the most delightful to the heart of a Christian poet. As intelligence spreads more widely over the land, why fear that it will deaden religion? Let us believe that it will rather vivify and quicken it; and that in time true poetry, such as this, of a character somewhat higher than probably can be yet felt, understood, and appreciated by the people, will come to be easy and familiar, and

blended with all the other benign influences breathed over their common existence by books. Meanwhile, the "Christian Year" will be finding its way into many houses where the inmates read from the love of reading—not for mere amusement only, but for instruction and a deeper delight; and we shall be happy if our recommendation causes its pages to be illumined by the gleams of a few more peaceful hearths, and to be rehearsed by a few more happy voices in the "parlour twilight."

We cannot help expressing the pleasure it has given us to see so much true poetry coming from Oxford.

"The ancient spirit is not dead,
Old times, methinks, are breathing there;" and it is delightful to see that classical literature, which sometimes, we know not how, certainly has a chilling effect on poetical feeling, there warming it as it ought to do, and causing it to produce itself in song. Oxford has produced many true poets,—Collins, Warton, Hurdis, Bowles, Heber, Milman, and now Keeble—are all her own—her inspired sons. Their strains are not steeped in "port and prejudice;" but in the—Isis. Heaven bless Godstow—and many another sweet old ruined place—secluded, but not far apart from her own inspiring Sanctities! And those who love her not, never may the Muses love!

The "Christian Year" contains upwards of a hundred poems—and from them we shall select, or rather alight upon in love—TEN, which of themselves will make our Magazine this month delightful—even if we ourselves should, for once in our life, be what some heartless blockheads would fain wish to believe us in their habitual and hopeless falsehood—dull, heavy—epithets applied by clogged clodhoppers to the wings of the dove and of the eagle.

THIRD SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

"What went ye out to see
O'er the rude sandy lea,
Where stately Jordan flows by many a palm,
Or where Gennesaret's wave
Delights the flowers to lave,
That o'er her western slope breathe airs
of balm?"

" All through the summer night
Those blossoms red and bright
Spread their soft breasts, unheeding, to
the breeze,
Like hermits watching still
Around the sacred hill,
Where erst our Saviour watch'd upon his
knees.

" The Paschal moon above
Seems like a saint to rove,
Left shining in the world with Christ
alone ;
Below, the lake's still face
Sleeps sweetly in th' embrace
Of mountains terraced high with mossy
stone.

" Here may we sit, and dream
Over the heavenly theme,
Till to our soul the former days return ;
Till on the grassy bed,
Where thousands once He fed,
The world's incarnate Maker we discern.

" O cross no more the main,
Wandering so wild and vain,
To count the reeds that tremble in the
wind,
On listless dalliance bound,
Like children gazing round,
Who on God's works no seal of Godhead
find ;

" Bask not in courtly bower,
Or sun-bright hall of power ;
Pass Babel quick, and seek the Holy
Land—
From robes of Tyrian die
Turn with undazzled eye
To Bethlehem's glade, or Carmel's haunted
strand.

" Or choose thee out a cell
In Kedron's storied dell,
Beside the springs of Love, that never die,
Among the olives kneel
The chill night-blast to feel,
And watch the Moon that saw thy Mas-
ter's agony.

" Then rise at dawn of day,
And wind thy thoughtful way,
Where rested once the Temple's stately
shade,
With due feet tracing round
The city's northern bound,
To th' other holy garden, where the Lord
was laid.

" Who thus alternate see
His death and victory,
Rising and falling as on angel wings,

They, while they seem to roam,
Draw daily nearer home ;
Their heart untravell'd still adores the
King of kings.

" Or, if at home they stay,
Yet are they, day by day,
In spirit journeying through the glorious
land,
Not for light Fancy's reed,
Nor Honour's purple meed,
Nor gifted Prophet's lore, nor Science'
wondrous wand.

" But more than Prophet, more
Than Angels can adore
With face unveil'd, is He they go to seek ;
Blessed be God, whose grace
Shews him in every place
To homeliest hearts of pilgrims pure and
meek."

That is very beautiful—scriptural-
ly simple—Bible-breathing—hymn-
like—a psalm-ode—a religious elegy
How far better than skilfully—how
inspiredly the Christian poet touches
upon each holy theme, winging his
way through the stainless ether, like
some bird gliding from tree to tree,
and leaving one place of rest only for
another equally hushed, equally hap-
py, in the folding and unfolding of
its snow-white flight ! It is full of va-
rious pictures—but all peaceful and
solemn ; all blended together, what-
ever be the scene's lineaments, in
one spirit—the spirit of piety—that
silent luminary—of which it may be
said—

" The Paschal moon above
Seems like a saint to rove,
Left shining on the world with Christ
alone."

Mr Keeble has studied Words-
worth—(and what living poet of
worth has not ?)—as the following
exquisite strains will shew to all the
initiated, but he has studied him as
a great commentator and expounder
of this life's mysteries, with a

" Quiet eye
That broods and sleeps on his own heart."

He has begun at home—and availed
himself of the wisdom of that bard
to illumine that darkness into which
his own vision had first of itself
sought to penetrate—"a darkness vi-
sible,"—that does indeed often serve
to discover sights of woe, but as

often—far oftener—sights of blessedness—while the gloom is brightened to the eye even by the very music that comes upon the ear from its utmost depths. There is not, perhaps, any thing finer in the volume; nor do we feel it to be too fanciful to say, that this little poem breathes like an Eolian harp, if we could suppose it emitting a regular tune to the midnight air.

FOURTH SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

"Of the bright things in earth and air
How little can the heart embrace!
Soft shades and gleaming lights are there—
I know it well, but cannot trace.

"Mine eye unworthy seems to read
One page of Nature's beauteous book;
It lies before me, fair outspread—
I only cast a wishful look.

"I cannot paint to Memory's eye
The scene, the glance, I dearest love—
Unchanged themselves, in me they die,
Or faint, or false, their shadows prove.

"In vain, with dull and tuneless ear,
I linger by soft Music's cell,
And in my heart of hearts would hear
What to her own she deigns to tell.

"'Tis misty all, both sight and sound—
I only know 'tis fair and sweet—
'Tis wandering on enchanted ground
With dizzy brow and tottering feet.

"But patience! there may come a time
When these dull ears shall scan aright
Strains, that outring Earth's drowsy
chime,
As Heaven outshines the taper's light.

"These eyes, that dazzled now and weak,
At glancing notes in sunshine wink,
Shall see the King's full glory break,
Nor from the blissful vision shrink:

"In fearless love and hope uncloy'd
For ever on that ocean bright
Empower'd to gaze; and undestroy'd,
Deeper and deeper plunge in light.

"Though scarcely now their laggard
glance
Reach to an arrow's flight, that day
They shall behold, and not in trance,
The region 'very far away.'

"If Memory sometimes at our spell
Refuse to speak, or speak amiss,
We shall not need her where we dwell
Ever in sight of all our bliss.

"Meanwhile, if over sea or sky
Some tender lights unnoticed fleet,
Or on loved features dawn and die,
Unread, to us, their lesson sweet;

"Yet are there saddening sights around,
Which Heaven, in mercy, spares us too,
And we see far in holy ground,
If duly purged our mental view.

"The distant landscape draws not nigh
For all our gazing; but the soul,
That upward looks, may still descry
Nearer, each day, the brightening goal.

"And thou, too curious ear, that fain
Wouldst thread the maze of Harmony,
Content thee with one simple strain,
The lowlier, sure, the worthier thee;

"Till thou art duly train'd, and taught
The concord sweet of Love divine:
Then, with that inward Music fraught,
For ever rise, and sing, and shine."

Poetry has beautified childhood by a thousand pictures, in which fathers and mothers behold with deeper love the faces of their own offspring. Such poetry has almost always been the production of the strongest and wisest minds. Common intellects derive no power from earliest memories; the primal morn, to them never bright, has utterly faded in the "light of common day;" the present has swallowed up the past, as the future will swallow up the present; each season of life seems to stand by itself as a separate existence; and when old age comes, how helpless, melancholy, and forlorn! But—

"The Child is Father of the Man,
And I would wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety!"

He who lives in "the spirit of that creed," sees far into the heart of Christianity. He hears a divine voice saying—"Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven!" He hears a human voice saying:—

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy."

Thus it is that poetry throws back upon the New Testament the light she has borrowed from it, and that man's mortal brother speaks in accordance with the Saviour of man. On a dead insensible flower—a lily—a rose—a violet—a daisy, Poetry may pour out all its divinest power.—

just as the sun itself sometimes seems to look with all its light on some one especial blossom all at once made transparently lustrous. And what if the flower be alive in all its leaves—and have in it an immortal spirit? Or what if its leaves be dead, and the immortal spirit gone away to heaven? A Wordsworth or a Chantrey shall, through the senses, sanctify the soul—and change death into sleep—till the grave, in itself so dark and dismal, shall seem a bed of bright and celestial repose. From their poetry—in words or marble—both alike still and serene as water upon grass—we turn to the New Testament—and read of “the Holy Innocents.” “They were redeemed from among men, being the first-fruits unto God and to the Lamb.” We look down into the depths of that text—and we then turn again to the poetry which from those depths has flowed over upon the uninspired page! Yet not uninspired—if that name may be given to strains, which, like the airs that had touched the flowers of Paradise, “whisper whence they stole those balmy sweets.” Revelation has shewn us that “we are greater than we know;” and who may neglect the Infancy of that Being for whom Godhead died! “That strain I heard was of a higher mood” than ever could have been sung before the Christian era:—

THE HOLY INNOCENTS.

“Say, ye celestial guards, who wait
In Bethlehem, round the Saviour’s palace
gate,

Say, who are these on golden wings,
That hover o’er the new-born King of
kings,

Their palms and garlands telling
plain

That they are of the glorious martyr train,
Next to yourselves ordain’d to praise
His name, and brighten as on Him they
gaze?

“But where their spoils and trophies?
where

The glorious dint a martyr’s shield should
bear?

How chance no cheek among them
wears

The deep-worn trace of penitential tears,
But all is bright and smiling love,
As if, fresh-borne from Eden’s happy
grove,

They had flown here, their King to
see,
Nor ever had been heirs of dark mortality?

“Ask, and some angel will reply,
‘These, like yourselves, were born to sin
and die,

But ere the poison root was grown,
God set his seal, and mark’d them for
his own.

Baptized in blood for Jesus’ sake,
Now underneath the cross their bed they
make,

Not to be scared from that sure rest
By frighten’d mother’s shriek, or war-
rior’s waving crest.’

“Mindful of these, the first-fruits
sweet
Borne by the suffering Church her Lord
to greet;

Bless’d Jesus ever loved to trace
The ‘innocent brightness’ of an infant’s
face.

He raised them in his holy arms,
He bless’d them from the world and all
its harms:

Heirs though they were of sin and
shame,
He bless’d them in his own and in his
Father’s name.

“Then, as each fond unconscious
child

On the everlasting Parent sweetly smiled,
(Like infants sporting on the shore,
That tremble not at Ocean’s boundless
roar,)

Were they not present to thy thought,
All souls, that in their cradles thou hast
bought?

But chiefly these, who died for Thee,
That Thou mightst live for them a sadder
death to see.

“And next to these, thy gracious
word

Was, as a pledge of benediction, stored
For Christian mothers, while they
moan

Their treasured hopes, just born, baptized,
and gone.

Oh, joy for Rachel’s broken heart!
She and her babes shall meet no more
to part;

So dear to Christ her pious haste
To trust them in his arms, for ever safe
embraced.

“She dares not grudge to leave them
there,

Where to behold them was her heart’s
first prayer,

She dares not grieve—but she must
weep,

As her pale placid martyr sinks to sleep,

Teaching so well and silently
How, at the shepherd's call, the lamb
should die :

How happier far than life the end
Of souls that infant-like beneath their
burden bend."

They who read these lines in a mood of mind worthy of them, will go on, with a still deeper delight, through those we are now about to quote on "The Epiphany." They are separated in the volume by some kindred and congenial strains; but when brought close together, they occupy the still region of thought as two large clear stars do of themselves seem to occupy the entire sky. Of late many versifiers have attempted the theme; and some of them with shameful unsuccess. A bad poem on such a subject is a sin. He who is a Christian indeed, will, when the star of Bethlehem rises before his closed eyes, be mute beneath the image, or he will hail it in strains simple as were those of the shepherds watching their flocks by night when it appeared of old, high as were those of the sages who came from the East bearing incense to the Child in the Manger. Such are this Poet's strains, evolving themselves out of the few words—"Behold, the star, which they saw in the east, went before them, till it came and stood over where the young Child was: when they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy."

THE EPIPHANY.

"Star of the East, how sweet art Thou,
Seen in Life's early morning sky,
Ere yet a cloud has dimm'd the brow,
While yet we gaze with childish eye;

"When father, mother, nursing friend,
Most dearly loved, and loving best,
First bid us from their arms ascend,
Pointing to Thee in thy sure rest.

"Too soon the glare of earthly day
Buries, to us, thy brightness keen,
And we are left to find our way
By faith and hope in Thee unseen.

"What matter? if the waymarks sure
On every side are round us set,
Soon overleap'd, but not obscure?
'Tis ours to mark them or forget.

"What matter? if in calm old age
Our childhood's star again arise,
Crowning our lonely pilgrimage
With all that cheers a wanderer's eyes?

"Ne'er may we lose it from our sight,
Till all our hopes and thoughts are led
To where it stays its lucid flight
Over our Saviour's lowly bed.

"There, swathed in humblest poverty,
On Chastity's meek lap enshrined,
With breathless Reverence waiting by,
When we our sovereign Master find.

"Will not the long-forgotten glow
Of mingled joy and awe return,
When stars above or flowers below
First made our infant spirits burn?

"Look on us, Lord, and take our parts
Even on thy throne of purity!
From these our proud yet grovelling hearts
Hide not thy mild forgiving eye.

"Did not the Gentile Church find grace,
Our mother dear, this favour'd day?
With gold and myrrh she sought thy face,
Nor didst Thou turn thy face away.

"She too, in earlier, purer days,
Had watch'd Thee gleaming faint and far—
But wandering in self-chosen ways,
She lost Thee quite, thou lovely star!

"Yet had her Father's finger turn'd
To Thee her first enquiring glance:
The deeper shame within her burn'd,
When waken'd from her wilful trance.

"Behold, her wisest throng thy gate,
Their richest, sweetest, purest store,
(Yet own'd too worthless and too late)
They lavish on thy cottage-floor.

"They give their best—O tenfold shame
On us their fallen progeny,
Who sacrifice the blind and lame—
Who will not wake or fast with Thee!"

The transition from these beautiful lines is natural and delightful to a strain farther on in the volume, entitled, "Catechism." How soon the infant spirit is touched with love—another name for religion—none may dare to say who have watched the eyes of little children. Feeling and thought would seem to come upon them, like very inspiration—so strong it often is, and sudden and clear—yet, no doubt, all the work of natural processes going on within

Immortality. The wisdom of age has often been seen in the simplicity of childhood—creatures but five or six years old—soon perhaps about to disappear—astonishing, and saddening, and subliming the souls of their parents and their parents' friends, by a holy precocity of all pitiful and compassionate feelings blended into a mysterious piety that has made them sing happy hymns on the brink of death and the grave. Such affecting instances of almost infantine unfolding of the spirit beneath spiritual influences should not be rare—nor are they rare—in truly Christian households. Almost as soon as the heart is moved by filial affection—that affection grows reverent even to earthly parents—and, ere long, becomes piety towards the name of God and Saviour. Yet philosophers have said that the child must not be too soon spoken to about religion. Will they fix the time? No—let religion—a myriad-meaning word—be whispered and breathed round about them—as soon as intelligence smiles in their eyes and quickens their ears, while enjoying the sights and sounds of their own small, yet multitudinous world.

CATECHISM.

“ Oh say not, dream not, heavenly notes
To childish ears are vain,
That the young mind at random floats,
And cannot reach the strain.

“ Dim or unheard, the words may fall,
And yet the heaven-taught mind
May learn the sacred air, and all
The harmony unwind.

“ Was not our Lord, a little child,
Taught by degrees to pray,
By father dear and mother mild
Instructed day by day?

And loved He not of Heaven to talk
With children in His sight,
To meet them in his daily walk,
And to his arms invite?

“ What though around his throne of fire
The everlasting chant
Be wafted from the seraph choir
In glory jubilant;

“ Yet stoops He, ever pleased to mark
Our rude essays of love,
Faint as the pipe of wakening lark,
Heard by some twilight grove;

“ Yet is He near us, to survey
These bright and order'd files,
Like spring-flowers in their best array,
All silence and all smiles.

“ Save that each little voice in turn
Some glorious truth proclaims,
What sages would have died to learn,
Now taught by cottage dames.

“ And if some tones be false or low,
What are all prayers beneath
But cries of babes, that cannot know
Half the deep thought they breathe?

“ In His own words we Christ adore,
But angels, as we speak,
Higher above our meaning soar
Than we o'er children weak:

“ And yet His words mean more than
they,
And yet he owns their praise:
Why should we think He turns away
From infants' simple lays?”

Some—many—scriptural sentences are so divinely simple, that while we read them in prose-translation long familiar to our ear, we fear any change, however slight, that might be made on them by verse—and desire that they shall be held inviolate. Such surely are the words of St Luke, “ And when he was come near, he beheld the city, and wept over it.” The poet who feels that text, will leave it untouched; and only breathe some heart-born strain accordant to its spirit. This Mr Keeble does in the

TENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

“ Why doth my Saviour weep
At sight of Sion's bowers?
Shews it not fair from yonder steep,
Her gorgeous crown of towers?
Mark well his holy pains:
'Tis not in pride or scorn,
That Israel's King with sorrow stains
His own triumphal morn.

“ It is not that his soul
Is wandering sadly on,
In thought how soon at death's dark goal
Their course will all be run,
Who now are shouting round
Hosanna to their chief;
No thought like this in Him is found;
This were a Conqueror's grief.

“ Or doth he feel the Cross
Already in his heart,
The pain, the shame, the scorn, the loss?
Feel even his God depart?

No : though he knew full well
The grief that then shall be—
The grief that angels cannot tell—
Our God in agony !

“ It is not thus he mourns ;
Such might be Martyr's tears,
When his last lingering look he turns
On human hopes and fears ;
But hero ne'er or saint
The secret load might know,
With which His spirit waxeth faint ;
His is a Saviour's woe.

“ ‘ If thou hadst known, even thou,
At least in this thy day,
The message of thy peace ! but now
'Tis pass'd for aye away :
Now foes shall trench thee round,
And lay thee even with earth,
And dash thy children to the ground,
Thy glory and thy mirth.’

“ And doth the Saviour weep
Over his people's sin,
Because we will not let him keep
The souls He died to win ?
Ye hearts, that love the Lord,
If at this sight ye burn,
See that in thought, in deed, in word,
Ye hate what made Him mourn.”

Protestant poets have seldom sung, as they ought to have done, of the Mother of our Lord. Poetry is privileged to be idolatrous—when the Saint invoked is she who nursed the Saviour in her virgin bosom. “ And the angel came in unto her, and said, Hail, thou that art highly favoured, the Lord is with thee, blessed art thou among women.” What divinest picture of divinest painter of old, of Mary Mild, ever so purified and elevated the gazing spirit, as Wordsworth's holy sonnet to the Virgin ?

“ Mother ! whose virgin bosom was un-
crost
With the least shade of thought to sin
allied ;
Woman ! above all women glorified,
O'er tainted nature's solitary boast ;
Purer than foam on central ocean tost ;
Brighter than eastern skies at daybreak
strewn
With forced roses, than the unblemish'd
moon
Before her wane begins on heaven's blue
coast ;
Thy image falls to earth. Yet come, I
ween,
Not unforgiven the suppliant knee might
bend,
As to a visible power, in which did blend

All that was mix'd and reconciled in thee
Of mother's love with maiden purity,
Of high with low, celestial with terrene.”

Try to wish to alter one single
word there—and you feel it would
be almost sacrilege. It is a perfect
poem—perfect as “ the unblemished
moon”—and it will shine serenely
for ever in the heaven of poetry,

“ Before that inward eye,
Which is the bliss of solitude.”

Mr Keeble is far inferior—and in-
deed who is equal—to Wordsworth
—in consummate power over the
heart-mysteries shrouded in breath-
ing words. But trusting to his feel-
ings—always pure and sincere—he
seldom sinks far below his subject—
and often—even when that subject is
high—sees it like a seraph. Even
after that sonnet may be devoutly
read,

THE ANNUNCIATION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN
MARY.

“ Oh Thou who deign'st to sympathize
With all our frail and fleshly ties,
Maker yet Brother dear ;
Forgive the too presumptuous thought,
If, calming wayward grief, I sought
To gaze on Thee too near.

“ Yet sure 'twas not presumption, Lord,
'Twas thine own comfortable word
That made the lesson known :
Of all the dearest bonds we prove,
Thou countest sons' and mothers' love
Most sacred, most thine own.

“ When wandering here a little span,
Thou took'st on Thee to rescue man,
Thou hadst no earthly sire :
That wedded love we prize so dear,
As if our heaven and home were here,
It lit in Thee no fire.

“ On no sweet sister's faithful breast
Wouldst thou thine aching forehead rest,
On no kind brother lean :
But who, O perfect filial heart !
E'er did like Thee a true son's part,
Endearing, firm, serene ?

“ Thou wept'st, meek maiden, mother
mild,
Thou wept'st upon thy sinless child,
Thy very heart was riven :
And yet, what mourning matron here
Would deem thy sorrows bought too dear
By all on this side Heaven ?

“ A son that never did amiss,
That never shamed his mother's kiss,
Nor cross'd her fondest prayer :

Even from the tree he deign'd to bow
For her his agonized brow,
Her, his sole earthly care.

"Ave Maria! blessed Maid!
Lily of Eden's fragrant shade,
Who can express the love
That nurtured thee so pure and sweet,
Making thy heart a shelter meet
For Jesus' holy Dove?

"Ave Maria! Mother blest,
To whom caressing and caress'd,
Clings the Eternal Child;
Favour'd beyond Archangels' dream,
When first on thee with tenderest gleam
Thy new-born Saviour smiled!

"Ave Maria! Thou whose name
All but adoring love may claim,
Yet may we reach thy shrine;
For He, thy son and Saviour, vows
To crown all lowly lofty brows
With love and joy like thine.

"Bless'd is the womb that bare Him—
bless'd
The bosom where his lips were press'd,
But rather bless'd are they
Who hear his word and keep it well,
The living homes where Christ shall
dwell,
And never pass away."

Let us turn to another strain of
the same mood, which will be read
with tears by many a grateful heart.
What would become of us without
the ceremonies of religion? How
they strengthen the piety out of
which they spring! How, by con-
centrating all that is holy and divine
around their outward forms, do they
purify and sanctify the affections!
What a change on his infant's face is
wrought before a father's eyes by
baptism! How the heart of the hus-
band and the father yearns, as he
sees the wife and mother kneeling
in thanksgiving after child-birth!

CHURCHING OF WOMEN.

"Is there, in bowers of endless spring,
One known from all the seraph band
By softer voice, by smile and wing
More exquisitely bland!
Here let him speed; to-day this hallow'd
air
Is fragrant with a mother's first and fond-
est prayer.

"Only let Heaven her fire impart,
No richer incense breathes on earth:
'A spouse with all a daughter's heart,'
Fresh from the perilous birth,
To the great Father lifts her pale glad eye,
Like a reviving flower when storms are
hush'd on high.

"O what a treasure of sweet thought
Is here! what hope and joy and love
All in one tender bosom brought,
For the all-gracious Dove
To brood o'er silently, and form for heaven
Each passionate wish and dream to dear
affection given.

"Her fluttering heart, too keenly blest,
Would sicken, but she leans on Thee,
Sees Thee by faith on Mary's breast,
And breathes serene and free.
Slight tremblings only of her veil declare
Soft answers duly whisper'd to each sooth-
ing prayer.

"We are too weak, when Thou dost bless,
To bear the joy—help, Virgin-born!
By thine own mother's first caress,
That waked thy natal morn!
Help, by the unexpressive smile, that made
A heaven on earth around the couch where
Thou wast laid!"

"Consider the lilies of the field
how they grow; they toil not, neither
do they spin, and yet I say unto you,
that even Solomon in all his glory
was not arrayed like one of these."
What is all the poetry that genius
ever breathed over all the flowers of
this earth, to that one divine sen-
tence! It has inspired our Christian
poet—and here is his heart-felt
homily.

FIFTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

"Sweet nurslings of the vernal skies,
Bath'd in soft airs, and fed with dew,
What more than magic in you lies,
To fill the heart's fond view?
In childhood's sports, companions gay,
In sorrow, on Life's downward way,
How soothing! in our last decay
Memorials prompt and true.

"Relics ye are of Eden's bowers,
As pure, as fragrant, and as fair,
As when ye crown'd the sunshine hours
Of happy wanderers there.
Fall'n all beside—the world of life,
How is it stain'd with fear and strife!
In Reason's world what storms are rife,
What passions range and glare!

"But cheerful and unchanged the while
Your first and perfect form ye shew,
The same that won Eve's matron smile
In the world's opening glow.
The stars of Heaven a course are taught
Too high above our human thought ;—
Ye may be found if ye are sought,
And as we gaze we know.

"Ye dwell beside our paths and homes,
Our paths of sin, our homes of sorrow,
And guilty man, where'er he roams,
Your innocent mirth may borrow.
The birds of air before us fleet,
They cannot brook our shame to meet—
But we may taste your solace sweet,
And come again to-morrow.

"Ye fearless in your nests abide—
Nor may we scorn, too proudly wise,
Your silent lessons, undescried
By all but lowly eyes ;
For ye could draw th' admiring gaze
Of Him who worlds and hearts surveys :
Your order wild, your fragrant maze,
He taught us how to prize.

"Ye felt your Maker's smile that hour,
As when he paused and own'd you good ;
His blessing on earth's primal bower,
Ye felt it all renew'd.
What care ye now, if winter's storm
Sweep ruthless o'er each silken form ?
Christ's blessing at your heart is warm,
Ye fear no vexing mood.

"Alas ! of thousand bosoms kind,
That daily court you and caress,
How few the happy secret find
Of your calm loveliness !
'Live for to-day ! to-morrow's light
To-morrow's cares shall bring to sight.
Go sleep like closing flowers at night,
And Heaven thy morn will bless.'"

Would we had more such strains
as these in English poetry ! And
more we shall have when poets read
the Book of Life as constantly and
as devoutly as they read the Book of
Nature. The last poem we quote
from this delightful volume is worthy
of James Montgomery.

PALM SUNDAY.

"Ye whose hearts are beating high
With the pulse of Poesy,
Heirs of more than royal race,
Framed by Heaven's peculiar grace,
God's own work to do on earth,
(If the word be not too bold,)

Giving virtue a new birth,
And a life that ne'er grows old—

"Sovereign masters of all hearts !
Know ye, who hath set your parts ?
He who gave you breath to sing,
By whose strength ye sweep the string,
He hath chosen you, to lead
His Hosannas here below ;—
Mount, and claim your glorious meed ;
Linger not with sin and woe.

"But if ye should hold your peace,
Deem not that the song would cease—
Angels round His glory-throne,
Stars, His guiding hand that own,
Flowers, that grow beneath our feet,
Stones in earth's dark womb that rest,
High and low in choir shall meet,
Ere His Name shall be unblest.

"Lord, by every minstrel tongue
Be thy praise so duly sung,
That thine angels' harps may ne'er
Fail to find fit echoing here :
We the while, of meaner birth,
Who in that divinest spell
Dare not hope to join on earth,
Give us grace to listen well.

"But should thankless silence seal
Lips, that might half Heaven reveal,
Should bards in idle hymns profane
The sacred soul-enthraling strain,
(As in this bad world below
Noblest things find vilest using,)
Then, thy power and mercy shew,
In vile things noble breath infusing ;

"Then waken into sound divine
The very pavement of thy shrine,
Till we, like Heaven's star-sprinkled floor,
Faintly give back what we adore.
Childlike though the voices be,
And untunable the parts,
Thou wilt own the minstrelsy,
If it flow from childlike hearts."

Such poetry as this must have a
fine influence on all the best human
affections. Sacred are such songs to
sorrow—and sorrow is either a fre-
quent visitor, or a domesticated in-
mate, in every household. Religion
may thus be made to steal unawares,
even during ordinary hours, into the
commonest ongoings of life. Call
not the mother unhappy who closes
the eyes of her dead child, whether
it has smiled lonely in the house, the
sole delight of her eyes, or bloomed
among other flowers, now all droop-
ing for its sake—nor yet call the fa-

ther unhappy who lays his sweet son below the earth, and returns to the home where his voice is to be heard never more. That affliction brings forth feelings unknown before in his heart; calming all turbulent thoughts by the settled peace of the grave. Then every page of the Bible is beautiful—and beautiful every verse of poetry that thence draws its inspiration. Thus in the pale and almost ghostlike countenance of decay, our hearts are not touched by the remembrance alone of beauty which is departed, and by the near extinction of loveliness which we behold fading before our eyes—but a beauty fairer and deeper far lies around the hollow eye and the sunken cheek, breathed from the calm air of the untroubled spirit that has heard resigned the voice that calls it away from the dim shades of mortality. Well may that beauty be said to be religious; for in it speaks the soul, conscious, in the undreaded dissolution of its earthly frame, of a being destined to everlasting bliss. With every deep emotion arising from our contemplation of such beauty as this,—religious beauty beaming in the human countenance, whether in joy or sadness, health or decay,—there is profoundly interfused a sense of the soul's spirituality, which silently sheds over the emotion something celestial and divine, rendering it not only different in degree, but altogether distinct in kind, from all the feelings that things merely perishable can inspire—so that the spirit is fully satisfied, and the feeling of beauty is but a vivid recognition of its own deathless being and ethereal essence. This is a feeling of beauty which was but faintly known to the human heart in those ages of the world when all other feelings of beauty were most perfect; and accordingly we find, in the most pathetic strains of their elegiac poetry, lamentations over the beauty in-

tensely worshipped in the dust, which was to lie for ever over its now beamless head. But to the Christian who may have seen the living lustre leave the eye of some beloved friend, there must have shone a beauty in his latest smile, which spoke not alone of a brief scene closed, but of an endless scene unfolding; while its cessation, instead of leaving him in utter darkness, seemed to be accompanied with a burst of light.

We hope this delightful writer will continue to compose poetry in the leisure allowed him by his sacred profession. He will always find an earnest audience; for the music of his voice touches the heart, and endures in the memory clear and distinct among those common recollections that are hour by hour fading irrecoverably away into oblivion. Much of our most fashionable Modern Poetry is at once ludicrously and lamentably unsuitable and unseasonable to the innocent and youthful creatures who shed tears "such as angels weep" over the shameful sins of shameless sinners, crimes which, when perpetrated out of Poetry, and by persons with such surnames as Emond, and Dobbie, and Thurtell, elevate their respective heroes to that vulgar altitude—the gallows. The darker—the stronger passions, forsooth! And what hast thou to do—my dove-eyed Margaret—with the darker and stronger passions? Nothing whatever in thy sweet, still, serene, and almost sinless world. Be the brighter and the weaker passions thine—brighter indeed—yet say not *weaker*, for they are strong as death—Love and Pity, Awe and Reverence, Joy, Grief, and Sorrow, sunny smiles and showery tears—be these all thy own—and sometimes, too, on melancholy nights, let the heaven of thy imagination be spanned in its starriness by that most celestial Evanescence—a Lunar Rainbow.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

No. III.

"WELL, sir, and what has Parliament been doing since it met?"

"Don't you see the papers?"

"Yes, I see them; but I have too much to do myself to find leisure for reading a good-sized pamphlet every day."

"Then how can I recapitulate, in a conversation, all the discussions which have taken place since the beginning of February?—all the speeches that have been delivered, during five days out of every seven, and during ten hours, upon the average, out of every four-and-twenty?"

"Never mind what you said to each other. Just mention, in few words, the upshot—what came of it all—in short, what has been done?"

"Done?"

"Aye, surely; for it as little concerns me and the like of me, to know how many speeches were spoken, as it would to enquire of my thrasher how many strokes of the flail he makes in a day. The main point is, the quantity of work actually done."

"You are right. That is the main point; but the seed-time, friend, is not the harvest. We must wait till the latter is gathered in, before we pronounce upon the abundance or the quality of the crop."

"I understand you, sir. A great deal of ploughing and sowing, digging and planting; but nothing come up yet."

"Just so."

"Humph! Good morning."

The history of the above dialogue is briefly as follows: Taking advantage of the Easter Recess, which was for a longer period this year than usual, (in consequence, no doubt, of the prosperous state of the country,) I paid a visit to my constituents in the north of England. One of them, a man of few words, but diligent habits of business, who always calculates the productive value of time by the number of things done which are *to be* done, perplexed me exceedingly, after the customary salutations were exchanged, by his first question. "Well, sir, and what has Par-

liament been doing since it met?" I hardly think I could have been more puzzled had he asked me what the Emperor of China was doing at the moment he put his question.

It was on the 29th of April this conversation took place. It is now the 10th of May; and I have repeatedly asked myself since—"what *has* Parliament done?" It has met, and sat, and talked; and in another month, or probably less, it will be prorogued; and then, it will have met, and sat, and talked for nothing. I say, for nothing, compared with that which might and ought to have been done.

If my worthy constituent, instead of asking me what Parliament had been *doing* since it met, had enquired what it had been *talking about*, I could have answered him by a voluminous recital of its debates. I could have told him, we have *talked* about Portugal, Don Miguel, Donna Maria, Terceira, and the law of nations; about Greece, Prince Leopold, and the island of Candia; about East Retford, Parliamentary Reform, and the Hundred of Bassetlaw; about distress, and its legion of causes; about economy, and the impossibility of being economical; about old taxes repealed, because they could not be raised, and new ones imposed, because placemen must be paid; about the revision of our financial system, instead of its reduction; about the injustice of denying little pensions for less services, followed up by the saving of L.900 a-year to the country, and the loss of it to Messrs Bathurst and Dundas, two sons of two cabinet ministers, who, like other sons of wealthy parents, must henceforth look for their pocket-money from the paternal, instead of the national, purse; about Lord Ellenborough's divorce bill, Miss Steele, Prince Schwartzemberg, and the pruriencies of an adulterous tale; about crown lands, the emancipation of the Jews, and the Irish Union. In short, every thing was *discussed*; and being discussed, put aside, like the lots of an auctioneer's catalogue, to make room for the next.

I have no doubt the country is greatly benefited by these periodical discussions of the two Houses of Parliament. At all events, they must afford consolation, analogous to that which a sick man feels, whose case is gravely considered in a consultation of physicians. *He* knows, that if medical science can avail, he will obtain relief; and the country knows, that as Parliament is omnipotent, whatever it fails to do, must be impracticable; for it would be a very ungrateful country to doubt the "anxious disposition of Parliament" to devise and apply a remedy, when it sees how, night after night, and week after week, its whole time is devoted to the subject. The affairs of the nation "possess it merely." Under-paid Secretaries of State, over-paid Under-Secretaries of State, and unpaid supporters of both, aided by patriotic members, whose ruling principle is the public good, devote themselves to the country. Having no private ends to serve, no selfish objects to gratify, no personal interests to advance, and being withal wise, discreet, honest, indefatigable, how can it be otherwise than a vast consolation to know, that they are working, night and day, one half the year, to provide for the comfort, prosperity, and happiness of the whole empire?

The practical advantages of this system of talking about the affairs of the nation, are abundantly evident. It produces the same beneficial results as an amicable explanation between two disputants. Errors are rectified; doubts cleared up; mistakes removed; and truth finally established. The following is a striking illustration of what I have asserted.

When Parliament assembled in the month of February, a very general notion prevailed throughout the country, that there was great distress. The farmer complained; the manufacturer complained; the merchant complained; the shipowner complained; and the artisans believed they were starving. So general was this notion, that in almost every county, city, town, and borough, people were induced to sign petitions, setting forth these complaints, and im-

ploring relief. Grand juries, magistrates at quarter sessions, and corporate bodies, joined in the appeal. The tables of Lords and Commons groaned under piles of parchment, signed by thousands and tens of thousands of his Majesty's deluded subjects, who fancied themselves and their fellow-countrymen in a state of unparalleled and intolerable suffering. I say unparalleled and intolerable suffering; because it was not denied in the royal speech, that here and there a sort of partial and transitory embarrassment *was* felt by certain classes.

No sooner, however, was the matter dispassionately examined by Ministers and their friends in both Houses, than it was proved (to the satisfaction of triumphant majorities) that the people were wrong; that they were not in distress; that they were not suffering; or at least that their distress and suffering were ridiculously exaggerated. In vain the alleged sufferers, and their mistaken advocates, urged, that instead of distress being partial, it was the converse of that position which was true; that the well-doing was partial; and that the few who were thriving, in any one branch of national industry, were the exceptions to the many, to the thousands, who were decaying in every branch. The Chancellor of the Exchequer met these assertions by a conclusive argument. "Manufacturers," said he, "continue to make goods; merchants continue to export them; they have done so for a series of years; but would they do so at a loss?" No one ventured to ask the Right Honourable Gentleman what else the merchant and manufacturer (who had large capitals employed in specific branches of trade) could do, but go on a little longer, and yet a little longer, in hopes of better times? The question was unnecessary. Things were made; and the things that were made were sent out of the country. The proof was complete. Being made, and being sent out of the country, it was clear to demonstration they were sold at a profit to both manufacturer and merchant. Besides, his Grace of Wellington*

* Debate in House of Lords on Earl Stanhope's motion, February 25th.

assured us, "there was as much of manufactures in the country now as at any preceding time." How, then, could there be distress among the manufacturers? Or, if there *were* partial distress, his Grace was "satisfied" it was attributable entirely to the use of machinery; and if the farmer was a little pinched in his pocket, had he not the consolation of learning from the same authority, that Parliament had no control over the seasons? There were too many steam-engines, and too many rainy days. Thus the "partial" distress of a few artisans and agriculturists was accounted for. If the rainy days had been more judiciously distributed, the farmers must have been prosperous, for his Grace was "satisfied" the scale of "prices of corn had not fallen lower than the remunerating point, while, as to other articles of agricultural produce, for instance meat, timber, and other matters, they bore a price fully equal to that at which they were sold during the time of the highest amount of taxation."* Then, as to the ship-owners, his Grace was "perfectly satisfied *they* were, at the present moment, employing as great a number of vessels as upon any previous occasion; in fact, he had good reason to believe our shipping interest was daily on the increase;" and, lastly, he "begged leave to ask, if there were not good grounds for believing, that, generally speaking, the prosperity of the country was upon the increase—if the comforts of the people, generally speaking, were in the least degree diminished?"†

It is inconceivable how any persons can find pleasure in thus counterfeiting distress, and pretending they are not so well off as they used to be, when it is evident, from what the Duke of Wellington said, there is actually nothing to complain about. For how does the question present itself? On the one hand, we have certain classes of persons (not exceeding from two to three hundred thousand, at the utmost, if we re-

strict the number to those who signed the petitions to Parliament) engaged in various branches of trade, manufacture, commerce, agriculture, &c., who have taken it into their heads, or who have been unaccountably induced to believe, by designing demagogues, that they are in extreme distress. Some assert they can only get starvation wages for their labour, and yet work fifteen hours a day; others, that they cannot sell what they produce for enough to pay rents and taxes; some, that they would be glad to obtain even thus much, but that they are forestalled in markets where they once enjoyed a monopoly; others, that their ruin is certain, if there be no remedy for the present state of things; and many, that absolute ruin *has already* come upon them. In short, their representations of their own condition, could they be believed, amount to a description of national distress such as (to use the words of Lord Eldon,‡ who went, of course, upon the assumption that they *were* to be believed) "had never been equalled in this kingdom at any period of its history—distress so severe and grinding, as would have broken the very hearts of any men but Englishmen."

This is the case of the Country; but it is an old and very true saying, that one story is good till another is heard.

Ministers and their adherents deny these statements; and they not only deny—they disprove them. Their mere denial, however, must be entitled to more weight than the interested assertions of the complaining party; upon the same principle, that the ship's surgeon was a better judge whether a man was dead than the man himself, who swore he was alive, when his messmates were about to heave him overboard, as the necessary consequence of the doctor's opinion. Their proofs were irrefragable.

One Cabinet Minister§ (following the example of his very particular friend, *Count Pomposo* ||) takes out

* Debate in House of Lords on Earl Stanhope's motion, February 25th.

† Ibid.

‡ Ibid.

§ Mr Herries. Debate on Mr Davenport's motion, March 16th.

|| Mr Irving,—not the divine Mr Irving, of seraphic fame, but the Honourable Member for Bramber.

of his pocket a bundle of private letters from Glasgow, Leeds, or Manchester, and demonstrates, upon their authority, that English labourers and artisans, English merchants and manufacturers, English farmers, and English shipowners, are still, as they once were, possessed of all that constitutes the comforts, the happiness, the affluence of existence. Mr Kirkman Finlay, Mr Gott, Mr Pym, with Mr A, B, and C, state, that in their parts of the country, "neither the agricultural nor the manufacturing interests had any thing to complain of;" that "the prices of labour were highly satisfactory;" that the people "were seldom in circumstances of greater comfort than at present;" and that "they were not aware of any unusual distress among the working classes." Yet these very people are so besotted, or so perverse, so profoundly ignorant of their own situation, so egregiously imposed upon as to their real condition, or so basely culpable of wilful deception, that they fill the country from one end to the other with cries of distress, and have the audacity to approach Parliament as clamorous petitioners for relief from fictitious difficulties.

Another Cabinet Minister,* no less anxious than his colleague to subvert these idle fallacies, adopted, as a test, the following data, shewing, by comparison, what was the situation of the town of Birmingham at progressive periods during the last ten years. *Ab uno disce omnes*. If Birmingham had flourished since 1819, all other places must have flourished equally.—This is a self-evident proposition.—And if all other places have flourished, then the country has flourished. This is a necessary consequence. What becomes, therefore, of the alleged distress? "In 1820, there were 198 maltsters in Birmingham; in 1829, 291. In 1825, there were 1150 tobacco-dealers; in 1829, 1568. In 1820, there were 81 wine-sellers; in 1829, 151. In 1819, there were 38 four-wheeled carriages; in 1822, 44; in 1825, 94; in 1827, 136; and in 1828, 157. It might be said that this only shewed an increase in the comforts of the

upper classes; but the number of two-wheeled carriages in use in those years would shew that this convenience had been largely diffused through the middle and lower classes. In 1819, there were 301 two-wheeled carriages; in 1822, 321; in 1825, 386; and in 1828, 471. In 1819, there were 623 houses assessed to the taxes; in 1822, 791; and in 1828, 977."

Facts are stubborn things; and figures the most stubborn of facts. It is very true, that during an interval of ten years, both the resident and casual population of a town like Birmingham, would go on increasing; and a superficial reasoner might contend that the increase of maltsters, wine-sellers, tobacco-dealers, four and two wheeled carriages, houses, &c. was in the ratio of that increase of population. But this is not the legitimate inference. The special argument obviously *intended* to be founded upon these returns, (for no other would serve the general argument which it is meant to illustrate,) is, that they who kept one carriage in 1819, keep two in 1829; that they who then lived in one house, now live in two; while one-third, or one-half more of beer and tobacco is drunk and smoked by the same persons, at the latter period, as was smoked and drunk at the former; thus proving, to demonstration, their increased ability to command the various luxuries and comforts of life.

Unquestionably, it is a signal advantage to any nation, to have a body of enlightened persons so well acquainted with other people's affairs, that they can at all times set them right in matters which most nearly concern themselves. Where such a body exists, delusion can never be of long duration; and I doubt not at the present moment, the country is as well "satisfied" as the Duke of Wellington himself, that every class in it is thriving and prosperous. Were this not the case, the symptoms of our situation would be indeed alarming. If it could be suspected, that our best and dearest interests have been sacrificed to vain

* Mr Peel. Adjourned debate on Mr Davenport's motion, March 19th.

theories; that all the ancient landmarks of our prosperity have been removed; that we are circumnavigating the shores of visionary experiment, in search of enchanted gardens, mines of magic wealth, and palaces of necromantic diamonds; that being well, we wished to be better, and are incalculably worse; that we now exhibit the spectacle of a petitioning people, and an incredulous legislature; a complaining nation, and a government that denies we have any cause for complaint; an advancing spirit of remonstrance, and an increasing spirit of resistance; that the mockery of statistical returns and comparative statements, the whole machinery of pen, ink, and paper, of items and of figures, are opposed to the reality of grievances; that certain towns, and certain classes of the population, are told they must be prosperous, and cannot be distressed; must be rich, and cannot be poor; must be making large profits, and cannot be losing, when they themselves know, and feel, and proclaim that they *are* distressed, and poor, and almost beggared; if, I say, this could be suspected to be our real condition, then should we be hastening to a crisis which, if there were no power in ourselves or our rulers to avert, would shake the empire to its foundations.

Are we trembling on the verge of such a crisis? Are we drifting towards the vortex? There are those who respond to these questions in the affirmative. And there is one among them, rising steadily but brilliantly upon our political horizon, with a lustre which betokens a meridian of increasing brightness, whose language I will borrow while I record his sentiments; language no less eloquent and forcible, than the sentiments it clothes are just and convincing.* What, he enquires, have been the CAUSES of our calamities?—"We inhabit the same country, favoured beyond all others in soil and climate, unrivalled in its position, surrounded by the same ocean, the scene of its brightest glories, and till of late, one of the most inexhaus-

tible and certain elements of its wealth;—we possess the same colonies, pouring into the lap of this country the riches of every soil and climate under the sun, and which they give to us in exchange for the products of British skill and industry. We possess capital, equal to feed the commerce of the world; we have what is the superior, because that which is the creator of capital, industry—wholly unrivalled by any other nation, or even by this in any preceding age; we have institutions which are supposed to prosper and protect that industry, and to secure that capital, beyond any other people; and, sir, all these incalculable advantages (any of which ought to be of itself a source of prosperity) we have now enjoyed during a long and profound peace: long, I say, in reference to that which we have often before experienced; profound, however compared: and still, sir, the people are in universal distress,—they are at the bar asserting it,—they are there demanding relief,—they are demanding that relief which I believe in my conscience we have it in our power to bestow, and which I as fully believe nothing but an unaccountable pertinacity in adhering to a novel and absurd feeling prevents us from bestowing, and which, itself the offspring of change, and when every thing else has been seen to be changeable, is, it appears, to be immutable, and even sacred from enquiry. Now, sir, as the distress can be no longer denied, or very successfully palliated, it is really curious to learn what a number of reasons have been assigned for it. It would be amusing to give their catalogue, were it not too appalling to be a subject of mirth. The hon. gentleman who has just preceded me,† has enumerated some of the causes which, from time to time, have been given, for the distresses of this country. In 1822, the farmers were in fault; they produced too much: in 1826, too little. In 1826, the English Bankers were to blame. Now, as far as I can perceive, it is the Irish bog-trotters, the peasantry there, who do the mischief.

* Mr Sadler's Speech, March 16th, on Mr Davenport's motion for a Committee of the whole House, to enquire into the distress of the country.

† Mr Ward.

Over-production, and under-production—too good and too bad harvests,—have alternately been appealed to; 1827 was a dry season, 1829 a wet one; in fact, nothing can equal the choice and variety of the reasons which now apologize for the universal distresses of the country. But one of the last of the reasons for English distress deserves a moment's attention. It is discovered, I believe, that the poor, in some other and neighbouring countries, are in no very prosperous condition. But WHEN, SIR, TILL THIS PERIOD, when excuses have to be made to the people in behalf of the absurd policy now pursued,—when, I say, was such a fact not presented as one evincing in the highest degree the INFINITE SUPERIORITY of the condition of the English labourers and artisans, compared with any of the same classes in surrounding countries? Sir, we want no historical proofs, no statistical facts, to convince us that any time for a century past, the serfs of Poland, for instance, who are now the rivals of the English labourers, and the operatives of Southern France, compared with our own artisans, were in a state of comparative destitution. They are now, it appears, RIVALS IN WRETCHED-

NESS; and the advocates of the new system put it forth as a sufficient reason for the unparalleled distress of our industrious population, if they can shew that the workmen of other countries are similar sufferers.* Sir, we want no better proof of the fatuity of the present system, when its advocates can advance no better apology for the distresses of their own country, than presenting the picture of the wretchedness of others. But, sir, I have no hesitation in saying to what causes I attribute the distresses of the country. By reversing that system of policy by which the nation attained to its proud pre-eminence of wealth and power—by which its people rose to a pitch of prosperity and happiness previously unknown. It is, I think, a maxim of Lord Bacon's, (I am sure it is one of common sense,) that those means by which any advantages are obtained, are those only by which they can be retained. We have thought fit to reverse it; and we see the consequences! Our wealth and capital are diminishing more rapidly than they were accumulated. If we review the advantages which this nation so pre-eminently possesses, of which of them do we now duly avail ourselves? Which of them

* Within eight and forty hours after these words fell from the lips of Mr Sadler in the House of Commons, a member of the other house, in the debate upon the Duke of Richmond's motion (March 18th) for a committee of enquiry, similar to that which had been moved for by Mr Davenport, urged this very argument, (if argument it may be called,) with a seemingly profound reliance upon its cogency. It was his Grace the Duke of Buckingham; who enlivened the topic of national suffering by observing, that "tales of woe, and desolation, and public distress, had been a standing subject for the last hundred and fifty years, and that, according to Sir John Sinclair, the country had been ruined seventy-two times between 1688 and 1723." (By the bye, the "complaints of the people," their "tales of woe," and the "public distress," were discussed in a tone of scorn, and levity, and defiance, by some noble lords, not this evening only, but before and after, which I deeply regret. It is not politic to let the people see how proudly even proud men can treat them; or teach them to estimate the value of a peer by the same standard that a peer employs in estimating the value of a plebeian. Lord Ellenborough was one of the noble lords to whom I have alluded, and I name him, because his silly indiscretion received a suitable rebuke from the Marquis of Lansdowne. It was a smart rap on the knuckles for his lordship. But to return to his Grace.) "They should consider what the limits of the distress were, and they would find that from the Black sea to the Bay of Biscay, from the Mediterranean to the Northern ocean, the same distress prevailed: he did not say to the same amount, but certainly the same distress." (This is a droll kind of identity.) "If those causes, then, to which the distress was imputed, were really the causes of it, where those causes did not exist, there could not be distress." Q. E. D. If his Grace's magnificent seat at Stowe were set on fire by lightning, and his town-mansion by an incendiary, and both were burned to the ground, how, save by a quibble, could he prove that exactly the same causes are always necessary to produce similar effects?

have we not PRACTICALLY SURRENDERED?"

I wish the Duke of Wellington, and Mr Peel, and Mr Goulburn, and Mr Herries, and the whole of the Cabinet, and the whole body of the supporters of the Cabinet in and out of Parliament, would meditate upon these simple facts. They are more valuable than a waggon-load of ingenious theories or elaborate arguments. They speak home to the understanding, and receive from it that prompt assent, which is the spontaneous homage of reason to the authority of truth. In an evil hour, Parliament was induced to lend its sanction to the experiment of ascertaining whether we could not do better for ourselves than the wisdom of many generations had done for us. We were not satisfied with surpassing all other countries, in wealth, in power, and in greatness. We yielded to a puerile feeling of self-rivalry. We walked our course among nations in unapproachable supremacy. Not only no competitor crossed our path or gained upon our steps, it could hardly be said there was one in sight, look round on whichever side we chose. Was not this enough for our ambition,—more than enough for our welfare? It seemed otherwise. Our greatness wanted addition. Our wealth cried out for more. Perhaps it was a laudable impulse we followed, in seeking to enlarge the boundaries of both. But what demon stood between the nation and its rulers, what spirit of absurdity was it that took possession of our councils, when the portentous folly of going backward was hailed as the discovery of the true principle of going forward with accelerated rapidity,—when the insane novelty was adopted of trying to surpass ourselves, by abandoning all the methods we had successfully employed to surpass others? The mischief, however, though grievous, is not irreparable. We have committed a signal blunder—Let us renounce it. We have fallen into a marvellous error. But the noblest triumph over error is the return to that right path from which it beguiled us. Above all, let us hasten to do that with free grace which events are hastening to do for us, but which, if we wait their opera-

tion, we shall find accompanied by what it is yet in our power to avoid.

The country is placed in a singular, and, were I speaking of any other nation but England, I should add, an imminently perilous, position. It has respectfully, and constitutionally, approached the Legislature, with a unanimous declaration of its sufferings. Its "tale of woe" has rung, even to satiety, and to the deadening of all sympathy nearly, in the ears of both Houses of Parliament. Right or wrong, it has, with one voice, ascribed those sufferings to the measures of government;—not to the present administration,—nor to the one immediately preceding,—but to the policy of his Majesty's Ministers, during the last twelve years. Whether right or wrong, it matters nothing; for being distressed, the right is its to look to government for relief. The mere fact, indeed, of bringing under their notice, in a regular constitutional way, by petition, the existence of great and general distress, carries with it, or ought to do so, the obligation to apply a remedy, if remedy there be. It has been told, however, in express words by Ministers, and in silent majorities by their adherents, that remedy there is none. The government avows its helplessness; confesses its inability to restore the national prosperity; and the people, therefore, are left to their own devices—thrown upon their own resources—delivered up to their own remedies. Now, such a state of things in any country but England, would be pregnant with the most disastrous consequences,—consequences neither remote nor ambiguous. Here, fortunately, these consequences are remote. Englishmen reason with their condition, and mingle more true philosophy with their reasoning than is taught in the schools. Finding the government can do nothing, they will at once set to work, and try the utmost they can do for themselves. Our danger, therefore, in this, as I have called it, singular position, lies at the extreme point of suffering, which, if it be reached, touches at the same moment that of resistance. What auspicious space may yet intervene, I am not bold enough to guess, much less to define; but since it seems we have only the

chapter of accidents (called by Ministers the "elasticity and vigour of the national character") to trust to, to lift us out of our "painful" and "temporary" difficulties, I would fain hope it is spacious enough to allow of every chance that may be upon the cards.

I have said, that among the things *talked* about, were Portugal, Don Miguel, Greece, and Prince Leopold. Portugal and Greece! Is it possible to name these two countries, in connexion with our foreign policy, and not think of Canning's grave? I will provoke no controversy, offend no prejudices, revive no bitterness of feeling, by examining in detail, or characterising in general terms, the principles of his brief administration; brief, if we calculate its duration by the months he was Prime Minister, but extended through many years, if we more correctly ascribe to his influence, from the time he succeeded the Marquis of Londonderry, the tone, and sentiments, and measures of the Earl of Liverpool's government. Were it my humour to speak on this subject, at this time, I could do so in a way which might startle some, who now repose in confidence upon the jealous vigilance of the Foreign Office over its diplomatic mysteries. But I shall content myself with advancing no other claim on behalf of the departed Minister, than has been conceded alike by those who loved, and by those who hated, by those who admired, and by those who feared him: the claim of having raised the character, and by consequence, strengthened the authority, of England, in her foreign relations. A pamphlet has been published, attributed (I know not how correctly) to Lady Canning, entitled, "*An Authentic Account of Mr Canning's Policy with respect to Portugal.*" It is ably written, by whomsoever the pen has been held, and portions of it, I can assert on my own knowledge, justify the title. The concluding sentences are apposite to my present purpose, and I transcribe them. "While Mr Canning's expiring energies were exerting themselves, as they had so long been, in anxious toil for his country's welfare, and only a few hours before the perfect brightness of his mental

faculties was obscured by the acuteness of his bodily sufferings, the last words which he uttered on political affairs were these:—'I have laboured hard for the last few years to place the country in the high station which she now holds. Two years of the Duke of Wellington's government will undo all that I have done.' The two years are now expired. Has the prophecy been falsified by the event?"—I will not commit myself to any premature opinion, by answering this question, in the absence of those documents concerning Greece and Portugal, which Ministers have so long promised should be laid before Parliament, but which have not yet been communicated. There are, however, some general features of their foreign policy, and some specific transactions connected with Portugal, which may be made matter of argument, without prejudice to their whole system, under whatever aspect that system shall appear when they submit it to Parliament.

A nation can never be reduced to worse circumstances than to be afraid to do itself justice. I do not say this is our case; but it is sometimes difficult to distinguish between the fear and the neglect of asserting justice. Mr Peel, Lord Aberdeen, and the Duke of Wellington, have taken great pains to inculcate the notion, that, though we are prepared for war, we are enamoured of peace; and they have, on all occasions, so much more earnestly expressed their pacific predilections than their warlike appetites, that it is not surprising a suspicion should prevail very generally on the continent, that they would "put up with a great deal" before they would even look pugnacious, or point significantly to the hilt of a sword. "Peace is their dear delight, not Fleury's more." They call this maintaining a dignified neutrality. I am afraid, however, a country that too ostentatiously avows its disinclination to go to war, places itself nearly in the same situation as if it declared its inability; so far, at least, as holding forth an invitation to every other country, to pursue its own plans with a civil disregard of the opinions or interests of its peaceable ally. Nay, should it even be roused, and bluster a little, it is al-

most in the condition of an individual (no allusion to the Hon. Member for Clare) who lets it be known he has sworn never to fight a duel, and so offers his nose to the finger and thumb of any one who is disposed to tweak it. "But when" (as was justly asked by Mr Lamb on the fourth day of the Session) "has a nation avoided war, by the expression of its fear for the consequences? It is the duty of nations to stare war in the face."—"Aye," replied Mr Peel, "but it should be borne in mind, that those countries which refrained from entering on an unjust war, had always proved most capable of carrying on a just one." This is a piece of homely political morality, not very "germane to the matter;" unless the Right Honourable Gentleman means to infer, that all wars are successful in the ratio of their justice, an inference which would not exactly fit the wars waged by France under her triple quality of revolutionary, consular, and imperial. I cannot help thinking, however, that for all practical and useful purposes, it would be much better to leave the justice of wars out of the question, and to deal with them as we do with many other things in this best of all possible worlds, which, in our ignorance, we call evils. For one point is quite certain; there never was a battle fought, since the first, whenever it took place, down to that which we may expect shortly to hear of, between his Most Christian Majesty's troops, and those of his Most Sublime Highness the Dey of Algiers, in which both parties did not appeal to the justice of their cause, and celebrate victory or deplore defeat, as the triumph or disaster of this same justice.

The true policy of a country, in my mind, is to affright war from its confines by her own image. I would not merely husband the sinews of war; I would not merely store arsenals, build ships, and levy men; my hand should be upon my sword, and my sword against my enemy, in the same moment he became such. Among individuals, the man who is feared, because he is known to have in him a quality dangerous to offence, is the man who is seldom offended; while he who passes for a

very honourable person, a very just person, but one who sleeps upon an injury, and admits candid explanations in the morning, is the man to whom injuries are done to-day, and apologies offered to-morrow. So with nations. Fritter away wrongs in conferences, protocols, and dispatches; delegate to diplomacy what belongs to gunpowder; let ambassadors expostulate, when generals should take the field, and though war may thus be avoided, the occasion for it is not; while the only thing that is preserved, is a peace which you henceforth keep, not at your own discretion, but at the convenience of others. Nor let it be supposed that this hostile attitude involves the frequency, much less the necessity, of hostile action. Just the reverse. For, as it is reasonable to suppose, and therefore may be fairly assumed, that, in such cases as I am contemplating, war is not a pastime, or a thing of little moment, to *other* states; that it presents itself to them as an alternative fraught with weighty consequences, both financial and political; it follows, they will be exceedingly cautious how they conduct themselves towards an ally who cannot be played with; an ally whom they may not wind up and unwind at their convenience, but one who, they know by experience, being wound up, strikes. Be it remembered, that a course like this, is the course no less of sound policy than of true honour; of policy, because it does not *invite* insult; of honour, because it promptly resents it.

I do not think I assert what is incapable of proof, when I say that *one* of the secret springs by which the foreign relations of this country have been regulated since the accession of the Duke of Wellington to power, has been the desire to purge them from the Canning spirit. Earl Dudley, and Lord Howard de Walden, and the Duke of Portland, could give valuable and curious testimony on this point, if it were required of them. Where the good faith and political integrity of the country were pledged, this bias was necessarily checked, or at least modified; but wherever there was room for change, without involving a direct sacrifice of national character, or such a breach

of positive engagement as would have justified an appeal to war—wherever it was possible to go to the left, because Mr Canning had gone to the right, or to the right, because he had taken the left, there it has been done. I state this opinion with the less hesitation, because I am prepared to state with equal, and even greater confidence, that Mr Canning himself was tainted with the same weakness. I will not say I *know*, (for men hardly confess such motives to their own hearts,) but I believe, upon grounds inferior only to the knowledge which confession would afford, that when Mr Canning consented to renounce the tempting emoluments of his appointment as Governor-General of India, to direct the foreign policy of England, whatever settled and deliberate principles he may have brought to his office, and which he would equally have brought under any circumstances, there were others, which owed their existence and their resolute adoption to the simple fact, that he was the successor of the Marquis of Londonderry. These are the infirmities of great minds. I deplored them in Mr Canning. I cannot admire them (if I am right in my opinion) in the Duke of Wellington. His Grace, too, is without the palliative which may be claimed for Mr Canning. The latter stood openly opposed to many parts of the foreign policy of the Marquis of Londonderry; but the former was an assenting colleague in the Cabinet, and in Parliament, to *all* the foreign policy of Mr Canning, down to the moment that he resigned the seals of the Foreign Office.

It is to the paralyzing influence of this infirmity, I attribute much of the feeble and vacillating character of our proceedings as regards Greece and Portugal. We are again in the condition in which we found ourselves at the Congress of Verona, when we were civilly enough permitted to *protest* against those things of which we did not approve, and when, having protested, the things were done with all imaginable disregard of our disapprobation. The Emperor of Russia at the gates of Constantinople; Don Miguel on the throne of Portugal

with the constitution in his pocket, and the constitutionalists in exile; and Greece, waiting to be governed by Prince Leopold, are among the more striking illustrations of the notion which prevails of our pacific predilections. With respect to Greece, indeed, the Earl of Aberdeen* did not hesitate to affirm, that the Treaty of the 6th July "was not framed with a view to its independence, but its pacification only." Did the framer of that Treaty ever separate, in *his* mind, the independence from the pacification? Could he do so? Could any statesman do so? Would the pacification have been worth a month's purchase, without the independence—the solid and secure independence? What was the principle—the necessary principle, of our interference? That war should cease, and *that* end gained, that we should trouble ourselves no further? So indeed says the Earl of Aberdeen; and so, too, says the Duke of Wellington. Why? For no earthly reason but to build upon the absurdity a false claim to superior wisdom, or superior regard for the interests of Greece. The plain English of it is this: "Mr Canning, by the Treaty of the 6th July, limited the boon to *pacification* only; but we, the present ministers, took a larger aim, and have provided for *independence*." As if one of the junior clerks in the Foreign Office, or even Alderman Waithman, could have blundered so deplorably, as to have put all that machinery in motion which was brought into play by the above Treaty, for the single purpose of terminating the war. No doubt, the noble Secretary for Foreign Affairs would point to the Treaty, and ask, in what part of it, expressly or by implication, the three powers bound themselves to secure the independence of Greece. But *I* would point to the archives of the Foreign Office, and ask the noble Lord what he found *there*, (in the diplomatic correspondence between the courts of London, Paris, and St Petersburg, during the years 1826 and 1827,) to justify the construction he now puts upon the intentions of the allied powers? Or, I would ask the Duke of Wellington what were *his* instruc-

* Debate on Lord Holland's motion, February 12th.

tions, on this very point, when he proceeded upon his mission to St Petersburg?

With respect to Portugal, it certainly does appear, from the admissions of ministers themselves,* that they have allowed Don Miguel to tweak us by the nose, spit in our face, and apply his foot to that part of our national person which is regarded as the sanctuary of honour in individuals, and not, therefore, to be violated with impunity. And why have these things been allowed? Because, says the Earl of Aberdeen, and after him Lord Goderich, the offender is too contemptible, too insignificant, to punish. On which side does the insignificance preponderate? But suppose we grant the argument, must we also grant its consequence, that he who is beneath notice, for his injuries, is worthy to be sought for his friendship? This would be too much. Yet, to this practical absurdity it comes. The Earl of Aberdeen (and it is to be hoped some kind friend will indulge his most faithful Majesty, in private, with a correct translation of the flattering epithets) spoke to the character of Don Miguel in these terms:—"That he is FALSE, that he is TREACHEROUS, and that he is PERJURED, it is IMPOSSIBLE to DENY! I am also ready to believe that he is CRUEL!"† And Lord Goderich, who was prime minister (*mirabile dictu!*) during the time that some of these transactions took place, which have stamped treachery, perfidy, and perjury on the character of Miguel—Lord Goderich lends a few finishing touches to the picture. "For my part, I think the character which my noble friend has drawn is a true one."—"As to the conduct of Don Miguel, which has arisen, as my noble friend says, from perfidy and treachery, and by which he has insulted the sovereign of England," &c.—"I confess I have not language to express the contempt and abhorrence in which I hold the conduct of Don Miguel," &c. &c.‡

Thus, then, it is admitted, (as Lord Palmerston observes,§) that "as regards this country, he has BROKEN ALL FAITH, and offered PERSONAL INSULT to his Majesty." And yet, though too contemptible to punish for these delinquencies, he is a sufficiently dignified and respectable personage to seek as a friend! This country has so sought him, and been repulsed. And now, (to complete the climax of our own dignity,) we are accepting, if not soliciting, the good offices of the French government, to bring about a reconciliation with his Most Faithful Majesty.¶ We, who have neither power to compel, nor influence to persuade, "the treacherous, perjured, and perfidious" king, to shake hands with the monarch he has "insulted," are trying what a friend can do for us. England seeks a mediator, and that mediator a Bourbon, to obtain for her the privilege of resuming her ancient relations with Portugal!—Portugal! her oldest ally, bound to her by a century and a half of solemnly renewed compacts; and, since the famous Methuen treaty, cherished by her as a valuable outlet for her manufactures. Portugal! in whose cause we took the field, when Napoleon decreed that the House of Braganza had ceased to reign: for whom we fought and conquered, and in whose councils it has ever been the policy of this country to prevail over and baffle the unceasing efforts and manifold intrigues of France, at all times, and under all circumstances, to supplant us! We are now the suppliants of France to befriend us at Lisbon; and France, with secret exultation at the humility of our attitude, smiles graciously, and promises us her good offices, to be bestowed, doubtless, with her accustomed disregard of her own interests, and with a special oblivion of the opportunity she now has, to say one word for us, and two for herself. How Prince Polignac must contrast his present situation, as prime minister, with his

* Debate in the House of Lords, on Lord Melbourne's motion, Feb. 18th, and in the House of Commons, on Lord Palmerston's motion, March 10th.

† Debate on the 18th February.

‡ Ibid.

§ Debate in the House of Commons, March 10th.

¶ Reply of the Earl of Aberdeen (March 11th) to questions which were put by Lord Holland upon a passage in the King of France's speech to the Chambers.

former one, as ambassador, with reference to this question of French and English influence at Lisbon! *He* can recollect a case, within the last six years, when a French ambassador at Lisbon held language, on the subject of marching French troops into Portugal, so reprehensible, that he, Prince Polignac, was *compelled* to obtain from his government a satisfactory assurance in writing, (a *verbal* assurance was rejected,) that even if application should be made to France by the King of Portugal for aid, it would be refused; and further, that with regard to the ambassador himself, a dispatch had been sent to him, "strongly disapproving of his conduct." He may remember, too, how nearly the *peace of Europe* was endangered by one rash step on the part of that ambassador, when, fortunately, the commander of a Spanish frontier garrison had the discretion not to obey his orders. Lastly, he may remember, that when he was informed by *our* government of these proceedings by the agent of his, and *appeared* to be ignorant of them, how unceremoniously incredulity was expressed as to the fact of his being really ignorant. Such was *then* the jealousy and indignation of England at the bare idea of French influence, or French interference, in Portugal. But alas! the short space of six years has been sufficient, not only to extinguish this jealousy, and calm this indignation, but to place France in the position of a mediator on behalf of England, in obtaining from Portugal the renewal of her former relations with that country. What a falling off from the proud sufficiency of our own power to obtain our own objects!

I know not what new lights may break in upon us, when the papers (*ALL* the papers, I hope) relating to our negotiations with the Courts of Lisbon and Rio Janeiro, are laid before Parliament. But unless they disprove what Ministers themselves have admitted, or unless Ministers have compromised their own character unnecessarily and unjustly, I think there can be but one opinion upon the subject of their proceedings. I dismiss from my consideration altogether the incidental questions of the affair at Terceira, the recognition of Donna Maria, and the

abandonment of the constitutional party. I will concede, hypothetically, that in all these points the course of the government has been marked by wisdom, and that neutrality has been no less its object than its policy. But I have yet to learn, that the honour of the country has been duly maintained; and that in adopting the ambiguous principle of disdaining to punish insults, because we despise the person who offers them, we have not established the precedent, the dangerous precedent, that there *are* insults, under given circumstances, to which we will submit. Mr Fox, who was no lover of war, held that the "honour of a country was the best justification for going to war;" and Mr Peel, in discussing the question of our transactions with Portugal, (March 10th,) gave to this maxim his unqualified assent. It remains, therefore, to be shewn by Ministers, in the papers they have promised to produce, whether (I use the words of Mr Peel himself) "the interests of this country obliged us to enter into a war, or to hold that menacing language, which, if disregarded, left no alternative but war?"

His Majesty, in his speech to Parliament, after lamenting that "he was unable to announce the prospect of a reconciliation between the princes of the house of Braganza," added, "that he had not yet deemed it expedient to re-establish upon their ancient footing his Majesty's diplomatic relations with the kingdom of Portugal; but the numerous embarrassments arising from the continued interruption of these relations increased his Majesty's desire to effect the termination of so serious an evil." The Earl of Aberdeen, also, (Feb. 18th,) having done that justice to Don Miguel's character and conduct, which has been quoted, observed, "it was a point of minor importance to him whether Don Miguel were a Nero or a Titus; but it was a matter of much serious consideration what were to be our connexions with Portugal, looking to the interests of the two countries, and the basis upon which our mutual relations were to be founded, consistent with our honour, happiness, and true interests." I agree with the Noble Lord, that it is a point of minor importance to us, whether Don Miguel be a Nero or a

Titus; I further agree with him that it is of much greater importance to know what are to be our future relations with Portugal: but I do not agree with him, if he would hence infer or maintain, that the restoration of those relations is the only, or the principal, thing we have to look to. And I am quite sure of this, that whenever these relations are now restored, whenever the "numerous embarrassments arising from their interruption," are removed, whenever Don Miguel condescends that the connexion between the two countries shall be re-established upon its ancient footing, if that should ever be the case, (which I much doubt,) under the auspices of France—the arrangement will be infinitely less satisfactory in itself, less durable in its nature, less beneficial in its consequences, less honourable in its character, than if it had been demanded

at the point of the sword. An ambassador, who could have pointed with one hand to the conditions we required, and with the other, to a British squadron in the Tagus, would have required nothing which Don Miguel would have refused, and would have obtained nothing which Don Miguel would have ventured to revoke or neutralize. If there be one description of persons in whom, more than another, it is necessary to intimidate by "menacing language," it is such a person as the Earl of Aberdeen described—"false, treacherous, and perfidious;" and I venture to assert, that if "menacing language" had been employed, Mr Peel's nervous apprehensions of the alternative, would have been in no danger of being realized; for they who are accessible only to such appeals, are the very last in the world by whom they are likely to be "disregarded."

HEAT AND THIRST,—A SCENE IN JAMAICA.

THE TORCH was lying at anchor in Bluefields Bay. It was between eight and nine in the morning. The land wind had died away, and the sea-breeze had not set in—there was not a breath stirring. The pennant from the mast-head fell sluggishly down, and clung amongst the rigging like a dead snake, whilst the folds of the St George's ensign that hung from the mizen-peak, were as motionless as if they had been carved in marble.

The anchorage was one unbroken mirror, except where its glasslike surface was shivered into sparkling ripples by the gambols of a skipjack, or the flashing stoop of his enemy the pelican; and the reflection of the vessel was so clear and steady, that at the distance of a cable's length you could not distinguish the water-line, nor tell where the substance ended and shadow began, until the casual dashing of a bucket overboard for a few moments broke up the phantom ship; but the wavering fragments soon reunited, and she again floated double, like the swan of the poet. The heat was so intense, that the iron stanchions of the awning could not be grasped with the hand, and where the decks were not screened by it, the pitch boiled out from the seams,

The swell rolled in from the offing in long shining undulations, like a sea of quicksilver, whilst every now and then a flying fish would spark out from the unruffled bosom of the heaving water, and shoot away like a silver arrow, until it dropped with a flash into the sea again. There was not a cloud in the heavens, but a quivering blue haze hung over the land, through which the white sugar-works and overseers' houses on the distant estates appeared to twinkle like objects seen through a thin smoke, whilst each of the tall stems of the cocoa-nut trees on the beach, when looked at steadfastly, seemed to be turning round with a small spiral motion, like so many endless screws. There was a dreamy indistinctness about the outlines of the hills, even in the immediate vicinity, which increased as they receded, until the blue mountains in the horizon melted into sky. The crew were listlessly spinning oakum, and mending sails, under the shade of the awning; the only exceptions to the general languor were Johncrow the black, and Jackoo the monkey. The former (who was an *improvisatore* of a rough stamp) sat out on the bowsprit, through choice, beyond the

shade of the canvass, without hat or shirt, like a bronze bust, busy with his task, whatever that might be, singing at the top of his pipe, and between whiles confabulating with his hairy ally, as if he had been a messmate. The monkey was hanging by the tail from the dolphin-striker, admiring what Johncrow called "his own dam ogly face in the water."—"Tail like yours would be good ting for a sailor, Jackoo, it would leave his two hands free aloft—more use, more hornament too, I'm sure, den de piece of greasy junk dat hangs from de Captain's taffril.—Now I shall sing to you, how dat Corromantee rascal, my fader, was sell me on de Gold Coast.

"Two red nightcap, one long knife,

All him get for Quackoo,

For gun next day him sell him wife—

You tink dat good song, Jackoo?"

"Chocko, chocko," chattered the monkey, as if in answer. "Ah, you tink so—sensible honimal!—What is dat? shark?—Jackoo, come up, sir: don't you see dat big shovel-nosed fish looking at you? Pull your hand out of the water, Garamighty!" The negro threw himself on the gammoning of the bowsprit to take hold of the poor ape, who, mistaking his kind intention, and ignorant of his danger, shrunk from him, lost his hold, and fell into the sea. The shark instantly sank to have a run, then dashed at his prey, raising his snout over him, and shooting his head and shoulders three or four feet out of the water, with poor Jackoo shrieking in his jaws, whilst his small bones crackled and crunched under the monster's triple row of teeth.

Whilst this small tragedy was acting—and painful enough it was to the kind-hearted negro—I was looking out towards the eastern horizon, watching the first dark-blue ripple of the sea-breeze, when a rushing noise passed over my head.

I looked up and saw a *gallinazo*, the large carrion-crow of the tropics, sailing, contrary to the habits of its kind, seaward over the brig. I followed it with my eye, until it vanished in the distance, when my attention was attracted by a dark speck far out in the offing, with a little tiny white sail. With my glass I made it out to be a ship's boat, but I saw no one on board, and the sail was idly flapping about the mast.

On making my report, I was desired to pull towards it in the gig; and as we approached, one of the crew said he thought he saw some one peering over the bow. We drew nearer, and I saw him distinctly. "Why don't you haul the sheet aft, and come down to us, sir?"

He neither moved nor answered, but, as the boat rose and fell on the short sea raised by the first of the breeze, the face kept mopping and mowing at us over the gunwale.

"I will soon teach you manners, my fine fellow! give way, men"—and I fired my musket, when the crow that I had seen rose from the boat into the air, but immediately alighted again, to our astonishment, vulture-like with outstretched wings, upon the head.

Under the shadow of this horrible plume, the face seemed on the instant to alter like a hideous change in a dream. It appeared to become of a deathlike paleness, and anon streaked with blood. Another stroke of the oar—the chin had fallen down, and the tongue was hanging out. Another pull—the eyes were gone, and from their sockets, brains and blood were fermenting, and flowing down the cheeks. It was the face of a putrefying corpse. In this floating coffin we found the body of another sailor, doubled across one of the thwarts, with a long Spanish knife sticking between his ribs, as if he had died in some mortal struggle, or, what was equally probable, had put an end to himself in his frenzy; whilst along the bottom of the boat, arranged with some shew of care, and covered by a piece of canvass stretched across an oar above it, lay the remains of a beautiful boy, about fourteen years of age, apparently but a few hours dead. Some biscuit, a roll of jerked beef, and an earthen water-jar, lay beside him, shewing that hunger at least could have had no share in his destruction,—but the pipkin was dry, and the small water-cask in the bow was staved, and empty.

We had no sooner cast our grappling over the bow, and begun to tow the boat to the ship, than the abominable bird that we had scared settled down into it again, notwithstanding our proximity, and began to peck at the face of the dead boy. At this

moment we heard a gibbering noise, and saw something like a bundle of old rags roll out from beneath the stern-sheet, and apparently make a fruitless attempt to drive the gallinaso from its prey. Heaven and earth, what an object met our eyes! It was a full-grown man, but so wasted, that one of the boys lifted him by his belt with one hand. His knees were drawn up to his chin, his hands were like the talons of a bird, while the falling in of his chocolate-coloured and withered features gave an unearthly relief to his forehead, over which the horny and transparent skin was braced so tightly that it seemed ready to crack. But in the midst of this desolation, his deep-set coal-black eyes sparkled like two diamonds with the fever of his sufferings; there was a fearful fascination in their flashing brightness, contrasted with the deathlike aspect of the face, and rigidity of the frame. When sensible of our presence he tried to speak, but could only utter

a low moaning sound. At length—"Aqua, aqua"—we had not a drop of water in the boat. "El muchacho esta moriendo de sed—Aqua."

We got on board, and the surgeon gave the poor fellow some weak tepid grog. It acted like magic. He gradually uncoiled himself, his voice, from being weak and husky, became comparatively strong and clear. "El hijo—Aqua para mi pedrillo—No le hace para mi—Oh la noche pasado, la noche pasado!" He was told to compose himself, and that his boy would be taken care of. "Dexa me verlo entonces, oh Dios, dexa me verlo"—and he crawled, grovelling on his chest, like a crushed worm across the deck, until he got his head over the port-sill, and looked down into the boat. He there beheld the pale face of his dead son; it was the last object he ever saw—"Ay de mi!" he groaned heavily, and dropped his face against the ship's side—He was dead.

TO MY BABE.

BY DELTA.

THERE is no sound upon the night—
As, by the shaded lamp, I trace,
My babe, in infant beauty bright,
The changes of thy sleeping face.—

Hallow'd for ever be the hour
To us, throughout all time to come,
Which gave us thee—a living flower—
To bless and beautify our home!

Thy presence is a charm, which wakes
A new creation to my sight;
Gives life another look, and makes
The wither'd green, the faded bright.

Pure as a lily of the brook,
Heaven's signet on thy forehead lies,
And heaven is read in every look,
My daughter, of thy soft blue eyes.

In sleep thy little spirit seems
To some bright realm to wander back,
And seraphs, mingling with thy dreams,
Allure thee to their shining track.

Already like a vernal flower
I see thee opening to the light,
And day by day, and hour by hour,
Becoming more divinely bright.

Yet in my gladness stirs a sigh,
Even for the blessing of thy birth,
Knowing how sins and sorrows try
Mankind, and darken o'er the earth !

Ah, little dost thou ween, my child,
The dangers of the way before,
How rocks in every path are piled,
Which few unharm'd can clamber o'er.

Sweet bud of beauty ! how wilt thou
Endure the bitter tempest's strife ?
Shall thy blue eyes be dimm'd—thy brow
Indented by the cares of life ?

If years are spared to thee—alas !
It may be—ah ! it must be so ;
For all that live and breathe, the glass,
Which must be quaff'd, is drugg'd with woe.

Yet ah ! if prayers could aught avail,
So calm thy skies of life should be,
That thou shouldst glide, beneath the sail
Of virtue, on a stormless sea ;

And ever on thy thoughts, my child,
The sacred truth should be impress'd—
Grief clouds the soul to sin beguiled,
Who liveth best, God loveth best.

Across thy path, Religion's star
Should ever shed its healing ray,
To lead thee from this world's vain jar,
To scenes of peace, and purer day :

Shun Vice—the breath of her abode
Is poison'd, though with roses strewn ;
And cling to Virtue, though the road
Be thorny—boldly travel on !

For thee I ask not riches—thou
Wert wealthy with a spotless name ;
I ask not beauty—for thy brow
Is fair as my desires could claim.

Be thine a spirit loathing guilt,
Kind, independent, pure, and free ;—
Be like thy mother,—and thou wilt
Be all my soul desires to see !

ON THE PUNISHMENT OF DEATH.

PUNISHMENT in human government may be referred originally to two sources; the vengeance of offended Power; and the satisfaction of Justice—that is, retribution measured to transgression. Either of these feelings suggests the idea of punishment, and satisfies the minds of those who impose it. To these is soon added the use to which punishment may be employed, for deterring others from the same crime. The progress of moral civilization adds a fourth purpose—that of moral restoration to the criminal. The illustration of these Four Principles would go through the whole history of Penal Legislation.

The character of those feelings which have given origin to punishment among men, must explain the sanguinary and ferocious character it has borne. For either of them provokes strong passion in the hearts of rude men. Offended power and indignant justice crush the offender. In those early states of mankind in which laws and government have their origin, there is nothing for men to refer to, when occasions arise, but the sentiments they find in their own hearts, whencesoever they are produced; and when any of those great violations occur which call for severer chastisement, the passionate feeling with which they consider the acted offence gives birth to the law.

If we were to look into the history of human institutions to understand how it has happened that those corporeal inflictions which seem to us so terrible—mutilations, torments, death with all possible aggravations—have entered into the scheme of government, we should have to examine the effect among men in the pristine states of life, of crimes perpetrated before their eyes, which provoke vehement indignation. When the punishment is once allowed, its continuance is accounted for, because the minds of men frame themselves to the existing institutions; and the policy of a barbarous people remains to more enlightened ages.

In thus referring the origin of Punishment to passionate sentiments, we at once explain its excess. Because it is the property of such pas-

sionate feelings to justify to themselves their own acts. Offended justice and offended power have this in common, that they never question the extremity of their resentment. It will be clear to those who enquire into such conditions of society, that, constituted as the life of man there is, turbulent and ungoverned, their spirit of understanding dark, and every thing new and indeterminate amongst them, they could refer to nothing else but in the individual case to the sentiment of the occasion; that those impetuous dictates of feeling to which they did refer performed a most important service; for that, unless they had acted fearlessly and vehemently under such impulses, there would have been a total relinquishment of all government among them—the worst state into which any society can fall. Therefore, when that state of society is come in which men deliberate with reflective humanity, and, strong in the knowledge and experience of ages, upon their own legislation, they have to separate entirely the history of Punishment, as it may exist among them, from the consideration of its principles. For in one they see the natural resources of uninstructed men; but what they seek for themselves in the other, is the highest wisdom of possible human government.

This spirit of reflecting humanity in legislation we scarcely find, except in Christian Europe; and there not till its latest ages. The diffusion of these humane sentiments has gradually abolished many modes of torturing punishment, and has taken from the punishment of Death very generally the enormities with which it used to be accompanied. But the softenings of justice are generally to be ascribed rather to the natural influence of a milder spirit, which revolted from shocking inflictions, than to much study of legislators to conform their general laws to the wisest principles. The fearful appendages—the hideous ostentations of the punishments, have dropped away; but the reconstruction of their codes upon the wisdom which the age possesses, is a work yet to

be done—for most of them, yet to be begun. It seems as if great progress indeed, both intellectual and moral, were required to enable men to detach themselves in idea from the system to which their minds have been moulded; and to reform it according to the measure of their understanding and feeling.

When this change in the spirit of the age begins, and they consider not what the laws are, but what are the principles and the rights of punishment—when they throw off all their habitual impressions, and ask for a perfect ground, or reason, for every thing they dare enact—the first startling question that comes upon their thought, is, whether men have the right to put men to death? A question involving such ideas of injury and responsibility, that it takes place of all other questions on the subject, and all theories of punishment are framed with a reference to its solution. At the time when such enquiry begins, it is found that a great change has taken place in the prevalent views of punishment; and that, in place of those conceptions of direct and retributive judgment, which prevailed in the origin of laws, the common idea that now holds a place in the public opinion is the notion of its practical utility—not its justice, but its expediency. The effect upon society of deterring from the commission of crimes—the efficacy of punishment by example—will be found to have its chief place in common thought upon the subject; and it may possibly be found, that there is a common disposition to rest punishment altogether upon that ground.

The consideration, therefore, of the expediency of punishment, may perhaps rationally be brought as the first to the question of the right of capital punishment; and it may be asked, is it possible that any degree of expediency, any danger to be repelled from society, can authorize to take away life? The answer of natural feeling is here direct and simple; that, unless the life is forfeited, there can be no right to take it away. And we are thus thrown at once upon the intrinsic difficulty of the subject—the forfeiture of the right of life. If there be any cases in which it is certain that men are

commanded by the highest authority under which they live to take away life, upon those cases there can be no deliberation. But if that be doubtful—and we are left upon our human understanding of rights to examine the question—the difficulty is great; for to what law can we refer, but to the common law of human nature—declared by Feeling, Reason, and Conscience?

The simplest case in which we acknowledge the right to destroy life, is that of resistance against the assault upon life. A man attempting the life of a man, a nation invading a nation with arms, always appears to us to give an unquestionable right to put to death, because in these cases the aggressor breaks up the natural bond of human society; he outlaws himself; he takes his blood upon his own head. He, in fact, gives the right over his life, not to him merely whom he attacks, but to him who passes by. He then appears certainly to have forfeited his right of life.

Our conception, therefore, is not of an absolute right of life. We conceive and admit its forfeiture. Now, can we state on what ground we conceive a right of life? Only upon this—that we are members of one family. Every individual human being has, in our eyes, the same right at our hands, by the community of our nature. But he who attempts life has dissolved for himself this community of nature; he has annulled it, and can derive no right from it. It seems, therefore, a natural reasoning, that he who has violated life has forfeited his own, and made them innocent who destroy it.

Let us take another step. The delinquency of an individual against the society to which he belongs, in those acts which are against the existence of the whole body, seems to be of the same nature; to abrogate his fellowship with them; to put him on the footing of an ordinary enemy; and to justify his death—as theirs, provided the society to which he belongs be lawfully constituted; and thus the forfeiture of life, or punishment of death, may seem to have a justification in the highest treasons.

Let us take another step. It seems reasonable to suppose, that the laws,

which have been always extremely sanguinary, against pirates and band-ed robbers, have proceeded upon such a ground—upon the assumption that they had themselves dissolved their fellowship with men, and separated themselves to be the enemies of human society. Therefore, the question was not, whether they had in particular cases destroyed life, but their occupation of itself was held justly to condemn them.

These are some of the plainest cases of the apparent forfeiture of the right of life. It is possible there may be some in which, by construction, it may be conceived to be forfeited. But if there be a case in which, neither palpably to common sense, nor by any construction, it can be shewn that the natural right of life is forfeited—is it possible that any opinion of the expediency of the severest punishment can justify the use of the punishment of death? It seems very difficult to conceive.

The first great class of penalties upon which this question must be asked—in our own country—are those which regard the invasion of property, where there is no personal aggression. It is plain, that in these cases of fraud and theft, there is nothing whatever of the character of offence which separates a man from his community. He violates a law; but no man will say that that is simply a forfeiture of all right. He violates a right which is of great magnitude and importance, and on which the prosperity of the state is founded. But will any man say, that he has therefore waged war with the prosperity of the state? There may be difficulty in marking the point where aggression, on the one side, breaks up to the man the laws of social life, and on the other, has ceased to do so; but the numerous cases in which wealth lies open to invasion, without any injury of personal aggression, cannot be so construed. For the injury done to me, who suffer most, is not such that I can desire the man's death. The spirit of revenge, the fiercest spirit that ever entered into law, does not ask it. Yet, upon that act, for which the sufferer dare not, before God or man, ask death, the legislator himself imagines to inflict it—making

his cooler deliberation of expediency more remorseless than revenge!

Here, it may be at least an evidence that life is not forfeited, when he whose passions are most inflamed, would never have dreamed it to be so. The case, indeed, appears perfectly clear—that here, life is taken which is not forfeited. To those who believe that, without this self-forfeiture, there can be no such penalty justified as death, the argument is ended. To those who look upon expediency as constituting a necessity, it remains to shew that the punishment is expedient. But the experience that has been had of it does not shew this.

To us the great question is, whether the protection of property, separate from all other considerations, can justify the punishment of death? In most of the aggressions upon property which have, by the common laws of nations, been punished by death, there has been other aggression upon the peace and security of the society, which gave to the crime its more atrocious character. But in a country in which property is so separated from the person that it can be violated alone, the question comes, whether it is lawful, for that violation, to take away life?

Property can be invaded by counterfeiting a signature. Does the necessity of protecting it give a right to take away life, in order to deter from that invasion? The only answer that can be made in the affirmative, must at least bear the qualification, “if there is no other method of preventing it, and this is effectual.” What, then, if it can be said that this is the only method that has been tried, and that this is not effectual?

But it may be doubted whether, in the utmost extremity of the case, it can be justified. For, to what extent is the law bound to interfere for the protection of property? If I lock up my purse in my house, the law will protect it, though I leave my house empty; but if I leave my purse on the highway, the law will not protect it. In one case I do not make the risk—it exists in the nature of things. In the other case, I make it. When commercial houses have arranged, that the check of a holder of money shall command it, without

any other authority or evidence of his intention—if that puts the money at risk, they have put it for themselves; for there is nothing in the nature of property constraining such a risk. It is an arrangement of convenience; and if the law did not protect that arrangement by any penalty, it cannot be doubted for a moment that the holders of property would devise more decisive means of ascertaining their intention. They would be able to avoid the insecurity, but not the inconvenience. It is their convenience, then, and not the property, that is now protected by the penalty of death.

Another invasion of property, of a similar kind, is that which is effected by counterfeiting the promissory engagements of particular commercial houses, which have the currency of money with the public. The fraud is on the public. This case is of much greater importance, because no means which could be taken by those who are liable to suffer from it are sufficient to protect them; the only sufficient means being out of their power. But it is possible that the houses who derive their profit from issuing such engagements, whose interest it is to put this money into circulation, might find the means of protecting the public from fraud. And if there were no protection afforded by the law, it is unquestionable that they would long ago have found the means of imparting some more indisputable character to their money; because the perilous uncertainty of this circulation to the public would otherwise have stopped its currency. But the ready penalty of death was at hand; and the law did as much as lay in it to render so much pains unnecessary.

The protection of such a circulation by the penalty of death, seems to have followed from the protection of the coin of the realm by the same penalty. At least, if this did not lead to it in law, it may be believed that nothing less than some habitual acquaintance with the protection of a currency by death, could have disposed the country so readily to acquiesce in it. But the protection of the coin by this penalty, is in itself a very extraordinary part of policy; and it is derived, not from any opinion of the sanctity of property, but

from the majesty of the King, against which this crime is an aggression, and therefore punishable as treason. The law was never enacted in obedience to the common sentiments of the nation; but it was one of the acts of offended greatness,—an act of the state; and the penalty was the same, if the coin were good. If it were now for the first time to be deliberated in a civilized and Christian country, in what manner the King's coin, the engagements of banks, and the deposits of individuals, should be guarded from invasion by counterfeiture,—who is there that would first stand up, and propose that the security should consist in the penalty of death? It is not supposable that, in such a state, these laws should take origin. Who is there whose own mind would suggest to him the wish, that the man who had passed on him ten counterfeit guineas or notes, or had forged his check for fifty pounds, should perish for it on the gallows? We have a punishment which no legislator would dare to advise for the crime, and no sufferer by it to desire.

The first idea that presses on our mind is, that property must be protected. The whole establishment of the country seems so interwoven with it, that we look with dread on its insecurity; and its security seems to us a first law of necessity. There is a feeling, that by this crime—Forgery—property may be reached to such an extent—it seems so easy, so small an act to work such great consequences, that we can think of nothing sufficient but the most dreadful protection. It is but a few years since the persuasion was common, that forgery was a crime which never had been, and never could be, pardoned!

The same idea of the facility of crime, the strong temptation to it, from the unprotected nature of the property, led the country to acquiesce in the same punishment for real invasion of exposed property; and if there were no other means of protection, and this were such, it is not probable the holders of property would ever consent to remit the law. But now they feel it to be cruel,—because they see it to be ineffectual; and men will not enforce, for the sake of compensation, a penalty ex-

ceeding by infinite degrees the measure of their grievance.

But property which stands under conventional securities seems to differ in essential respects from that which subsists and is secured in nature. He that removes a landmark—he that takes my money—that steals my plate—my cattle—cuts away the very substance I hold. But he that passes upon me a false guinea, or a forged note, or obtains from me, by a forged order, the money I hold of another, deceives me, and gets my property with my own consent. This act is fraud, and not robbery. Now, if we would understand how widely these two crimes stand apart, we may observe, that one of great magnitude, and which is never punished with death, stands between them—the breach of trust. The moral offence may be here far greater, and also the danger to property; yet the just sense of men has saved this crime from this punishment. The difference between robbery and fraud seems to consist essentially in this, that in the one the owner has no consent—in the other he has; and therefore it is presumed that, in fact, his own imprudence has made his insecurity. Further, in one there is open and defying war against the establishment of society. There is a wilful arrogating to himself of the disposal of property. The hand that violates property chooses to live by its own law against society; and it has therefore cast itself out from the brotherhood of men. But the man who lives by fraud puts himself still within the pale of society.

But we have a deeper feeling yet; for we conceive a sanctity in property—an inviolable sacred right. It is like the right in life and limb—in marriage, or in blood. The man brings it with him from the hand of God—it is indefeasible except by his own act; and therefore the moment we perceive his own act in effecting his loss of it, we lose the idea of the violation of the right. He who robs braves this right; he who defrauds acknowledges it. Upon such impressions, men in ruder ages may have acted to extremity, and yet justly; but we dare not act upon them now, for the moment we have begun to question them, and find that they have their impulse in

imagination, we know that we are in danger of being deluded, and therefore desire to act on calm reason alone. That tells us that the right of life is not necessarily forfeited by the violation of the right of property.

But let us go now to the question of expediency.

Now, if the punishment of death is to be argued upon its expediency, the first question will be, upon what does the power of such punishment rest? Upon Fear. It takes this as the highest punishment, and rests its efficacy on the fact, that the fear of men will be in proportion—that their actions will be most controlled by the strongest fear. But it is altogether contrary to experience to say, that the fear of death has the strongest control over the actions of men. On the contrary, we know that the human heart is full of passions stronger than this fear; and that, so far from its being possible to rest the security of states upon the fear of death in the breasts of its members, their only imaginable security is the power which is in those breasts to triumph over it.

It is necessary to know, therefore, what it is that gives to death its real efficacious fear; and what, in a less degree of the same nature, to other bodily inflictions. We must not hesitate to say, that what lifts men above the fear of death, is—in addition to natural courage—the sense of honour—sympathy with their fellow-men—the necessities of some great cause in which they are engaged constituting a plain duty—and last of all, the habitual presence of death steeling the heart. We know that all these circumstances together, and any one of them singly, raise men entirely above the fear of death; and that, so far from any expectation being entertained by us that their actions will necessarily be governed by the fear of death, we have the most perfect confidence, and rest our sole security upon that confidence, that, in the midst of the most appalling shapes of death, they will be able to look round calmly for other motives—to sustain and guide themselves by other principles of action.

On what then, we ask again, do we rest the efficacy of the fear of death? Not, surely, on the timidity of men! But on the circumstances

of the death bereaving them of their natural courage. If, then, we rest our legislation upon dishonourable views of the nature and character of men, we debase ourselves as them, and blind ourselves to the truth. It is not by the fear of death that punishment has its power; but by shame—by exclusion from the sympathy of men—by the infrequency of infliction, which leaves the natural sense open to natural fear—and by conscience. The history of those who have died by the hand of public justice will support this belief. The common sentiment of men, which, whatever its authority may be in grounding a law, is our only authority in the case, is perfectly unequivocal. Shame, and men's abhorrence, and the burden of his own conscience—are the weight which a culprit cannot bear; these are the terrors that sink his heart under the approach of death.

If this be true, it is in vain that the legislator seeks to load his laws with terror. The terror is not there. It is in the minds of men; of those who stand around to condemn; and of him who suffers. How, then, may he command these terrors, and bring them in to aid his law? The answer is in one word—Justice. If his punishment be measured to the crime, the legislator will have the sympathy of men on his side. There is a moral indignation which never sleeps in their hearts; and which, at the perpetration of atrocious crime, rises up to second the arm of power, and to curse the criminal from the earth. There is a moral dread which is lodged in every human heart, which crime once acted rouses up from its slumber, and which expects the stroke of Justice. But by Justice only can the lawgiver reach that overmastering fear.

It is obvious, that the same circumstances which make death overwhelming when it comes, make it formidable in prospect. If it is to repress in men's hearts the motives to crime, it must be because shame and abhorrence invest it; and that Fear of Conscience is in league with natural Fear—that the distant prospect of death will have power to awe even the passions of men from the act, or to impose a curb on their perverted will; or it must be because

the temptation is not strong, and the punishment certain and immediate. But that implies much. It implies, in the first place, that punishment is measured to crime according to a natural standard in men's feelings, and not according to an artificial standard in their schemes of policy. It implies, in the next place, that there is among the community a just state of moral feeling, and that every man is able to know by his own experience of men, which way shame and abhorrence will go, that they are against him utterly. It implies that the number trained in iniquity should not be great; but that the greater part of those who are supposed to be restrained from crime by positive fear of its human consequences, may be those who would be driven to new crime by great passions or strong temptations. It implies, that, among those whose life is wicked, and who are tempted to crimes of the greatest enormity, there should be yet a surviving conscience, which is in consonance with the Law, and acknowledges the Justice of the more dreadful penalty which they have not yet incurred, hung over the crime which they have not yet committed.

But all this is equivalent to saying, that in every way there shall be Justice; that is, the due admeasurement of punishment to crime. For the state of the moral sense of a people, which depends upon many causes which the penal legislator cannot control, depends also upon him in no small degree. Especially in this case—the highest—it depends much on him, whether that moral abhorrence which attends upon the most atrocious crimes shall be strong and clear, or not. He has it in his power to confirm it; he has it in his power greatly to shake and weaken it. For the force of moral condemnation, indignation, and abhorrence, is nothing definite and fixed; but unsteady, wavering, and transient. And though it is on great occasions, on the whole, just, yet it is more or less so. It is a power variable with the influences to which it is subjected. One of the strongest determining causes of the moral judgment of a people, is the moral opinion of those authorities to which they look up in the highest resort. One of the chief of those authorities is their national

law. The seal of acquittal or condemnation by the laws weighs greatly upon the minds of the people. If their own judgment be just, and the law by its condemnation ratifies this judgment, their moral judgment is strengthened; their dependence on it is confirmed; their feelings connected with it are all called into stronger and more vigorous action; their views are made through it clearer. If their judgment be just, and the law departs from it, acquitting where they condemn, and condemning where they acquit, or more severely than they do or can, then they are shaken in their moral judgment; are drawn from their reliance on it; their feelings are repressed; their views are disturbed; and they are in some degree forced to relinquish their own just judgment for a false one. Thus, the whole scheme of the law affects the moral sense of the people; most of all in its highest punishment—because to that is annexed the most powerful emotion.

There can be no doubt, therefore, that if that penalty, which all men do by their nature contemplate with a serious awe, were reserved for the utmost crimes, the infliction of that signal punishment upon an act, which already had excited in the utmost degree their passionate abhorrence, would, along with the satisfaction which it gave their mind by the retribution upon crime, greatly confirm their abhorrence of the crime; render it more fixed and stable, more decisive and unquestionable—would leave from their passionate feeling a firm and solemn judgment. And thus the moral feeling of the whole people upon that crime would be greatly strengthened. For that is the effect of such confirmation. If the sympathy of their equals heightens their passion, and justifies it for the moment—the assent of their superiors, which is not a sympathy but a judgment, justifies it permanently.

Thus, in the awarding of punishment, especially the highest, the framer of the law has the moral sense of the people in a certain degree dependent upon him; and this is one great consideration which makes it doubtful how far, in extreme offences, the legislator ought to punish *below* the abhorrence of the people, inasmuch as he is there-

by in danger to weaken their just abhorrence. But if this may be matter of doubt, it is beyond all doubt, that he must not punish *above* their just abhorrence; and that in annexing to offences of lesser enormity that heaviest penalty which natural sense would annex only to the greatest, he disturbs the moral judgment of crime throughout the nation—perplexing their condemnation between greater and lesser crimes; so that, while it, perhaps, reconciles them by use—as use will reconcile to much—to undeserved punishment, it certainly weakens their abhorrence of those worse crimes which are visited by no heavier retribution. The legislator, therefore, who, upon suggestions of policy, departs from men's natural standard of punishment, disables himself in two ways; both, as he loses some part of that mighty force with which the natural feelings of mankind would aid his policy against the worst crimes; and as he separates, in some degree permanently and altogether, the administration of the laws from the sympathy of the people.

It cannot be forgotten, in speaking of the effects of this punishment on our moral judgments, that some considerable part of the awe with which all look upon death, arises not from the life from which it separates them, but from that to which it commits them; that the thought of the dreadful eternity, which lies beyond the mortal punishment of the offender, gives a weight upon their souls to the execution of the law's sentence, which does in the most direct manner, and in the highest kind, confirm their moral feeling of his crime. It is with this deepest and most dreadful of human feelings that the lawgiver trifles, who uses the penalty of atrocious crime for the protection of the lesser interests of society. He teaches them to separate in their thoughts the punishments of this world and another. He stops their fear at the moment of death; and constrains them anxiously to struggle in their minds against the belief of that futurity for the offender, whom they have seen perish, from which they would otherwise not have dared to withhold their belief. It severs the strongest bond of their moral judg-

ments at the very point where they ought to be most strongly united.

It is in this way that a conformity to natural Justice is necessary to that legislation which is to be rested on Fear—in order that the Moral Sense of the people, which makes by far the greatest part of that Fear, may be in its utmost strength with the Law. But it is necessary also with respect to those who may be supposed to be restrained by fear from the commission of crimes. For every theory of government supposes that there is among men a very variable disposition to crime. It does not presume to stop all crime; but the greater part. Crime will burst through all restraints. What do we suppose, then, of those whom the law menaces with its heaviest inflictions, if they commit crimes? We suppose that some men in the midst of the tranquillity and happiness of ordinary life are seduced, or driven by strong and ungovernable passions to crime—some by the compulsion of strong necessity;—that some, neglected, or more prone to evil, more indifferent to good, are upon less temptation in danger of falling into transgressions; that some live in habitual lesser violation of the law, and are therefore searing their conscience, and strengthening themselves in the defiance of authority, involving themselves more and more in the occasion and practice of crime, and continually more and more solicited to worse crime, as they widen the separation between themselves and the common order of society.

Now, from this general description, it may be possible for us to form some judgment of the effect upon these different minds of the natural Justice of the Law.

In the first place, it may be said, that, to all these, there is some degree of moral sense. In none, perhaps, is it utterly obliterated. In this way, the Justice of the Law affects them, by the response it makes to the Conscience; and because the greater the moral sense of the community, the greater theirs. In the next place, this sense of the judgment and condemnation of men will be in proportion to the degree in which they see moral judgment to exist among them—in which they themselves were sensible to it, be-

fore their own days of crime. And farther, it is evident, that, of all these classes, the last are those with whom the law must find it most difficult to deal by fear.

For them it seems desirable to preserve two conditions; one, that there should be left them, if we may dare to speak so, a range of crime safe from the penalty of death; the other, that the sort of war carried on against them by the state should bear as much as possible the character of necessity, and as little as possible that of resentment and eager persecution. The two resolve themselves into this—that the extreme punishment of the law should be as much as possible withheld. Perhaps this may seem to require farther explanation.

Those who live by crime, must be continually hardening themselves against the apprehensions of punishment. Men have power to do so to a wonderful extent. Now, it is important to the state, that the penalty against which these men should be least tempted to harden themselves, should be its extremest penalty—that of death. But the moment the state begins to punish with death the offences by which they habitually live, it compels them to harden themselves against the fear; and it is found that they succeed in doing so. Of course, in hardening themselves against this worst extremity, they quite lift themselves above the thought of all lesser punishment; and thus there is produced among this class of the community the temper of hardest insensibility to the inflictions of law. And whatever force the fear of punishment might have had among them—as it is always presumed to affect even these—is greatly taken away, by the very excess beyond natural justice, by which the law sought to augment it. This, then, is one sufficient reason why there should be a range of crime safe from the punishment of death.

But there is another reason. For these men, in some degree retaining the natural judgment of crime, and partly guided by the actual state of themselves in human life, commit more willingly, and have oftener occasion to commit, the lesser offences. But if the law visits them with death, they find themselves, early in their

career of progressive crime, already under the worst penalty of the law. Then, what temper of mind can be expected in them, but to become at once desperate; and, as past human recovery, and as forfeited to themselves, to associate themselves to the worst offenders of the law—to enter without fear into those worst crimes which have most temptation, and which sometimes become the safest?

It is further a consideration with regard to such men, that there should be as little as possible done by the law to exasperate them against the society with which they are at war. This is a subject on which it is difficult to speak, as there can be but little sympathy with what may be said upon it. But it is necessary to be stated. The temper of those who live in violation of law is more or less hardened, more or less fierce against society. It may be imagined that they have but one governing sentiment—that of making the most profit to themselves by injury to others, with impunity. But that is not the truth. They are not at war with society only, but with themselves; and there are few of them who do not well know that their life is madness. They have contentions in their own minds, and are subject, more or less, to determining causes, which alternately impel them one way or the other. It may seem prudence in a state, and a duty upon man governing men, not to add to the causes which determine them to crime—not to cast into the temper of those who are wavering amidst the suggestions of wickedness and possible hope, the desperate feeling of resentment against society, and at the same time against the moral order which society upholds, by bitter and merciless persecution. They have made themselves enemies to society, but it is in the power of society to determine what shall be the character of their hostility.

Yet further—for all those, of whatever class or character, whom the law is to control by fear from crime, it is evident that the first essential condition of the punishment is—its certainty. This has been found, and may be shewn in many ways; by the unwillingness to accuse—to witness against—to condemn—to execute, when the punishment is beyond

natural justice;—by the inequality of administration, which necessarily enters into a system of law not consistently planned. The same spirit which would carry the most perfect justice into the frame of laws, would carry the most perfect exactness into their execution. But violence is always a sign of deficient energy. There must have been much already wanting to just government, in the temper and wisdom of that society, which could consent to protect itself by a fear beyond justice.

Thus there seem to be Three Great Causes of Inefficiency in the Laws which are framed to severity beyond the crime—their deadening the moral sense of the people—their hardening the temper of criminals—their uncertainty of execution.

But much more may be said—that the very conception of controlling men's passions and crimes by fear, is in itself false; for in all cases, and with its utmost strength, it is an inefficacious power to control human action. They have already overcome a much greater fear. It would seem as if lawgivers had stood in the front of society, to wield power against the criminal passions; as if they saw nothing in all society but crime on the one side, and the power of punishment on the other, and felt themselves called upon to punish, and nothing else, till society was protected. A vain imagination indeed! For they forget that the great control of our propensities to transgression, is not in the law, but in that whole system of moral powers and restraints, whatever they may be, which bind society together; that if they indeed had to wage war with the passions let loose, the utmost human power would at once be swept away, and that the only power of the punishment, is that it is a part of a system, of which it is but a very small part. The order of society subsists already—ten thousand restraints are imposed throughout all its parts on the license of the will; but they are not sufficient, and in extremity the legislator interposes. He does not make the peace of society, nor ordinarily does he preserve it; but the moment he loses sight of his real situation, as the guardian of peace in extremity, which to a far greater extent is guarded without him, he loses

sight of the only principle that can safely guide him, and imagines a magnitude and self-dependence in his function, which it does not possess. He conceives that he has only to go on exerting the power with which he is armed, till he has made it avail. He, therefore, blinds himself entirely to the true condition of his office; and does not understand that it is but a small portion of punishment that society can bear—that he must husband, and not lavish, his power, and that he augments by sparing it.

Let us, for a moment, conceive of punishment under human law, as merely consonant to, seconding, and fulfilling Divine and Moral Law—that all these were to every man's contemplation—one and the same. Would not the condemnation of transgression be something more impressive and overcoming, when he found that to whichever he should look of the great authorities under which he lives, the same stern aspect of menacing interdiction frowned upon him? That beyond the warning of his conscience, the hand of human law was lifted up, and behind all mortal punishment a more dreadful avenging? Would not each confirm the other? The same consideration that weighs with men at one time, does not equally affect them at another. At one time a man's heart has more moral sensibility, and the inclinations of his own mind will then much govern him;—at another, he is under religious impressions, and then terrors and promises will take hold upon his understanding, and rule his will. At another time, when his higher nature has little power, and he rests on the present, he will be swayed by the fear of men—he will acknowledge the necessity of submitting to the Code of the Law. Thus to every man's serious moral contemplations, or to his most obscure moral fluctuations of feeling, the code of his country's penal law, if it be conformable to natural human sentiment, is of important influence; and the punishments, lesser or greater, which are annexed to transgression, have their daily force in determining the moral temper and condition of a whole people.

In arguing this question, it is necessary that we consider not only the

condition of those upon whom the criminal law is to act, but also the causes of that condition. What if that condition was made evil, not by themselves, but by what would seem almost to be a necessary evil inherent in every highly civilized society? If so, are we to punish merely, or, by mercy tempering justice, seek to restore? If crime springs out of ignorance and poverty, and if that ignorance and poverty have fallen upon thousands as a doom, shall we punish such criminals with death, and not sin against conscience, reason, and God?

There is one portion of our population more corrupt than the rest—which, by indigence, vice, ignorance—abject condition of every kind, is the lowest amongst us. Indeed, it may be understood, that in a great and various population like ours, causes are continually operating to cast down from every part of it numbers into its lowest and worst conditions. If the natural constitution of society be considered, it must be understood that unless such a moral order prevails through the whole, that all are rightly governed in their place, which is not the condition of human nature—there must exist in every country an infamous caste. For, the lower men are born, the more easily do they escape from the bonds which hold them to some place in ordered society—they are on the verge, and, if they let go, they drop.

For men hold their place in ordered society, not by their conduct merely—but by their rights—and he who holds those personal rights in society, which are an important part of its own entire institution, as the rights of property, may commit many forfeitures, and yet not lose his place; but he who holds his place in his person only, more easily forfeits it. And when the difficulty of human conduct is considered, and the extreme ignorance in which, by the natural separation of the classes of society, and the extreme neglect of their condition in that extreme separation, great numbers are reared—and the vehemence of the gross temptations that assail them—it cannot be wondered at that there should be continually dropping from the bosom of society into that class which is below her lowest rank, numbers

of her children. If it be considered that they are exposed to all the natural difficulties and trials of human nature, and with scarcely any thing of its aids and artificial strength—that in want and abject life, they are left almost to some inherent principle of good to preserve them under temptations, against which we, with all aid, are often not able to stand—there will be sufficient reason seen, why there must be, as the lowest part of a great society, a deplorable race, for whom the benefits of society scarce seem to exist.

At the head, are those who regularly subsist by depredation on property, knowing no other livelihood. Of the life, the condition, the numbers of these, the rest of society can know little, except what is brought to light by their intercourse with them at the bar of justice. For the first condition of the life of this people is its separation and obscurity. But so much may be said as belongs to the present purpose. We know of them then that they are numerous and powerful; that they subsist in every part of the country—in every great town, and in concentrated and formidable strength in LONDON—that they are strongly associated—that their skill, in places of their great resort, is matured and consummate; and their courage such as belongs to the spirit of the country—that they are strong in united numbers, in counsel, and execution. We understand, that among this associated people of depredators there are all descriptions: those artificers of wickedness, who hold in their hands the threads of other men's crimes; the numerous bands who are given up to a profligate trade with little thought, and those great numbers who are the dupes at first of the corruption of others, till they take their own place, and willingly extend that corruption of which they have been themselves the victims.

Next to these, and intimately united with them, are those great numbers, who still hold their place in society, and yet participate in the crimes of the others; not relinquishing the rights they hold by the order of society, but deriving their benefit from the crimes of those who do. These are perhaps among the most morally corrupt of any. They furnish certainly a very important part of that

corrupt and systematic hostility, against which it is the business of the law to protect property, strengthening their hands, and continually supplying their numbers.

With all these are associated those great numbers who are known to us by their vicious life—those who derive their subsistence from their vice; and those whose indulgence of life is habitually vicious. A vast population, united to the others often in depredation—united in their habits of life, and always tending to participation in their crimes.

All may be regarded as united in one hostility to ordered society. For the laws, institutions, observances, manners, which favour the order of society, and are conceived by us as essential to our welfare, are to them unfriendly. They consider them with aversion.

Such is, in the first place, the constitution of that great class of society, amongst whom the offences against property chiefly spring up; of whom it seemed necessary to say so much, to shew that those against whom the laws must act, are, independently of the small portion of their offences that can ever come under the cognizance of justice, subsisting in an absolutely depraved and corrupted state, by which they are already essentially detached from the good order of society.

But it is not possible to leave the subject without speaking also of the condition of those who, without belonging to this sort of association, commit the same offences; those who in their private connexion with the property of others, are brought into continual temptation which they have not strength to resist; and, yielding to corrupt inclination, become habitually criminal in their own life, long before they are tempted to join themselves to those who are avowedly abandoned. But they are on their way to join them. Such daily corruption of life drawing the man gradually lower and lower, opening before him new purposes of wickedness, and still pressing him forwards in a manner that can scarcely end, if it is not otherwise broken off, but in associating him irretrievably with those who are avowedly abandoned.

Such, then, are the classes which wealth produces in a country to prey

upon itself. The division of the ranks of society, which, with advancing prosperity, is continually proceeding, while it separates one portion of the community to affluence and refinement, separates another portion to indigence and abasement. The first great distinction which so early takes place, into the holders of property and those who are born to labour, must appear from the beginning to establish a natural warfare between the rights of one part of the community and the cravings of another. Yet moral institution is found sufficiently powerful, while it has power, to keep down this hostility, and to maintain the order of society; but take morality away, and there is no human power of avail to guard property against the boundless depredation that is let loose upon it.

If, now, it be considered what numerous and strong sources of corruption invade the morality of a people from great and sudden wealth,—what overpowering vice is engendered by the profuse means of indulging it,—how the ancient manners, the strong bond of the people's integrity, fall away in the rapid changes of the time,—how men are severally divided from the connexions which held them in restraint, and thrown into a licentious independence,—how the orders of society, so powerful in mutual control while they are connected, are continually removed from one another by wider separation,—how many are cast down into hopeless want by the fluctuations of even the most prosperous times,—and last of all, how an inflamed desire of gain usurps the minds of all, and expels the virtuous spirit of contented simplicity,—if all these things be considered, it will be apparent that there is cause enough in a great and overflowing prosperity, such as ours has been, to strike deep wounds into the heart of a people's morality; and it may appear that reason enough is shewn, why that spirit of lawless depredation which the very condition of society must create, if the most powerful moral causes did not hold it subdued, should at this time prevail.

Thus there seem to be plain and sufficient reasons in the nature of things, why such a people of offenders as this should be found in exist-

ence in a great and wealthy country. And if the nature of the enormous Metropolis of such a country be considered, it will well appear why such a disease should rage with intense activity in that great heart of the nation; for there wealth is accumulated for depredation,—there it is set out in all accessible forms of temptation,—there the shadow of obscurity is on the path of the depredator at noon-day, and tenfold obscurity on his midnight haunts,—there the infected and fermenting mass of corruption is most heaped together,—there, from all quarters of the country, a loose and floating mass of population is continually pouring in,—and there the old iniquity of the place has its ancient strongholds—There the art of iniquity has its hereditary seat.

If the corruption of wealth has engendered amongst us a great vicious population,—if the restraints of morality, taken off from great numbers, let loose depredation upon property,—if the two evils, profligacy and dishonesty, are, in human nature and society, most intimately linked together, is it not apparent, that the first great question to a nation like this in considering by what means it shall provide the protection of property, is, how it shall deal with the moral corruption of its people?

It is from views such as these, of which, if our representation be imperfect and inadequate, every one, from the melancholy details of intelligence that are before the public, may easily enlarge and rectify it for himself, that it appears to us necessary to take the first step towards the examination of our Penal Law. Whatever that law may be, however it may be designed, it is on this people that its brunt will fall; and it is with the fullest consideration, therefore, of their condition, that a wise and great nation will proceed to the framing of its penal enactments.

If we go on then to the question of the law as it now stands, and ask what are the provisions it contains applicable to the case of this people of offenders—upon what principle it is prepared to deal with them—in what manner it has devised to guard property from their ever-active hostility?—It must be answered that the law deals with them—by Fear. Its terrors is what it hangs out over their

heads. It trusts to daunt their aggression, by visiting their offences with vengeance.

Nor is this to be represented or conceived of as the principle of our law—with any pre-eminence. For, though ours bears the reputation, among the nations of Europe, of a more sanguinary character, and has, perhaps, been less sparing than any other, among civilized men, of the punishment of death, yet the principle to visit offence with vengeance, and to secure society by terror, has been common to all law; and it is hard to say, that those nations who have retained to late times the wheel for the greatest malefactors, or those who have punished offences of lesser enormity with the galleys, have breathed in their public justice a more merciful spirit than our own.

But such a comparison is little to the present purpose. What is of consequence to us to understand is, that the provision of our statute-book for the offences against property of every kind, is simply vindictive punishment—that all its penalties, from least to greatest—imprisonment, stripes, disgraceful labour, infamous exposure, (so lately expunged,) banishment, death, have but one purpose and spirit running through them all—having for their design to repress crime by fear.

And the question is, Is this the law in which we can be contented to rest? Is this the best, the only policy which human wisdom can offer, to meet the exigencies of such a case—to repress a wide-spread corruption—to subdue in a corrupted population the spirit of offence?

It does certainly seem in the outset something repugnant and shocking to natural judgment, to conceive that with one large portion of the society living under its care, the law can hold no intercourse, but that of avenging punishment. It is strange and unnatural to conceive, that it is a part of the necessary order of society, that one part must be treated as the natural enemies of the other, to be held in subjection only by a continual war. With a people! And look what these people are. They are not merely those fierce offenders, whose audacious wickedness braves the laws of men, and challenges their vengeance; who sever themselves

in defiance from human society, and proclaim against it a war of extermination. They are the lost—of all kinds; the ignorant, the unwary, the thoughtless, the seduced, the unhappy offspring of unhappy parents,—the forlorn, the famished, the victims of luxury,—the slaves of sin, the reprobate in vice before they ventured upon crime,—grey-headed men, lost women, and children nursed in transgression. No doubt, they have among them those, whom, if human law may avenge, it must visit with vengeance,—those hardened against their kind, who trample every thing into destruction for themselves. But these are not the majority. The greater number are those upon whom the burden of human sin has fallen,—those to whom vice and wickedness are the calamity under which they are born,—on whose heads the lees of corruption from a vast and corrupt society have dropped down,—those to whom, in the apportioning of the conditions of men, the condition of abject wretchedness has fallen.

Let it be thought, too, for what end we are to wield vengeance against them; for the defence of a privilege which we inherit in virtue of their exclusion from it; and their exclusion from which is the first cause of the evil under which they lie.

They are a people engendered by the moral corruption of the society. Then, if we know any thing, we know that it is impossible to quell them by fear. They are too many. Terror may subdue single offenders; or it may break down a heartless and broken cause. But a people strong in mutual support and sympathy, covered from the law by their multitude, and continually springing up afresh and renovated from the same corrupt source, are invincible to fear. This must be known without evidence; but there is the weightiest evidence to this point, of which we shall speak hereafter in another paper.

Their number is one reason that makes the restraint of fear impracticable with respect to them. The depravity in which they live is another.

For what is to them the terror of punishment? Do they not live in the habitual disregard of all fear? Are

they not hardened into insensibility? Have they not acquired the faculty of living upon present impulses, in blindness to the future? Is not their temper reckless and desperate? Is there any thing they have to forfeit? Is not the heaviest penalty which Nature has annexed to punishment, for them abrogated, Shame? The whole temper and condition of their mind is disordered; and yet the law trusts to their reason. They have thrown away what was indeed dear to them; and the law threatens to take what is left. It scourges those whose condition has been bodily suffering. It banishes those who have neither home nor country. It puts those to death who are sick of life.

Of a people living in moral corruption—it is to be understood that a law of terror trusts, by acts of punishment falling here and there, to stop the whole current of their lives! If it were possible to impress upon every man's mind the unalterable conviction that the next offence he commits will put him into the hands of justice, and be his last, it might be conceived to stop offences. But when the conviction upon every man's mind is, that his next offence will not be his last—what can it stop? If he can flatter himself with impunity for the next crime, that is all that is required for *all* offences to be committed. The undefined terror of the law will indeed keep within limits those who have not yet overstepped them; because they do not calculate impunity. They are now safe; and then they would be under danger. But he who has already violated the law, can feel no restraint from its terror;—he has passed through danger, and the next step is as likely to be safe, as the last, perhaps more so. But let it be added, that he is corrupt. There is for him, within the pale of ordered society, no life; then he must find a life without its pale. His corruption of life is upon him a necessity to go on in violation of the law. What man is there who stops in the prosecution of his calling, because it daily endangers his limb or his life? Do we imagine it is to make a difference to the man, that the peril is not from accident ever at hand, but

from the distant and uncertain interposition of law? There is, indeed, a terror of punishment, which is frightful to *our* minds, and which may envelop the young offender with fears; but that is only because he is making the step of transition from safe untroubled life, to the perturbed life of guilt. His own soul is up in arms against him; and the terror that rings in his ears, is from within. But he has only to go on, and perturbation will become so familiar, that it will no longer alarm him. The disorder of his passions, the unsettled courses and agitated scenes of lawless life, the trouble of conscience which he may yet feel—anger, and suspicion, and hate, mutual with those about him, will make one eternal deafening tumult in his mind, in which the fears of human law will be little heard and hardly distinguished. The temper of mind which the man must acquire, who is to go on resolutely in a guilty life, is, independently of all superadded terrors of human law, a temper of reckless defiance; and whether to the pains, fears, hindrances, miseries of every sort, which that defiance must overcome, be yet added the menace of the law, may appear to make little difference in the strength of desperate will that is required to entertain that temper. Heap men together in depravity—give them a common purpose—and but one way of life before them, and who is he that knows so little of men, as to imagine that they will falter from each other's purpose, because it leads them in the front of death? The whole history of confederated criminals is evidence of the terrible courage which men acquire in guilt. How do we expect that terror of the law is now to quell those whom it has never quelled? Let us not deceive ourselves. If criminals are few, the law may deliver society by their extirpation. But if they are gathered together in uncounted numbers, and supplied from an inexhaustible source,—that is, if their strength is established in the common corruption and depravity of a great body of a people,—the deliverance of society must be effected by some other aid, than was ever in the hand of avenging Justice.

THE FIRST SERMON.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

ONCE, on a lovely day—it was in spring—
 I went to hear a splendid young divine
 Preach his first sermon. I had known the youth
 In a society of far renown,
 But liked him not, he held his head so high;
 And ever and anon would sneer, and poogh!
 And cast his head all to one side, as if
 In perfect agony of low contempt
 At every thing he heard, however just.
 Men like not this, and poets least of all.

Besides, there are some outward marks of men
 One scarcely can approve. His hair was red,
 Almost as red as German sealing-wax;
 And then so curled—What illustrious curls!
 'Twas like a tower of strength! O, what a head
 For Combe or Dr Spurzheim to dissect,
 After 'twas polled. His shoulders rather narrow,
 And pointed like two pins. And then there was
 A primming round the mouth, of odious cast,
 Bespeaking the proud vacancy within.

Well, to the Old Grey Friars' Church I went,
 And many more with me. The place was crowded!
 In came the beadle—then our hero follow'd
 With gown blown like a mainsail, flowing on
 To right and left alternate. The sleek beaver
 Down by his thigh keeping responsive time.
 O such a sight of graceful dignity
 Never astounded heart of youthful dame;
 But I bethought me what a messenger
 From the world's pattern of humility!

The psalm was read with beauteous energy,
 And sung. Then pour'd the prayer, from such a face
 Of simpering seriousness—it was a quiz—
 A mockery of all things deem'd divine.
 Some men such faces may have seen among
 The Methodists and Quakers—but I never.
 The eyes were closely shut—one cheek turn'd up;
 The mouth quite long and narrow like a seam,
 Holding no fit proportion with the mouths
 Which mankind gape with. Then the high curl'd hair
 With quiver and with shake, announced supreme
 The heart's sincere devotion! Unto whom?
 Ask not—It is unfair! Suppose to Heaven,
 To the fair maids around the gallery,
 Or to the gorgeous idol, Self-conceit.
 Glad was my heart at last to hear the word,
 That often long'd for and desired word,
 Which men yearn for as for the dinner bell,
 And now was beauteously pronounced, *AY-MAIN!*

Now for the sermon. O ye ruling Powers
 Of Poesy Sublime, give me to sing
 The splendours of that sermon! The bold *hem!*
 The look sublime that beam'd with confidence;
 The three wipes with the cambric handkerchief;
 The strut—the bob—and the impressive thump
 Upon the holy Book! No notes were there.
 No, not a scrap—All was intuitive,
 Pouring like water from a sacred fountain,

With current unexhausted. Now the lips
 Protruded, and the eyebrows lower'd amain,
 Like Kean's in dark Othello.—The red hair
 Shook like the wither'd juniper in wind.
 'Twas grand—o'erpowering!—Such an exhibition
 No pen of poet can delineate!

But now, Sir Bard, the sermon? Let us hear
 Somewhat of this same grand and promised sermon—
 Aha! there comes the rub! 'Twas made of *scraps*,
 Sketches from *Nature*, from old Johnson some,
 And some from Joseph Addison—John Logan—
 Blair—William Shakspeare—Young's Night Thoughts—The
 Grave—

Gillespie on the Seasons—Even the plain
 Bold energy of Andrew Thomson here
 Was press'd into the jumble. Plan or system
 In it was not—no gleam of mind or aim—
 A thing of shreds and patches—yet the blare
 Went on for fifteen minutes, haply more.
 The *hems!* and *haws!* began to come more close;
 Three at a time! The cambric handkerchief
 Came greatly in request. The burly head
 Gave over tossing. The fine cheek grew red—
 Then pale—then blue—then to a heavy crimson!
 The beauteous dames around the galleries
 Began to look dismay'd; their rosy lips
 Wide open'd; and their bosoms heaving so,
 You might have ween'd a rolling sea within.
 The gruff sagacious elders peered up,
 With one eye shut right knowingly, as if
 The light oppress'd it—but their features
 Shew'd restlessness and deep dissatisfaction.

The preacher set him down—open'd the Bible,
 Gave half a dozen *hems!* Arose again,
 Then half a dozen more—It would not do!
 In every line his countenance bespoke
 The loss of recollection; all within
 Became a blank—a chaos of confusion,
 Producing nought but agony of soul.
 His long lip quiver'd, and his shaking hand
 Of the trim beaver scarcely could make seizure,
 When, stooping, floundering, plaiting at the knees,
 He—made his exit. But how I admired
 The Scottish audience! There was neither laugh
 Nor titter; but a soften'd sorrow
 Pourtray'd in every face. As for myself,
 I laugh'd till I was sick, went home to dinner,
 Drank the poor preacher's health, and laugh'd again.

But otherwise it fared with him; for he
 Went home to his own native kingdom—Fife,
 Pass'd to his father's stable—seized a pair
 Of strong plough-bridle reins, and hang'd himself.

And I have oft bethought me it were best,
 Since that outrageous scene, for young beginners
 To have a sermon, either of their own
 Or other man's. If printed, or if written,
 It makes small difference—but have it there
 At a snug opening of the blessed book
 Which any time will open there at will,
 And save your credit. While the consciousness
 That there it is, will nerve your better part,
 And bear you through the ordeal with acclaim.

THE REIGNING VICE.

BOOK VI.

The following Book is an attempt to elucidate the manner in which the more violent and evil passions of our nature take their rise:—to refer them all to the great subject of the whole Poem, viz. Self-love;—and, at the same time, still further to prove that Self-content is the dearest aim of our existence, by shewing, that whatever aids this mighty tendency is grateful to our nature; while, on the other hand, whatever counterworks it, is the cause of our most unhappy excesses.

TRACE the dark passions;—view their strength uncurb'd;
 The wildest are but self-content disturb'd:
 As natures vary, they derive their growth
 From outraged Pride, or Vanity, or both:
 Envy and Spite, to Vanity allied,
 Hate and Revenge, the baneful tares of Pride.
 That Envy's vex'd self-love from this is clear—
 Each only envies what has cross'd his sphere;
 There if superior wealth or parts be shewn,
 We feel the silent satire on our own.
 Comparison wakes rivalry. The clown
 Sighs for your night-cap, not a monarch's crown.
 No lordly fete, but neighbour Stubbs's ball,
 Urges the spendthrift grocer to his fall.
 Voltaire contented owns a Buffon's fame,
 And breathes his vapours round a Corneille's name.
 Eclipsed by others, how we strain our powers
 To reach their lot, or pull them down to ours!
 Hence Malice opes her keen unwinking eyes,
 And all her tongues industrious Slander plies.
 Detraction spreads her universal itch;—
 What's robb'd from others may ourselves enrich.
 Then, oh, the bliss, when they, whose radiant fire
 Fretted our sight, in some dark shade expire!
 A thousand knaves exult o'er Virtue's fall,
 And many a frail one hails Lucretia's fall.
 Nor only joy we our reproof is gone;—
 Our stars may twinkle, when the sun's withdrawn.
 Hence does the soul, with microscopic eye,
 Its neighbour's faults, its own perfections, spy;
 For its own faults, for others' virtues, grope
 Through the wrong end of Pride's dim telescope.
 Hence, colour'd by our own distemper'd thoughts,
 Our faults seem virtues, others' virtues, faults.
 Show is your glory, but Pomposo's vice;
 Prudence in you, in me is avarice.
 What in Amyntor is undue expense,
 In me is spirit, is benevolence.
 Our self-detraction self-applause betrays,
 Others we censure while we seem to praise.
 Thus Vappa cries—" 'Tis Prudens we can trust,
 Whose maxim is—ere generous be just!
 Who to the world a rare example sets,
 And seldom gives, but always pays his debts.
 Could I thus stint my hand, 'twere well for me—
 But, ah, my vice is generosity!"
 "How blest," sighs Caleb, "are the tranquil throng!
 Impetuous feeling ever leads me wrong.
 Quick is my temper, and my zeal offends;—

But, fire to foes, I'd go through fire for friends.
 Oh that like thee, *Æqualis*, I could prove,
 And, dipp'd in *Lethe*, neither hate nor love!"
 "Then why not," Reason cries, "conceal, correct
 That which you say you mourn as a defect?
 Here, let me whisper truth!—It is a sin,
 Which, as it glitters, may be gloried in!"

Next Jealousy's mix'd agonies explore;—
 Wounded Self-love lies rankling at the core.
 Pure Love were bless'd its object's bliss to know,
 Ours, to be happy, must that bliss bestow.
 Deserted!—And a rival too preferr'd!
 Then, then, the depths of human hate are stirr'd!

Thus all proclaims our Nature's mighty bent
 To aim at Heaven and snatch supreme content.
 Reft of this light, how dark the prospect lies,
 How blind our hopes, how vain our tendencies!
 Blot this—how wild our joy and sorrow seems!
 Disclose it—order through the chaos beams!
 Why else should evil yield the soul delight?
 Our very crimes betray the Infinite!
 On filth we prey, celestial food denied,
 And plunder Hell to calm insatiate Pride.
 More! More! she cries—till every source she drains,
 Then, lean as *Famine*, sucks her very veins.
 Explore her joys;—of all the brood accurst
 Dominion glares, the strongest and the first.
 Why turns the tyrant to a frantic brute?
 Abuse of power proclaims it absolute.
 We strain the cords that bind our struggling prey,
 Because 'tis luxury to feel our sway,
 And, if our triumph other eyes attest,
 Exult—for captives grace a pageant best.
 This governs insult, regulates caprice
 Towards the paid flatterer, or dependant niece.
 Ev'n village pedants feel the joys of power,
 The beadle struts his consequential hour,
 And the starch'd housekeeper, with rustling state,
 Against th' unlicensed stranger locks the gate.
 Hence the strange bliss of cruelty, confest
 (Dread truth!) an instinct of the human breast.
 Babes torture flies, as *Nero* tortured men,
 To feel the privilege of giving pain.
 As cruelty to sentient beings shewn,
 'Tis mischief exercised on wood and stone.
 All own the mighty impulse to destroy,
 The king, an empire, and the child, a toy.
 For Pride would dwell alone beneath the skies,
 And on the ruins of Creation rise.
 Hence to insult the fall'n mankind are prone,
 Eager to prove authority their own.
 New power is nectar. 'Tis a pleasant thing
 To cage a lion, or to try a King.
 Behold unsceptred Charles from trial led!
 What jeering crowds heap insult on his head!
 He drops his truncheon;—none of all around
 Will stoop to lift Power's emblem from the ground.
 Buffooning soldiers mock his kingly grace,
 And puff tobacco in the royal face.
 Nor less *Napoleon*, bound by fortune's chain,
 Swell'd the base triumph of the low and vain.

What dear delight, and at how cheap a price,
To reign—an oracle of good advice!
To roll the homily, that never ends,
O'er scape-grace nephews, and imprudent friends!
Should they amend, to us the praise be due,
They do us credit, and our precepts too.
Should their wild courses lead to want and woe,
Why then—we always said it would be so.

Next by comparison we raise our pride,
And smile to see the balance on our side.
Not in themselves mankind's misfortunes please,
But as, by contrast, they enhance our ease.
When others tumble, how the laugh runs round
From us who stand with both legs on the ground!
Hence the sad tale, hence tragic scenes delight,
And howling tempests lull the wintry night.
Hence children strive the idiot to annoy,
While his poor rage provokes their brutal joy.
Themselves with him unconscious they compare,
And shew him off to make the contrast glare.
Their reason glories in his folly's length,
His weakness is a flattery on their strength.

Distinctions charm—illustrious or absurd—
No matter! so they mark us from the herd!
A star—a ribbon—a conceit—a lie—
Queens have no legs, and monarchs never die.
Cheap joys we scorn, and emulously seize
The post of Fame before the post of Ease.
The lowest fear lest lower should encroach,
As boors press forward when they mount a coach.
Hence rarest baubles virtuosos seek,
And all their pleasure's watchword is—"Unique."
As natures vary, tyrants rack their brain
To find new pleasure, or invent new pain;
And, in a humbler sphere, at fame we try,
With singing, drinking, or a neckcloth's tie.
Hence all monopolies delight the mind,
They raise our fame, and mark us from mankind;
Monopolies of Wisdom, Rule, or Place,
And—direr still—monopolies of Grace.
Religion's self, who should enlarge our powers
To her vast sphere, is narrow'd down to ours,
And Satan triumphs while his slaves compel
The arms of Heaven to aid the cause of Hell.
One truth at least no sophistry can hide—
The pride of bigots is the basest pride.
What! shall we see indulgent Heaven unfold
Hopes for the timid, warnings for the bold,
Love for the generous, interest for the mean,
Yet stint her drama to a single scene?
Shall bounded man the Infinite confine,
And mete the Measureless by rule and line?
Or Him restrain, whose universal soul
Rolls in the restless wave from Pole to Pole,
Sweeps in the wind, spreads effluent in the light,
And gazes through the myriad eyes of Night?
If such thy aim, all sounds to one subdued,
And bleach the rainbow to a single hue!

As gems deep-buried bear a costlier price,
Forbidden joys the spirit most entice.

Vex'd that one bliss should lie beyond her grasp,
 Pride drops all else, the coy delight to clasp.
 Of flowers beneath our feet we take no heed,
 But climb Sin's precipice to snatch a weed,
 And Disobedience, perilously sweet,
 To stolen waters lures the wandering feet.
 Ev'n in small things the same caprice enchains,
 The spot, that's near us, still unseen remains ;
 The book, we sent for with such eager haste,
 Rests on the shelf, and vainly courts our taste.
 What we possess appears of homelier cost ;
 But how we prize it when the thing is lost !
 Swift to his nymph the lover spurs his horse,
 But, near her gate, he checks his headlong course.
 With adverse winds the sea of Love runs high,
 But, with the dying gale, the billows die.

Why thus should Pride remoter joys pursue,
 Why slight the old, and sigh for something new ?
 She strives by fresh excitement to create
 Perpetual feeling of her high estate—
 Heaps proof on proof—demands with every hour
 Revived assurance of her sovereign power—
 With stronger walls her citadel enfolds,
 And frames new titles to the store she holds.
 The miser's treasure, which he starves to win,
 Is but an outpost of the wealth within.
 Each added mite confirms his morbid pride,
 Charms for a moment—then is flung aside,
 And all seems nothing, while the globe contains
 One spark of precious metal in her veins.
 Ev'n Power itself grows worthless, when possess ;
 Could boundless empire calm the Persian's breast ?
 He weeps for other kingdoms to subdue,
 And cannot rest with all the stars in view.

Nor yet all evil are the joys of Pride,
 At times to loftiest ecstasy allied.
 Aspiring Natures hence the world adorn,
 And frown on pleasure with a virtuous scorn.
 Hence patriot ardour fires the generous blood,
 The noble selfishness of doing good.
 Bold thought, bright fancy, hence their bliss have won,
 And try their eagle pinions at the sun.
 Hence the deep rapture, when in youth, at first,
 The soul's own glories on her vision burst.
 Ere yet she knows the limits of her reign,
 Imagination doubles the domain,
 A joy unmatch'd by all that life can bring,
 Where Truth still halts behind Invention's wing.

All-potent Flattery, universal Lord !
 Reviled, yet courted ; censured, yet adored !
 How thy strong spell each human bosom draws,
 The very echo to our self-applause !
 'Tis thine to smoothe the furrow'd brow of Pique, }
 Wrinkle with smiles the sour reluctant cheek, }
 Silence the wrathful, make the sullen speak, }
 Disarm a tyrant, tame a father's curse,
 Wring the slow farthing from the miser's purse,
 Subdue Lucretia even when gold shall fail,
 And make Apicius smile o'er cheese and ale !

At thy behest, with contradiction strange,
 Our thoughts of others in a moment change.
 We call Hydaspes a conceited dunce ;
 We learn he praised us—he's a wit at once !
 Thou, who through life on dainty fare wouldst live,
 Caress'd, prized, honour'd—hear the rules I give !
 'Tis skill, not force, guides music's tuneful sphere,
 Storms lull to sleep, but Zephyrs wake the year.
 First, learn to listen well. Both old and young
 Love listening ears beyond a Seraph's tongue.
 Attention charms, when praise steals noteless by,
 And silence is the sweetest flattery.
 Use positives in praise ;—there lurks a sting
 In—"very excellent—considering !"
 See some old beauty bridle up with rage,
 To hear—"How well you look, Ma'am—for your age !"
 The candles blaze, the fire burns bright and clear,
 We breathe our poem in a critic's ear.
 "Far above mediocrity !" he cries ;—
 We sigh and shrug, and drop our woeful eyes !
 Of the dull phrase—"You are improved"—take heed ;
 It hints still more improvement one may need.
 We love the praise to wit, not labour, given,
 For native Genius is a ray from Heaven.
 Else why, Philomelus, so prompt to say,
 "I draw untutor'd, and by ear I play ?"
 Examine with due caution, ere you speak,
 Who love direct eulogium, who oblique.
 The man you cannot to his face commend,
 Praise through the medium of a mutual friend.
 Assent, unvaried, tries the nicer ear,
 And haply breeds a doubt if you're sincere.
 Advance your own opinion then, and still
 Seem only vanquish'd by superior skill.
 But, chief, the ruling foible well explore,
 Where each is soonest flatter'd, soonest sore.
 With master hand call forth the master tone,
 Strike but that chord, and all the man's your own.
 What all concede 'tis labour lost to praise,
 Reserve your breath some doubtful point to raise ;
 Consult a blockhead, laugh at wit in Lords,
 For actions always flatter more than words :
 When fools tell stories, change your wondering tones
 From the gay giggle to pathetic groans.
 By seeming censure oft applause confer ;—
 Say to old Hunks—"You're far too liberal, sir !"
 So shall mankind approve thy honest zeal,
 And thy fair stomach never lack a meal.
 But, oh ! 'twere better dig the hardest soil !
 Appeasing vanity is heavy toil ;
 When life is ending, 'tis but just begun,
 And oft the work of years is in an hour undone.
 If Pride be thus in smiling peace disclosed,
 How must she shake creation, when opposed !
 We judge not rivers from their quiet course,
 But learn their fury from the torrent's force.
 Scan then her wrath ;—behold her in the hour
 Of baffled will, and ineffectual power ;
 On blind dull elements she wreaks her hate,
 Grows mad with Nature, and contends with Fate.
 In monarchs' hands, she wields the whip and chain
 To scourge and fetter the rebellious main ;

In fractious children, clamours for the moon,
 Or rends, in mobs, the long-delay'd balloon.
 Howe'er men differ—all in this agree,
 A slight is nature's keenest injury.
 What marvel this should raise the soul to strife!
 It touches on the very nerve of life;
 Our inmost being in its fort assails,
 Stings to the quick, and flays us to the nails.
 'Tis Discord's apple—'tis the Centaur's robe!
 It fires the tamest, it embroils the globe!
 Keen at St James's points the civil speech,
 And bursts at Billingsgate in "W—e and B—h!"
 When Pride meets Pride, then Strife her banner shakes,
 Gods rush to combat, and Olympus quakes.
 True, one must fail, yet spoils can neither boast,
 For 'tis the weakest shews her strength the most.
 Crush'd, but not conquer'd, she the field maintains,
 Triumphant o'er her victor and her pains.
 No sigh shall reach the air, no muscle start,
 While Agony is eating out her heart.
 Then, then, the soul is all transform'd to Hate,
 Blood, blood alone its frantic thirst can sate.
 What bitter joys the immortal spirit swell,
 To tread the trampler, triumph where we fell!
 Grant but revenge, what grief can touch the soul,
 What pain can torture?—We have won the goal!
 Midst crumbling ruin Pride undaunted glows,
 Like Samson, blest to perish with her foes.
 What makes revenge the manna of the heart?
 The cure is dearest of the bitterest smart.
 Why can this only yield the spirit rest?
 It re-enthrones the idol of the breast!
 Hence, when a thousand wrongs convulse the mind,
 It curdles into hate of all mankind.
 Pride's rage, as boundless as her thwarted aim,
 Slaughters whole hecatombs to clear her shame.

Read Byron by this light;—how strangely clear
 Does then this riddle of our age appear!
 In early conflict with the mean and coarse,
 His springs of life were poison'd at the source.
 Capricious Fortune chafed his restless pride
 Alike in what she granted and denied.
 She gave him titles, but refused him gold,
 Gave manly beauty, yet deform'd its mould;
 Smiled for a few brief hours, then wrapt his name
 In darkest vapours of opprobrious fame.
 With strange extremes she mark'd his wayward fate,
 A nation's worship and a nation's hate;
 Bade him in grief to distant lands retire,
 A widow'd husband and a childless sire;
 Till all the tenor of his troubled life
 Became a contradiction and a strife.
 What marvel, then, alternate throbs should form
 His verse an earthquake, and his soul a storm?
 That gloomy wrath with kindness should contend,
 And all seem foes, himself to all a friend?
 Oh judge him gently! for to him was given
 A feeling soul—that fatal gift of Heaven!
 And every thrill that through the poet ran,
 Was only keener torture to the man.
 Oh judge him gently! Were thy soul as much
 Form'd to exult or shiver at a touch,

Couldst thou, like him, draw fame from every sigh,
Like him, in Freedom's noblest quarrel die?

Neglect, what thousand woes attest thy smart,—
The ruin'd temper, and the broken heart;
Beauty turn'd canker in deserted bloom,
Pale Genius fading to an early tomb;
Louring Distrust, Suspicion's darker mien,
And all the virulence of letter'd spleen!
Neglect's an ill nor gods nor men endure,
Worse—that it scarce admits complaint or cure:
Injustice rouses—force inspires mankind,—
But this dead weight is nightmare to the mind.
In vain contempt to raise the spirit tries,
We feel ourselves below what we despise.
Coldness and Scorn, so loftily belied,
Are but uneasy stilts of halting Pride.
Elaborate despising is pretence,
For true contempt is but indifference.
How sad his lot, who, laid upon the shelf,
Finds that no mortal rates him as himself!
The blank misgivings of a twilight mind,
To its own meanness conscious, not resign'd.
'Mid talent's circle neither in nor out,
Perpetual effort, and perpetual doubt!
In nobler souls Neglect more error breeds,
As desert gardens bear the rankest weeds.
The poor in good to mighty mischief fly,
And, failing Fame, will catch at Infamy;
Then right and left the venom'd arrows hurl'd,
Take wild sarcastic vengeance on the world.
Hence sudden rancour in the words of some
Strikes in a moment friendly converse dumb;
A spiteful something, which, in careless hours,
Glares on you, like the serpent's eye through flowers.
They purr and purr, then lance their talons out,
And what has roused their malice is a doubt.

As 'tis a joy to weigh our lot with worse,
To weigh it with the better is a curse.
Hence the strong bias of the human mind,
To its own level to bring all mankind.
Ye stanch republicans, who loudly hide
Your pride beneath the very hate of pride,
Why does Equality your ardour move,—
The fondest dream of exquisite Self-love?
Hence sour Old Age looks grim on girls and boys,
And mars the pleasure it no more enjoys.

Sum, in one word, what Pride would most escape—
'Tis Degradation in its every shape.

Hence to small favours gratitude belongs—
Favours too great to be return'd are wrongs:
Make a dependent, and your lavish pelf—
Hell's keenest curse!—degrades him to himself.

Hence the world's pity Pride indignant flies,
Because she knows 'tis Triumph in disguise;
Griefs may be shewn from which there's none exempt,
But all hide sorrows that ensure contempt.
Ev'n its own pity will the spirit shun,
And talk of happiness when most undone.
'Tis for this cause we suffer with less pain
The world's abhorrence than the world's disdain,
Rather than fools amuse, the virtuous shock,
And stand a portent, than a laughing-stock.

Mortals, though censured, may be great and wise,
 But what all laugh at is what all despise.
 Bear to be laugh'd at!—Bring me forth the man,
 The Devil, or the Demi-god, who can.
 Heroes sword-proof are vulnerable here—
 All-daring Virtue withers at a sneer;
 Ev'n awful Wisdom dreads the jesting fool,
 And Truth herself turns pale at ridicule.
 Go, brave the tempest's shock—the cannon's roar—
 Wild howling monsters on a savage shore—
 Earth's, Ocean's, Heaven's artillery—and then
 Shrink into nothing at the laugh of men!

There is in each a more especial part,
 Where Self sits throned, great Empress of the heart.
 Touch not on this, and men with grateful ease
 Will hear advice—nay, take it—if they please!
 We, in our friends, may certain errors chide,
 For there are faults which well assort with pride;
 But here Self-love—her tenderness is such—
 Shrinks, like the snail, from ev'n a distant touch.
 Attack thy friend—his wife—his purse—his game—
 Succeeding years may still endear thy name—
 Hurt his Self-love—then timely quit the field—
 Self-love's deep wounds are never to be heal'd.
 You mourn your fault—why, that confirms it more,
 And explanation frets the rankling sore.
 His tongue forgives, while fury swells his breast,
 For deepest injuries are least exprest.
 "Go," he exclaims, "you wrong me, my good friend,
 To think so small a matter could offend."
 Young Harry whored and drank, and fought and gamed,
 Still his sire's will the darling spendthrift named.
 Young Harry drew him dancing in the gout,
 And then the graceless rascal was struck out.
 For one more sin no mercy hope to meet,
 A once successful, now detected cheat.
 Pride hates to think that ev'n a mote can shun
 Her eyes, more piercing than the noon-day sun.
 Unhappy Fire King! hence a nation's rage
 Drove thee and all thy wonders from the stage.
 Away, vile wretch, of fame and bread bereaved,
 For cheating those who wish'd to be deceived!

Opinion's difference we from Pride detest,
 The true Procrustes of the human breast.
 While others' sentiments with ours agree,
 How kind—how meek—how moderate are we!
 When others' arguments our own supplant,
 How rude—how furious—how intolerant!
 Oh, not for kingdoms would our wrath afford
 The paltry triumph of the poor last word!
 What makes our struggle and our wrath so strong?
 Are others right?—why then we're in the wrong.
 To each, the landmark of unerring taste
 Is ever that which he himself hath placed,
 And all mankind must rise or fall in sense,
 To that approaching, or receding thence.
 "O, man of soundest intellect!" we cry—
 In Truth's plain dialect—"he thinks as I."
 While—"prating coxcomb—shallow-pated elf!"
 Means—"toto cælo, differing from myself."
 Howe'er the little pronoun we disguise—
 Sink it in sounds, in letters pluralize,

"We think,"—"Men say,"—or "This the world has pass'd,"—
Is "So I think," and "So I act," at last.

Of all the ills that curse life's thorny waste,
Preserve me from the bigotry of Taste!
Some think the man, who dares to disagree
With their dear selves, far gone in villainy;
Who to their favourite pudding are averse,
Forsooth, are dangerous, and might steal your purse;
Who on their darling author fail to dote,
Would hardly hesitate to cut a throat!
A san-benito, pitch and fire, and sticks,
Were far too good for such vile heretics.
Their soul's in arms, that such vile taste is shewn,
So very vile!—because 'tis not their own.
Go, in eternal folly pass thy life,
Seduce a virgin, or corrupt a wife;
Thy flatterers feed, thy creditors defraud;—
The world will pardon and perhaps applaud!
Or be ridiculous to make men stare,
And they will laud thee to the empty air;—
But dare not for thyself be singular! }
From men's dull boundaries if thou dare depart,
For thy own comfort, or thy peace of heart;
Instruct by wisdom, by example teach,
And grasp at excellence they cannot reach;
Choose thy own morals, or thy shoe-string's tie,
'Tis pride, 'tis treason, 'tis insanity!
Down with the wretch, who gains that height accurst,
To differ from themselves, of crimes the worst!
The reason's clear;—by differing you condemn,
Your conduct is a silent lash at *them*.
Besides, you shew you scorn their paltry laws,
Above their worthless censure, or applause.

'Tis in Opinion—arbitrary Queen—
The strongest features of vex'd Pride are seen.
Ev'n now I see her banner wide unfur'd;
I see her rise, Bellona of the World!
Her arms a poniard, and a sword, embrued,
That with domestic, this with foreign blood;
A torch, a stake, some holy blood in bottle;
A Hobbes, a Bible, and an Aristotle!
Wide slips of parchment on her head she ties,
Scribbled with curses, ravings, blasphemies.
Sedition, Tyranny, around her dance,
Mad Hate, blind Zeal, and drunken Ignorance.
Exploding vapours, kindling, round her roll,
Now rend an eggshell, now convulse the pole:—
Thrones, footstools, altars, mandarins o'erturn;
And now a book, and now a martyr burn.
Where'er she moves, ten million throats are stirr'd;
All gabble, each unhearing, each unheard;
Opprobrious names rise jostling o'er the din,
Eutychian, Witch, Whig, Tory, Jacobin—
Swine-eater, Saint;—and, 'midst the mighty pother,
Each mortal excommunicates the other.
They dance, they riot, they embrace, they fight,
And all are wrong, and each is in the right.

Come, pierce with me yon last abode of ill,
Where Reason guides no more the human will;

Explore the cause of her dominion lost,
 'Tis Pride o'erstrained to ecstasy in most.
 Here gaze on Nature's workings unrestrain'd,
 Here souls are free, although the limbs be chain'd.
 The fane is rent, the veils are drawn aside,
 Yet still enthroned remains the idol—Pride.
 The woes she wrought, she teaches to endure,
 For mighty mischiefs tend themselves to cure.
 Here only true content the soul can gain,
 Burst from the bars 'gainst which she beat in vain.
 See how she climbs, when nought impedes her road!
 Who shall control yon maniac? He is God!
 The golden secret theirs, fond dreamers rest,
 And scholars square the circle, and are blest.
 Weep not for these; let men thy grief employ,
 Who walk abroad, not mad enough for joy;
 Who, scarce deluded, try from straw to frame
 The crown of empire, or the wreath of Fame!

See, then, through all, one bias of the mind,
 Pride 's the last passion that deserts mankind.
 It prompts the future, chronicles the past,
 Clings to the lowest, haunts us to the last.
 From their true names the knave and scoundrel fly,
 Thieves have their honour, whores their chastity.
 To men's opinions ev'n in death we cling,
 With cries of innocence our scaffolds ring;
 And the lost wretch still acts his human part,
 Smiles on his lip, self-murder in his heart.
 The soul deprest, to find its level, boils,
 Turn'd from its point the magnet back recoils.
 Self-preservation is not more confest
 The law of life, than to make being blest;
 And if our peace be ruin'd beyond hope,
 What can remain?—A pistol, or a rope!
 Thy rack, Disgrace, what mortal can abide?
 The worst of human ills is humbled Pride.

But all these pangs, each arm'd with tenfold force,
 Assail the stormy bosom of Remorse.
 What kind relief can Hope or Memory urge,
 Thyself the offender, and thyself the scourge?
 On whom can Pride the soul to vengeance stir,
 When Self 's the injured and the injurer?
 If Guilt such torments can on earth create,
 How dread th' eternity of fix'd Self-hate!
 This the true Hell, the worm beyond the tomb,
 The unconsuming fires, that still consume.
 Despair's true form was ne'er beheld below,
 Ev'n dark Self-murder is escape from woe!
 Death brings the dread reality to light,
 Once fled from life, man finds no farther flight.
 Then wakes a pang beyond our fancy's scope,
 Joy's strong desire without its power or hope.
 No sense remains, soft minister of joy,
 No frame which impious frenzy may destroy.
 Bound down to gaze, with everlasting eye,
 On its own loathsome, mean deformity,
 The soul shall writhe, still sensitive to fame,
 One thought of horror, and immortal shame.

SOME REMARKABLE PASSAGES IN THE REMARKABLE LIFE OF THE
BARON ST GIO.*By the Ettrick Shepherd.*

I HAVE often wondered if it was possible that a person could exist without a conscience. I think not, if he be a reasonable being. Yet there certainly are many of whom you would judge by their actions that they had none; or, if they have, that conscience is not a mirror to be trusted. In such cases we may suppose that conscience exists in the soul of such a man as well as others, but that it is an erroneous one, not being rightly informed of what sin is, and consequently unable to judge fairly of his actions, by comparing them with the law of God. It is a sad state to be in; for surely there is no condition of soul more wretched than that of the senseless obdurate sinner, the faculties of whose soul seem to be in a state of numbness, and void of that true feeling of sensibility which is her most vital quality.

I was led into this kind of mood to-night by reading a sort of Memoir of the life of Jasper Kendale, *alias* the Baron St Gio, written by himself, which, if at all consistent with truth, unfolds a scene of unparalleled barbarity, and an instance of that numbness of soul of which we have been speaking, scarcely to be excelled.

Jasper says, he was born at bonny Dalkerran, in the parish of Leeswald; but whether that is in England, Scotland, or Wales, he does not inform us; judging in his own simplicity of heart, that every one knows where bonny Dalkerran is as well as he does. For my part, I never heard either of such a place or such a parish; but from many of his expressions, I should draw the conclusion, that he comes from some place in the west of Scotland.

"My father and mother were unco good religious focks," says he, "but verry poor. At least I think sae, for we were verry ragged and duddy in our claes, and often didna get muckle to eat." This is manifestly Scottish, and in the same style the best parts of the narrative are written; but for the sake of shortening it two thirds at least, I must take a style more concise.

When I was about twelve years of age, my uncle got me in to be stable-boy at Castle-Meldin, and a happy man I was at this change; for whereas before I got only peel-and-eat potatoes and a little salt twice a-day at home, here I feasted like a gentleman, and had plenty of good meat to take or to leave every day as I listed, and as suited my appetite, for it suited my constitution wonderfully. I was very thankful for this, and resolved to be a good, diligent, and obedient servant; and so I was, for I took care of every thing intrusted to me, and, as far as I could see, every body liked me.

Before I had been a year there the old laird died, and as I had hardly ever seen him, that did not affect me much; but I suspected that all things would go wrong about the house when the head of it was taken away; that there would be nothing but fasting, and mourning, and every thing that was disagreeable. I was never more agreeably mistaken, for the feasting and fun never began about the house till then. The ladies, to be sure, were dressed in black; and beautiful they looked, so that wooers flocked about them every day. But there was one that far outdid the rest in beauty. Her name was Fanny, the second or third daughter of the family, I am not sure which, but she was the most beautiful woman I ever saw in the world. There was a luxuriance of beauty about her that is quite indescribable, which drew all hearts and all eyes to her. She was teased by lovers of every age and description, but I only know what the maids told me about these things. They said her behaviour was rather light-some with the gentlemen; for that she was constantly teasing them, which provoked them always to fasten on her for a romp, and that her sisters were often ill-pleased with her, because she got the most part of the fun to herself. I know nothing about these things; but this I know, that before the days of mourning were over Miss Fanny vanished—was lost—and her name was said never to have been mentioned up stairs, but

with us she was the constant subject of discourse, and one of the maids always put on wise looks, and pretended to know where she was. Time passed on for some months, until one day I was ordered to take my uncle's pair, and drive a gentleman to a certain great market town. (Jasper names the town plain out, which I deem improper.) I did as I was ordered, and my uncle giving the gentleman some charges about me, closed the door, and off we drove. The man was very kind to me all the way, and good to the horses; but yet I could not endure to look at him. He had a still, round, whitish face, and eyes as if he had been half sleeping, but when they glimmered up, they were horribly disagreeable.

We remained in the town two nights, and on the following morning I was ordered to drive through the town by his direction. He kept the window open at my back, and directed me, by many turnings, to a neat elegant house rather in the suburbs. He went in. I waited long at the door, and often heard a noise within as of weeping and complaining, and at length my gentleman came out leading Miss Fanny with both hands, and put her into the coach. She was weeping violently, and much altered, and my heart bled at seeing her. There was no one came to the door to see her into the chaise, but I saw two ladies on the stair inside the house. He then ordered me to drive by such a way, which I did, driving the whole day by his direction; and the horses being in excellent keeping, we made great speed; I thought we drove on from twenty to thirty miles, and I knew by the sun that we were going to the eastward, and of course not on the road home. We had for a good while been on a sort of country road; and at length on a broad common covered with furze, I was ordered to draw up, which I did. The gentleman stepped first out, and then handed out Miss Fanny; but still not with that sort of respect which I weened to be her due. They only walked a few steps from the carriage, when he stopped, and looked first at one whin bush, then at another, as if looking for something of which he was uncertain. He then led her up to one, and holding her fast by the wrist with one hand, with

the other he pulled a dead body covered with blood out of the midst of the bush, and asked the lady if she knew who that was? Such a shriek, I think, was never uttered by a human creature, as that hapless being uttered at that moment, and such may my ears never hear again! But in one instant after, and even I think before she could utter a second, he shot her through the head, and she fell.

I was so dreadfully shocked, and amazed at such atrocity, that I leaped from the seat and ran for it; but my knees had no strength, and the boots hampering me, the ruffian caught me before I had run fifty paces, and dragged me back to the scene of horror. He then assured me, that if I offered again to stir from my horses, he would send me the same way with these culprits whom I saw lying there; and perceiving escape to be impossible, I kneeled, and prayed him not to shoot me, and I would stay and do any thing that he desired of me. He then re-loaded his pistol, and taking a ready cocked one in each hand, he ordered me to drag the bodies away, and tumble them into an old coal-pit, which I was forced to do, taking first the one and then the other. My young mistress was not quite dead, for I saw her lift her eyes, and as she descended the void, I heard a slight moan, then a great plunge, and all was over.

I wonder to this day that he did not send me after them. I expected nothing else; and I am sure if it had not been for the driving of the chaise by himself, which on some account or other he durst not attempt, my fate had been sealed.

He did not go into the chaise, but mounted on the seat beside me, and we drove and drove on by quite another road than that we went, until the horses were completely fore-spent, and would not raise a trot. I was so terrified for the fellow, that I durst not ask him to stop and corn the horses, but I said several times that the horses were quite done up. His answer was always, "Whip on."

When it began to grow dark, he asked my name, my country, and all about my relations; and in particular about the old coachman at Castle-Meldin. I told him the plain truth on every point, on which he bade me

be of good cheer, and keep myself free of all suspicions, for as long as I made no mention of what I had seen, no evil should happen to me; and he added, "I daresay you would be a little astonished at what you saw to-day. But I hope you will say, God forgive you!"

"I'll be unco laith to say ony sic thing, man," quo' I, "for I wad be very sorry if he did. I hope to see you burning in hell yet for what ye hae done the day." (These are Jasper's own words.)

"What! *you* hope to see me there, do you? Then it bespeaks that you hope to go there yourself," said he.

"If I do not see you there, some will," said I; for by this time I saw plenty of human faces around us, and lost all fear, so I said what I thought.

"If you have any value for your life," said he, "be a wise boy, and say nothing about it. Can't you perceive that there is no atrocity in the deed—at least not one hundredth part of the sum which you seem to calculate on? Do you think it was reasonable that a whole family of beautiful and virtuous sisters of the highest rank, should all have been ruined by the indiscretion of one?"

"That is no reason at all, sir, for the taking away of life," said I. "The law of God did not condemn her for aught she had done; and where lay your right to lift up your hand against her life? You might have sent her abroad, if she had in any way disgraced the family, which I never will believe she did."

"True," said he, "I could have secured her person, but who could have secured her pen? All would have come out, and shame and ruin would have been the consequence. Though I lament with all my heart that such a deed was necessary, yet there was no alternative. Now, tell me this, for you have told me the plain truth hitherto,—did or did you not recognise the body of the dead gentleman?"

"Yes, I did," said I, frankly. "I knew it for the body of a young nobleman whom I have often seen much caressed at Castle-Meldin."

He shook his head and gave an inward growl, and then said, "since you say so, I must take care of *you*! You are wrong; that is certain;

and you had better not say such a thing again. But nevertheless, since you *have* said it, and *may* say it again, I must take care of *you*."

He spoke no more. We were now driving through a large town; but whether or not it was the one we left in the morning, I could not tell, and he would not inform me. We drew up on the quay, where a fine barge with eight rowers, all leaning on their oars, stood ready to receive us. My fine gentleman then desired me to alight, and go across the water with him, for a short space. I refused positively, saying, that I would not leave my horses for any man's pleasure. He said he had a lad there to take care of the horses, and I knew it behoved me to accompany him across. "I'll not leave my horses; that's flat. And you had better not insist on it. I'm not in the humour to be teased much farther," said I.

That word sealed my fate. I was that moment pulled from my seat, gagged by a fellow's great hand, and hurled into the boat by I know not how many scoundrels. There I was bound, and kept gagged by the sailors, to their great amusement. We reached a great ship in the offing, into which I was carried, and cast into a dungeon, bound hands and feet. We sailed next morning, and for three days I was kept bound and gagged, but fed regularly. My spirit was quite broken, and even my resolution of being avenged for the death of the lovely Fanny began to die away. On the fourth day, to my inexpressible horror, the murderer himself came down to my place of confinement, and addressed me to the following purport.

"Kendale, you are a good boy—a truthful, honourable, and innocent boy. I know you are; and I do not like to see you kept in durance this way. We are now far at sea on our way to a foreign country. You must be sensible that you are now entirely in my power, and at my disposal, and that all your dependence must be on me. Swear then to me that you will never divulge the rueful scene which you witnessed on the broad common among the furze, and I will instantly set you at liberty, and be kind to you. And to dispose you to comply, let me assure you that the day you disclose my secret

is your last, and no power on earth can save you, even though I were at the distance of a thousand miles. I have ventured a dreadful stake, and must go through with it, cost what it will."

I perceived that all he had said was true, and that I had no safety but in compliance; and yearning to be above deck to behold the sun and the blue heavens, I there, in that dismal hole, took a dreadful oath never to mention it, or divulge it in any way, either on board, or in the country to which we were going. He appeared satisfied, and glad at my compliance, and loosed me with his own hand, telling me to wait on him at table, and appear as his confidential servant, which I promised, and performed as well as I could. But I had no happiness, for the secret of the double murder preyed on my heart, and I looked on myself as an accomplice. There was one thing in which my belief was fixed; that we never would reach any coast, for the ship would to a certainty be cast away, and every gale that we encountered, I prepared for the last.

My master, for so I must now denominate him, seemed to have no fears of that nature. He drank and sung, and appeared as happy and merry as a man so gloomy of countenance could be. He was called Mr Southman, and appeared the proprietor of the ship. We saw no land for seven weeks, but at length it appeared on our starboard side, and when I asked what country it was, I was told it was Carolina. I asked if it was near Jerusalem or Egypt, and the sailors laughed at me, and said that it was just to Jerusalem that I was going, and I think my heart never was so overjoyed in my life.

Honest Jasper has nearly as many chapters describing this voyage, as I have lines, and I must still hurry on in order to bring his narrative into the compass of an ordinary tale, for though I have offered the manuscript complete to several booksellers, it has been uniformly rejected. And yet it is exceedingly amusing, and if not truth, tells very like it. Among other things, he mentions a Mr McKenzie from Ross-shire, as having been on board, and from some things he mentions relating to him, I am sure I have met with him.

Suffice it to say, that they landed

at what Jasper calls a grand city, named Savannah, which the sailors made him believe was Jerusalem; and, when undeceived by his master, he wept. The captain and steward took their orders from Mr Southman, hat in hand, and then he and his retinue sailed up the river in a small vessel, and latterly in a barge, until they came to a fine house on a level plain, so extensive that Jasper Kendale says, with great simplicity, "It looked to me to be bigger nor the whole world."

Here they settled; and here Jasper remained seven years as a sort of half idle servant, yet he never knew whether his master was proprietor of, or steward on, the estates. There is little interesting in this part of the work, save some comical amours with the slave girls, to which Jasper was a little subject, and his master ten times worse, by his account. There is one summing up of his character which is singular. It is in these emphatic words,—“In short, I never saw a better master, nor a worse man.”

But there is one thing asserted here which I do not believe. He avers that the one half of all the people in that country are slaves! Absolute slaves, and bought and sold in the market like sheep and cattle! “Then said the high priest, Are these things so?”

At the end of seven years or thereby, there was one day that I was in the tobacco plantation with forty workers, when a gentleman came up to me from the river, and asked for Mr Southman. My heart flew to my throat, and I could scarcely contain myself, for I knew him at once to be Mr Thomas B——h, the second son at Castle-Meldin. There were only two brothers in the family, and this was the youngest and the best. We having only exchanged a few words, he did not in the least recognise me, and indeed it was impossible he could, so I said nothing to draw his attention, but knowing what I knew, I could not conceive what his mission to my master could import. I never more saw him alive; but the following morning, I knew by the countenance of my master that there was some infernal plot brewing within, for he had that look which I had never seen him wear

but once before. There was no mistaking it. It was the cloven foot of Satan, and indicated certain destruction to some one. I had reason to suspect it would be myself, and so well convinced was I of this, that I had resolved to fly, and try to get on board some ship. But I was mistaken. The bolt of hell struck elsewhere. The young stranger disappeared, after staying and being mightily caressed two days and nights; and shortly thereafter, his body was thrown on the shore of the Savannah by the reflux of the tide, not far below the boundary of my master's estate. I went, with many others, and saw the body, and knew it well, and it was acknowledged, both by my master and the house servants, to have been a stranger gentleman that was in that country wanting to purchase land—that he had been entertained by Mr Southman; but none could tell his name. He had been murdered and robbed, and his body thrown into the river, and no light whatever was cast on the circumstances of the crime by the investigation. The Georgians seemed greatly indifferent about the matter. I was never called or examined at all; and if I had, I know not what I would have said. I knew nothing of his death farther than suspicion dictated, but of the identity of his person I was certain.

Immediately on this I was sent to an estate far up the country, on the fine table lands, to assist a Mr Courteny in managing it. I took a letter from my master to him, and was kindly received, and made superintendent of every thing under Mr Courteny. He was a delightful man, and held as delightful a place; but neither did he know whether Mr Southman was the proprietor of these estates, or steward over them, with a power of attorney. He knew they were purchased by one bearing quite another name; but he had exercised all the powers of a proprietor for a number of years, and had been sundry voyages over at Britain. It was a lucrative property, and he was held as a very great man.

Here I remained for three years. Among others of my master's satellites who attended me to that place, there was a German called Allan-

stein. That man had come with us from England, and was one of them who bound and gagged me in the boat. But he was a pleasant old fellow, and I liked him, and was always kind to him. He was taken very ill; and, on his deathbed, he sent for me, and told me that he and another, whom he would not name, had orders to watch all my motions, and in no wise to suffer me to leave the country, but to shoot me. He said he would never see his master again, and he thought it best to warn me to be on my guard, and remain quietly where I was. He likewise told me that Mr Southman had left America for some time, and he believed for ever. After giving me the charge of his concerns, and a handsome present, poor Allanstein died.

As long as I had no knowledge of this circumstance, I had no desire to leave the country; but the moment I knew I was watched like a wild beast, and liable to be murdered on mere suspicion, I grew impatient to be gone. There was one fellow whom I suspected, but had no means of learning the truth. I turned him out of our employment, but he remained on the estate, and lingered constantly near me. He had likewise come with us from England, and appeared to have plenty of money at command. I contrived, however, to give him the slip, and, escaping into South Carolina, I scarcely stinted night or day till I was at Charlestown, where I got on board the Elizabeth sloop, bound for Liverpool. Then I breathed freely, accounting myself safe; and then, also, I was free from my oath, and at liberty to tell all that I had seen. The vessel, however, had not got her loading on board, and we lay in the harbour, at the confluence of the rivers, two days; but what was my astonishment to perceive, after we had heaved anchor, the wretch Arnotti on board along with me, brown with fatigue in the pursuit, and covered with dust. I was now certain that he was the remaining person who was sworn to take my life if I should offer to leave the state, and knew not what to do, as I was persuaded he would perform it at the risk of his own life. I had paid

my freight to Britain; nevertheless, I went on shore on Sullivan's Island, and suffered the vessel to proceed without me, and was now certain that I was quite safe, my enemy having gone on with the Elizabeth. I waited here long before a vessel passed to a right port, but at length I got one going to the Clyde, and took my passage in her; and, after we were fairly out to sea, behold, there my old friend Arnotti popped his head once more out of the fore-castle, and eyed me with a delighted and malicious grin! I was quite confounded at again seeing this destroying angel haunting my motions, and said, "What is that murdering villain seeking here?"

The seamen stared; but he replied, sharply, "Vat you say, Monsieur Ken-dale? You say me de moorderour? Vat you derr? You help de moorderour, and keep him secret. Dat is de vay, is it?"

I then took the captain of the ship by himself, and told him what I suspected, and that I was certain the villain would find means of assassinating me. He at first laughed at me, and said, he could not think I was so much of a coward as to be afraid of any single man; but perceiving me so earnest, he consented to disarm all the passengers, beginning with myself, and on none of them were any arms found, save on Arnotti, who had two loaded pistols and a dagger, neatly concealed in his clothes. He was deprived of these, and put under a partial confinement, and then I had peace and rest.

For all this severity, the unaccountable wretch tried to strangle Jasper by night, just as they began to approach Ireland; he was, however, baffled, wounded, and tossed overboard, a circumstance afterwards deeply regretted. But Jasper makes such a long story, I am obliged to pass it over by the mere mention of it.

Jasper found his mother still alive, and very frail; his father dead, and his brethren and sisters all scattered, and he could find no one to whom to unburden his mind. He went next to Castle-Meldin, and there also found the young squire dead, and his brother Thomas *lost abroad!* whither he had gone to claim an estate; and the extensive domains

were now held by Lord William E——le, in right of his wife. The other ladies were likewise all married to men of rank. Old coachee, Jasper's mother's brother, was still living at the Castle, on the superannuated list, and to him Jasper unfolded by degrees his revolting and mysterious tale. The old man could not fathom or comprehend it. The remaining capabilities of his mind were inadequate to the grasp. He forgot one end of it ere he got half way to the other; and though at times he seemed to take deep interest in the incidents, before one could have noted any change in his countenance, they had vanished altogether from his mind.

The two friends agreed on the propriety of acquainting Lord William with the circumstances, and after watching an opportunity for some time, they got him by himself in the shrubbery. I must give this in Jasper's own words.

"When the lord saw my uncle's white head, and the old laced hat held out afore him, as if to beg for a bawbee, he kend be the motion that he wantit to speak till him. So he turns to us, and he says, 'Well, old coachee, what has your stupid head conceived it necessary to say to me to-day? Is the beer of the hall too weak?'

"'Wod, ye see, my lord, ye see, that's no the thing. But this wee callant here, he tells me sic a story, ye see, that, wod, ye see, I canna believe't, 'at can I nae. He's a sister's son o' mine. Ye'll maybe mind o' him when ye were courtin' here? Oogh!'

"'What boy do you speak of, Andrew? Is it this boardly young man?'

"'Ay, to be sure.—Him? Hont! A mere kittlin, ye see. He's my sister Nanny's son, that was married to Joseph Kendale, ye ken. A very honest upright man he was; but this callant has been abroad, ye see, my lord. And—What was this I was gaun to say?'

"'Some story you were talking of.'

"'Ay, wod, that's very true, my lord, an' weel mindit. Ye'll mind your eldest brother weel enough? Did ye ever ken what oord o' him?'

"'No; I am sorry to say I never did.'

“And do you mind your sister-in-law, Miss Fanny, the bonniest o’ them a’? Oogh? Or did ye ever ken what came o’ her?”—(Lord William shook his head)—“There’s a chap can tell ye then. Lord forgie us, my lord, didna he murder them baith, an’ then trail them away, first the tane and then the tither, an’ fling them intil a hole fifty faddom deep, ye see! Oogh? Wasna that the gate o’t, callant?”

“Lord William burst out in laughter at the old man’s ridiculous accusation; but I stopped him, assuring him, that although my uncle’s mind was unstable and wandering on a subject that affected him so much, I nevertheless had, nearly twelve years before, on the 7th day of October, seen that young lady murdered. Aye, led far away out to a wild common, like a lamb to the slaughter, and cruelly butchered in one instant, without having time given her to ask pardon of Heaven. And though I had not seen his brother slain, I had seen him lying slain on the same spot, and was compelled, by a charged pistol held to my head, to carry both the bodies, and throw them into a pit.”

“I never saw such a picture as the countenance of Lord William displayed. Consternation, horror, and mental pain, were pourtrayed on it alternately, and it was at once manifest, that, at all events, he had no hand nor foreknowledge of the foul transaction. He asked at first if I was not raving?—if I was in my sound mind? And then made me recite the circumstances all over again, which I did, in the same way and order that I have set them down here. I told him also of the murder of his brother-in-law in the country of the Savannah, and that I was almost certain it was by the same hand. That I knew the city from which the young lady was abstracted, and thought I could know the house if taken to it; but I neither knew the way we went, the way by which we returned, nor what town it was at which I was forced aboard in the dark, so that the finding out the remains of the hapless pair appeared scarcely practicable. My identity was proven to Lord William’s satisfaction, as well as my disappearance from the Castle at the date specified; but no one, not even my old uncle,

could remember in what way. The impression entertained was, that I had got drunk at the town, and been pressed aboard, or persuaded on board, one of his Majesty’s ships.

“Lord William charged me not to speak of it to any other about the Castle, lest the story should reach the ears of his lady, on whom the effects might be dreadful at that period. So, taking me with him in the carriage, we proceeded to the chief town of the county, the one above mentioned, where he had me examined by the public authorities; but there my story did not gain implicit credit, and I found it would pass as an infamous romance, unless I could point out the house from which the lady was taken, and the spot where the remains were deposited. The house I could not point out, though I perambulated the suburbs of the town over and over again. Every thing was altered, and whole streets built where there were only straggling houses. Mr Southman’s name, as an American planter, was not known; so that these horrid murders, committed in open day in this land of freedom, were likely to be passed over without farther investigation.

“I traversed the country, day after day, and week after week, searching for the broad common covered with furze, and the old open coal-pit into which I had cast the bodies of the comely pair. I searched till I became known to the shepherds and miners on those wastes, but all to no purpose—I could not find even the slightest resemblance in the outlines, of the country which still remained impressed on my memory—till one day I came to an old man casting turf, whose face I thought I knew, with whom I entered into conversation, when he at once asked what I was looking for, for he had seen me, he said, traversing these commons so often, without dog or gun, that he wondered what I wanted. I told him all, day and date, and what I was looking for. The old fellow was never weary of listening to the tale of horror, but the impression it made on his feelings scattered his powers of recollection. He had never heard of the lady’s name, but he guessed that of the gentleman of his own accord, remembering of his disappearance on that very day. It was un-

derstood by his family that he had been called out to fight a duel that morning, he said; but the circumstances were so confused in his memory, that he entreated of me to meet him at the same place the following day, and by that time, from his own recollection, and that of others, he would be able to tell me something more distinctly.

"The next day I came as appointed, when he said he suspected that I was looking for the fatal spot at least thirty miles distant from where it was, for he had learned the place where Lord Richard E——le had been last seen, and by the direction in which he then rode, it was evident the spot where he met his death could not be in that quarter. And that, moreover, if I would pay him well, he thought he could take me to the place, or near it, for he had heard of a spot where a great deal of blood had been shed, which was never accounted for, and where the cries of a woman's ghost had been heard by night.

"I said I would give him five shillings a-day as long as I detained him, which offer he accepted, and away we went, chatting about the 'terrible job,' as he called it. Lord Richard had been seen riding out very early in the morning at full speed with a gentleman, whose description tallied pretty closely with that of the assassin, even at that distance of time. We did not reach the spot that night, after travelling a whole day; but the next morning I began to perceive the landmarks so long remembered, and so eagerly looked for. I was confounded at my stupidity, and never will comprehend it while I live. I now at once recognised the place. The common was partly enclosed and improved, but that part on which the open pits were situated remained the same. I knew the very bush from which I saw the body of the young nobleman drawn, and the spot where, the next moment, his betrothed fell dead across his breast. The traces of the streams of blood were still distinguishable by a darker green, and the yawning pit that received their remains stood open as at that day. I dispatched the old hind in one direction, and I posted off in another, to bring Lord William and all the connexions of the two families to-

gether, to examine the remains, and try to identify them. I had hard work to find him, for he had been to all the great trading houses in the west of England to find out the assassin's name. It occurred in none of their books. But there was one merchant, who, after much consideration and search, found a letter, in which was the following sentence: 'My neighbour, Mr Southman, has a large store of the articles, which I could buy at such and such prices.' A list followed, and this was all. That gentleman engaged to write to his correspondent forthwith, as did many others; and in this state matters stood when I found him.

"A great number repaired to the spot. There were noblemen, knights, surgeons, and divines, and gaping peasants, without number; there were pullies, windlasses, baskets, coffins, and every thing in complete preparation, both for a search, and the preservation of such remains as might be discovered. I went down with the first to a great depth. It was a mineral pit, and had a strong smell, as of sulphur mixed with turpentine; and I confess I was far from being at my ease. I was afraid the foul air would take flame; and, moreover, it was a frightsome thing to be descending into the bowels of the earth in search of the bones of murdered human beings. I expected to see some shadowy ghosts; and when the bats came buffing out of their holes, and put out our lights, I was almost beside myself. We had, however, a lamp of burning charcoal with us, and at length reached the water in safety. It was rather a sort of puddle than water, at that season, and little more than waist-deep. We soon found the bodies, fresh and whole as when flung in, but they were so laden with mire as not to be recognisable until taken to a stream and washed, and then the identity was acknowledged by every one to whom they were formerly known. The freshness of the bodies was remarkable, and viewed by the country people as miraculous; but I am persuaded, that if they had lain a century in that mineral puddle, they would have been the same. The bodies were pure, fair, and soft; but when handled, the marks of the fingers remained.

"It was now manifest, that Lord Richard E——le had been murdered. He had been shot in the back by two pistol-bullets, both of which were extracted from the region of the heart. And—woe is my heart to relate it!—it appeared but *too* manifestly that the young lady had lived for some time in that frightful dungeon!

"Every effort was now made to discover the assassin. Officers were dispatched to Savannah, with full powers from government; high rewards were offered for apprehending him, his person described, and these were published through all Europe; but the culprit could nowhere be found. A singular scene of villainy was, however, elucidated; all transacted by that arch villain, known by the name of Southman in Georgia, but nowhere else."

The part that follows this, in Mr Kendale's narrative, I do not understand, nor am I aware that it is at all founded on facts. He says, that some rich merchants of Germany got an extensive grant of lands from King Charles the First, on the left bank of the Savannah, on condition of furnishing him with a set number of troops; that these merchants sent a strong colony of Germans as settlers to cultivate the district; and that after a long struggle with the natives, and other difficulties, they succeeded in making it a fine country, and a lucrative speculation; but the original holders of the grant having made nothing but loss of it, and their successors disregarding it, the whole fell into the hands of the trustees, and ultimately into the hands of this infamous rascal, who first sold the whole colony to a company of British gentlemen, received the payment, and returned as their manager, and shortly after sold it to the British government, and absconded. I cannot pretend to clear up this transaction, as I know nothing about the settlement of that colony, nor where to find it; so I must pass on to some other notable events in Jasper's life.

He was now established at Castle-Meldin as house-steward and butler, and, if we take his own account of it, he must have been an excellent servant. "I watched every wish and want of my lord and lady," he says, "both of whom I loved as myself,

and I would generally present them with things they wanted before they asked for them. Indeed, I knew the commands of my lady's eye as well as those of her tongue, and rather better." Jasper must have been a most valuable servant, and no one can wonder that he was a favourite. "I had likewise learned to keep books and accounts of all kinds with Mr Courteny, and that with so great accurateness, that at the end of the year I could have made ends meet in the Castle expenses to the matter of a few pounds." What must the world think of such *accurateness* as this? I have known a gentleman in business go over the whole of his books for a twelvemonth, because they did not balance by threepence. That man Jasper would have taken for a fool, knowing that it is easier to discover that such a sum is wanting, than how to make it up.

"I grew more and more into favour, until at length I was treated like a friend, and no more like a menial servant; and the mysterious, but certain circumstances of the murders, which it was impossible to keep concealed, reaching my lady's ear, so much affected her health, which before was delicate, that her physicians strongly recommended a change of climate. Preparations were accordingly made for our departure into the south of Europe, and it was arranged that I should travel with them as a companion, but subordinate so far as to take the charge of every thing; pay all accounts, hire horses, furnish the table, acting as steward and secretary both. I was to sit at table with my lord, be called Mr Kendale, and introduced to his friends."

The journey through France I must leave out, it being merely a tourist's journal, and not very intelligible. They tarried for some time at Paris, then at Lyons; at both of which places Mr Kendale met with some capital adventures. They then crossed into Tuscany; but Mr Kendale seems to have had little taste for the sublime or beautiful, for he only says of the Alps, "It is an horrid country, and the roads very badly laid out." And of the valley of the Arno—"The climate was so good here, and the sky so pure, that my lord resolved to remain in the coun-

try till his lady got quite better, as she was coming round every day." At Florence Lord E——le had an introduction to a Count Sonnini, who shewed them all manner of kindness, and gave many great entertainments on their account. He was a confident of the Grand Duke's, and a man of great power both in the city and country, and Mr Kendale is never weary of describing his bounty and munificence. But now comes the catastrophe.

"One day the Count had been shewing my lord through the grand cathedral, which is a fine old kirk; and then through the gallery of the medicines, (the Medicis perhaps,) filled with pictures and statutes, (qu?) many of them a shame to be seen, but which my gentlemen liked the best. The Count Sonnini, perceiving that I did not know where to look, put his arm within mine, and leading me forward, said in his broken English, 'Tell me now, Mashi Ken-dale, vat you do tink of dis Venus?'—'She is a soncy, thriving-like quean, my lord count,' said I, 'and does not look as she wanted either her health or her meat; it is a pity she should be in want of clothes.'

"But the next scene was of a different description. On turning from the Duke's palazzo about a gun-shot, the Count says to us, 'I can shew you a scene here that the like is not perhaps to be seen in the world. There are none admitted but members, and such as members introduce; and as I have been admitted, I will claim a privilege which they dare not refuse me.' He then led us through a long gallery paved with marble, and down some flights of steps, I do not know how far, till, coming to a large door, he rung for admittance. A small iron shutter was opened in the door, and a porter demanded the names and qualities of the guests. 'The Count Sonnini and two friends foreigners,' was the reply. The iron shutter sprung again into its place, and we waited long. The Count lost patience and rung again, when the shutter again opened, and a person apparently of high consequence, addressing the Count politely, reminded him that he was asking a privilege which it was out of the society's power to grant; and entreating him to rest satisfied till some future day,

that he and his friends could be introduced in the usual form. My lord entreated to be gone, but the Count was a proud man, and aware of his power and influence, and go he would not, but requested to see the Marquis Piombino. The Marquis came, when the Count requested him, in a tone that scarcely manifested the brooking of a refusal, to introduce him and his two friends. The Marquis hesitated—returned again to consult the authorities, and finally we were admitted, though with apparent reluctance. This was a gambling house on a large scale, in which hundreds of people were engaged at all manner of games, while the money was going like slate stones.

"I cannot describe it, nor will I attempt it. It was splendidly lighted up, for it had no windows, and the beams of the sun had never entered there. There were boxes all around, and a great open space in the middle for billiards, and a promenade. My lord and the Count began betting at once, to be like others, but my attention was soon fixed on one object, and that alone; for at one of the banking tables I perceived the identical Mr Southman, seated on high as a judge and governor. I saw his eyes following my lord through the hall with looks of manifest doubt and trepidation, but when the Count and he vanished into one of the distant boxes, and the villain's looks dropped upon me almost close beside him, I shall never forget the fiendish expression of horror legible in his countenance. With the deep determined look, indicative of self-interest, and that alone, in despite of all other emotions of the soul, there was at this time one of alarm, of which I had never witnessed a trait before. It was that of the Archfiend, when discovered in the garden of Eden.

He could attend no farther to the banking business, for I saw that he dreaded I would go that instant and give him up. So, deputing another in his place, he descended from his seat, and putting his arm in mine, he led me into an antechamber. I had no reason to be afraid of any danger, for no arms of any kind are allowed within that temple of vice and extravagance. But I have something cowardly in my constitu-

tion, else I know not how it happened, but I *was* afraid. I was awed before that monster of iniquity, and incapable of acting up to the principles which I cherished in my heart.

"He began by testifying his surprise at seeing me in that country; and at once enquired in what capacity I had come. I answered ingenuously, that I had come as the friend and travelling companion of Lord William E——le. 'That is to say, you were informed of my retreat, and are come in order to have me apprehended?' said he.

"I declared that we had no such information, and came with no such intent; and was proceeding to relate to him the import of our journey, when he interrupted me. 'I know of all that has taken place in England,' said he, 'relating to that old and unfortunate affair, and have read the high rewards offered for my apprehension. You have been the cause of all this, and have banished me from society. Yet you know I preserved your life when it was in my power, and very natural for me to have taken it. Yea, for the space of seven years your life was in my power every day and every hour.'

"I beg pardon, sir,' said I, 'my life was never in your power further than it was in the power of every other assassin. As long as I do nothing that warrants the taking of my life, I deny that my life is in any man's power, or in that of any court on earth.'

"Very well,' said he, 'we shall not attempt to settle this problematical point at present. But I have shewed you much kindness in my time. Will you promise me this,—that for forty-eight hours you will not give me up to justice? I have many important things to settle. But it would be unfair to deprive you of your reward, which would be a fortune to you. Therefore, all that I request of you is to grant me forty-eight hours before you deliver me up to justice. After that period I care not how soon. I shall deliver up myself, and take my chance for that part of it. Will you promise me this?'

"I will,' said I. 'There is my hand on it.' I was conscious I was doing wrong, but I *could* not help it.

He thanked me, shook my hand, and squeezed it, and said he expected as much from my generous nature, adding, 'It is highly ungenerous of the E——les this procedure,—d——bly ungenerous of them and their friends. But they do not know all. I wish they did, which they never will, nor ever can now.'

"No,' said I, 'they do not know that you robbed and murdered their kinsman and brother, Mr Thomas of Castle-Meldin.'

"He stared me in the face—his lip quivered—his shrivelled cheek turned into a ghastly paleness, and his bloodshot eye darted backward as it were into the ventricles of the brain. 'Hold your peace, sir; I never robbed the person of man or woman in my life!' said he, vehemently.

"True, the dead body might have been robbed, though not by your hands, yet by your orders,' said I. 'And that you murdered him, or caused him to be murdered, I know as well as that I now see you standing before me.'

"It will haply puzzle you to prove that,' said he; 'but no more of it. Here is a sealed note, which you may open and peruse at your leisure. It will convince you more of my innocence than any thing I can say.'—And so saying, he went up to his deputy at the bank, and conferred with him a few minutes, and then went as if into one of the back boxes, and I saw no more of him.

"I was sensible I had done wrong, but yet knew not well how I could have done otherwise, being ignorant of the mode of arresting culprits in that strange country. I resolved, however, to keep my word, and at the same time take measures for the fulfilment of my duty. But the first thing I did was to open the note, which was to convince me of my old master's innocence; and behold it was a blank, only enclosing a cheque on a house in Leghorn for a thousand gold ducats.

"I was quite affronted at this. It was such a quiz on my honesty as I had never experienced. But what could I do? I could do nothing with it but put it up in my pocket, and while I was standing in deep meditation how to proceed, I was accosted by an old gentleman, who enqui-

red if I had been a former acquaintance of the Baron's ?

"Of the Baron's ? what Baron ?" said I.

"'De Iskar,' said he, 'Baron Guillaume de Iskar, the gentleman who addressed you so familiarly just now ?'

"I replied that I was an old acquaintance, having known him many years in a distant quarter of the world.

"That will be viewed as a singular incident here,' said he ; 'and will excite intense curiosity, as you are the only gentleman that ever entered Florence who knows any thing where he has sojourned, or to what country he belongs. And I do assure you, he does not miss to lie under dark suspicions ; for, though he has the riches of an empire, none knows from whence they flow, and he is never seen save in this hall ; for as to his own house, no stranger was ever known to enter it.'

"I am engaged to be there, however,' said I ; 'and, supposing that every one would know his direction, I forgot to take it from himself.'

"His house is not a hundred yards from where we stand,' said he ; 'and has a private entrance to this suite of rooms ; but as for his outer gate, it is never opened.'

"This being the very information I wanted, I left the garrulous old gentleman abruptly, and went in search of my master, to whom I related the fact, that I had discovered the mysterious assassin of his three relatives, and requested him to lose no time in procuring a legal warrant from the Grand Duke, and the other authorities, for his apprehension. The interest of the Count Sonnini easily procured us all that was required, and what assistance we judged requisite for securing the delinquent ; but yet, before the forms were all gone through, it was the evening of the next day. In the mean time, the Count set spies on the premises to prevent the Baron's escape, for he seemed the most intent of all for securing him, and engaged all who hired horses and carriages in the city, to send him information of every one engaged for thirty successive hours, for I was still intent on redeeming my pledge. At midnight, we were informed that two coaches were enga-

ged from the Bridge hotel, at two in the morning, but where they were to take up the passengers was not known. I had four policemen well mounted, and four horsemen of the guard, and myself was the ninth. Signor Vecchia, the head of the police, had the command, but was obliged to act by my directions. At the hour appointed the carriages started from the hotel. We dogged them to the corner of the Duke's palazzo, where a party of gentlemen, muffled up in cloaks, entered hastily, and the carriages drove off in different directions, one towards Costello, and the other towards Leghorn. We knew not what to do. Vecchia got into a great rage at me, and swore most fearfully, for he wanted to take up the whole party at once on suspicion, but I would not consent to it ; for I always acted wrong, although at present I believed myself to be standing on a point of high honour.

"I must follow this one,' said Vecchia ; 'because it will soon be out of the Duke's territories ; and if the party once reach the Church's dominions, I dare not touch one of them. Take you four horsemen. I'll take three ; and do you follow that carriage till you ascertain, at least, who is in it. I shall keep close sight of this, for here the offender is sure to be, though I do not know him.'

"We then galloped off, in order to keep within hearing of the carriage-wheels, but it was with the greatest difficulty we could trace them, short as their start had been ; for they had crossed at the lowest bridge, and then turned up a lane at a right angle ; and this circuitous way of settling out almost convinced me that the Baron was in that carriage. At a place called Empoli, on the left bank of the Arno, a long stage from Florence, we missed them, and rode on. They had turned abruptly into a court, and alighted to change the horses, while we kept on the road towards Leghorn for four miles, before we learned that no carriage had passed that way. This was a terrible rebuff. We had nothing for it but to take a short refreshment, and return to Empoli, where we learned that the carriage, with two muffled gentlemen in it, had set out to the southward with fresh horses, and was an hour

and a half a-head of us. A clean pursuit now ensued, but not for twenty miles did we come again in sight of the carriage, and then it was going on again with fresh horses, at the rate of from ten to twelve miles an hour. My time was now expired, and I was at full liberty to give one of the greatest wretches, who ever breathed the breath of life, up to justice. But how to reach him, there lay the difficulty; for the guardsmen would not leave their own horses, and were beginning to get rather cross at so long and so vain a pursuit.

"I gave each of our horses a bottle of wine, which recruited their spirits remarkably; and neither did I spare the best of wine upon their riders. After a run of I daresay seventy and odd miles, (considering the round-about ways we took,) we fairly run the old fox to earth, at an old town called Peombyna, or some such name; and just as he and his friend stepped out of the carriage, there were the guards, policemen, and I, entering the court. He rushed into the hotel. I gave the word and followed; but at the very first entry to the house, the number of entries confused me, and I lost him. Not so the policemen; inured to their trade, they kept watch outside, and it was not long till one of them gave the alarm in the back settlements, the Baron having escaped by a window. I was with the policemen in a minute, for I flew out of the same window; and the back of the hotel being toward the cliff that surrounds the town all toward the island of Elba, he had no other retreat but into that. I think he was not aware of what was before him, for he was at least a hundred and fifty yards before us; but when he came to the point of the promontory he looked hastily all around, and perceiving no egress, he faced around, presenting a large horse pistol in every hand. We were armed with a pistol each, and sabres. I would nevertheless gladly have waited for the coming up of our assistants, now when we had him at bay. But whether from fondness of the high reward, or mere temerity, I know not, only certain it is Cesario the policeman would not be restrained. I rather drew back, not caring to rush on a desperate man with two cocked pistols presented, and pistols of such length, too,

that they would have shot any man through the body at thirty yards distance, while ours were mere crackers. But Cesario mocked me, and ran forward, so that I was fain to accompany him. Mr Southman, *alias* Guillaume Suddermens Baron de Iskar, stood there undaunted, with a derisive grin, presenting his two huge pistols. We held out our two little ones, still advancing. Luckily I was on the right hand, as behoved the commander of the expedition, and of course opposed to his left hand pistol, which lessened my chance of being shot. For all that, I could not for my life help sidleing half behind Cesario the policeman. When we came, as far as I remember, close upon him, even so close as seven or eight yards, he and Cesario fired both at the same instant. The latter fell. I rushed onward; and, not having time to change hands, he fired his pistol almost close on my face. As the Lord graciously decreed, he missed. 'Now, wretch, I have you!' cried I; 'therefore yield, and atone for all your horrid crimes!'

"My three armed assistants came running along the verge of the cliff which draws to a point; and, escape being impossible, he, without so much as shrinking, took a race, and leaped from the top of that fearful precipice. I believe he entertained a last hope of clearing the rock and plunging into the tide; but I being close upon him, even so close as to have stretched out my hand to lay hold of him, saw his descent. He had not well begun to descend, ere he uttered a loud scream; yet it was a scream more of derision than terror. We perceived that he had taken a wrong direction, and that he had not cleared the whole cliff. A jutting point touched him, and, as I thought, scarcely touched him, ere he plunged head foremost into the sea.

He made no effort to swim or move, but floated seaward with his head down below water. I cried to my assistants to save his life, for the sake of all that was dear to the relations of the murdered persons. But they were long in finding their way behind those fearful rocks, for though there was a cut stair, they did not know of it, and before they got him to land, he was 'past speaking;' for his left loin was out of joint, and his

back-bone broken. We carried him to the hotel, and took all the pains of him we could, for I had great hopes of a last confession, explaining his motives for putting so many innocent persons of high rank to death. The satisfaction was, however, denied me. As long as he knew me, he only shewed a ferocity indicative of hatred and revenge. The next morning he died, and the motives which urged him on to the murders he committed, must in part remain a mystery till the day of doom.

"It was said in England that the circumstance of his having got a carriage, horses, and servant from Castle Meldin indicated a commission from one or another of that family. I think differently; and that he got these on false pretences. That he was a wooer of Miss Fanny's, and the favoured one by the family, I afterwards satisfactorily ascertained; but on what account he exacted so dreadful a retribution, both of the lady herself and the favoured lover, it is in vain endeavouring to calculate with any degree of certainty, for the moving principles of his dark soul were inscrutable.

"That the young and gallant Lord E—le was foully betrayed to his death, was afterwards satisfactorily proved. A stranger, suiting Mr Southman's description, called on him and spent the greater part of the day with him, and the two seemed on the most friendly terms. Toward evening a gentleman called with a note to Lord E—le, and requested an answer. This was a challenge, a forged one doubtless, signed Ashley or Aspley, it could not be distinguished which, requesting a meeting at an early hour of the morning, on some pretended point of honour. The young lord instantly accepted the challenge, and naturally asked his associate to accompany him as second; so the two continued at the wine over night, and rode out together at break of day. So that it is quite apparent he had taken the opportunity of shooting him behind his back, while waiting in vain on the common for their opponents. The death of the lovely Fanny, and that of her amiable brother, as they exceed other acts in cruelty, so they do in mystery. But it became probable that all these murders formed only a modicum of what that unaccountable wretch had perpetrated.

"His body, and that of poor Cesar o the too brave policeman, we took back with us in the carriage to Florence, but what became of the gentleman who fled along with the Baron, was never known. It was probably an accomplice; but we were too long in thinking of him.

"The story, which I was called to relate before the Grand Duke, created a horrible interest in Florence, while every circumstance was corroborated by my lord and lady. The travelling trunk belonging to the deceased was opened. It contained great riches, which were claimed by the Arch-duke as the property of the state. I thought my assistants and I had the best right to them, but I said little, having secured a thousand gold ducats before. We, however, got a share of this likewise.

"In his house was found a young lady of great beauty, whom he had brought up and educated, and two female domestics; but they only knew him as the Baron de Iskar, (or rather Ischel, as they pronounced it,) and little could be elicited from them save that there were often nightly meetings in his house. But when his strong-box was opened, the keys of which were found in his trunk, such store of riches and jewels of all descriptions never before appeared in Florence. It had been the depository of all the brigands in Italy, if not of Europe, for there were trinkets in it of every nation. Among other things, there were twenty-seven English gold watches, and a diamond necklace which had once belonged to the Queen of France, valued at L.500,000. The state of Tuscany was enriched, and a more overjoyed man than Duke Ferdinand I never saw. And it having been wholly in and through my agency that he obtained all this treasure, his commendations of me were without bounds. He indeed gave me some rich presents, but rather, as I thought, with a grudge and a sparing hand; but to make amends for his parsimony, he created me a peer of the Duchy, by the title of Baron St Gio, with the heritage of an old fortalice of that name.

"It would not do for me to serve any more my beloved lord and lady, for it would have been laughable to have heard them calling 'Sir Baron,' or 'My Lord St Gio, bring me so

and so;’ therefore was I obliged to hire a separate house of my own wherein to see my friends, although I lived most with my benefactors. I had besides another motive for this, which was to marry the beautiful young ward of the late Baron de Iskar, whom I conceived to be now left destitute. Her name was Rose Weiland, of Flemish extract, and natural qualities far above common; so we were married, with great feasting and rejoicing, about a month before we left Florence.”

It turned out that this lovely Fleming, Rose Weiland, now Lady St Gio, who was thus left destitute, proved herself to have had some good natural qualities. She had helped herself liberally of the robber’s store, for she had one casket of jewels alone which her husband admits to have

been worth an earldom. Riches now flowed on our new baron, for besides all that he amassed at Florence and all that his spouse brought him, he exacted the full of the offered reward from his benefactors, which amounted to a great sum. He brought his lady to Lancashire, but she disliked the country, and they retired to Flinders, and there purchased an estate. She was living so late as 1736, for she was visited in the summer of that year by Lady Helen Douglas, and the Honourable Mrs Murray, at her villa on the Seine, above Brussels. Into her hands she put several curiosities of former days, and among others her deceased husband’s MS. from which I have extracted these eventful incidents.

May 15, 1830.

CATO.

AMBASSADORS FROM CÆSAR ADDRESS CATO.

“NOBLEST of Romans, we come to save
The pride of Rome from a timeless grave :
Hear the greeting which Cæsar sends—
‘Cæsar counts Cato among his *friends*.’ ”

“Bear back to Cæsar Cato’s reply—
Cato’s *friends* are the friends of liberty.”

“Cæsar offers thee power, high station, and sway—
Power that all next to Cæsar’s himself shall obey.”

“No power of value to Cato can be,
Save the power of keeping his country free.”

“Cæsar offers thee wealth—riches we’ll bring
That shall rival the stores of the Lydian king.”

“Freedom is of a price too high
For all the wealth of Cræsus to buy.”

“Cæsar offers thee pleasure—the west and east
Shall be traversed for beauty thy view to feast.”

“No beauty can equal in Cato’s eye
The loveliness of liberty.”

“A grander offer of favour we bring ;
Some subject kingdom shall call thee king.”

“In Cato’s eyes, the freeman’s grave
Is grander far than the throne of a slave.”

“Ask aught in the power of Cæsar to give :
There’s nought he’ll refuse if Cato will live.”

“Go, bear this answer to Cæsar home—
The boon Cato asks is—THE FREEDOM OF ROME.”

THE MARINER'S RETURN.*

A DESCRIPTION.

Julian. Blest be each grain of sand beneath my feet,
 And blest these shells so bright and beautiful,
 On which 'twere sin to tread! Pedro, behold
 How like a troop of gay and laughing friends,
 Greeting some exiled man on his return,
 With eager haste and voice most musical,
 Flow the sweet waves of this delightful bay!
 Fly not away, ye birds of loveliest plumes!
 Calm is the air,—the ocean and the shore
 Are calm as calm may be,—and love ye not,
 Fair Halcyons! Ocean in his hours of rest!
 Well may the Sun in all his glory bathe
 Yon stately mount, that in the clear blue sky,
 Rock-crested, like an airy citadel,
 Spreads gorgeously abroad his olive-groves.
 See where yon towers and temples, through the mist
 Of the great city, sporting with the light,
 Now burn like fire above the brightening woods,
 And now, soft-sinking in the haze so dreamily,
 Lie imaged still within my gazing soul!
 Pedro! we two have sail'd around the world,
 And many a strange and beauteous thing have seen
 On continent or isle,—yet saw we not,
 Methinks, through that our five years' voyaging,
 A paradise like this! But yesternight,
 Stretch'd on the deck, I dreamt of this same land,
 Bleak, desolate, and wild;—henceforth, no more
 Trust I in foolish dreams.

Pedro. In foolish dreams!
 Nay! then it is good time for men like us,
 To live dull landsmen on the sluggish shore;
 Seafaring men, who, in our swinging cots,
 Sailing along through darksome solitude,
 'Mid shoals, sands, rocks, some single fathom deep
 Below our rushing keel, yet haply dream,
 Even in the shadow of Eternity,
 Of all most peaceful in this world,—of bays,
 Calm and serene as the untroubled light
 Within the crescent moon imparadised,
 Where proudly riding at her anchorage,
 Our good ship streams her proud emblazonry
 High o'er the island-woods,—of verdant lawns,
 Where suddenly our white pavilions
 Smile to the sea,—and of a glorious shew
 Of plumed princes, tall and beautiful,
 Marching with green boughs——

Julian. By the blessed rood!
 Pedro, thy phrase is right poetical.
 Ere long, accordant to the gay guitar,
 Thou'lt sing love-ditties by the wan moonlight,
 Beneath some lattice-window——

Pedro. Be it so——

* Four or five lines, perhaps, in this composition, are versified from a passage in a prose article by the same author, published in this Magazine a good many years ago, entitled, "Singular Preservation from Death at Sea."

The like hath been with wiser men than I.
 Yet, Julian, thus to hear the Sailor's creed
 Scoff'd at by one himself a mariner,
 Did stir the heart within me! 'Tis most true
 That dreams descend from heaven!

Julian.

It is most true.

God brought us here—I breathe the gales of heaven.
 Here would I wish to live—here wish to die!
 I touch yon green cliff with my magic wand,
 And lo! exhaling, like a wreath of dew
 That girdles the fresh bosom of the morning,
 Uprises mine own dwelling from the height;
 But whether resting on this earth of ours,
 Or on the tender, soft-embracing air,
 My soul scarce whispers to its happiness!

Pedro. Shame on this sighing mood! The scene is fair,
 As needs must be where the great Ocean
 Walks monarch-like along his subject shores
 In calm or storm. But hast thou lost so soon
 All memory of those refulgent Isles
 Far in the West, where our delighted crew
 (And none more eager, Pedro! than thyself)
 Would fain have sojourn'd, and their numerous tents
 Pitch'd, ne'er to strike them more? There was the land
 Worthy indeed thy blessing, as it stretch'd
 Beyond the ken of searching telescope,
 Smooth, hard, and shelving gradual to the main,
 Till underneath our anchor'd ship it smiled
 Sparkling to us, who, from the idle deck,
 Hung gazing down! There might your startled eyes
 Have worshipped a league-long wreath of shells,
 O'er which the billows, in their merry march,
 Blush'd crimson as they murmur'd—there, in sooth,
 Good cause there was for fond Idolatry,
 Where birds, like some celestial fruitage, hung
 On every large-leaved bough, or from the waves
 Rose meteor-like with softly-burning plumes,
 Or on our rigging swung like magic lamps,
 Taming our Pendant's lustre, though it shone
 With the proud arms of Spain. These olive-groves
 Are green and fresh, and breathe a summer-feeling
 But in my soul I see a Forest frown,
 Beneath whose shadow our top-gallant mast
 Shrinks to the mimic tackling of some skiff
 By burgher launched on the Venetian seas,
 The pride and glory of the gay Regatta!

Julian. Not undelightful, Pedro, is the dream
 Of all those fairy Islands, as they lie,
 Clustering like stars, amid a heavenly sea,
 Each in itself a solitary world
 Serene as sleep, where hermit well might build
 His bower, nor in that far tranquillity
 Hear the faint whisperings of his mortal nature!
 Or where the homeless dweller on the deep,
 Soul-stunn'd and heart-sick with the endless roll
 Of waves, waves, waves, a weary world of waves,
 And still his lonely ship, where'er she sail,
 The centre of that world of weariness,—
 Why, *he* might leap ashore in ecstasy,
 Fast pitch his tent, or build his summer-bower,
 Dismantle his proud ship, and fondly swear
 For aye to sojourn there! And such a man

Was I ! But yon bright spire of burnish'd gold
Gleams o'er my native city, and, ere noon,
I hope to say my prayers upon my knees
Within my father's house !

Pedro. These gushing tears,
That sobbing voice, and solemn countenance,
And clasped hands hard-press'd convulsively !
My soul is touch'd within me—Yet I feel
More sorrowful than glad thus to behold
My friend in such a trance of happiness.
Thy father's house ! No wonder that kind heart
Should weep. Nay, troth, these tears so womanlike
Are follow'd fast by mine ; yet in their graves
My father and my mother, side by side,
Slept, ere their orphan child had memory
To keep the dead alive within his soul !

Julian. God love thy tender heart !—To me most dear
My father's silver locks, and may they long
His honour'd temples shade ! Yet may a son,
Without offence to filial piety,
Own one sight holier than the holy snow
That crowns his father's head with reverend age.
Then listen to me, Pedro ! while I strive
To tell my friend the story of my life,
The reason of these blessed tears, and all
That tearless agony oft witness'd by him ;
Whether, when sitting speechless at his side
In our dim cabin, or in horrid mirth
Singing and shouting through the solitude
Of the huge Indian forest. Since the dawn,
The glorious dawn of this refulgent morn,
My spirit burns within me to reveal
Secrets, that tomb-like it so long hath kept,
Not only, Pedro, to thy pitiful heart,
But to that gentle sea, those skies serene,
And those hush'd listening woods. All nature calls
For my confession ; and the weight of joy
So presses on my soul, that I must break
With grateful words this universal calm,
Too heavenly to be borne !

Pedro. Speak—Julian—speak,
And I will listen to thee, like a brother
Who for the first time knows his brother's heart.

Julian. When first I came upon our warlike deck
Thou well remember'st. Chain'd unto the oar,
While you fierce boarders like a whirlwind swept
The shrieking Pirate, all unarm'd I sat
A wretched galley-slave. Three moons before,
Sailing through sunshine in my war-ship's barge,
(Thou must have heard her not inglorious name—
The Salvador,) a Moorish schooner bore
Down on our beam, and nearing, hoisted straight
Her bloody ensign. There was with me on board
A fair and delicate lady, who my name
Three little weeks had borne, my peerless bride.
I saw her lying dead among the oars—I heard
The plunge of her sweet body in the sea !
And some days after, as a fellow slave
Informed me, I woke as from the dead,
Sitting in chains among a ghastly crew,
Each ghastlier than the toiler at his side.
What misery tore my being, God forbid

That I should strive to tell thee—let it pass
 With the forgotten clanking of my chains !
 I said unto myself that I would live,
 Till God in his good mercy should demand
 My not unwilling soul ; and so I sail'd
 Away from Spain, as I believed, for ever ;
 Though now, sweet Spain ! with reverential lips
 I kiss thy soil once more !

Pedro. And was despair
 The heart-companion of my Julian,
 Even when we stood together on the deck,
 Watching the stars that shone conspicuous
 Below as up above,—or in the shrouds
 Hung near each other, near although unseen,
 When storm at midnight laid the straining ship
 I' the trough of the mad sea ! All—all the crew
 At all times happy—Thou at all times curst !

Julian. Aye ! many a thousand leagues we sail'd along
 For days before the wind, our gallant prow
 As in a cataract of thundering foam
 Buried, or in close contest with the storm,
 Even like an eagle to his mountain-cliff
 Steering on his broad vans majestic,
 Right through the broken hurricane, we bore
 The tempest's fury on our slanting sails
 Close-reef'd, while high above the naked mast
 One solitary ensign through the gloom
 Like shivering gleams of lightning danced and play'd.
 I thought of nothing but our glorious ship !
 Save sometimes when she slacken'd in her course,
 Amid the sudden pause a sense confused
 Of irremediable misery
 Seem'd shaken from the flapping of her sails.
 In truth that fever, and the midday-toil
 I suffer'd in my slavery, had touch'd,
 Most strangely touch'd, my brain ; and though I knew,
 And wept to know, that some sweet one had died,
 Whom I when well most tenderly had loved,
 Yet was her name unknown, her place of birth,
 Where I had loved her, and where she had died !
 Oft, I remember, did I climb the mast,
 And gazing on the Ocean, who no bound
 Felt to his vastness but the walls of heaven,
 'Mid his eternal thunder I forgot
 The far-off silence of that thing call'd land,
 All human beings but our crew alone ;
 And as she slowly wafted us along
 Through the pure ether, I believed our ship
 Not built by human hands, but gliding there
 On—on for aye—some product of the sea.
 At last, one morning, as I stood alone,
 Ne'er thinking on myself, nor aught around,
 All on a sudden the thick night of mist
 Ascended from my soul—as I have seen
 A shroudlike vapour from some mountain-vale
 Drawn up to heaven, and a resplendent lake,
 With steadfast woods and hanging palaces,
 Seeming immortal in their depth of rest.
 By heaven ! I was most happy, and I blest
 Sea, heaven, and ship, and pray'd that she might float
 For everlasting o'er those golden waves !
 " Hast thou forgot Theresa ?" a small voice

Breathed sadly from the sea! and looking down,
 I saw her lying with her pale still face
 Under the wave that with a gentle mist
 Just dimm'd the snow-white stillness of her shroud.
 Then knew I, as that Vision disappear'd,
 All that had happen'd! I had strength to crawl
 Down to my cabin, where I pass'd the day;
 But never more, except in mockery,
 Had I the heart to smile.

Pedro. Thus Nature leaves
 Oft desolate her holiest worshippers,
 While millions upon millions gladden on
 Through Life's bright voyage prosperous to the last,
 Who care no more for all her sanctities
 Than the poor mute cares for the sound of Psalms
 Chanted round his numb ear in a cathedral,
 By the voice of praise and prayer! 'Tis even so.

Julian. No! *Pedro!* Nature, gracious and benign,
 Ne'er leaves the immortal spirit that she framed
 Utterly destitute, else had I perish'd,
 Self-plunged into the sea. Soon reconciled
 To life, for life's mere sake—I next began,
 At least by daylight and among the eyes
 Of creatures round me moving to and fro,
 To enjoy that life, though seemingly of all
 That makes up joy bereft;—until ere long
 I could endure the silent majesty
 Of night rejoicing in her moon and stars.
 And not to wrong the Holy Power that made me,
 I will say, "I was happy!" By these tears,
 Most truly happy, *Pedro*, in thy love,
 And in my deep return of thy affection,
 That told me I had yet a human heart.
 Moments I felt so free from selfishness,
 That, looking outwards from myself, I loved
 My fellow Christians for no other cause
 Than that they were my brethren;—yet had I
 Fallen overboard at night, I could have sunk
 Without a struggle—scarcely with a sigh!
 What! though I cared not for myself! Our ship,
 Was she not beautiful? And was our crew
 Not worthy of a corner in the heart
 Even of despair? From many thousand brave
 Chosen for their bravery, each bold soul a lyre
 Yielding its music only to the blast.
 Yes! oft at stormy midnight, at the wheel
 Sole-sitting, when the watcher's awful voice
 Proclaim'd the safety of five hundred souls,
 I pray'd unto Old Ocean with a voice
 Low as his humblest breeze, that he would fold
 His hoary arms in love around our ship,
 About to sail where ship had never sail'd,
 Nor e'er might sail again! Need I narrate
 How my soul kindled, when on the New World
 I was the first to stand? Through all my being
 Rush'd the Great Spirit of that continent
 With one wild forest-roar, and swept away
 The dwindled image of my native clime.
 Why should I own not, as thou now didst say,
 That none of all our crew surrender'd up,
 With lower prostration, hope and memory,
 Than my own wretched self, when o'er our tents,

On some stream-water'd lawn pavilion'd,
 Hung the far shadow of primeval woods
 Awful, even mid the changeful melodies
 Of the mad mock-bird's song? And when, at night,
 In honour of the Ocean-King, out came
 To the wild chime of woodland instruments,
 Nymphs moving graceful in some figure-dance
 Processional, with such robes as the loom
 Might vainly emulate, by their own hands
 Framed from the rind of palm-tree, and bedew'd
 With the bright lustre sleeping in the shell,
 With shells their black hair braided, and with plume
 Confusedly nodding through the interchange
 Of many rainbow dies, while rising oft
 In chorus steep'd in a strange harmony,
 Yet like no earthly tune, their voices shook
 The blossoms from the boughs above their heads,
 Till their steps sunk in fragrance,—I could gaze
 Delighted on these lovely Islanders,
 And saw their beauty pure and passionless,
 As in a soft-toned picture, while the Ghost
 Of One more beauteous far across the lawn
 Glided close by me, and then disappear'd,
 Like smiling moonlight, in the noiseless woods!
 What man could have felt wretched—could have help'd
 The wave of joy from rising in his soul,
 Though in a fire or earthquake he had lost
 Wife, children, parents, friends, and stood alone
 In the wide lonesome world, who had beheld,
 As I beheld, and with a seaman's eye,
 The ocean laden with a thousand barks,
 Cresting his foamy billows gloriously,
 Or in the hollow of his playful wrath
 Hanging, like creatures of the element,—
 Canoe and skiff, indebted to no sails,
 But by the virtue of the savage arm,
 Shot swifter than the wind, and like a grove
 Of living palm-trees moving o'er the main,
 Betokening peace, yet ready for the war.
 While, proudly station'd in his war-canoe,
 Upon a stately platform lay the King,
 The Island-King, surrounded by a guard
 Of nobles in their war-mats standing grim,
 And motionless all save their nodding plumes?
 Pedro! as rush'd that hundred-oar'd canoe
 Swift as a sunbeam past our lingering ship,
 That linger'd ne'er before, my roused soul,
 Expanding like a rainbow, seem'd to fold
 Heaven, air, and ocean, in its bright'ning joy!

Pedro. There spake the sailor's heart. Thou still wert happy.

Julian. Oh! what are some few moments of real joy,
 Peace, or indifference, mid the long, long hours,
 Days, nights, weeks, months of unknown wretchedness,
 That crowd themselves into five endless years!
 What mean some gleams of animal delight
 To man's immortal soul! Can eye or ear
 Bring comfort to the haunted solitude,
 That weighs at midnight on the hopeless heart?
 Oh! what drear moonless nights of agony,—
 Eternal nights, whose blackness ne'er would end,
 Enclosed me in my cabin as a tomb!
 Impious repinings sicken'd in my blood;
 Impious I felt them, yet I clung to them

With something like an atheist hardihood,
 Because that they were wicked. Then the grave
 Commanded me to sit down on a stone,
 And mid the churchyard moonlight, ghostly-wan,
 To read one word—one little dreadful word—
 “Theresa.” I could bear that misery,
 But who on earth might bear the tenderness
 That drown’d my spirit, wholly for her sake,
 Who *was not*! Sure when Pity weeps the dead,
 Feeling that Death hath done a woful wrong
 To happy Innocence, she feels her tears
 More insupportable than dry despair.
 This was not all I suffer’d; often rose
 My youth’s existence radiant and undimm’d,
 To shew what now I was; as the sweet moon,
 Serenely gliding past some dungeon-bars,
 Reveals to the condemned prisoner
 His fetters and his straw. But worse than ail,
 The consummated curse of wretchedness,
 I lost all hope in my immortal soul,
 At times believed that she for whom I wept,
 Extinct through all eternity, would lie
 A senseless clod! and that this troubled world
 Was but some juggling demon’s mockery.

Pedro. Groans have I sometimes, Julian, heard by fits
 Rending thy sleep,—groans of articulate words
 But all disjointed, rapture with despair
 Alternating most wildly, hate with love,
 Curses with prayers,—while laughter suddenly,
 Such laughter as a maniac howls, wrung out
 Against the struggles of thy fetter’d will,
 In midnight-hush most horrible, awoke thee
 Back to the waking world, with all its woes,
 Oh! not so dismal as the world of dreams!

Julian. The dreams of sleep, though dreadful, are unreal,
 And therefore no one pities them; but I
 Found no relief from waking, for a weight,
 Heavier than ever hung on fantasy,
 Awaited me on opening of my eyes;
 And then I knew that no imaginings
 Could ever be so woful as the truth.
 But be those years and all their agonies
 Extinguish’d in this morn! Oh! hear me now,
 For, *Pedro*! I could sing aloud for joy,
 If joy like mine were not by gratitude
 Subdued down to an ecstasy divine!
 Just as the sun was rising from the sea,
 While yet our gallant ship at anchor hung
 ’Mid the dim beauty of the verdant waves,
 I left my berth, and on the dewy deck,
 Ghostlike, I took my solitary stand.
 I dared to look around me.—I beheld
 A thousand friends, on ocean, earth, and sky,
 Which I from youth had loved. Oh! all unchang
 They hung in glory, or in glory roll’d,
 Sound, silence, stillness, motion, form, and hue,
 The same that usher’d in the stately morn
 That saw Her my bright Bride. The flaming su
 Loving alike the ocean and the sky,
 Each worthy of the god, in the same train
 Of gorgeous clouds involved his majesty,
 And bade the swift beams of his orient light

Smite the same billows kindling suddenly
O'er all the foamy deep. The braided heavens,
With the same marbled beauty blent their blue,
Blue, purple, crimson, and that mingling light
Too glorious to be named. A noble sweep
Of shore, shaped to a crescent, there embay'd
Our ship between its horns, and many a league
Distant, I knew each wooded precipice,
And almost wept to hear the melodies
Of my own olive-groves. I raised my eyes,
And with the inward senses of my soul
Looking and listening, I forgot awhile
Our voyage round the wonders of the world,—
Forgot that I, by fate a mariner,
Was doom'd to dwell for ever on the deep.
I look'd again, and as I look'd, the sun
Seem'd nothing but a beamless orb—the sea,
Array'd before in dazzling happiness,
Was now but water—water and no more ;
And that same shore I could have kiss'd with tears,
Fond grovelling on its breast, its very name
Had lost its music—" Barcelona !—Spain !"
My ear now heard them like a tuneless song.
I could have cursed mine own identity,
It bore so like the downfall of a storm
Upon my hopeless heart—while all I knew
Of native Spain or its inhabitants,
Was, that one Tomb was there ! And, dismal dream !
That among all so many million things
Alone had my Theresa ceased to be !
I gazed intently on the sullen waves,
And felt them moaning on me to leap down,
Even with one plunge into eternity ;
And God forgive me, but the impious thought
Was gathering power for deed,—when looking up,
Bright in the sun and streaming to the breeze,
I saw the Spanish Standard float in heaven.
Ceased now the morning-watch, and on the deck
Five hundred men, erect and beautiful,
Walk'd with a mien and aspect that defied,
With something like a guarded amity,
The ever-awful sea. Their stirring feet,
Gay voices, laughter loud, and cloudless eyes,
Whose lights, as all the crew moved to and fro,
Had made a coward brave, all roused my soul,
As at a trumpet's sound, and glorified
My country's Banner flying at the main.
Soon was our ship surrounded as thou knowest,
With many a barge that twinkled to the sun
Her oars of glancing gold, and with her green
Silk awning idly strove to emulate
The foam-crown'd beauty of the emerald sea,—
With many a mimic ship, whose snow-white sail
All proudly lifted its fantastic flag
High as our gunwale,—flag most deftly framed
By lady's lovely hand, where fancy mix'd
Arms of all nations peacefully combined,
Christian and Turk, Corsair and Maltese knight ;
While, rising oft at intervals, the sound
Of instrumental music, clarion clear,
Soft-breathing flute, and heaven-ascending horn,
Cheer'd by the clashing cymbal, or subdued

By hollow sounding of the muffled drum,
 Gave motion to our vessel,—so it seem'd,
 Though her storm-anchor bound her to the sea.
 Pedro! thou smilest to hear a seaman laud
 The gauderies of these landmen, and, in sooth,
 I cared not for them, more than for the motes
 Then twinkling in the sun; yet was I blind
 To all that show through foolish misery;
 For, on my soul, they were most beautiful—
 That fairy fleet light glancing o'er the bay!
 Climbing our ship-side a delighted band
 Of maids and matrons, 'mid our swarthy crew
 With steps like falling snow along the deck
 Glided with mantling smiles;—apart I stood,
 With something of a stern misanthropy
 Mix'd with the joy that might not be withstood.
 When, by the Holy Virgin! a pale face,
 Too beautiful for grief, yet all too sad
 For joy!—a face that long had smiled in heaven,
 Else what fond wretch were I!—seem'd looking up,
 Beyond our top-mast, as to catch the light
 Of our far-floating standard! No! her eyes
 Look'd far beyond that vain emblazonry,
 And as serenely on the serene heavens
 They dwelt and fed, that deep blue silence fell
 Through the large dewy orbs into her heart.
 I thought her tomb was built upon the shore!
 For five long years by day and night that tomb
 Enclosed me in its walls—but on thy breast,
 O Pedro! let me lay my dizzy brain,
 For in yon city, by all eyes beloved,
 Theresa is alive!—mine own sweet wife—
 Alvarez' daughter—Barcelona's pride—
 Castille's fair lily once! the star of Spain!

Pedro. Heaven purchased by five years of misery!
 Cheap, although destined only to endure
 One single day! Oh! fatal ignorance
 Of God's continual goodness, like a cloud
 Self-wrapp'd around our hearts, that in the darkness
 Go groping on for every hideous shape
 Of death, and sin, and shame, and sorrow, blind
 To the fair star of Hope, that in the sky
 Might still be seen a little lucid point,
 Far, far away, if that our filmy eyes
 Were purged by Faith!—But now my friend is happy!

Julian. Happy! O tame and unexpressive word!
 By what sweet-sounding airy syllables,
 Breathings held sacred in the hour of prayer,
 When, communing with God, the soul devout
 Chooses insensibly the holiest names
 For earthly things, as if they were of heaven!
 How, Pedro! may I tell thee that my spirit,
 Late dark and desolate as the midnight hold
 Of sinking ship that springs a leak at sea,
 Where land is none—no rock amid the waves—
 Now dances through the sunshine, like that ship
 Rescued from wreck, with all her radiant sails
 Spread fearlessly before Old Ocean's eye,
 Her ensigns holding in their pride of place
 Dominion o'er the winds, and as she stoops
 Queenlike in stately dalliance with the gale,
 Throwing the foam-spray from her roaring prow,

The martial band is sounding on her deck,
 Music recording glorious victory;
 Till, at the anthem's close, the signal-gun
 Sends far its thunder o'er the echoing deep,
 And with the sunshine blends the sudden flash
 Of harmless lightning!—Such a bark am I!
 So bear I onwards to the Port of Peace!

Pedro. To sail the seas no more!

Julian.

Oh! Pedro!—friend!

When the first shock of blessedness was past,
 I could have smiled to see her widow's weeds
 Braided so meekly o'er a frame that shew'd
 Life's loveliest prime, though touch'd as by the breath
 Of slow-consuming sorrow for my sake!
 Behind the mast her long-wept husband stood,
 And, in the cowardice of sudden bliss,
 Scarce dared I longer to behold her face
 Angelical, the hush'd grief in her eyes!—
 What sawst thou in that banner? Didst thou dream
 Of thy own Julian's triumphs, when from top
 Of watch-tower thou of yore didst feed thy sight
 With the first glimpse of his victorious flag
 Above the horizon, till, as she approach'd,
 Stately and slow, with all her bravery on,
 The Sallee-rover, or the Pirate-bark,
 In sullen silence dragg'd along her wake,
 Lower'd the bloody ensign, and the Moon
 Trail'd in dishonour on the Christian's deck!
 Oh! why should Pride thus blend with Joy and Love?
 Thou art alive! And whether on thy heart
 My image is, or wasted Memory
 Survive not Hope,—and they oft die together,—
 Blessed am I beyond all blessed things,
 In His great goodness made on earth by God!

Pedro. Pale art thou, Julian; and thou tremblest. Didst thou
 Not dare reveal thyself?

Julian.

I reason'd not

What then were best to do, but I obey'd
 The bidding of my spirit, and was silent;
 And stood apart, even like some guilty man
 Returning to his country, terrified
 By every eye that seems to search his face.

Pedro. No meeting of your eyes?

Julian.

Yes. Once there was,

And mine grew blind. But when my sight return'd,
 Hers I beheld turn'd upwards to the skies,
 And my Theresa wept! Just then there rose
 A Vision at her knees! Its head was bright
 As any star, the colour of its hair
 The same as hers that day she was my bride!
 It wept not—no, it smiled—and such a smile
 Could belong only to Theresa's child.
 Though as an angel's beautiful, that face
 A likeness had to mine, and all at once
 I knew that my Theresa had been happy,
 Though, during all our five years' voyaging,
 Believing I was dead!

Pedro.

How may we break

To her the shock of such dread blessedness?

Julian. Oh! Pedro! what if these long years—(how long,
 How like a life itself! when creeping on
 On the slow feet of Sorrow)—have so dimm'd

My image, that the mourner scarcely knows
Why, and for whom, she weeps! What! if her grief
Hath brought its own unconscious remedy,
And, almost happy in her widowhood,
She hopeth, wisheth not that one called Julian
Were now alive! Yet, angels bless her soul—
The calm pure waters of her gentle soul,
Though Julian's face be not reflected there!
Is she not living? Breathes she not the air?
Falls not her gentle shadow in the sun,
Gentle as silent thought? The seasons breathe
Their buds, flowers, leaves, before her living steps,
Gladdening her heart, although she think it not?
Hears she not human voices? And her own,
(Oh, me! it singeth in my memory
More like the echo, than the voice itself)
Each morn and evening breathes it not in prayer?
So long have I believed Theresa dead,
That I could almost shudder when I think
Upon her face—yet beautiful in life!
Pedro! such thoughts have sanctified my being,
And if need were, methinks this very night
From Barcelona I could sail away,
And all life long keep wandering o'er the seas,
Just knowing in the silence of my heart
That she was well and happy! O Pedro! think,
With what a right grave solemn face give out
Your doctors in Love's Court their shallow saws,
By the poor worldling's miserable soul
Most eagerly imbibed, because they fit
Aptly his changeful nature, and thus seem
To fond self-love divine philosophy.
If Love be not eternal, then doth Hope
Cast out her anchor on the shifting sand;
And we poor voyagers o'er Life's dim sea
Must, spite of mystic magnet, chart, or pole-star,
Be shipwreck'd all at last. But thou, O Sun,
Beheld'st Theresa on my breast a bride!
And by the sanctities that God and nature
Breathe o'er the virgin and the wife, I fear not,
Pedro, that any man of woman born,
Though as an angel bright, might ever stand
Between me and the shadow of her love!
—But, hark! the tinkling of the gay guitar!
And, lo! Roderigo, Beauty's paramour,
High up among the rocks, abstracted sits,
And to the green-hair'd mermaid frames a song.
Let us ascend unto the Poet's cliff,
And though his brain with its own fantasies,
Aerial or marine, be busy all,
Yet Roderigo hath a heart as tender
As if it ne'er had left a human home!
Let me to him again divulge my bliss,
That I may be enabled to endure it,
And you and he must go to my Theresa,
And let her spirit comprehend by glimpses
That 'tis within the ordinance of nature
That I may be alive, though long deem'd dead;
So when I stand before her she may shriek not,
Seeing her husband's ghost.

Noctes Ambrosianæ.

No. L.

XPΗ Δ'ΕΝ ΣΥΜΠΟΣΙΩ ΚΥΛΙΚΩΝ ΠΕΡΙΝΙΣΣΟΜΕΝΑΩΝ
ΗΔΕΑΚΩ ΤΙΛΛΟΝΤΑ ΚΑΘΗΜΕΝΟΝ ΟΙΝΟΠΟΤΑΖΕΙΝ.

Σ.

PHOC. *ap* Ath.

[*This is a distich by wise old Phocylides,
An ancient who wrote crabbed Greek in no silly days ;
Meaning, " 'Tis RIGHT FOR GOOD WINEBIBBING PEOPLE,
NOT TO LET THE JUG PACE ROUND THE BOARD LIKE A CRIPPLE ;
BUT GAILY TO CHAT WHILE DISCUSSING THEIR TIPPLE."*
*An excellent rule of the hearty old cock 'tis—
And a very fit motto to put to our Noctes.*]

C. N. *ap* Ambr.

SCENE—*The Arbour, Buchanan Lodge. TIME—Eight o' Clock. PRESENT—
NORTH, ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER, SHEPHERD, and TICKLER. Table with
light wines, oranges, biscuits, almonds, and raisins.*

SHEPHERD.

Rain but no star-proof, this bonny bee-hummin', bird-nest-concealin' Bower, that seems,—but for the trellice-wark peepin' out here and there where the later flowerin' shrubs are scarcely yet out o' the bud,—rather a production o' Nature's sell, than o' the gardener's genius. Oh, sir, but in its bricht and balmy beauty 'tis even nae less than a perfect Poem!

NORTH.

Look, James, how she cowers within her couch—only the point of her bill, the tip of her tail, visible—so passionately cleaveth the loving creature to the nestlings beneath her mottled breast,—each morning beautifying from down to plumage, till next Sabbath-sun shall stir them out of their cradle, and scatter them, in their first weak wavering flight, up and down the dewy dawn of their native Paradise.

SHEPHERD.

A bit mavis! Hushed as a dream—and like a dream to be startled aff intill ether, if you but touch the leaf-croon that o'er-canopies her head. What an ee! Shy, yet confidin'—as she sits there ready to flee awa' wi' a rustle in a moment, yet link'd within that rim by the chains o' love, motionless as if she were dead!

NORTH.

See—she stirs!

SHEPHERD.

Dinna be disturbed. I cou'd glower at her for hours, musin' on the mystery o' instinct, and at times forgettin' that my een were fixed but on a silly bird,—for sae united are a' the affections o' sentient Natur that you hae only to keek intill a bush o' broom, or a sweet brier, or doon to the green braird aneath your feet, to behold in the lintie, or the lark—or in that mavis—God bless her!—an emblem o' the young Christian mother fauldin' up in her nursin' bosom the beauty and the blessedness o' her ain First-born!

NORTH.

I am now three-score and ten, James, and I have suffered and enjoyed much—but I know not, if, during all the confusion of those many-coloured years, diviner delight ever possessed my heart and my imagination, than of old entranced me in solitude, when among the braes, and the moors, and the woods, I followed the verdant footsteps of the Spring, unaccompanied but by my own shadow, and gave names to every nook in nature, from the

singing-birds of Scotland discovered, but disturbed not, in their most secret nests.

TICKLER.

Namby-pamby!

SHEPHERD.

Nae sic thing. A shilfa's nest within the angle made by the slicht, silvery, satiny stem o' a bit birk-tree, and ane o' its young branches glitterin' and glimmerin' at aince wi' shade and sunshine and a dowery o' pearls, is a sicht that, when seen for the first time in this life, gars a boy's being lowp out o' his verra bosom richt up intill the boundless blue o' heaven!

TICKLER.

Poo!

SHEPHERD.

Whisht—O whisht. For 'tis felt to be something far far beyond the beauty o' the maist artfu' contrivances o' mortal man,—and gin he be a thochtfu' callant, which frae wanderin' and daunderin' by himsell, far awa' frae houses, and ayont the loneliest shielin' amang the hills, is surely nae unreasonable hypothesis, but the likeliest thing in natur, thinkna ye that though his mood micht be indistinck even as ony sleepin' dream, that nevertheless it maun be sensibly interfused, throughout and throughout, wi' the consciousness that that Nest, wi' sic exquisite delicacy intertwined o' some substance seemingly mair beautifu' than ony moss that ever grew upon this earth, into a finest fabric growin' as it were out o' the verra bark o' the tree, and in the verra nook—the only nook where nae winds cou'd touch it, let them blaw a' at aince frae a' the airts,—wadna, sirs, I say, that callant's heart beat wi' awe in its delight, feelin' that that wee, cozy, beautifu', and lovely cradle, chirp-chirpin' wi' joyfu' life, was bigged there by the hand o' Him that hung the sun in our heaven, and studded with stars the boundless universe?

TICKLER.

James, forgive my folly——

SHEPHERD.

That I do, Mr Tickler—and that I wou'd do, if for every peck there was a firlof. Yet when a laddie, I was an awfu' herrier! Sic is the inconsistency, because o' the corruption, o' human natur. Ilka spring, I used to hae half-a-dozen strings o' eggs——

TICKLER.

“Orient pearls at random strung.”

SHEPHERD.

Na—no at random—but a' accordin' to an innate sense o' the beauty o' the interminglin' and interfusin' variegation o' manifold colour, which, when a' gathered together on a yard o' twine, and dependin' frae the laigh roof o' our bit cottie, aneath the cheese-bauk, and aiblins atween a couple o' hangin' hams, seemed to ma een sae fu' o' a strange, wild, woodland, wonderfu', and maist unwarldish loveliness, that the verra rainbow hersell lauchin' on us laddies no to be feared at the thunner, looked nae mair celestial than thae eggshells! Ae string especially will I remember to my dying day. It taper'd awa' frae the middle, made o' the eggs o' the blackbird—doon through a' possible vareeties—lark, lintie, yellow-yite, hedge-sparrow, shilfa, and goldfinch—aye, the verra goldfinch hersell, rare bird in the Forest—to the twa ends so dewdrap-like, wi' the wee bit blue pearlins o' the kitty-wren. Damm Wullie Laidlaw for stealin' them ae Sabbath when we was a' at the kirk! Yet I'll try to forgie him for sake o' “Lucy's Flittin',” and because, notwithstanding that cruel crime, he's turned out a gude husband, a gude father, and a gude freen'.

TICKLER.

We used, at school, James, to boil and eat them.

SHEPHERD.

Gin ye did, then wouldna I, for ony consideration, in a future state be your sowle.

TICKLER.

Where's the difference?

SHEPHERD.

What! atween you and me? Yours was a base fleshly hunger, or hatred, or hard-heartedness, or scathe and scorn o' the quakin' griefs o' the bit bonny shriekin' burdies around the tuft o' moss, a' that was left o' their herried nests; but mine was the sacred hunger and thirst o' divine silver and gold gleamin' among the diamonds drapt by mornin' on the hedgeraws, and rashes, and the broom, and the whins—love o' the lovely—desire conquerin' but no killin' pity—and joy o' blessed possession that left at times a tear on my cheek for the bereavement o' the heart-broken warblers o' the woods. Yet brak' I not mony o' their hearts, after a'; for if the nest had five eggs, I generally took but twa; though I confess that on gaun back again to brae, bank, bush, or tree, I was glad when the nest was deserted, the eggs cauld, and the birds awa' to some ither place. After a' I was never cruel, sirs; that's no a sin o' mine,—and whenever, either then or since, I hae gien pain to ony leevin' cretur, in nae lang time after, o' the twa pairties, mine has been the maist achin' heart. As for pyots and hoody-craws, and the like, I used to herry them without compunction, and flingin' up stanes, to shoot them wi' a gun, as they were flasterin' out o' the nest.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

Some one of my ancestors—for, even with the deepest sense of my own unworthiness, I cannot believe that my own sins—as a cause—have been adequate to the production of such an effect—must have perpetrated some enormous—some monstrous crime, punished in me, his descendant, by utter blindness to all bird's nests.

SHEPHERD.

Maist likely. The De Qunshys cam owre wi' the Conqueror, and were great Criminals.—But did you ever look for them, sir?

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

From the year 1811—the year in which the Marrs and Williamsons were murdered—till the year 1821, in which Bonaparte the little—vulgarly called Napoleon the Great—died of a cancer in his stomach——

SHEPHERD.

A hereditary disease—accordin' to the Doctors.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

——did I exclusively occupy myself during the spring-months, from night till morning, in searching for the habitations of these interesting creatures.

SHEPHERD.

Frae nicht till mornin'! That comes o' reversin' the order o' Natur. You micht see a rookery or a heronry by moonlicht—but no a wren's nest aneath the portal o' some cave lookin' out upon a sleepless waterfa' dinnin' to the stars. Mr De Qunshy, you and me leeves in twa different warlds—and yet it's wonnerfu' hoo we understaun ane anither sae weel's we do—quite a phenomena. When I'm soopin' you're breakfastin'—when I'm lyin' doon, after your coffee you're risin' up—as I'm coverin' my head wi' the blankets you're pittin' on your breeks—as my een are steekin' like sunflowers aneath the moon, yours are glowin' like twa gas-lamps, and while your mind is masterin' poleetical economy and metapheesics, in a desperate fecht wi' Ricawrdo and Cant, I'm heard by the nicht-wanderin' fairies snorin' trumpet-nosed through the land o' Nod.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

Though the revolutions of the heavenly bodies have, I admit, a certain natural connexion with the ongoings of——

SHEPHERD.

Wait awee—nane o' your astrology till after sooper. It canna be true, sir, what folk say about the influence o' the moon on character. I never thocht ye the least mad. Indeed, the only fawte I hae to fin' wi' you is, that you're ower wise. Yet we speak what, in the lang run, wou'd appear to be ae common langage—I sometimes understaun you no that verra indistinctly—and when we tackle in our talk to the great interests o' humanity, we're philosophers o' the same school, sir, and see the inner world by the self-same central licht. We're incomprehensible creturs, are we men—that's

beyond a doot;—and let us be born and bred as we may—black, white, red, or a deep bricht burnished copper—in spite o' the division o' tongues, there's nae division o' hearts, for it's the same bluid that gangs circulatin' through our mortal tenements, carrying along on its tide the same freightage o' feelins and thochts, emotions, affections, and passions—though, like the ships o' different nations, they a' hoist their ain colours, and prood prood are they o' their leopards, or their crescent-moons, or their stars, or their stripes o' buntin;—but see! when it blaws great guns, hoo they a' fling ower-board their storm-anchors, and when their cables part, hoo they a' seek the shelterin' lee o' the same mighty break-water, a belief in the being and attributes of the One Living God.—But was ye never out in the daytime, sir?

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

Frequently.

SHEPHERD.

But then it's sae lang sin' syne, that in memory the sunlicht maun seem amaisht like the moonlicht,—sic, indeed, even wi' us that rise wi' the lave-rock, and lie doon wi' the lintie, is the saftenin'—the shadin'—the darkenin' power o' the Past, o' Time the Prime Minister o' Life, wha, in spite o' a' Opposition, carries a' his measures by a silent vote, and aften, wi' a weary wecht o' taxes, bows a' the wide warld doon to the verra dust.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

In the South my familiars have been the nightingales, in the North the owls. Both are merry birds—the one singing, and the other shouting, in moods of midnight mirth:—Nor in my deepest, darkest fits of meditation or of melancholy, did the one or the other ever want my sympathies,—whether piping at the root of the hedgerow, or hooting from the trunk of the sycamore—else all still both on earth and in heaven.

SHEPHERD.

Ye maun hae seen mony a beautifu' and mony a sublime sicht, sir, in the Region, lost to folk like us, wha try to keep ourselfs awauk a' day, and asleep a' nicht—and your sowle, sir, maun hae acquired something o' the serene and solemn character o' the sunleft skies. And true it is, Mr De Qunshy, that ye hae the voice o' a nicht-wanderin' man—laigh and loun—pitched on the key o' a wimplin' burn speakin' to itsell in the silence, aneath the moon and stars.

TICKLER.

'Tis pleasant, James, to hear all us four talking at one time. Your bass, my counter, Mr De Quincey's tenor, and North's treble——

NORTH.

Treble, indeed!

TICKLER.

Aye, childish treble——

SHEPHERD.

Come, nae quarrellin' yet. That's a quotation frae Shakspeare, and there's nae insult in a mere quotation. I never cou'd admire Wullie's Seven Ages. They're puir, and professional.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

Professional, but not poor, Mr Hogg. Shakspeare intended not in those pictures to shew the most secret spirit of the Seasons of Life. In one sense they are superficial,—but the sympathies touched thereby may be most profound—for the familiar, when given by a master's hand, awakens the unfamiliar—yea, the grotesque gives birth to the grand—the simple to the sublime—and plain and easy as are the steps of that stair, made of earth's common stone, and without balustrades of cunning or gorgeous carving—yet do they finally conduct us, as we ascend, to the portico, and then into the penetralia, of a solemn temple—even the temple of life. For is not that an oracular line,

“Sans eyes, sans nose, sans teeth, sans every thing!”

SHEPHERD.

Faith, I believe it is. I was gaun to gie ye prose picturs o' the Seven Ages o' my ain pentin'—but I'll keep them for anither Noctes. And noo, sir, wull

ye be sae gude as help yoursell to a glass o' calcavalla—or is't caracalla?—and then launch awa', as Allan Cunningham says, wi' "a wet sheet and a flowing sail," into the sea of metaphysics.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

It is incumbent on every human soul, Mr Hogg, to bear within itself a Fountain of Will. This, Fichté called its *I*—the *Ego* of each individual. This should be active and full of all power, endless in the production of desires—only coerced and ruled by knowledge and apprehensions of right and wrong, and sundry tendernesses.

SHEPHERD.

I hear a response to that, sir, in my ain sowle—but no that very distinck.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

To the forming mind, which is yet uninstructed and blind, the discovery by sympathy of the judgments of others, and the power by sympathy of their judgments over it, is useful to instruct, to give it knowledge of itself, of them, and of the constitution of things.

SHEPHERD.

Didna Adam Smith say something like that, sir?

NORTH.

Yes, James, but not precisely so.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

But when the mind is formed, then it ought to use that sympathy only as a means of tenderness—I mean that sympathy which discovers to it the operation of other minds. That sympathy ought to be in subjection to its self-moving principles and powers. Yes, Mr Hogg, Adam Smith is right in thinking that a great part of actual morality is from this operation of sympathy. There are numbers of people to whom it is almost a recognised and stated law or truth, that the approbation and condemnation of society is the reason for doing and not doing. But hear me, sir. The tendency of the Christian Religion is to produce the *I*—the *Ego*—and draw out of itself—that is, the Individuality—all the rules of action. Therefore, it is the perfect Law of Liberty. In other words,—at the same time that it is perfect liberty, it is perfect law. The Jewish Law is wholly external—that is, not that it ends and is completed in things external, but its power is from without, and from without it binds. The other binds from within. Indeed, it does not so much bind as reign.

SHEPHERD.

A fine and good distinction.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

Now all people who are bound from without, are Jews of this earth. They are held, regulated, constricted, and constructed,—edified, that is, built-up, of a quantity of intercatenated ideas given to them, which they had no part in making, in and by which they desire and trust to live. But life is not there, except that life is every where. The number of them was great among old-fashioned people, who lived, moved, breathed, and had their being among a set of hereditary rules, many of them good, many indifferent, and many ridiculous—but, on the whole, destroying the Individuality, the *I*—and lying like a perpetual, although unfelt weight on the will.

SHEPHERD.

Strickly speakin', no free-augents.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

Now, my dear James, Poetry is of the earth, a spirit analogous to Christianity. It is free, yet under full law, producing out of itself both action and guidance, both "law and impulse." Poetry is in willing harmony with the world—a vast law voluntarily embraced, and always anew embraced, hence, evermore and to the last, spontaneous. The essence of Christianity, again, is, that the human being becomes without a will, and yet has the strongest will. It is self in the utmost degree triumphant, by means of the utter annihilation of self. For the Christian seeks absolute conformity of his will to the will of God, whatever that may be, and however promulgated. He desires, and is capable of, no other happiness. It would be misery to him

to imagine himself divided from that will. The conforming to that will is, then, in the utmost degree, inmost utter spontaneity, perfect liberty, and yet absolute law. But in this state, his own will, which, towards God, is nothing but the resignation of all will, is towards all human beings utter and irresistible. He can speak and act; he can do whatever is to be done; he can rule the spirits of men; he can go conquering nations in the power of the Word, and the sword of the Spirit. Therefore, so he is at once self-triumphant and self-annihilated. He is self-annihilated, for he has given himself up; he feels himself not—is nothing—mere conformity—passiveness—manifestations of an agency. He feels only the presence, the spirit, the power in which he lives. He lives in God. At the same time he is self-triumphant. For what is self, but the innermost and very nature of the being, the "*intima et ipsissima essentia*?" All that is subsequent and accidental is not self; but this Christian Love, as it advances, throws off, expels more and more, every thing that is subsequent and accidental, bringing out into activity, consciousness, and power, that nature which was given with being to the soul. Moreover, this state of surrendered, happy Love, searches that nature with pleasures nothing short of ecstasy. So that the ultimate extinction of self becomes its unspeakable happiness; and self, annihilated, exalted in glory, and bathed in bliss, is self-triumphant, and Death is Immortality.

SHEPHERD.

O man! if them that's kickin' up sic a row the noo about the doctrine o' the Christian religion, had looked intill the depths o' their ain natur wi' your een, they had a' been as mum as mice keekin' roun' the end o' a pew, in place of scrauchin' like pyots on the leads, or a hoody wi' a sair throat.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

I know not to what you allude, Mr Hogg, for I live out of what is called the Religious World.

SHEPHERD.

A loud, noisy, vulgar, bawling, brawling, wranglin', branglin', routin' and roarin' warld—maist unfittin' indeed for the likes o' you, sir, wha, under the shadows o' woods and mountains, at midnight, communes wi' your ain heart, and is still.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

No religious controversy in modern days, sir, ever seemed to me to reach back into those recesses in my spirit where the sources lie from which well out the bitter or the sweet waters—the sins and the miseries—the holinesses and the happinesses, of our incomprehensible being!

SHEPHERD.

And if they ever do, hoo drumly the stream!

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

Better even a mere sentimental religion, which, though shallow, is pure; than those audacious doctrines broached by Pride-in-Humility, who, blind as the bat, essays the flight of the eagle, and ignorant of the lowest natures, yet claims acquaintance with the decrees of the Most High.

SHEPHERD.

Aye—better far a sentimental—a poetical religion, as you say, sir—though that's far frae bein' the true thing either—for o' a' the Three Blessings o' Man, the last is the best—Love, Poetry, and Religion. What'n a book might be written, I've aften thocht—and aiblins may hae said—on thae three words!

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

Yes, my dear James—Beauty, the soul of Poetry, is indeed divine—but there is that which is diviner still—and that is Duty.

Flowers laugh before her on their beds,
And fragrance in her footing treads;
She doth preserve the stars from wrong,
And the eternal heavens through her are fresh and strong.

SHEPHERD,

Wha said that?

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

Who?—Wordsworth. And the Edinburgh Review—*laughed*.

SHEPHERD.

He has made it, sin syne, lauch out o' the wrang side o' its mouth. He soars.

NORTH.

Human life is always, in its highest moral exhibitions, sublime rather than beautiful—and the sublimity is not that of the imagination, but of the soul.

SHEPHERD.

That's very fine, sir; I wish you would say it ower again—do.

NORTH.

The setting or the rising sun, being mere matter, are in themselves, James, nothing, unless they are clothed in light by the imagination, unless the east and the west are irradiated by poetry. But the spirit that is within us, is an existence, in itself vast and imperishable, and we see and know its nature—its essence then best, when we regard it with the steadiest, most solemn, and unimpassioned gaze—not veiling it in earthly imagery, and adorning it with the garments of sense, and then worshipping its imagined grandeur and beauty with such emotions as we creatures of the clay, children of the dust, have been wont to cherish towards transitory shadows—the fleeting phantoms of our own raising—but stripping it rather bare of all vain and idle, however bright and endearing colours, poured over it by the yearnings, and longings, and passions of an earthly love—and trying to behold it in its true form and lineaments, not afraid that even when it stands forth in its own proper lights and proportions, Virtue will ever seem less than angelical and divine—although her countenance may be somewhat sad, her eyes alternately raised to heaven in hope, and cast down in fear to the earth—her voice, it may be, tremulous—or mute, as she stands before her Creator, her Saviour, and her Judge,—her beauty visible, perhaps, to the intelligences, to the bright Ardours round the throne—but all unknown to herself, for she is humble, awe-struck, and sore afraid. And so, too, were all the countless multitudes of human beings, who have in this life—so evanescent—put their trust perhaps too much in her—although her name was Virtue,—for still she was but human—and there is a strong taint—a dire corruption in all most bright and beautiful—that was once but an apparition of this earth.

SHEPHERD.

Mr De Qunshy, dô nà ye admire that?

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

I do.

NORTH.

It will, I believe, be found, that in the highest moral judgment of the characters of men, the feeling or emotion of beauty will not exist at all—but that it will have melted away and disappeared in a state of mind more suitable to the solemn, the sacred subject. A human being has done his duty, and gone to his reward. “God grant, in his infinite mercy, that I may do mine, and escape from darkness into eternal light!” That is, or ought to be—the first feeling, or thought of self—so suddenly interfused with the moral judgment on our dead brother, that it is as one and the same feeling and thought—too awful—too dreadful to be beautiful,—for the soul is with gloom overshadowed—and the only light that breaks through it, is light straight from Heaven,—light ineffable, and that must not be profaned by an earthly name, whose very meaning evanishes with the earth, and is merged into another state of being—when we can only say,

“Come then, expressive Silence, muse his praise.”

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

And so, sir, in like manner, many descriptions may be given, and ought to be given, of suffering virtue, in which the sense or feeling of beauty is strong—for the love of virtue is thus excited and encouraged by delight. But carry on the representation of the trials of virtue to the last extremity—defeated or triumphant, failing or victorious—and then the moral mind—

the conscience—will not be satisfied with the beautiful—nay, will be impatient of it—will turn from it austere away—and will be satisfied and elevated by the calm, clear perception, that the poor, frail, erring, and sinful creature, lying perhaps on its forsaken bed of straw, has striven, with all its heart and all its soul, to do the will of its heavenly Father—and dares to hope that, by the atonement, it may see the face of God. In such a scene as this, the spirit of the looker-on is gathered up into one Thought—and that is a Mystery—of its own origin and of its own destiny—and all other thoughts would be felt repugnant to that awe-struck mood, nor would they coalesce with feelings breathed on it from the promised land lying in light unvisited beyond death and the grave.

NORTH.

You pause—and, therefore, I say, that such states of mind as these cannot be of long endurance. For they belong only to the most awful hours and events of this life. They pass away, either entirely, to rise up again with renovated force, on occasions that demand them, or they blend with inferior states, solemnizing and sanctifying them; and then to such states the term beautiful may, I think, be correctly and well applied. For the mere human natural affections of love, and delight, and pity, and admiration,—these all blend with our moral judgments and emotions—and the picture of the entire state of mind, if naturally and truly drawn, may be, nay, ought to be, bright with the lights of poetry. To such pictures we apply the term Beautiful;—they find their place among the moral literature of a people, and when studied, under the sanction and guidance of thoughts higher still, they cannot fail to be friendly to virtue.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

May I speak, sir?—That the highest moral judgment, however, is something in itself, apart from all such emotions, excellent and useful as they are, and how amiable and endearing I need not say, is proved by this—that there are many men of such virtue as awes us, and seems to us beyond and above our reach, who have nevertheless seemed to have never felt at all, or but very faintly, the emotion of the beauty of virtue. The Word of God they knew must be obeyed—to obey it they set themselves with all their collected might: To avert the wrath—to gain the love of God, was all their aim, day and night—and that was to be done but by bringing their will into accordance with, and subjection to, the will of God. The struggle was against sin—and for righteousness—shall a soul be saved or lost? And no other emotion could be permitted to blend with thoughts due to God alone, from his creature striving to obey his laws, and hearing ever and anon a “still small voice” whispering in his ear that the reward of obedience, the punishment of disobedience, must be beyond all comprehension,—and, necessarily, (the soul itself being immortal,) enduring through all eternity.

SHEPHERD.

If you will alloo a simple shepherd to speak on sic a theme——

NORTH.

Yes, my dearest James, you can, if you choose, speak on it better than either of us.

SHEPHERD.

Weel, then, that is the view o’ virtue that seems maist consistent wi’ the revelation o’ its true nature by Christianity. Isna there, sirs, a perpetual struggle—a ceevil war—in ilka man’s heart? This we ken, whenever we have an opportunity o’ discerning what is gaun on in the hearts o’ ithers,—this we ken, whenever we set ourselves to tak a steady gaze intill the secrets of our ain. We are, then, moved—aye, appalled, by much that we behold; and wherever there is sin, there, be assured, will be sorrow. But arena we aften cheered, and consoled, too, by much that we behold? And wherever there is goodness, our ain heart, as weel’s them o’ the spectators, burns within us! Aye—it burns within us. We feel—we see, that we or our brethren are partitly as God would wish—as we must be afore we can hope to see his face in mercy. I’ve often thocht intill mysell that that feeling is ane that we may *desecrate* (is that the richt word?) by ranking it amang them

that appertains to our senses and our imagination, rather than to the religious soul.

NORTH.

Mr De Quincey ?

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

Listen. An extraordinary man indeed, sir!

SHEPHERD.

No me; there's naething extraordinar' about me, mair than about a thousand ither Scottish shepherds. But ca' not, I say, the face o' that father beautiful, who stands beside the bier o' his only son, and wi' his ain withered hands helps to let doon the body into the grave—though all its lines, deep as they are, are peacefu' and untroubled, and the grey uncovered head maist reverend and affecting in the sunshine that falls at the same time on the coffin of him who was last week the sole stay o' his auld age! But if you could venture in thocht to be wi' that auld man when he is on his knees before God, in his lanely room, blessing him for a' his mercies, even for having taken awa' the licht o' his eyes, extinguished it in a moment, and left a' the house in darkness—you would not then, if you saw into his inner spirit, venture to ca' the calm that slept there—beautiful! Na, na, na! In it you would feel assurance o' the immortality of the Soul—o' the transitoriness o' mere human sorrows—o' the vanity o' a' passion that clings to the clay—o' the power which the spirit possesses in richt o' its origin to see God's eternal justice in the midst o' sic utter bereavement as might well shake its faith in the Invisible—o' a life where there is nae decaying frame to weep over and to bewail; and sae thinkin'—and sae feeling—ye would behold in that old man kneelin' in your unkent presence, an eemage o' human nature by its intensest sufferings raised and reconciled to that feenal state o' obedience, acquiescence, and resignation to the will o' the Supreme, which is virtue, morality, piety, in ae word—RELIGION. Aye, the feenal consummation o' mortality putting on immortality, o' the Soul shedding the slough o' its earthly affections, and reappearing amais in its pristine innocence, nae unfit inhabitant o' Heaven.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

Say not that a thousand Scottish shepherds could so speak, my dear sir.

SHEPHERD.

Aye, and far better, too. But hearken till me—When that state o' mind passed away frae us, and we becam willing to find relief, as it were, frae thochts so far aboon the level o' them that must be our daily thochts, then we micht, and then probably we would, begin to speak, sir, o' the beauty o' the auld man's resignation, and in poetry or painting, the picture might be pronounced beautiful, for then our souls would hae subsided, and the deeper, the mair solemn, and the mair awfu' o' our emotions would o' themselves hae retired to rest within the recesses o' the heart, alang wi' maist o' the maist mysterious o' our moral and religious convictions.—(*Dog barks.*) Heavens! I cou'd hae thocht that was Bronte!

NORTH.

No bark like his, James, now belongs to the world of sound.

SHEPHERD.

Purple black was he all over, except the star on his breast—as the raven's wing. Strength and sagacity emboldened his bounding beauty, and a fierceness lay deep down within the quiet lustre o' his een that tauld ye, even when he laid his head upon your knees, and smiled up to your face like a verra intellectual and moral cretur,—as he was,—that had he been angered, he cou'd hae torn in pieces a lion.

NORTH.

Not a child of three years old and upwards, in the neighbourhood of the Lodge, that had not hung by his mane, and played with his fangs, and been affectionately worried by him on the flowery greensward.

SHEPHERD.

Just like a stalwart father gambollin' wi' his lauchin' bairns!—And yet there was a heart that cou'd bring itsell to pushion Bronte! When the atheist flung him the arsenic ba', the deevil was at his elbow.

NORTH.

And would that my fist were now at his jugular !

SHEPHERD.

What a nieve o' irn !—Unclinch't, sir, for it's fearsome,

NORTH.

Had the murder been perpetrated by ten detected Gilmerton carters, I would have smashed them like crockery !

SHEPHERD.

En masse or seriawtim, till the cart-ruts ran wi' their felon bluid, and a race o' slit noses gaed staggerin' through the stoure, and then like a heap o' bashed and birzed paddocks walopped intill the ditch.

NORTH.

'Twas a murder worthy of Hare, or Burke, or the bloodiest of their most cruel and cowardly abettors.

SHEPHERD.

I agree wi' you, sir ;—but dinna look so white, and sae black, and sae red in the face, and then sae mottled, as if you had the measles ; for see, sir, how the evening sunshine is sleepin' on his grave !

NORTH.

No yew-tree, James, ever grew so fast before—Mrs Gentle herself planted it at his head. My own eyes were somewhat dim, but as for hers—God love them !—they streamed like April skies—and nowhere else in all the garden are the daisies so bright as on that small mound. That wreath, so curiously wrought into the very form of flowery letters, seems to fantasy like a funeral inscription—his very name—Bronte.

SHEPHERD.

Murder's murder, whether the thing pushioned hae fowre legs or only twa—for the crime is curdled into crime in the blackness o' the sinner's heart, and the revengefu' shedder even of bestial blood would, were the same demon to mutter into his ears, and shut his eyes to the gallows, poison the well in which the cottage-girl dips the pitcher that breaks the reflection o' her bonny face in that liquid heaven.—But hark ! wi' that knock on the table you hae frightened the mavis ! Aften do I wonder whether or no birds, and beasts, and insecks, hae immortal sowles !

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

What God makes, why should he annihilate ? Quench our own Pride in the awful consciousness of our Fall, and will any other response come from that oracle within us—Conscience—than that we have no claim on God for immortality, more than the beasts which want indeed “discourse of reason,” but which live in love, and by love, and breathe forth the manifestations of their being through the same corruptible clay which makes the whole earth one mysterious burial-place, unfathomable to the deepest soundings of our souls !

SHEPHERD.

True, Mr De Qunshy—true, true. Pride's at the bottom o' a' our blindness, and a' our wickedness, and a' our madness ; for if we did indeed and of verity, a' the nichts and a' the days o' our life, sleepin' and waukin', in delicht or in despair, aye remember, and never for a single moment forget, that we are a'—worms—Milton, and Spenser, and Newton—gods as they were on earth—and that they were gods, did not the flowers and the stars declare, and a' the twa blended warlds o' Poetry and Science, lyin' as it were like the skies o' heaven reflected in the waters o' the earth, in ane anither's arms ? Aye, Shakspeare himsell a worm—and Imogen, and Desdemona, and Ophelia, a' but the eemages o' worms—and Macbeth, and Lear, and Hamlet ! Where would be then our pride and the self-idolatry o' our pride, and all the vain-glorifications o' our imagined magnificence ? Dashed doon into the worm-holes o' our birth-place, among all crawlin' and slimy things—and afraid in our lurking places to face the divine purity o' the far far-af and eternal heavens in their infinitude !—Puir Bronte's dead and buried—and sae in a few years will a' Us Fowre be ! Had we naething but our boasted reason to trust in, the dusk would become the dark—and the dark the mirk, mirk, mirk ;—but we have the Bible,—and lo ! a golden lamp il-

lumining the short midnight that blackens between the mortal twilight and the immortal dawn.

NORTH (*blowing a boatswain's whistle.*)

Gentlemen—look here! (*A noble young Newfoundlander comes bounding into the Arbour.*)

SHEPHERD.

Mercy me! mercy me! The verra dowg himsell! The dowg wi' the star-like breast!

NORTH.

Allow me, my friend, to introduce you to O'BRONTE.

SHEPHERD.

Aye—I'll shake paws wi' you, my gran' fallow; and though it's as true among dowgs as men, that he's a clever chiel that kens his ain father, yet as sure as wee Jamie's mine ain, are you auld Bronte's son. You've gotten the verra same identical shake o' the paw—the verra same identical wag o' the tail. (See, as Burns says, hoo it “hangs ower his hurdies wi' a swurl.”) Your chowks the same—like him too, as Shakspeare says, “dew-lapped like Thessawlian bills.” The same braid, smooth, triangular lugs, hanging doon aneath your chafts; and the same still, serene, smilin', and sagacious een. Bark! man—bark! let us hear you bark—Aye, that's the verra key that Bronte barked on whenever “his blood was up and heart beat high:” and I'se warrant that in anither year or less, in a street-row like your sire you'll clear the causeway o' a clud o' curs, and carry the terror o' your name frae the Auld to the New Flesh-market; though, tak' my advice, ma dear O'Bronte, and, except when circumstances imperiously demand war, be thou—thou jewel of a Jowler—a lover of peace!

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

I am desirous, Mr Hogg, of cultivating the acquaintance—nay, I hope of forming the friendship—of that noble animal. Will you permit him to—

SHEPHERD.

Gaung your wa's, O'Bronte, and speak till the English Opium-Eater. Ma faith! You hae nae need o' droogs to raise your animal speerits, or hichen your imagination. What'n intensity o' life!—But whare's he been syne he was puppied, Mr North?

NORTH.

On board a whaler. No education like a trip to Davis's Straits.

SHEPHERD.

He'll hae speeld, I'se warrant him, mony an iceberg—and worried mony a seal—aiblins a walrus, or sea-lion. But are ye no feard o' his rinnin' awa' to sea?

NORTH.

The spirit of his sire, James, has entered into him, and he would lie, till he was a skeleton, upon my grave.

SHEPHERD.

It canna be denied, sir, that you hae an unaccoontable power o' attachin' to you, no only dowgs, but men, women, and children. I've never dooted but that you maun hae some magical poother, that you blaw in amang their hair—na, intill their verra lugs and een—imperceptible fine as the motes i' the sun—and then there's nae resistance, but the sternest Whig saftens afore you, the roots o' the Radical relax, and a' distinctions o' age, sex, and pairty—the last the stubbornest and dourest o' a'—fade awa' intill undistinguishable confusion—and them that's no in the secret o' your glamoury, fears that the end o' the world's at haun', and that there'll sune be nae mair use for goods and chattels in the Millennium.

TICKLER.

As I am a Christian—

SHEPHERD.

You a Christian!

TICKLER.

—Mr De Quincey has given O'Bronte a box of opium.

SHEPHERD.

What? Has the dowg swallowed the spale-box o' pills? We maun gar him throw it up.

NORTH.

Just like that subscriber, who alone, out of the present population of the globe, has thrown up—THE MAGAZINE.

SHEPHERD.

Haw—haw—haw—capital wut! Syne he cou'dna digeest it, he has reason to be thankfu' that the Dooble Nummer didna stick in his weasen, and mak him a corp. What wou'd hae becum o' him, had they explodet like twa bomb-shells?

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

The most monstrous and ignominious ignorance reigns among all the physicians of Europe, respecting the powers and properties of the poppy.

SHEPHERD.

I wush in this case, sir, that the poppy mayna pruve ower poorfu' for the puppy, and that the dowg's no a dead man. Wull ye take your bible-oath that he bolted the box?

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

Mr Hogg, I never could see any sufficient reason why, in a civilized and Christian country, an oath should be administered even to a witness in a court of justice. Without any formula, Truth is felt to be sacred—nor will any words weigh——

SHEPHERD.

You're for upsettin' the haill frame o' ceevil society, sir, and bringin' back on this kintra' a' the horrors o' the French Revolution. The power o' an oath lies no in the Reason, but in the Imagination. Reason tells that simple affirmation or denial should be aneuch atween man and man. But Reason canna bin', or, if she do, Passion snaps the chain. For ilka passion, sir, even a passion for a bead or a button, is as strong as Sampson burstin' the wythies. But Imagination can bin', for she ca's on her Flamin' Ministers—The Fears;—they palsy-strike the arm that would disobey the pledged lips—and thus oaths are dreadfu' as Erebus and the gates o' hell.—But see what ye hae done, sir,—only look at O'Bronte.

[O'Bronte sallies from the Arbour—goes driving head over heels through among the flower-beds, tearing up pinks and carnations with his mouth and paws, and, finally, makes repeated attempts to climb up a tree.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

No such case is recorded in the medical books—and very important conclusions may be drawn from an accurate observation of the phenomena now exhibited by a distinguished member of the canine species, under such a dose of opium as would probably send Mr Coleridge himself to——

SHEPHERD.

——his lang hame—or Mr De Qunshy either—though I should be loth to lose sic a poet as the ane, and sic a philosopher as the ither—or sic a dowg as O'Bronte—But look at him speelin' up the apple-tree like the auld serpent! He's thinkin' himsell, in the delusion o' the droog, a wull-cat or a bear, and has clean forgotten his origin. Deil tak me gin I ever saw the match o' that! He's gotten up; and 's lyin' a' his length on the branch, as if he were streekin' himsell out to sleep on the ledge o' a brigg! What thoct's gotten intill his head noo? He's for herryin the goldfinch's nest among the verra tapmost blossoms!—Aye, my lad! that was a thud!

[O'Bronte, who has fallen from the pippin, recovers his feet—storms the Arbour—upsets the table, with all the bottles, glasses, and plates, and then, dashing through the glass front-door of the Lodge, disappears with a crash into the interior.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

Miraculous!

SHEPHERD.

A hairy hurricane!—What think ye, sir, o' the SCOTTISH OPIUM-EATER?

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

I hope it is not hydrophobia.

TICKLER.

He manifestly imagines himself at the whaling, and is off with the harpooners.

SHEPHERD.

A vision o' blubber's in his sowle. Oh! that he cou'd gie the warld his Confessions!

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

Mr Hogg, how am I to understand that insinuation, sir?

SHEPHERD.

Ony way you like. But, did ever ony body see a philosopher sae passionate? Be cool—be cool.

TICKLER.

See, see, see!

[O'Bronte,

*Like a glory from afar,
Like a re-appearing star,*

Comes spanging back into the cool of the evening, with Cyprus, NORTH's unique male tortoise-shell cat in his mouth, followed by John and Betty, broom-and-spit-armed, with other domestics in the distance.

NORTH.

Drop Cyprus, you villain! Drop Cyprus, you villain! I say, you villain, drop Cyprus—or I will brain you with Crutch!

[O'Bronte turns a deaf ear to all remonstrances, and continues his cat-carrying career through flower, fruit, and kitchen-gardens—the crutch having sped after him in vain, and upset a bee-hive.

TICKLER.

Demme—I'm off.

[Makes himself scarce.

NORTH.

Was that thunder?

SHEPHERD.

Bees—bees—bees! Intil the Arbour—intil the Arbour—Oh! that it had a door wi' a hinge, and a bolt in the inside! Hoo the swarm's ragin' wud! The hummin' heavens is ower het to haud them—and if ae leader chances to cast his ee hither, we are lost. For let but ane set the example, and in a moment there 'll be a charge o' begnotts.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

In the second book of his Georgics, Virgil, at once poet and naturalist—and indeed the two characters are, I believe, uniformly united—beautifully treats of the economy of bees—and I remember one passage——

SHEPHERD.

They're after Tickler—they're after Tickler—like a cloud o' Cossacks or Polish Lancers—a' them that's no settlin' on the crutch. And see—see a division—the left o' the army—is bearin' doon on O'Bronte. He'll sune liberate Ceeprus.

TICKLER (*sub tegmine fagi*.)

Murder—murder—murder!

SHEPHERD.

Aye, you may roar—that's nae flea-bitin'—nor midge-bitin' neither—na, it's waur than wasps—for wasps's stings hae nae barbs, but bees's hae—and when they strike them in, they canna rug them out again withouten leavin' ahint their entrails—sae they curl theirsells up upon the wound, be it on haun, neck, or face, and, demon-like, spend their vitality in the sting, till the venom gangs dirlin' to your verra heart. But do ye ken I'm amaist sorry for Mr Tickler—for he'll be murdered outright by the insecks—although he in a mainner deserved it for rinnin' awa', and no sharin' the common danger wi' the rest at the mouth of the Arbour. If he escapes wi' his life, we maun ca' a court-martial, and hae him brock for cooardice. Safe us—he's comin' here, wi' the haill bike about his head!—Let us rin—let us rin! Let us rin for our lives!

[The SHEPHERD is off and away.

NORTH.

What! and be broke for cowardice? Let us die at our post like men.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

I have heard Mr Wordsworth deliver an opinion, respecting the courage,
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or rather the cowardice, of poets, which at the time, I confess, seemed to me to be unwarranted by any of the accredited phenomena of the poetical character. It was to this effect: That every passion of the poet being of "imagination all compact," fear would in all probability, on sudden and unforeseen emergencies, gain an undue ascendancy in his being over all the other unaroused active powers:—(and here suffer me to put you on your guard against believing, that by the use of such terms as Active Powers, I mean to class myself, as a metaphysical moralist, in the Scottish school,—that is, the school more especially of Reid and Stewart—whose ignorance of the Will—the sole province of Moral Philosophy—I hold to be equally shameful and conspicuous:) so that, except in cases where that Fear was withstood by the force of Sympathy, the poet so assailed would, ten to one, (such was the homely expression of the Bard anxious to *clench it*,) take to almost immediate flight. This doctrine, as I have said, appeared to me, at that time, not to be founded on a sufficiently copious and comprehensive induction;—but I had very soon after its oral delivery by the illustrious author of the *Excursion*, an opportunity of subjecting it to the test act:—For, as Mr Wordsworth and myself were walking through a field of considerable—nay, great extent of acres—discussing the patriotism of the Spaniards, and more particularly the heroic defence of

"Iberian burghers, when the sword they drew
In Zaragoza, naked to the gales
Of fiercely-breathing war,"

a bull—of a red colour (and that there must be something essentially and inherently vehement in red, or rather the natural idea of red, was interestingly proved by that answer of the blind man to an enquirer more distinguished probably for his curiosity than his acuteness—"that it was like the sound of a trumpet") bore down suddenly upon our discourse, breaking, as you may well suppose, the thread thereof, and dissipating, for a while, the many high dreams (dreams indeed!) which we had been delighting to predict of the future fates and fortunes of the Peninsula. The Bard's words, immediately before the intrusion of Taurus, were, "that death was a bug-bear," and that the universal Spanish nation would "work out their own salvation." One bellow—and we were both hatless on the other side of the ditch. "If they do," said I, "I hope it will not be after our fashion, with fear and trembling." But I rather suspect, Mr North, that I am this moment stung by one of those insects, behind the ear, and in among the roots of the hair, nor do I think that the creature has yet disengaged—or rather disentangled itself from the nape—for I feel it struggling about the not—I trust—immedicable wound—the bee being scarcely distinguishable, while I place my finger on the spot, from the swelling round the puncture made by its sting, which, judging from the pain, must have been surcharged with—nay, steeped in venom. The pain is indeed most acute—and approaches to anguish—I had almost said, agony.

NORTH.

Bruise the bee "even on the wound himself has made." 'Tis the only specific.—Any alleviation of agony?

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

A shade. The analysis of such pain as I am now suffering—or say rather, enduring—

[TICKLER and the SHEPHERD, after having in vain sought shelter among the shrubs, come flying demented towards the Arbour.

TICKLER AND SHEPHERD.

Murder!—murder!—murder!

NORTH.

"Arcades ambo,
Et cantare pares, et respondere parati!"

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

Each encircled, as to his forehead, with a living crown—a murmuring bee-diadem worthy of Aristæus.

NORTH.

Gentlemen, if you mingle yourselves with us, I will shoot you both dead upon the spot with this fowling-piece.

SHEPHERD.

What'n a foolin'-piece? Oh! sir, but you're cruel!

[TICKLER *lies down, and rolls himself on a plat.*

NORTH.

Destruction to a bed of onion-seed! James! into the tool-house.

SHEPHERD.

I hae tried it thrice—but John and Betty hae barred themselves in against the swarm—oh! dear me—I'm exhowsted—sae let me lie down and dee beside Mr Tickler!

[*The SHEPHERD lies down beside Mr TICKLER.*

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

If any proof were wanting that I am more near-sighted than ever, it would be that I do not see in all the air, or round the luminous temples of Messrs Tickler and Hogg, one single bee in motion or at rest.

NORTH.

They have all deserted their stations, and made a simultaneous attack on O'Bronte. Now, Cyprus, run for your life!

SHEPHERD (*raising his head.*)

Hoo he's devoorin' them by hunders!—Look, Tickler.

TICKLER.

My eyes, James, are bunged up—and I am flesh-blind.

SHEPHERD.

Noo they're yokin' to Ceeprus! His tail's as thick wi' pain and rage as my arm. Hear till him caterwaulin' like a hail roof-fu! Ma stars, he'll gang mad, and O'Bronte 'll gang mad, and we'll a' gang mad thegither, and the garden 'll be ae great madhouse, and we'll tear ane anither to pieces, and eat ane anither up stoop and roop, and a' that'll be left o' us in the mornin' 'll be some bloody trampin' up and doon the beds, and that'll be a catastrophe waur—if possible—than that o' Sir Walter's Ayrshire Tragedy—and Mr Murray 'll melodramateeze us in a peece ca'd the "Bluidy Battle o' the Bees;" and pit, boxes, and gallery 'll a' be crooded to suffocation for a hunder nichts at hail price, to behold swoopin' along the stage the LAST O' THE NOCTES AMBROSIANÆ!!!

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

Then indeed will the "gaiety of nations be eclipsed," sun, moon, and stars may resign their commission in the sky, and old Nox re-ascend, never more to be dislodged from the usurpation of the effaced, obliterated, and extinguished universe.

SHEPHERD.

Nae need o' exaggeration. But sure eneuch, I wudna', for anither year, in that case, insure the life o' the Solar System.—(*Rising up.*) Whare's a' the bees?

NORTH.

The hive is almost exterminated. You and Tickler have slain your dozens and your tens of dozens—O'Bronte has swallowed some scores—Cyprus made no bones of his allowance—and Mr De Quincey put to death—one. So much for the killed. The wounded you may see crawling in all directions, dazed and dusty; knitting their hind legs together, and impotently attempting to unfurl their no longer gauzy wings. As to the missing, driven by fear from house and home, they will continue for days to be picked up by the birds, while expiring on their backs on the tops of thistles and binweeds—and of the living, perhaps a couple of hundreds may be on the combs, conferring on state-affairs, and——

SHEPHERD.

Mournin' for their queen. Sit up, Tickler.

[TICKLER *rises, and shakes himself.*

What'n a face!

NORTH.

'Pon my soul, my dear Timothy, you must be bled forthwith—for in this hot weather inflammation and fever——

SHEPHERD.

Wull soon end in mortification—then coma—and then death. We maun lance and leech him, Mr North, for we canna afford, wi' a' his failin's, to lose Southside.

TICKLER.

Lend me your arm, Kit——

NORTH.

Take my crutch, my poor dear fellow. How are you now?

SHEPHERD.

Hoo are you noo?—Hoo are you noo?

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

Mr Tickler, I would fain hope, sir, that notwithstanding the assault of these infuriated insects, which in numbers without number numberless, on the upsetting——

TICKLER.

Oh! oh!—Whoh! whoh!—Whuh! whuh!

SHEPHERD.

That comes o' wearin' nankeen pantaloons without drawers, and thin French silk stockin's wi' open gushets, and nae neckcloth, like Lord Byron. I fin' corduroys and tap-boots impervious to a' mainner o' insecks, bees, wasps, hornets, ants, midges, clegs, and warst o' a'—the gad. By the time the bite reaches the skin, the venom's drawn oot by ever so mony plies o' leather, linen, and wurset—and the spat's only kitly. But (*putting his hand to his face*) what's this?—Am I wearin' a mask?—a fawse face wi' a muckle nose? Tell me, Mr North, tell me, Mr De Qunshy, on the honours o' twa gentlemen as you are, am I the noo as ugly as Mr Tickler?

NORTH.

'Twould be hard to decide, James, which face deserves the palm; yet—let me see—let me see—I think—I think, if there be indeed some slight shade of—What say you, Mr De Quincey?

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

I beg leave, without meaning any disrespect to either party, to decline delivering any opinion on a subject of so much delicacy, and——

TICKLER and SHEPHERD (*guffawing.*)

What'n a face! what'n a face! O! what'n a face!

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

Gentlemen, here is a small pocket-mirror, which, ever since the year——

SHEPHERD.

Dinna be sae chronological, sir, when a body's sufferin'. Gie's the glass, (*looks in,*) and that's ME? Blue, black, ochre, gambooshe, purple, pink, and—*green!* Bottle-nosed—wi' een like a piggie's! The Owther o' the Queen's Wake! I maun hae my pictur ta'en by John Watson Gordon, set in diamonds, and presented to the Empress o' Russia, or some ither croon'd head. I wunner what wee Jamie wad think! It is a phenomena o' a fizionamy—An' hoo sall I get oot the stings?

NORTH.

We must apply a searching poultice.

SHEPHERD.

O' raw veal?

TICKLER (*taking the mirror out of the SHEPHERD's hand.*)

Aye!

NORTH.

'Twould be dangerous, Timothy, with that face, to sport Narcissus.

“Sure such a pair were never seen,
So aptly form'd to meet by nature!”

Ha! O'Bronte?

[*O'Bronte enters the Arbour, still under the influence of opium.*
What is your opinion of these faces?

O'BRONTE.

Bow—wow—wow—wow—Bow—wow—wow—wow!

SHEPHERD.

He taks us for Eskymaws.

NORTH.

Say rather seals, or sea-lions.

O'BRONTE.

Bow—wow—wow—wow—Bow—wow—wow—wow!

SHEPHERD.

Laugh'd at by a dowg!—Wha are ye?

[JOHN and BETTY enter the Arbour with basins and towels, and a phial of leeches.]

NORTH.

Let me manage the worms.—Lively as fleas.

[Mr NORTH, with tender dexterity, applies six leeches to the SHEPHERD'S face.]

SHEPHERD.

Preens—preens—preens—preens!

NORTH.

Now, Tickler.

[Attempts, unsuccessfully, to perform the same kind office to TICKLER.]

Your sanguineous system, Timothy, is corrupt. They wont fasten.

SHEPHERD.

Wunna they sook him? I fin' mine hangin' cauld frae temple to chaft, and swallin—there's ane o' them played plowp intill the baishin.

NORTH.

Betty—the salt.

SHEPHERD.

Strip them, Leezy. There's anither.

NORTH.

Steady, my dear Timothy, steady; aye! there he does it, a prime worm—of himself a host. Sir John Leech.

SHEPHERD.

You're no feared for bluid, Mr De Qunshy?

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

A little so—of my own.

SHEPHERD.

I wuss Mr Wordsworth's auld leech-gatherer was here to gie us his opinion o' thae worms. It's a gran' soobjeck for a poem—Leech-Gatherin'! I think I see the body gaun intill the pool, knee-deep in mud, and bringin' them out stickin' till his taes. There's whiles mair genius in the choice o' a soobjeck, than in the execution. I wunner Mr Wordsworth never thocht o' composin' a poem in the Spenserian stanza, or Miltonic blanks, on a "Beggair sitting on a stane by the road-side crackin' lice in the head o' her bairn." What's in a name?

"A louse

By any other name would bite as sharp;"

and he micht ca't—for he's fond o' soundin' words,—see the *Excursion passim*—"The Plague o' Lice," and the mother o' the brat would personify the ministering angel. Poetry would shed a halo round its pow—consecrate the haunted hair, and beautify the very vermin.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

I observe that a state of extreme languor has succeeded excitement, and that O'Bronte has now fallen asleep. Hark! a compressed whine, accompanied by a slight general convulsion of the whole muscular system, indicates that the creature is in the dream-world.

SHEPHERD.

In dookin'! or fechtin'—or makin' up to a—

NORTH.

Remove the apparatus.

[JOHN and BETTY carry away the basins, pitchers, phial, towels, &c. &c.]

SHEPHERD.

Hoo's my face noo?

NORTH.

Quite captivating, James. That dim discoloration sets off the brilliancy of your eyes to great advantage; and I am not sure if the bridge of your nose as it now stands be not an improvement.

SHEPHERD.

Weel, weel, let's say nae mair about it. That's richt, Mr Tickler, to hang your silk handkerchy ower your face, like a nun takin' the veil. Whare were we at?

NORTH.

We were discussing the commercial spirit, James, which is now the ruling—the reigning spirit of our age and country.

SHEPHERD.

The Fable o' the Bees was an Episode.

NORTH.

Will you be so good, Tickler, as repeat to Mr Hogg, who I believe was not attending to you at the time, what you said about—Credit.

TICKLER.

I conceive, Mr Hogg, that within these last thirty years, the facilities of credit in all the transactions of trade have been carried to a ruinous extent. Credit has been granted from one house of trade to another upon a much less jealous estimate of their respectability than heretofore; and farther, it has been the general spirit of all houses to avail themselves to a far greater extent than formerly of their own power of commanding credit, so as greatly to enlarge the proportion of their actual transactions to their actual capital. It has been the effect of the same spirit, that numberless traders in those inferior departments of trade, in which the circulation of their own documents of debt as money was dreamt of, have extensively put them forth; and it has been the last excess of the system, that vouchers of transactions, which had never taken place, have been put into circulation, to no inconsiderable extent, as documents of real debt.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

Ay, Mr Tickler, and to crown the system, and consummate the work, those houses which are to the Commercial World the especial managers of Credit, and the organs, I may say, of Circulation to the documents of credit, in part acting upon, and in part yielding, to the same spirit, have created, or carried to an extent before unknown the creation of a species of documents of their own—namely, of debt created, either by the deposit in their hands of such vouchers as you have spoken of, (in which case it might be said they enlarged the operations of credit by substituting their own high responsibility for the doubtful or obscure credit of the vouchers made over to them;) or, though in their nature essentially vouchers of debt, they have been granted upon no debt whatever, but as money upon securities more or less scrupulously taken:—In which case, it may be said, that these Houses, as far as they ascertained well their security, and were themselves responsible, availed themselves of a Commercial Form to give the utmost extent to legitimate credit:—But, as far as they acted upon insufficient security, or beyond their own responsibility, that they gave their names to authenticate to the public by false vouchers an unreal and illusory credit.

NORTH.

Here then, sir, is an indisputable instance of credit acting with injurious force in accelerating the operations of commerce. And methinks, Mr De Quincey, I see in those violent extinctions of credit, and the ruinous consequences they spread around them, the symptoms of a general and fearful disease. I see in the application of such terms as avidity, vehemence of activity, passion—if they are just—to the commercial transactions of a great people, indications of some most disordered condition among them; and above all, I recognise in the change of habits, manners, and character, throughout all the people of the land, which these years have witnessed, an acceleration of commercial activity far beyond what the welfare of society demands—disordering and menacing disorders.

TICKLER.

It is all very bad, sir. See how the fluctuations of commerce, which carry life to one part of a country, and leave distress in another, will be more frequent and extreme, as the activity of commerce increases.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

Yea:—all the powers of Nature proceed by change; that change includes destruction and production:—but in slow change, the destruction is silent decay; in rapid change, it is a desolation.

SHEPHERD.

Said ye, sir, that the prosperity o' commerce includes in it a sort o' destruction?

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

I did. Its improvements are founded on injury; for the improvement is the raising of some above those over whom the improvement is made. Thus we know that many of the great improvements in our manufactures, though they have advanced the prosperity of the country, have spread much injury where they were first introduced; in many places of old-established trade which have made great advancement, many of the old houses have quite sunk; and the outcry of the people, and the remonstrances of the wealthier classes to the authorities of the country against improvement in other places, are all evidence of the inherent tendency of commercial advancement to depress while it raises; and therefore furnish grounds for an opinion that rapid commercial prosperity will be at all times throwing down great numbers into utter indigence and misery, overwhelming by the suddenness of their calamity those who in slower change might have foreseen and escaped one after the other from impending poverty.

NORTH.

And then, sir, these parts of trade thus suspended, have themselves, perhaps, been rapidly increasing; so that it falls upon a portion of the people in a state of rapid increase, who meet it with a greater shock—on large families—and families, too, from long habits of indulgence, severer sufferers in distress, and less able to extricate themselves from it.

TICKLER.

Besides, in a country urging on like ours so impetuously in commercial enterprise, there is another consideration. Is there not a sort of sacrifice of the labouring people to the insatiable appetite for wealth of their employers? A most inordinate demand for labour has thus been created; for, observe, Gents, that I consider not this present juncture of affairs at all—But what is the commercial spirit of the age and country? Thus sex and age have been swept into the work with no discrimination. Thus the wife and mother of the family has been called from her own place of duty, to be made an instrument of work,—girls of the tenderest age have been called into the manufactory, and grow up to the age of wives and mothers, with no knowledge of their duties, as instruments of work; and boys that should become the Men of the Community, immersed from their early years in noxious employments, and oppressed with interminable labour, rise up a deteriorated race—susceptible of the appetites of men, but bereft of that vigorous spirit which ought to mark the manhood of a people; and which, if it contains the violence of passion, contains also its generosity; contains too the principle of stubborn endurance, and of hardy contention with any severer fortune. And how hung upon that trade, and trembling with every breath that shakes it, is a family which only subsists, while father, and wife, and children, are all racked with employment? What sort of population will that country possess, to meet the vicissitudes of trade itself,—and those far greater vicissitudes which the political changes of the world throw into it?

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

Say,—what is the bulwark of a people—the foundation of its greatness and the substance of its power?—The virtue of the people; their courage, their independence, the severe fortitude of their souls, their hearts filled with just and strong loves, the power of their happiness. This is the conception we form of the people of this island from north to south. This is

the character which all tongues have spoken—which has been avouched from age to age—the traditionary faith received by our childhood ; and now we look around, and tremble to discover that the dream has passed away from the land. The overflow of wealth has run through it, unsettling all ancient conditions—breaking up the bonds of life, casting, even upon the husbandman amidst his fields, the restless, ungoverned, aspiring spirit of commerce—dazzling and blinding the imaginations of the people, and scattering among them the vices of prosperity, if it has not brought them its enjoyments.

SHEPHERD.

Dinna mak me dispond o' the kintra, Mr De Qunshy. Hoo aften when a's black in natur, outbursts the sun, and the world's filled wi' licht ! Oh ! man ! but there's a majestic meaning in thae twa words—GREAT BRITAIN ! Think ye it'll ever hae a Decline and Fa' like the Roman Empire ?

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

It seemeth alike to my reason and my imagination, Immortal.

SHEPHERD.

And then think, sir, o' the march o' intelleck. That strengthens a state.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

It does. But not without the flow of feeling.

SHEPHERD.

Capital ! I was just gaun to hae said that, when you took the words out o' my mouth.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

We want not, Mr Hogg, a quantity of reasonable, contented, steady, sober, industrious inhabitants—mere Chinese, and nothing more ; but we want men, who, if invaded, will spring up as one man—loving their ancestors, who cannot feel their gratitude——

SHEPHERD.

It would be unreasonable to expeck it——

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

——and doing every thing for their posterity, who have done and can do nothing for them——

SHEPHERD.

Gie them first time to get intill existence—and then they'll——

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

——men among whom crime is restrained, not by a vigilant police, but by an awful sense of right and wrong—who love their soil, and not only see it to be rich, but feel it to be sacred—yea ! to whom poverty and its scanty hard-wrung pittances are the gift of God——

SHEPHERD.

That's roosin ! You're an eloquent——

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

——who are sustained and animated in this life, by the operation on their minds of their convictions of another—a people in whose vigorous spirit joy is strong, under all external pressure, and who, stooping out of the low doors of their huts—clay-built, perhaps, yet flower-covered—hold up smiling faces in the sunshine, and from their bold foreheads fling back the blue beauty of their native skies.

SHEPHERD.

“ Fling back the blue beauty o' their native skies ! ” I'll bring in that in my speech, the first time I return thanks for my health at a public denner.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

I have been speaking, sir, of Scotland—a country naturally poor——

SHEPHERD.

No sae naturally poor 's it looks like, sir. In the Kerss o' Gowrie the sile's fifty yards deep—a fine rich broon black mould, that shoots up wheat and beans twunty feet high ;—and even in the Forest, what wi' the decay o' great auld aik-trees, and what not, there's sic a deposit, that in diggin' wells, you hae to gang doon amais to the verra centre-pint o' the yerth, afore ye can get quit o' the loam, and jingle wi' your pick again the grevvel. The Heelans to be sure 's geyan staney—perfectly mountaw-

neous athegether—but there, sir, you hear the lowin' o' cattle on a thou-san' hills—and the river-fed glens, (naturally puir indeed!) arena they rich wi' the noblest o' a' craps—craps o' men, sir, (to say naething the noo o' the snooded lasses,) that

“Plaided and plumed in their tartan array,”
(ane o' the best lines, that, in a' poetry,) hae frichtened the French out o' their senses time and place without number, and immemorial, frae Fontenoye to Waterloo?

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

I do not disesteem your national enthusiasm, Mr Hogg, but I must not suffer it to disturb the course of my observations:—and I was about to say, that in *richer* and merry England, there may be less of that dignity of which I spoke, because less is overcome;—the spirit may be less free even, perhaps, in some respects,—because the body is better endowed;—yet hath not such a people great conceptions? Yea, the people of England *feel* the greatness of their country—because they *know* that she has been always free and enlightened from Alfred—Magna Charta—the Reformation—the Armada—the SIXTEEN HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-EIGHT—that she has ever been awful in the sight of nations:—And since, sir, you speak of France, *our* Harry it was that like a lion ramped among the Lilies—*our* Black Prince, that, in his tent with captive kings—

SHEPHERD.

'Twas lucky for them baith, that they never tried the fechtin on this side o' the Tweed, wi' Scotchmen, or ablins, wi' bluidy noses, they wou'd hae bitten the dust at Roslin or Bannockburn.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

I forget the precise lines, sir, but Shakspeare makes some one in that noble drama, Henry the V., speak of the “weasel Scot,” who, during his conquest of France, “Stole in, and sucked his princely eggs”——

SHEPHERD.

And a great goose he was for layin' them in an unprotected nest among the nettles. Haw, haw, haw!

NORTH.

Gentlemen, gentlemen! But let me throw a little light upon the subject.

[MR NORTH *touches a spring, and the chandelier pendant from the roof of the Arbour is set suddenly in stars.*

SHEPHERD.

My sowle burns and lowps within me—and I feel as if I could write upon the spat a glorious poem!

TICKLER.

On what subject?

SHEPHERD.

On ony soobjeck, or on nae soobjeck. Oh! but it's a divine idea—the idea o' immortal fame!

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

There are two great sources of the energy of the human mind, Mr Hogg;—one, Delight in the works of God, from which the energy of Genius springs—and one, Pride in its own powers, from which springs the energy of Ambition.

SHEPHERD.

In ma opinion, baith thae twa soources o' energy are in a' minds whatsomever, sir.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

Yes, Mr Hogg, they are; but in different allotment. One, either by nature, or by the sources of life, will be predominant. If the delight in good, in natural and moral beauty, be the stronger principle, then all the energy that springs from the consciousness of strength and skill, and from the pleasure of activity, falls into subservience to the nobler power; and those men are produced, who, if their talents are great, and fall in with great occasions, receive the name of teachers, deliverers, fathers of their countries. But if imagination is weak—and the delight in contemplation of all that is great and beautiful in the world, has little sway in the mind, but the

pride in its own powers is strong,—then spring up the afflictors of mankind,—then comes that Love of Glory, which is not, as in nobler minds, a generous delight in the sympathy and approbation of their fellow men; but an insatiable thirst for renown, that the voice of mankind, though it were of their groans, may bear witness to their transcendent might, and feed their own consciousness of it,—then come those disordered and tormenting passions, stung by rival glory, and maddened by opposition, which engender the malignant character of genius. For if there be genius in such a mind, it cannot maintain its nature against such evil influences; but lends itself to any the most accursed work.

NORTH.

Nor matters it what the power may be, sir, whether merely external, as from birth and place, which, without much native power, has made the common tyrants of the world—or whether it be the intensest power of an extraordinary mind. If it be intellectual glory and empire among men which it seeks, it will tear down Truth and set up Falsehood.—

SHEPHERD.

Aye, gin it can.

NORTH.

And it can, and often does, shaming morality and even religion out of the world. In all cases alike, there is the same subserviency of the energies of genius to the energy of ambition. But look, James, to their respective works. The spirit of genius is naturally creative; its works have in themselves a principle of duration—because it creates in conformity to the laws of nature—and therefore the laws of nature preserve its works. The arts which genius has invented, maintain themselves by their importance to mankind. Its beautiful productions are treasured up by their love, and delivered over from one generation to another,—the laws it has given blend themselves with the existence of society,—the empires it has established stand by the wisdom in which they were founded. But the spirit of ambitious power is naturally a destroyer; and when it attempts to create, it departs from its character and fails. It creates against nature, and therefore nature rejects its works, and the process of her laws shall overthrow them. It shall build up in the kingdom of mind, error, superstition, and illusion, which shall tyrannize for a time, and then pass away for ever. It shall build up military strength and political dominion—a fabric reaching to heaven, and overshadowing the earth. But it is built up, not in wisdom, but in folly; its principle of destruction is within itself, and when its hour is come, lo! it crumbles into dust.

TICKLER.

Good, North; at least tolerable—not much amiss.

SHEPHERD.

A hantle better nor ony thing ye'll say the nicht.

TICKLER.

Napoleon and Alfred!—The one is already dead—the other will live for ever. Alfred! the mighty Warrior, who quelled and drove afar from him the terrible enemy that had baffled the prowess of all his predecessors—the Father of his people, who listened to all complaints, and redressed all wrongs—the Philosopher, who raised up a barbarous age towards the height of his own minds, and founded the civilisation of England—the Legislator, whose laws, after a thousand years, make part of the liberties of his country!

SHEPHERD.

Better than I expected. Tak breath, and at it again, tooth and nail, lip and nostril.

TICKLER.

Our imagination cannot dream of a greater man than this, or of one happier in his greatness. Yet, we do not, I opine, Mr De Quincey, think of Alfred as strongly possessed by a Love of Fame. We think of him as conscious of his own high thoughts, and living in the elevation of his nature. But he seems to us too profoundly affected by his great designs, to care for the applauses of the race for whose benefit his mighty mind was in constant meditation. He seems to us rather absorbed in the philosophic dream of the wide change which his wisdom was to produce on the cha-

racter of his country; and in all that he did for man, to have desired the reflection, not of his own glory, but of their happiness. The thoughtful moral spirit of Alfred did not make him insensible to the sympathies of men; but it was self-satisfied, and therefore sought them not; and, accordingly, in our conception of his character, the Love of Glory makes no part, but would, I think, be felt at once to be inconsistent with its simple and sedate grandeur.

SHEPHERD.

You've acquitted yoursell weel, Mr Tickler, and had better haud your tongue for the rest o' the nicht——

NORTH.

"Lest aught less great should stamp you mortal."

SHEPHERD.

O man! Timothy, what for are you sae severe, and satirical, and sardonic, in your natur? A girn—or a toss o' your head—or a grumph's a' you often condescend to gie in answer to a remark made in the natural order o' discourse—but it's no richt o' you—for folk doesna like the superceelious in soceety—though it may pass current wi' a tall man on the streets.—I'm thinkin' you've forgotten your face?

TICKLER.

I vote we change the Arbour for the Lodge. 'Tis cold—positively chill—curse the climate!

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

Our sensations are the sole——

SHEPHERD.

If you're cauld, sir, you may gang and warm yoursell at the kitchen-fire. But we's no stir——

TICKLER.

Curse the climate!

SHEPHERD.

Cleemat! Where's the cleemat like it, I wou'd wush to ken? Greece? Italy? Persia? Hindostan? Poo—poo—poo! Wha cou'd thole months after months o' ae kind o' weather, were the sky a' the while lovely as an angel's ee? Commend me to the bold, bricht, blue, black, boisterous, and blusterin' beauty o' the British heavens.

TICKLER.

But what think ye, James, of a tropic tornado, or hurricano?

SHEPHERD.

I wou'dna gie a doit for a dizzen. Swoopin' awa' a town o' wooden cages, wi' ane bigger than the lave, ca'd the governor's house, and aiblins a truly contemptible kirk, floatin' awa' into rottenness sae muckle colonial produce, rice, rum, or sugar, and frichtenin' a gang o' neeggars! It mayna roar sae loud nor sae lang, perhaps, our ain indigenous Scottish thunner; but it rairs loud and lang eneuch too, to satisfy ony reasonable Christian that has the least regard for his lugs. Nae patriot, Mr Tickler, wou'd undervalue his native kintra's thunner. Hear it spangin'—hap, step, and loup—frae Cruachan to Ben Nevis! The red-deer—you micht think them a' dead—and that their antlers were rotten branches—sae stane-like do they couch atween the claps—without ae rustle in the heather. Black is the sky as pitch—but every here and there, shootin' up through the purple gloom,—for whan the lichtnin' darts out its fiery serpents it is purple,—lo! bricht pillars and pinnacles illuminated in the growlin' darkness, and then gone in a moment in all their glory, as the day-nicht descends denser doon upon the heart o' the glens, and you only *hear* the mountain-tap; for wha can see the thousand year-auld cairn up by yonder, when a' the hail heaven is ae coal-cloud—takin' fire every noo and then as if it were a furnace—and then indeed by that flash may you see the cairn like a giant's ghost. Up goes the sable veil—for an eddy has been churnin' the red river into spray, and noo is a whirlwind—and at that updriving see ye not a hundred snaw-white torrents tumblin' frae the tarns, and every cliff rejoicin' in its new-born cataract? There is the van o' anither cloud-army frae the sea. What'll become o' the puir ships! A dismal word to think on in a tempest—lee-

shore! There's nae wund noo—only a sort o' sugh. Yet the cloud-army comes on in the dead-march—and that is the muffled drum. Na—that flash gaed through my head, and I fear I'm stricken blin'! Rattle—rattle—rattle—as if great granite stanes were shot out o' the sky doon an invisible airn-roof, and plungin' sullenly intill the sea. The eagles daurna scream—but that demon the raven, croaks—croaks—croaks,—is it out o' the earth, or out o' the air, cave, or cloud? My being is cowed in the insane solitude. But pity me—bless me—is that a wee bit Hieland lassie sittin' in her plaid aneath a stane, a' by hersell, far frae hame, haein' been sent to look after the kids—for I declare there is ane lyin' on her bosom, and its mither maun be dead! Dinna be frichtened, my sweet Mhairi, for the lichtning shall na be allowed by God to touch the bonny blue ribband round thy yellow hair!—There's a bit o' Scottish thunner and lichtning for you, Mr Tickler, and gin it doesna satisfy you, aff to the tropicks for a tornawdoe!

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

You paint in words, mine admirable Shepherd, Nature in all her moods and aspects——

SHEPHERD.

Few poets are fonder o' the face o' Natur than mysell, sirs; yet a man shouldna let ony thing like the chief pairt o' his happiness in this warld be at the mercy o' its Beauty—the slave o' the ear and ee—which that man must be wha habitually draws his veetal bliss frae the bonny colours or souns o' the mere earth. The human sowle aught to be at last totally independent o' the ooter creation, except for meat, drink, house, and claes. I say at last; for at first, and for a lang, lang time, we maun hang, like sookin' babbies, at the breast o' mother Natur, or gang stacherin' at her knees while she is actin' in the capacity and character o' a great big, muckle Dry Nurse.

TICKLER.

Skelping your delp, James, with storm, sleet, snow, and rain, and, by one and the same benign but severe process, invigorating at once head, heart, and hurdies.

SHEPHERD.

Fie, fie—that's coorse! What I mean's this. A man, wha aiblins thinks himsell a poet, and wha we shall alloo has poetical propensities, has, by the goodness o' Providence, been set down in a house on a gentle eminence, commandin' a beautifu' bend o' the blue braided sky overhead, hills and mountains piling theirsells in regular gradation up, up, up,—and far, far, far-aff and awa', till you kenna whilk are their rosy summits, and whilk the rosy clouds—and, beyond a foreground o' woods, groves, halls, and cottages, exquisitely interspersed wi' fields and meadows, which, in the dimmest days, still seem spots of sunshine,—a loch! or, supposin' the scene in England, a lake, a day's journey round about, always blue or bricht, or, if at ony time black, yet then streaked gloriously wi' bars o' sunburst, sae that in the midst o' the foamy gloom o' Purgatory are seen serenely rising the Isles o' Paradise——

NORTH.

Poussin!

SHEPHERD.

—— Deil mean him to be cheerfu', and crouse, and talkative, and eloquent on the poetical and the picturesque—and, to croon a', proud as Lucifer! But only observe, sirs, the gross delusion into which the cretur has cowed ower head and ears, sae lang syne that there's nae chance o' his recovery in this life. He absolutely, sirs, thinks that glorious scene—*Himsell*; Loch Lomond or Windermere—*Himsell*!—Forgettin', that if either o' them were struck out o' being, the beauty o' the earth would be shorn of its beams—or at least all England and all Scotland—Cockneydom excluded—be desolate; whereas you ken, sir, that were the bit triffin' cretur himsell killed by a cherry-stane stickin' in the throat o' him, or a sour-cider colic, in nine days he wou'd be nae mair missed in his ain parish—I had amaist said on his ain estate—than a defunck cock-sparrow.

TICKLER.

And what, pray, James, is your drift?

SHEPHERD.

My drift? Truthwards on the sea o' philosophy. The delusion's the same wi' a' kinds o' wealth—bonds, bills, bank-stock, or what not,—the man mistakes them for himself; but the looker-on is free frae that delusion—and sees that in truth he is as poor as Lazarus. Therefore, rug the ane awa' frae Loch Lomond or Windermere, I say, and crib, cabin, and confine him in a back parlour in some dingy town, commanding a view o' a score o' smoky chumleys, and then look into his eyes, and listen unto his voice for his poetry. He is seen and heard to be a Sumph. Rug, in like manner, the man o' money frae his bags,—let the feet o' some great Panic trample out his Ploom, as you or me wou'd squash a sour Ploom-damass wi' the heel o' our shae, and in sowle as in body behold a—Powper! But bring the POET frae his dwelling amang the licht o' risin' and settin' suns, and amang the darkness o' thunderous clouds, sae grim that they seem to threaten earthquake,—frae amang the pearlins, and jewels, and diamonds o' mornin', wha adorns the bleakest heath she loves wi' gossamery dew-draps, finer, and fairer, and richer far than all the gems that ever swarthy miners dug out o' the subterranean galleries o' Golconda and Peru,—frae amang the meridian magnificence o' lights and shadows, smiling like angels, or a-frown like demons, shiftin' or stationary on the many-coloured mountain's breast, till the earth seems the sea—frae amang the one-star-y-crowned gloaming pensive wi' the wood-lark's sang, or mair than pensive, profoundly melancholy, wi' the far-aff croonin' o' the cushat hidden somewhere or ither in the heart o' some auld wood,—frae amang the moonlicht that, after it has steeped a' the heavens, has a still serene flood o' lustre to pour down on the taps o' trees, and ancient ruins, and lakes that seem to burn wi' fire, and a' ower the dreamy slumber o' the toil-forgettin' Earth!

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

Exquisite!

TICKLER.

It beats cock-fighting.

NORTH.

Go on, James—keep moving.

SHEPHERD.

Clap him in a garret in Grub-street, and yet shall he, like a fixed star, hang on the bosom o' infinitude, or like a planet pursue his flight, in music, round the Sun.

OMNES.

Hurra—hurra—hurra! The Shepherd for ever! Hurra—hurra—hurra!

SHEPHERD.

Sear his een wi' red-het plates o' irn, or pierce their iris wi' fire-tipped skewers, and soon as the agony has grown dull in his brain-nerves, he will see the Panorama o' Natur still, Mont Blanc and his eagles, Palmyra in the desert, the river o' Amazons, and the sail-swept Ocean wi' all his isles!

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

Author of Kilmeny! that is IMAGINATION! To the sumph (an admirable word), every thing is nothing—to the man of genius, nothing is every thing.

SHEPHERD.

Eh?

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

See how genius throws all that arises within itself, out of itself, making that which in respect of the reality is subjective, in respect of the effect or apprehension, objective.

SHEPHERD.

Eh?

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

The joy and the love spring in itself, and remain in itself; but it flings them forth into the object, scattering light as from a golden urn. That joy and that love, now poured upon the object, appears to genius as a property or nature residing therein, which property or nature, gloriously self-deceived by the divinity it bears, it thenceforth acknowledges as—Beauty. In the same way, or a similar, the mind has before given colour to the grass,

and light to the sun. Only, that in the attribution of these merely physical properties, it appears to do no more than remove that which is present to it in the eye, to a greater distance from it, out of the eye. Whereas in beauty, you find an union of your soul with the object—that is Love. Develope love infinitely, and you develope beauty.

SHEPHERD.

I believe that, sir, to be indeed God's truth.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

Both beauty and sublimity—you may remember we touched on these subjects at the last Noctes, and indeed an hour ago—appear to be visible in visible objects. When we begin to think, we cannot believe that they are otherwise; and we abhor the metaphysical attempt to take the qualities out of the objects, to make them alien to the eye. Why? Because that attempt dissolves the world. It makes that whereon our love, our soul has rested as on rock-strong Reality, unreal—mere Figured Air!

SHEPHERD.

It would seem, indeed, my dear sir, that our verra life is ta'en frae us by sic speculations.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

Be it so. The great question is, will we know, or will we have ignorant bliss? Know we must. We very soon become convinced by divers reflections, that our first natural and inevitable idea is not strictly true, that the Beauty and the Sublimity are not *so* imbedded and inherent in the objects as they once appeared to be. We must give up more and more, and shall find no rest till we recognise that they are totally of the mind. Then, indeed, we obtain a support—a life—of a different and more sufficient kind than that which was at first taken away, in the clear consciousness of the creative and illimitable power of the mind. We can rest well in either extreme—but between them rest is there none.

SHEPHERD.

What for do you no write poetry, Mr Qunshy—seein' that ye are a poet? But you're prouder o' bein' a pheelosopher.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

There are two principal ways, Mr Hogg, in which every object can be considered—two chief aspects under which they present themselves to us—the philosophical and the poetical—as they *are* to reason, as they *seem* to imagination.

SHEPHERD.

Can you, sir, make that great distinction good?

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

Perhaps there is no absolute distinction in the world of nature, or in the human soul. But let me say, we may consider all things, either as intellect without feeling tends to consider them, or intellect with feeling, *i. e.* causatively and passionately. The great, the most earnestly desiring enquiry that pure reason makes, is of the causes of things. For this end it comes into the world. To intellect thus working, what it sees is nothing—for what it sees are signs only of what has preceded—and therefore such speculation dissolves the fabric to construct it over again. It builds out of destruction. But intellect working by feeling, *i. e.* imagination, does quite the reverse. What is, is every thing to it. It beholds and loves. Imagination educes from its objects all the passion, all the delight that they are capable of yielding it. It desires, it cares for nothing more. Hence philosophy and poetry are at war with each other, but they are powers which may belong to the service of the same kingly mind. Imagination lives in the present—in the shewn—in the apparent—in the *φαινομενον*. From the whole, as it is presented, springs some mighty passion. Disturb the actual presentment, and the passion is gone.

“If but a beam of sober reason play,

Then Fancy's fairy frost-work melts away.”

That line, beautiful as it is, and true—is yet inadequate to express the demolition, when *is* and *SEEMS* encounter, and the latter is overthrown.

SHEPHERD.

Plawto pour'd out his pheelosophy in Dialogues—and sae, sir, do you—and I'll back ye again' the auld Trojan—that is, Grecian—for a barrel o' eisters. I never understood metafeezeixs afore—but noo the distinction atween reason and imagination and their objects, is as plain as that atween the pike-staff o' a sergeant o' militia and the sceptre o' Agamemnon.

NORTH.

You have been touching, my dear Opium-Eater, on abstruse matters indeed, but with a pencil of light. Certainly, the effect of right metaphysical study is to dissolve the whole fabric of knowledge. Boscovich has metaphysicized matter, and shewn that there need be none—that certain centres of attraction and repulsion are the only things needed. Others have metaphysicized vision. Now, two great bonds of our knowledge, are—habit, and the feeling we annex to forms; and we repugn the breaking up of either. How our idea of a house, a palace, a kingdom, a man, the sea, is infused with feeling! To all doctrines that dissolve feelings or habits, we are naturally averse. They are painful—as for example, that which denies that colour or beauty is in the objects—just like that further discovery of the world, which shews us that those whom we thought all perfect, have great faults. But this is a discipline we must go through—for we begin children, and end spirits. There is but One good. There is but One deserving of all love. The discipline forms love in us, and gradually and successively breaks it off from all less objects, so that we remain with the affection, and Him the sole object fitted to it. He is to be all in all. The more you approach to total devotion, the more you unite high intellect and high feeling to stable and strong happiness.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

Sometimes there seems, sir, to be a simplicity of love that is happy in mere calm, but it is rare; and generally there is not happiness that is not built on the rock, Religion. Every less happiness is broken, imperfect, low, inconsistent, self-contradictory, full of wounds and flaws, or it remains solid by a low measure of understanding and sensibility.

NORTH.

Did Mallebranche say that we see all things in God? It is not impossible that as our moral nature, to find itself entire, must rest in God, so our intellect must. We cannot be happy—we cannot be moral—we cannot know truth—except in him. Thus, it may be destined that our beginnings of life shall be on this earth, as if this earth were all. We love the parents that gave us birth, the spot on which we grow, all things living and lifeless about our cradle. We love this moist and opaque earth, which is our soil for our downward-striking roots—here we receive the sunshine and the dews—and we begin Terrene. Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own. The homely nurse doth all she can. There seem, indeed, immense powers exerted about us to bind us, to shut us up in earth and mortality, to make us love finite things, centre and limit our desire in them, and be ourselves finite. All our pleasures, all our senses, all habits and all customs, seem to close us in; strong passions spring up and embrace things finite; this is earth, and the strength of earth. This is natural man—the child—the *day-darger*—the Savage. Is it not singular to see what a fitting there has been, and what quantities of power employed, to make terrestrial man? Yet as if this were but a nursery or school, a place of preparation, lo! another end! For a power evolves, of which it seems the use to destroy and abolish what has been made with such pains, as if all that had been made were but fuel for this new fire to burn—a crop to be ploughed in for the true harvest. The fostered flesh has been strong. The spirit comes. If the spirit could have its force and course, the man should gradually tend towards heaven, as he wears from earth. He should mount continually. Morally, this is true; but is it not, my dear De Quincey, curious in metaphysics to see it true intellectually? To see the material world, that seemed so hard and ponderous, turned into a thought? To see intellect play with it, dallying between its existence and its non-existence?

To see the intellect grow spiritual, till it has rejected cumbrous matter, and only knows and sees spirit?

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

That ingenious man, John Fearn, with whom Dugald Stewart would not enter into discussion on a metaphysical question involving the whole philosophy of the Professor, has demonstrated that there is no matter, and is quite satisfied about it. Cant thought that there was, but that we could know nothing of it; that it was nothing in the least like what it appeared to us to be; existing as a cause of certain affections of our minds, but in no sort revealed to them—and even Sir Isaac Newton thought that the most solid-looking matter was a most delicate and airy net-work, if net-work it may be called, of which the infinitesimally invisible atoms were a thousand or a million times their own diameter distant from one another, and that all the real matter of the universe, compacted, might be contained in a cubic inch!

NORTH.

Aye, thus it is, sir, that metaphysicians and physicians concur in overthrowing and absolving our sensible knowledge. They teach us we are fools! and that what we take to be solid is the fabric of a vision!

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

True. And is not philosophy, my dear Mr North, the very undoer of what nature has been doing from the beginning? To nature, Mr Hogg, the earth is flat—the sky a dome—

SHEPHERD.

The ane green, the ither blue, and baith beautifu’—

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

The sun moves—and Galileo is imprisoned for thinking otherwise. But intellect sees through the coloured cloud of things. It is an alchemic fire which fuses the substance of nature, annihilating its customary and known form to disclose its essence, which, alas! is not by us to be found! But we must conceive this utter disdain and rejection of the admitted world, by intellect in its giant, consummated power, and that is the only true idea of philosophy. Intellect, therefore, can have no rest but in Deity—and we have seen how metaphysical intellect is driven to this, when it comes to believe that there is no matter—nothing but a continual agency of Deity upon mind.

NORTH.

Just so do we find it excessively difficult, from looking at the world, to find the true relation of religion to man. The looking at the world naturally lowers to us the estimate of this relation, because there is so little religion in the world—hardly any—and we can scarcely believe every body, here too, to be utterly in the wrong. We think the world must have common sense, and end in thinking the high notion of religion contrary to common sense, and visionary. But do not mankind err—and do we not know it? For you see that the multitude miss the End of Life. Have they found the possession of their highest faculties—innate in all? No—not one in a million. Have they found happiness? No—not generally. Look sublimely upon them, and you deplore them and their fate. What is human life then? Mixed. High affections mixed with low, religion with earth and sin, the finite with the infinite. Make an idea of man, and you inevitably take him at the highest, and exalt his life to be like him; but look at him existing, and you see bright fragments of this idea mixed with what you would fain reject from his life. But can this mixture be all that was intended, that is to be aimed at, to be required? Impossible. But we have not the invincible, burning, aspiring spark in our thoughts—it is stifled and smothered—and therefore we hope neither for ourselves nor others. But see how those judge of others who feel on their own shoulders the untamed eagle-pinions. See how Christians judge, expect, require—the Saints, the Anchorites, the Holy Men who have walked on this world more present with another—for whom the veil of flesh has been lifted up or rent. Is it not strange that Brahmins, Christians, and Stoics, all come to one conclusion?

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

A low philosophy, tending more and more to the elevation of the External, is prevalent among us at this day in England. Jeremy Bentham is preferred to Jeremy Taylor—and Paley has triumphed over Plato. All good and all evil is in the Will. The mind that can see the vulgar distinction between Faith and Works, must think that roots and fruits are not parts of the same tree—and expect to see the “golden balls” on a rotten stump.

TICKLER.

Jeremy Bentham and Paley are, nevertheless, both great writers.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

I shall not contradict you, sir.

NORTH.

Yes! that doctrine, while it exacts the most scrupulous adherence to the moral law, is at the same time the most cheering and consolatory of any in a world constituted as this is—far more so than any laxer doctrines contrived to flatter human weakness, and thereby encouraging vice, and causing misery. For, according to this doctrine, virtue and its ineffable rewards may be in the spirits of all, be their lot what it may. The slave in bonds may be a glorious freeman. He that seems to sit in darkness and the shadow of death, may be soaring in light and in life eternal. The sphere of action varies from the theatre of a kingdom—the world—to some obscure and narrow nameless nook; and if the future doom of men were to be according to the magnitude of their deeds, what would become of that portion of the race that passes away silently and unknown into seeming oblivion! But once allow that as the Will of a man's spirit has been, so shall he be judged by Him who gave it into his keeping, and the gates of heaven are flung wide open to all the uprisen generations of mankind, and the beggar that sat by the waysides of this dreary earth, blind, paralytic, most destitute—but patient, unrepining, contented before the All-seeing eye with his lot of affliction, for him will the heavens lift up their everlasting gates that he may enter in, even like a king in glory,—because his Will was good; while the conqueror, at whose name the world grew pale, may stand shivering far aloof, because while he had wielded the wills of others, he was most abject in his own, and, dazzled with outward pomp and shows, knew not that there was a kingdom in his own soul, in which it would have been far better to reign, because he who has been monarch there, exchanges an earthly for a spiritual crown, and when summoned from his throne on earth, awakens at the feet of a throne in heaven.

SHEPHERD.

The coarse buffoonery—the indecent ribaldry, o' the Noctes Ambrosianæ!!

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

Spirit of Socrates, the smiling sage! whose life was love, I invoke thee to look down from heaven upon this blameless harbour, and bless “Edina's old man eloquent.” Unsphere thy spirit, O Plato! or let it even, like some large and lustrous star, hang over the bower where oft in musing “melancholy sits retired” the grey-haired Wisdom-Seeker whom all Britain's youth adore, or “discourseth most excellent music” with lips on which, as on thine own, in infancy had swarmed—

SHEPHERD.

For heaven's sake, nae mention o' bees! That's a sair soobjeck wi' me and Mr Tickler. Get on to some o' the lave.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

Nor thou, stern Stagyrte! who nobly heldst that man's best happiness was “Virtuous Energy,” avert thy face severe from the high moral “Teacher of the Lodge,” of whom Truth declares that “he never lost a day.”

SHEPHERD.

That's bonny.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

From thy grove-gardens in the sky, O gracious and benign Epicurus! let drop upon that cheerful countenance the dews of thy gentle and trouble-soothing creed!

SHEPHERD.

Od! I thocht Epicurus had been a great Epicure.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

And thou! O matchless Merryman of the Frogs and the Clouds!—

SHEPHERD.

Wha the deevil's he? The matchless merryman o' the Frogs and Clouds! —That's opium. But hush your havers, Mr De Qunshy; and tell me, Mr North, what for ye didna come out to Innerleithen and fish for the silver medal o' the St Ronan's Border Club? I'm thinkin' ye was feared.

NORTH.

I have won so many medals, James, that my ambition *à la aristocratie* is dead —and, besides, I could not think of beating the Major.

SHEPHERD.

You beat the Major! You micht at baggy-mennons, but he cou'd gie ye a stane-wecht either at trouts or fish. He's just a warld's wunner wi' the sweevil, a warlock wi' the worm, and wi' the flee a feenisher. It's a pure plesur to see him playin' a pounder wi' a single hair. After the first twa three rushes are ower, he seems to wile them wi' a charm awa' into the side, ontill the gerss or the grevvel, whare they lie in the sunshine as if they were asleep. His tackle, for bricht airless days, is o' gossamere; and at a wee distance aff, you think he's fishin' without ony line ava', till whirr gangs the pirl, and up springs the sea-trout, silver-bricht, twa yards out o' the water, by a delicate jerk o' the wrist, hyeucked inextricably by the tongue clean ower the barb o' the Kirby-bend. Midge-flees!

NORTH.

I know the Major is a master in the art, James; but I will back the Professor against him for a rump-and-dozen.

SHEPHERD.

You would just then, sir, lose your rump. The Professor can fish nae better nor yoursell. You wou'd make a pretty pair in a punt at the perches; but as for the Tweed, at trouts or sawmon, I'll back wee Jamie again' ye baith, gin ye'll only let me fish for him the bushy pools.

NORTH.

I hear you, James. Sir Isaac Newton was no astronomer.

SHEPHERD.

Wha's *Fluviatilis*?

NORTH.

I know not. But his Essays on Angling, in that excellent paper the Edinburgh Observer, are about the best I know out of THE MAGAZINE, and ought to be added to, and published in, a small pocket-volume.

SHEPHERD.

Mr Boyd o' Innerleithen's issued Proposals and Prospectus o' a bit anglin' buicky to be ca'd "Tweed and its Tributary Streams." You maun gie't a lift, sir.

NORTH.

I will, James. A good title; and my old landlord is a good angler, and a good man.

SHEPHERD.

That's towological and an anticlegmacks. For wha ever heard o' a gude angler being a bad or indifferent man? I hae nae objection, sir, noo that there's nae argument, to say that you're a gude angler yoursell, and sae is the Professor.

NORTH.

James, these civilities touch. Your hand. In me the passion of the sport is dead—or say rather dull; yet have I gentle enjoyment still in the "Angler's silent Trade." But, heavens! my dear James! how in youth—and prime of manhood too—I used to gallop to the glens, like a deer, over a hundred heathery hills, to devour the dark-rolling river, or the blue breezy loch! How leaped my heart to hear the thunder of the nearing waterfall! and lo! yonder flows, at last, the long dim shallow rippling hazel-banked line of music among the broomy braes, all astir with back-fins over its surface;

and now, that the *feed is on*, teeming with swift-shooting, bright-bounding, and silver-shining scaly life, most beauteous to behold, at every soft alighting of the deceptive lure, captivating and irresistible even among a shower of natural leaf-born flies a-swarm in the air from the mountain-woods!

SHEPHERD.

Aye, sir, in your younger days you maun hae been a verra deevil.

NORTH.

No, James—

“Nae maiden lays her scathe to me.”

Poetry purified my passions; and, worshipping the Ideal, my spirit triumphed over mere flesh and blood, and was preserved in innocence by the Beautiful.

SHEPHERD.

That's your ain account o' yoursell, sir. But your enemies tell anither tale——

NORTH.

And what do my enemies, in their utter ignorance, know of me? But to my friends, my character lies outspread, visible from bound to bound, just like a stretch of Highland prospect on the Longest Day, when, from morning to night, the few marbled clouds have all lain steadfast on the sky, and the air is clear, as if mist were but a thought of Fancy's dream.

SHEPHERD.

What creel-fu's you maun hae killed!

NORTH.

A hundred and thirty in one day in Loch-awe, James, as I hope to be saved—not one of them under——

SHEPHERD.

A dizen pun',—and twa thirds o' them abune't. Athegither a ton. If you are gaun to use the lang bow, sir, pu' the string to your lug, never fear the yew crackin', and send the grey-guse-feathered arrow first wi' a lang whiz, and then wi' a short thud, right intill the bull's ee, at ten score, to the astonishment o' the ghost o' Robin Hood, Little John, Adam Bell, Clym o' the Clough, and William o' Cloudelee.

NORTH.

My poor dear old friend, M'Neil of Hayfield—God rest his soul—it is in heaven—at ninety as lifeful as a boy at nineteen—held up his hands in wonder as under a shady tree I laid the hundred and thirty yellow Shiners on the bank at his feet. Major Mackay,

“A lambkin in peace, and a lion in war,”

acknowledged me as a formidable rival now in angling as in leaping of yore. Auchlian, God bless him, the warm-hearted and the hospitable—long may he live and be happy, among the loving and beloved—from that day began to respect the Lowlanders. And poor Stevenson, mild and brave—a captain in the navy, James—now no more—with his own hands wreathed round my forehead a diadem of heather-bells, and called me King of the Anglers.

SHEPHERD.

Poo! That was nae day's fishin' ava, man, in comparison to ane o' mine on St Mary's Loch. To say naething about the countless sma' anes, twa hunder about half a pun, ae hunder about a hail pun, fifty about twa pun, five-and-twenty about fowre pun, and the lave rinnin' frae half a stane up to a stane and a half, except about half a dizen, aboon a' wecht, that put Geordie Gudefallow and Huntly Gordon to their mettle to carry them pechin' to Mont-Benger on a haun barrow.

NORTH.

Well done, Ulysses.

SHEPHERD.

Anither day, in the Megget, I caught a cart-fu'. As it gaed down the road, the kintra-folk thocht it was a cart-fu' o' herrins—for they were a' preceesly o' ae size to an unce—and though we left twa dizen at this house

—and four dizzen at that house—and a gross at Henderland—on coontin' them at hame in the kitchen, Leezy made them out forty dizzen, and Girzzy fourty-twa, aught; sae a dispute haen arisen, and o' coorse a bett, we took the census ower again, and may these be the last words I sall ever speak, gin they didna turn out to be Fourty-Five!

NORTH.

The heaviest Fish I ever killed was in the river Awe—ninety pound neat. I hooked him on a Saturday afternoon—and had small hopes of killing him—as I never break the Sabbath. But I am convinced that, within the hour, he came to know that he was in the hands of Christopher North—and his courage died. I gave him the but so cruelly, that in two hours he began to wallop; and at the end of three he lay dead at my feet, just as

“The star of Jove, so beautiful and large,”

tipped the crest of Cruachan.

SHEPHERD.

Hoo lang?

NORTH.

So beautifully proportioned, that, like that of St Peter's or St Paul's, you did not feel his mighty magnitude till after long contemplation. Then you indeed knew that he was a sublime Fish, and could not choose but smile at the idea of any other salmon.

TICKLER.

Mr De Quincey, now that these two old fools have got upon angling——

SHEPHERD.

Twa auld fules! You great, starin', Saracen-headed Langshanks! If it werena for bringin' Mr North intill trouble, by haen a dead man fund with in his premises, deel tak me gin I wudna fractur' your skull wi' ane o' the cut-crystals!

[MR NORTH touches the spring, and the Bower is in darkness.

TICKLER.

But such a chief I spy not through the host—
De Quincey, North, and Shepherd, all are lost
In general darkness. Lord of earth and air!
Oh, King! Oh, Father! hear my humble prayer:
Dispel this cloud, the light of heaven restore;
Give me to see, and Tickler asks no more.
If I must perish—I thy will obey,
But let me perish in the face of day!

SHEPHERD.

Haw! haw! haw! The speech o' Awjax, in Pop's Homer.

NORTH.

Gentlemen, let us go to supper in the Lodge.

[*Omnes surgunt.*

SHEPHERD.

What'n a sky!

NORTH.

“Then glow'd the firmament
With living sapphires. Hesperus, who led
The starry host, shone brightest—till the Moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length,
Apparent Queen! unveil'd her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.”

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APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

February, 1830.

Local Rank	Col. Houston, of the E. I. Comp. Serv. to be Colonel in the Army, whilst holding the appointment of Lt. Gov. of the Seminary at Addiscombe.	50 F.	Capt. Des Voeux, from h. p. Capt. vice Fry, exch. rec. diff.	27 Feb
1 Dr. Gds.	Cor. Grant, Lt. by purch. vice Thomson, ret.	53	E. Inge, Ens. by purch. vice Delme, prom.	7 Jan. 1830
	Ens. Todd, from 72 F. Cor. by purch. vice Grant, prom.	54	Ens. Brown, Lt. by purch. vice Tincombe, ret.	31 Dec. 1829
4	Lt. Penleaze, Cap. by purch. vice Stamer, ret.	55	H. Neville, Ens.	do.
	Cor. Mayow, Lt.	57	Capt. Bird, from h. p. Capt. vice Ficklin, exch. rec. diff.	26 Feb. 1830
6 Dr.	— Pix, from h. p. Cape Cav. Cor. do.	59	Ens. Butler, from h. p. Ens. vice Graham, 59 F.	12 Feb. 1830
	Capt. Greswolde, Maj. by purch. vice Warrant, ret.	62	Ens. Hartford, Lt. vice Lukis, Paym. 3 F.	24 Dec. 1829
	Lt. Mackay, Capt.	63	— Graham, from 57 F. Ens.	do.
	Cor. Hon. H. Cole, Lt.	66	Lt. Buchannan, from h. p. York Rang.	do.
7	W. Scott, Cor.	71	Lt. vice Kirkaldy, 24 F. 12 Feb. 1830	do.
11	Cor. Symons, from h. p. 6 Dr. Gds. Cor. pay. diff.	72	G. B. Pratt, Ens. vice Reynolds, 17 F.	31 Dec. 1829
16	E. F. Cherry, Vet. Surg. vice Gauley, dead	75	Ens. Armstrong, Lt. by purch. vice Kerr, ret.	26 Feb. 1830
Gr. Gds.	G. Grofton, Cor. by purch. vice Blake-locke, ret.	81	J. Parker, Ens.	do.
	Maj. and Col. Woodford, Lt. Col. by purch. vice Hon. H. G. P. Townshend, h. p. rec. diff.	82	Lt. L'Estrange, Capt. by purch. vice Upjohn, ret.	7 Jan. 1830
	Capt. and Lieut. Col. D'Oyly, Maj. and Col.	83	Ens. Myers, Lt.	do.
1 F.	Lt. Col. Ferguson, from h. p. Capt. and Lt. Col.	92	Ens. Robertson, from 17 F. Ens. vice Sheppard, 41 F.	2 Feb.
6	Assist. Surg. Dickson, from 30 F. Ass. Surg. vice M'Andrew, 14 F.	97	S. Fisher, Ens. by purch. vice Todd, 1 Dr. Gds.	26 do.
7	Hosp. Assist. Murtagh, M.D. Assist. Surg. vice Campbell, dead	99	Ens. Saunders, Lt. by purch. vice Davison, ret.	12 do.
8	Lt. Morshead, Capt. by purch. vice Gage, ret.	101	Ens. and Adj. Boys, Lt.	13 do.
14	Ens. Glover, from 82 F. Lt.	102	W. R. Halliday, Ens.	12 do.
15	Staff Surg. Cardiff, M.D. from h. p. Surg. vice Mostyn, 47 F.	103	Lt. Graham, Capt. by purch. vice Daniell, ret.	25 do.
17	E. Senior, Ens. by purch. vice Goode, ret.	104	Ens. Jardine, Lt.	do.
22	Gent. Cad. J. A. Cole, from R. Mil. Coll. Ens. vice Campbell, 22 F. 14 do.	105	J. Ryle, Ens.	do.
23	Ens. Reynolds, from 65 F. Ens. vice Campbell, 42 F.	106	Lt. Butler, Capt. by purch. vice Fraser, ret.	2 do.
24	R. Campbell, Ens. by purch. vice Robertson, 71 F.	107	Ens. Lance, Lt.	do.
25	J. Erskine, Ens. by purch. vice Campbell, 32 F.	108	G. Gordon, Ens.	do.
26	Ens. Campbell, from 15 F. Lt. vice Mylne, dead	109	C. Humfrey, Ens. by purch. vice Symons, ret.	12 do.
27	Ld. H. Beauclerk, 2d Lt. by purch. vice Lawrence, prom.	110	J. Brash, Ens. by purch. vice Glover, 7 F.	26 do.
28	Lt. Kirkaldy, from 62 F. Lt. vice Grant, prom.	111	Ens. Watson, Lt. vice Ball, dead	14 Jan.
29	Gent. Cad. J. T. Airey, from R. Mil. Coll. Ens. vice Cochrane, can. 11 do.	112	Gent. Cad. G. Grey, from R. Mil. Coll. Ens.	do.
30	Ens. Campbell, from 17 F. Ens. vice Payne, dead	113	Ens. Ormsby, Lt. by purch. vice Rollo, ret.	12 Feb.
31	Ens. Corrigan, from h. p. 3 F. Ens. vice Willock, can.	114	H. B. Drummond, Ens.	do.
32	Ens. Sheppard, from 71 F. Lt. by purch. vice Glasgow, ret.	115	G. R. Cummin, Ens. by purch. vice Gillow, can.	7 Jan.
33	— Campbell, from 17 F. Ens. vice Campbell, prom.	116	1 W. I. R. Ens. Russell, Lt. vice Thoreau, dead	18 do.
34	Lt. Codd, from h. p. Lt. vice Lowther, ret.	117	S. Hodson, Ens.	do.
35	Ens. Campbell, Lt. by purch. vice Tupper, ret.	118	Lt. Stanley, from h. p. R. Af. Corps, Lt. vice Buchannan, can.	12 Feb.
36	R. W. Johnson, Ens.	119		
37	Lt. French, Capt. vice Otway, dead	120		
38	Surg. Austyn, from 8 F. Surg. vice Millar, h. p.	121		
39	Capt. Greville, from h. p. 2 W. I. R. Capt. pay. diff. vice Fothergill, 50 F.	122		
40		123		
41	Capt. Ormond, Maj. vice Lamont, dead	124		
42	Lt. Otter, Capt.	125		
43	Ens. Parker, Lt.	126		
44	Gent. Cad. W. P. K. Browne, from R. Mil. Coll. Ens.	127		
45	Capt. Fothergill, from 48 F. Capt. vice Powell, h. p. 2 W. I. R.	128		
46		129		
47		130		
48		131		
49		132		
50		133		

Ordnance Department.

R. Art.	2d Lt. Robertson, Adj. vice Ord, dead	23 May 1829
	2d Capt. Romer, Capt. vice Taylor, dead	3 Jan. 1830
	Capt. Clarke, from Unatt. h. p. 2d Capt.	do.
	1st Lt. Trotter, 2d Capt.	do.
	2d Lt. P. S. Campbell, 1st Lt.	do.

Medical Department.

Staff Surg. Melin, from h. p. Surg. to Forces, vice Griffin, h. p. 14 Jan. 1830

Unattached.

2d Lt. Lawrence, from 23 F. by purch.	12 Feb. 1830
Lt. Lord C. Wellesley, from Horse Gds. Capt. by purch.	26 do.

Exchanges.

Capt. Marryat, 12 Dr. rec. diff. with Capt. Burne, h. p.

Capt. Cowell, 6 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Galloway, h. p. 71 F.
 — Connor, 71 F. rec. diff. with Capt Upjohn, h. p. 2 W. I. R.
 — Montagu, 80 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Stephen, h. p.
 — Considine, 34 F. with Capt. Deeds, 52 F.
 Lieut. Taylor, 9 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Chichester, h. p.
 — Vandeleur, 12 F. with Lieut. Lechmere, h. p.
 — Cobbold, 37 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Whalley, h. p.
 — Creaghe, 58 F. with Lieut. Boyes, h. p. 71 F.
 — Wells, 9 F. with Lieut. Jackson, 25 F.
 2d Lieut. Mac Mahon, 57 F. with Cor. Cunyng-hame, h. p. Cape Cav.

Garrison.

Lt.-Gen. Sir W. Hutchinson, Gov. of Carrickfergus, vice Gen. Moncrieffie, dead
 12 Feb. 1830

Retirements.

Major.
 Warrahnd, 6 Dr.
Captains.
 Stamer, 4 Dr. Gds.
 Jones, h. p. 6 F.
 Upjohn, 71 F.
 Fraser, 79 F.
Lieutenants.
 Thomson, 1 Dr. Gds.
 Glasgow, 41 F.
 Lowther, 44 F.
 Tupper, 45 F.
 Tincombe, 54 F.
 Buchanan, h. p. 69 F.
 Davidson, 75 F.
 Rollo, 92 F.
 Romney, h. p. 6 W. I. R.
Cornet and Ensigns.
 Blakelocke, 16 Dr.
 Goode, 14 F.
 Symons, 81 F.
 Kerr, h. p. Can. Fenc.
Apothecary.
 Gylby, h. p. Staff.

Cancelled.

Lieutenant.
 Stanley, h. p. Afr. Corps.
Ensign.
 Gillow, 97 F.
Assistant Surgeon.
 Fitz Patrick, 24 F.

Deaths.

Generals.
 Calcraft, from Coldst. Gds.
 Moncrieff Gov. of Carrickfergus
 Sir J. C. Sherbrooke, G.C.B. 35 F.
 Jan. 30

Lieut.-General.
 J. Burton, from Roy. Art. East Cowes 15 Feb. 30
Major-Generals.
 D. Stewart, from 96 F. Gov. of St Lucia, St Lucia Dec. 29
 J. P. Coffin, Bath 10 Oct.
Colonel.
 Cook, h. p. I. F. O. of a Rec. Dist. Rouen 3 Dec. 29
Lieut.-Colonel.
 Durnford, Roy. Art. Jamaica 9 Dec. 29
Captains.
 Otway, 46 F.
 Bibby, h. p. 7 F. New York 17 Nov. 29
 Farr, h. p. 28 F. Healing, Lincoln 25 Dec.
 Thomson, h. p. 32 F. Newry 29 Jan. 30
 Kirchberger, h. p. Watteville's Regt. Berne 24 Nov. 29
 Craig, h. p. York Rang. Bath 51 Jan. 30
Lieutenants.
 Thoreau, 1 W. I. R. Trinidad 17 Dec. 29
 King, late 2 R. Vet. Bat. 22 Jan. 30
 M'Lennan, late 6 do. Edinburgh 19 do.
 Hinckes, late 7 do. Guernsey 8 do.
 Sherlock, h. p. 20 F. Fort Clarence, Chatham 6 Feb.

Ensigns.

Payne, 32 F.
 Northey, 95 F. Malta 20 Dec. 29
 Gordon, late 10 Royal Vet. Bn. 27 Jan. 30
Paymasters.
 Macdonald, 25 F. Gibraltar 9 Jan. 30
 Crossgrove, h. p. 76 F. Boulogne 1 Dec. 29
 Mackenzie, h. p. 4 Vet. Bn. Fort Clarence, Chatham 20 Feb. 30
 Stott, late 4 Vet. Bn. Quebec 29 Nov. 29
Adjutant.
 F. Campbell, Argyll and Bute Militia 31 Oct. 29
Quarter-Masters.
 Henery, h. p. 6 Dr. Gds. 31 Jan. 30
 O'Neill, h. p. 107 F. Nanaghmore, Ireland 5 do.
Assistant Surgeons.
 Campbell, 6 F. at sea 22 Sept. 29
 Casement, 31 F. do. (on board the Athalia) 5 Nov.
 Blackadder, h. p. Staff 13 Jan. 30
 Schmersahl, h. p. Art. Ger. Leg. Hanover 12 Oct. 29
Hospital Assistant.
 De Heaume, h. p. Staff, Jersey 20 Jan. 30

The undermentioned Cadets of the Honourable the East India Company's Service to have Temporary Rank as Ensigns during the period of their being placed under the Command of Lieutenant-Colonel Pasley of the Royal Engineers, at Chatham, for Field Instructions in the Art of Sapping and Mining.

Genl. Cadet W. Douglas 18 Feb. 1830
 — W. S. Jacob do.
 — L. Hill do.
 — H. Siddons do.
 — W. H. Horsley do.
 — C. W. Tremehere do.
 — F. Wemyss do.

March.

Brevet Capt. Gallway, 6 F. Maj. in the Army 12 Aug. 1829
 LifeGds. Lt. Bulkeley, Capt. by purch. vice Pilkington, ret. 29 Jan. 1830
 Cor. and Sub-Lt. Roche, Lt. do.
 P. Blackburn, Cor. and Sub-Lt. do.
 R. H. Gds. Cor. G. A. F. Visc. Fordwich, Lt. by purch. vice Lord C. Wellesley, prom. 27 F. do.
 J. M. M. Grieve, Cor. by purch. vice Gascoigne, ret. 16 do.
 Hon. H. Pitt, Cor. by purch. vice Visc. Fordwich 27 do.
 Lt. Cosby, Adj. vice Shelley, res. Adj. only 16 do.
 1 Dr. Gds. Ens. Todd, from 72 F. Cor. by purch. vice Grant, prom. 26 do.
 4 Dr. Cor. Ellis, Lt. by purch. vice Ainslie, prom. 16 Mar.

Coldst. Gds. Ens. and Lt. Graham, Lt. and Capt. by purch. vice Lord Graves, ret. do.
 3 F. Ens. Johnstone, Lt. vice Robbins, h. p. as Ens. 18 F. do.
 — Cameron, Lt. by purch. vice Kenyon, ret. 17 do.
 — Ward, from h. p. 18 F. Ens. vice Johnstone 16 do.
 G. Lonsdale, Ens. by purch. vice Cameron 17 do.
 13 Lt. Bolton, from h. p. Lt. vice Moorhouse, 56 F. 16 Mar.
 17 Lt. Ball, from h. p. 71 F. Lt. vice Allez, 53 F. do.
 20 Lt. Berquer, from h. p. Lt. vice Palmer, cane. 16 Mar.
 33 Gen. Lord C. H. Somerset, from 1 W. I. R. Col. vice Sir J. C. Sherbrook, dead 22 do.

48 F. Bt. Maj. Agnew, from h. p. Malta Regt.
Capt. vice Greville, ret. 16 Mar. 1830

53 Lt. Allez, from 17 Lt. vice Binstead, h.
p. 71 F. do.

56 Lt. Moorhouse, from 13 F. Lt. vice
Humfrey, h. p. do.

75 Capt. Hammond, Maj. by purch. vice
Browne, prom. 26 Feb.
Lt. King, Capt. do.
Ens. Suttton, Lt. do.
G. Collier, Ens. do.

85 Lt. Colquhoun, Capt. by purch. vice
Nice, ret. 16 Mar.
Ens. Blakeney, Lt. do.
Ens. Pringle, from 92 F. Ens. do.

92 R. Cross, Ens. by purch. vice Pringle,
85 F. do.

95 J. J. Whitting, Ens. vice Northey, dead
do.

Rifle Brig. Lt. Lawrence, from 1 F. Lt. vice Whyte,
h. p. 1 F. 17 do.

1 W. I. R. M. Gen. Str P. Maitland, K.C.B. Col.
vice Gen. Lord C. H. Somerset, 53 F.
22 Feb.
Capt. Ashe, from h. p. 39 F. Capt. vice
Wemyss, ret. 16 Mar.

Ordnance Department.

R. Art. Capt. and Bt. Maj. Story, Lt. Col. vice
Durnford, dead 10 Dec. 1829
2d Capt. Molesworth, Capt. 20 Jan. 1830
Furneaux, from Unatt. h. p. 2d
Capt. do.

R. Eng. Capt. Thomson, Lt. Col. vice Figg,
dead 26 Dec. 1829
2d Capt. Kelsall, Capt. do.
1st Lt. Tait, 2d Capt. 16 Feb. 1830
2d Lt. Chaytor, 1st Lt. do.
1st Lt. Vicars, 2d Capt. vice Cooper,
ret. 15 do.
2d Lt. Aldrich, 1st Lt. do.

Unattached.

Maj. Browne, from 75 F. Lt. Col. by
purch. 16 Mar. 1829
Lt. Ainslie, from 4 Dr. Capt. by purch.
do.
— Weston, from 4 Dr. Capt. by
purch. do.

Exchanges.

Capt. Cuthbert, 2 Life Gds. rec. diff. with Capt.
Pilkington, h. p.
Lieut. Segrave, 6 Dr. rec. diff. with Lieut. G.
Vandeleur, h. p.
— Burrow, 1 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Law-
rence, h. p.
— Saumarez, 5 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Poore,
h. p.
— Fitz Gerald, rec. diff. with Lieut. Web-
ster, h. p. 31 F.

Retirements.

Lieut.-Colonel.

Smart, R. Eng.
Captains.
Pilkington, 2 Life Gds.
Greville, 48 F.
Mee, 85 F.
Wemyss, 1 W. I. R.

Retirements, &c. Cornets and Ensigns.

Mahon, h. p. R. Wagg. Train
M'Bean, h. p. 84 F.
Bulwer, h. p. Unatt.
Assistant Surgeon.
Stewart, h. p. 12 F.

Deaths.

Generals.
Sir H. Dalrymple, Col. of 57 F. Governor of Black-
ness Castle 9 Apr. 1830
Mann, Roy. Eng. Insp. Gen. of Fortifications,
Lewisham 27 Mar.

Gage, 7 F.
Daniell, 75 F.

Lieutenants.

Lord Graves, Coldst. Gds.
Cameron, 3 F.
Kerr, 66 F.
Simpson, h. p. 25 F.
Ray, h. p. 45 F.
Bowen, h. p. 103 F.
Bruce, h. p. Rifle Brig.
Ross, h. p. Cav. Staff Corps
Shenley, h. p. Unatt.
Cornets, 2d Lieutenant, and Ensigns.
Gascoigne, R. Horse Gds.
Stanley, h. p. 87 F.
Armstrong, h. p. 104 F.
MacMahon, h. p. Cape Regt.
Surgeon.

Hilson, Staff.

Assistant Surgeon:

Fitz Patrick, h. p. 51 F.

Hospital Assistant.

Balmain, h. p.

Cancelled.

Lieut. Palmer, 20 F.
Ensign Cochrane, 50 F.
Willocks, 39 F.

Deaths.

Lieut. General.

Cookson, from R. Art. Devon 18 Mar. 30

Colonels.

Duncan, E. I. Comp. Service, London 14 Mar. 30
Madan, h. p. Independents

Lieut.-Colonel.

Figg, R. Eng. Montreal, Upper Canada 25 Dec. 29

Captains.

Lintott, 13 F. Dinapore, Bengal 9 Aug. 29
Douglas, late 3 Royal Vet. Bn. Sierra Leone (as
Barrack Master) 17 Nov.

Chisholm, h. p. 12 F. Inverness 9 Sept.

Shaw, h. p. 5 W. I. R. 30 Jan. 30

Duke, h. p. Unatt. 14 Feb.

Gesenius, h. p. R. Art. Ger. Leg. Hanover
Lieutenants.
Vallancey, 31 F. on the Ganges, below Cawn-
pore 2 Sept. 29
M'Intosh, late 9 Roy. Vet. Bn. 22 Feb. 30

Spence, h. p. 5 Dr. Gds. 4 Mar. 30

J. Smith, h. p. 45 F. 22 Jan. 30

Hannaghar, h. p. 47 F. 22 Jan. 30

Gordon, h. p. 92 F. Edinburgh 4 do.

Edwards, h. p. 5 Gar. Bn. 22 F. 13 Mar.

Ritterholm, h. p. Bruns. Inf. Brunswick 4 do.

De Ilten, h. p. 1 Huss. Ger. Leg. Harburgh 3 Nov. 29

2d Lieutenant and Ensigns.

Robeson, R. African Corps, at Sea 10 Feb. 30

Cromie, Royal Eng. Kingston, Upper Canada 15 Jan.

Sloane, late 10 Royal Vet. Bn. 13 Mar.

Dep. Inspector of Hospitals. 1 Mar. 30

Downing, h. p.

Surgeon.

Gunter, h. p. 4 Line Ger. Leg. Nieuburg,
Hanover 10 Jan. 30

Assistant Surgeon.

Coleman, 40 F. Hobart's Town, Van Diemen's
Land 1 July, 29

April.

Lieut.-General.

Fletcher, late of 6 Dr. Fishergate 12 Jan. 30

Colonel.

Str W. Parker, Bdr. W. Suffolk Mil. Bury St
Edmunds 21 Apr. 30

Lieut.-Colonel.

Stanhope, h. p. 56 F. Farnham 6 Apr. 30

Majors.

Gregory, h. p. 1 Gn. Bn. 8 Mar. 3

Kuhlman, h. p. Roy. Art. Ger. Leg. 19 do.

Captains.

Brodrick, 29 F. Cape of Good Hope Jan. 30

Campbell, 83 F. Glasgow 23 Apr.

Barlow, h. p. Roy. Art. Woolwich 7 do.

Croasdale, h. p. 5 F. Ozierbrook near Frankfort	11 do. 30
Robertson, h. p. 54 F. near Perth	20 Mar.
Gregory, h. p. 5 Gn. Bu.	Mar.
<i>Lieutenants.</i>	
Moses, 57 F. Omagh, Ireland	7 Mar. 50
Dawson, Roy. Art. Leith Fort	10 Apr.
Davie, late of Sapp. and Min. Woolwich	22 Mar.
Stanford, late 3 Roy. Vet. Bn. Jersey	50 do.
Rose, h. p. R. Wagg. Train, Mangalore	28 May, 27
Browne, do.	20 Mar. 30
Burns, h. p. 8 F.	22 Jan.
Hendly, h. p. 17 F.	12 Apr.
Else, h. p. 55 F. Newark	8 do.
Waldron, h. p. 56 F. Trowbridge	15 do.
Schaffe, h. p. Bruns. Cav. 24 F.	
<i>Ensigns.</i>	
Cathrow, 1 F. Bangalore	26 Oct. 29
Marson, h. p. 15 F.	Feb. 30
Duff, late 5 Vet. Bn. Elgin	10 Mar.
<i>Paymasters.</i>	
Heazle, 55 F. Spanish Town, Jamaica	6 Mar. 30
Dudden, h. p. 32 F. Omagh, Ireland	23 Mar. 30
Kerr, h. p. 62 F.	5 Feb.

<i>Quarter Masters.</i>	
Morrison, late 7 Vet. Bn.	14 Mar. 30
Thompson, h. p. 6 Dr. Gds.	8 Apr.
Dawson, h. p. 19 Dr.	4 do.
Bradbury, h. p. Pem. Fen. Cav.	9 do.
Armbrecht, h. p. 5 Line Bn. Ger. Leg.	15 Mar.
<i>Assist. Commissary Gen.</i>	
Ermatinger, h. p.	5 Feb. 30
<i>Dep. Assist. Commissary Gen.</i>	
Nugent, h. p. Pau	19 Dec. 29
<i>Surgeons.</i>	
Farnan, 54 F. Mullingar	13 Apr. 30
Panting, h. p. Staff, Wellington, Shropshire	28 Mar.
Wetzig, h. p. 1 Line Bat. Ger. Leg. Hildesheim	6 Feb.
<i>Assistant Surgeons.</i>	
Finlayson, h. p. 99 F.	Apr. 29
Nelson, h. p. Staff	25 Mar. 30
<i>Apothecaries.</i>	
Burman, Kingston, Jamaica	28 Feb. 30
Constable, h. p. Prior Park, near Clonmell	24 Dec. 29

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF ENGLISH BANKRUPTCIES, announced from the 23d of Feb. to the 22d of April, 1830, extracted from the London Gazette.

Atkinson, H. Doncaster, druggist.	Dicken, T. and E. Bromby, Drayton-in-Hales, bankers.
Arnold, W. J. Great Tower-street, wine-broker.	East, S. Lavenham, innkeeper.
Armstrong, W. Birkenhead, draper.	Edwards, B. Yeovil, carrier.
Armitage, G. Almondbury, woollen-cloth-manufacturer.	Evans, D. Lanwennog, grocer.
Atlee, J. Liverpool, merchant.	Evans, J. Manchester, timber-merchant.
Adlington, J. Chesterfield, mercer.	Flutter, T. Henrietta-street, linen-draper.
Bryant, E. South Bank, Regent's Park, surgeon.	Friedabergh, M. Paternoster-row, medicine-vender.
Bristow, W. Horstead, builder.	Foster, E. Blackroad, Lancashire, shoemaker.
Baker, J. Birmingham, grocer.	Fancourt, J. Marshall-street, victualler.
Bowling, T. Gunthorp, and M. Bowling, Kent-street, Southwark, merchants.	Field, T. Blackfriars-road, flour-factor.
Bagnall, T. Westwell, baker.	Fox, J. Margate, merchant.
Barron, P. Preston, money-scriver.	Fourdrinier, C. J. Lostock Gralam, chemist.
Bell, J. W. Pinner's Hall, merchant.	Flinn, J. Hoxton, commission-agent.
Brown, T. Prince's-place, Commercial-road, draper.	Gibbons, D. and G. Christopher, jun. Bristol, millers.
Binney, T. Wakefield, Binney, R. and Binner, M., Morton, corn-factors.	Green, B. Field-end, York, miller.
Burden, T. Gloucester, grocer.	Gonzalez, F. Cophall-court, merchant.
Barret, J. C. Northampton, corn-factor.	Gough, W. Windsor, coach-maker.
Buckley, J. B. Manchester, and C. Nunn, Old Change, gingham-manufacturers.	Gelson, G. Blackfriar's-road, timber-merchant.
Berguer, L. T. and E. Blaquiére, Pickett-street, printers.	Guerrier, S. Pentonville, bookseller.
Bilton, H. Woolwich, druggist.	Garlick, J. Balsall, flour-dealer.
Brownell, J. Reading and Oxford-street, straw-hat manufacturer.	Gooch, T. Crawford-street, linen-draper.
Baster, C. Abingdon, money-scriver.	Goulden, J. Hackney-road, carpenter.
Blake, R. St Mawes, twine-manufacturer.	George, M. Margate, draper.
Bryer, J. Bath, grocer.	Garraway, R. Poplar, shipowner.
Blakeley, T. Bath, haberdasher.	Groves, T. Chelsea, white-lead-manufacturer.
Bristow, J. sen. Poole, spirit-dealer.	Golding, J. Walworth, bookseller.
Clacket, H. Dover, grocer.	Goodrum, T. Redenhall, bombazine-manufacturer.
Clarke, R. and J. Tucker, Blackfriar's-road, oil and colour-men.	Godson, S. jun. Coventry, grocer.
Cruikshank, W. and E. L. Whitehead, Lewis-ham, corn-dealers.	Godson, R. Southwark, grocer.
Clayton, J. Goldington, miller.	Holt, G. Walton-on-the-Hill, schoolmaster.
Crumpton, T. Shrewsbury, cordwainer.	Holt, W. Kearsley, shopkeeper.
Cattell, J. W. Huggin-lane, silk-shag-manufacturer.	Hardy, W. Kirby, Moorside, tailor.
Cunliffe, J. Rainhill, miller.	Hyams, J. P. brandy-merchant.
Coleman, C. W. Bond-street, auctioneer.	Harton, R. Hoyland, iron-master.
Chambers, J. West Kent, draper.	Hindle, R. F. Boroughbridge, innkeeper.
Calvert, J. Wrestle, cornfactor.	Howarth, J. and G. Spotland, worsted-manufacturers.
Cassel, J. Plymouth, builder.	Hyde, J. and H. New Birmingham and Gainsborough, common carriers.
Clarke, T. Dover, master-mariner.	Heighington, G. Sheffield, wine-merchant.
Cole, W. and R. K. Vorley, Suffolk-lane, hop-merchant.	Hyde, J. Manchester, cotton-manufacturer.
Clark, J. Blyth, miller.	Hibbard, J. West, West Kincaid Ferry, wood-dealer.
Corren, J. Sirand, glover.	Holmes, M. Leeds, builder.
Dandy, G. Tarlton, corn-dealer.	Hayton, J. B. and T. F. Bell, Kingston-upon-Hull, brokers.
Deans, J. B. Bath, grocer.	Hosking, V. Claines, builder.
Dawson, J. Keswick, ironmonger.	Herbert, W. Ratcliff, wine-merchant.
Dench, H. Seymour-place, upholsterer.	Holden, P. Prescott, innkeeper.
Davies, T. Glandlyar, linen-draper.	Hawke, R. Penzance, baker.
Davis, F. W. New Windsor, silk-mercier.	Holland, J. Upper Thornhaugh-street, cheese-monger.
Davies, O. Maentwrog, innkeeper.	Heatley, J. Manchester, corn-dealer.
Dangerfield, W. Cheltenham, victualler.	Hutson, H. Spilsby, tailor.
	Harvey, W. Bearfield, cattle-salesman.
	Harrison, J. Blyton, brick-maker.

Hodgens, W. Newgate-street, glass-dealer.
 Haraden, J. R. Canbridge, upholsterer.
 Howard, J. Warrington, sail-canvas-maker.
 Huskisson, W. Hagger-ton, chemist.
 Hussey, T. High Holborn, hat-manufacturer.
 Hatton, T. sen. Ashby-de-la-Zouch, plumber.
 Isaacs, L. and J. Manchester, furriers.
 Isherwood, J. Bolton, victualler.
 Ireland, T. Manchester, dyer.
 Jones, E. Liverpool, victualler.
 Johnson, H. Trowell, coal-dealer.
 Jenner, J. Lindfield, wine-merchant.
 Johnson, O. T. Huddersfield, wool-stapler.
 Jackson, T. Walworth, master-mariner.
 Jacobs, L. Chelsea, broker.
 James, I. Merthyr Tydvil, victualler.
 Jenkins, H. Tunbridge Wells, grocer.
 Johnson, J. N. Liverpool, colour-manufacturer.
 Jones, G. Tenterden-street, livery-stable-keeper.
 Jones, W. C. Shrewsbury, mercer.
 Johnson, T. Leeds, victualler.
 Joseph, N. Minories, tailor and draper.
 Kay, H. Leeds, victualler.
 Kirkhous, T. Merthyr Tydvil, grocer.
 Kennedy, T. Keswick, woollen-manufacturer.
 Kirk, B. Leeds, victualler.
 Lawson, W. J. Lombard-street, bill-broker.
 Lloyd, H. George-street, jeweller.
 Lees, I. Oldham, cotton-spinner.
 Lees, J. Newton-moor, cotton-spinner.
 Lonsdale, J. and A. Manchester, silk-warehousemen.
 Lauriere, J. St James's-street, jeweller.
 Lade, J. S. Maidstone, cornfactor.
 Lilley, J. Tibberton, corn-dealer.
 Lloyd, D. Brecon, tanner.
 Morris, G. jun. Norwich, slater.
 Moulton, W. Warwick, grocer.
 Moulton, T. Warwick, grocer.
 Mortlock, J. Bury St Edmund's, innkeeper.
 Mellor, J. Almondbury, dyer.
 Mulloony, J. Bristol, merchant.
 Morris, E. Wrexham, tower.
 Martin, W. Bath-street, cordwainer.
 Maccornack, Pontefract, tea-dealer.
 Miller, T. Tottenham-court-road, stable-keeper.
 McDonald, C. Liverpool, surgeon.
 Nathan, I. and B. Nathan, Westminster-road, music-sellers.
 Nash, E. Clerkenwell, jeweller.
 Nicholson, E. Great Titchfield-street, milliner.
 Pope, J. Great Yarmouth, cabinet-maker.
 Pereival, W. Eastgate, Lincoln, farmer.
 Paulin, H. Berwick, innkeeper.
 Pearce, W. Bodmin, chemist.
 Pettifer, H. High Holborn, cheesemonger.
 Pocock, G. A. Dartford, printer.
 Polti, L. Bristol, carver.
 Pequeur, L. Paddington-street, upholsterer.
 Perkins, C. Worthing, coach-proprietor.
 Pratt, H. C. Norwich, linen-draper.
 Pequeur, L. and L. jun. and W. Paddington-street, mattress makers.
 Phillips, T. Strand, linen-draper.
 Parkinson, T. jun. Liverpool, brewer.
 Prince, W. Sunningwell, lime-burner.
 Potter, G. and W. Bishop, Blackman-street, victualler.
 Partridge, S. Birmingham, grocer.
 Rayne, J. and C. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, seed-crushers.
 Roobard, J. Kensington-gravel-pits, brewer.
 Rendell, E. P. West Coker, sail-cloth-manufacturer.
 Robins, T. St John's-square, silversmith.
 Reid, W. Ball-alley, watch-maker.
 Rose, J. Old Jewry, auctioneer.
 Roberts, C. Leeds, clock-maker.
 Raven, G. Greville-street and Sidmouth-street, apothecary.
 Ryan, T. T. Hoxton, merchant, late of New York.
 Robson, W. and G. Gray, Gateshead, ship-builders.
 Robinson, T. Wigton, saddler.
 Richmond, W. Gutter-lane, factor.
 Ramon, H. de, (formerly of Paris) London, merchant.
 Randal, T. Halifax, ironfounder.
 Ridgway, R. Manchester, brewer.
 Ridley, W. Gateshead, dealer in marine stores.
 Rose, R. Coventry, grocer.
 Rogers, J. Knightsbridge, victualler.
 Smith, T. Bride-lane and Lambeth, wine-merchant.
 Smith, H. T. and J. York, drapers.
 Sutton, P. Clement's-inn, money-scrivener.
 Shephard, J. Beaumont-mews, corn-dealer.
 Sampson, P. S. Brighton, bookseller.
 Simon, J. Regent-street, hosier.
 Steel, J. Southwark-bridge-road, builder.
 Smith, E. Nottingham, baker.
 Somerfield, P. Walsall, victualler.
 Sweet, G. Upplowman, maltster.
 Sambruck, M. Fishguard, draper.
 Sherrin, T. Street, innholder.
 Skyrme, A. J. Hereford, tanner.
 Snipson, H. Warmfield-cum-heath, boarding-house-keeper.
 Salmon, J. Banbury, miller.
 Sharp, W. Ramsey, paper-manufacturer.
 Sampey, S., M. Feild, and E. Feild, New Bond-street, milliners.
 Stodart, G. Somer's-town-terrace, master-mariner.
 Thompson, W. Rochester, glass-dealer.
 Thredder, H. V. jun. Barking, smack-owner.
 Thom, G. and T. Livingston, Cheapside, biscuit-bakers.
 Thompson, C. Earl-street, bookbinder.
 Tye, J. Chalford, draper.
 Timbrell, W. Goswell-street, corn-dealer.
 Thornes, T. Stroud, fishmonger, fruiterer, and sheriff's-officer.
 Underwood, W. Coventry, grocer.
 Vick, N. Pimlico, coal-merchant.
 Wagner, J. Piccadilly, tailor.
 White, J. Taunton, upholsterer.
 Westlake, G. Great James'-street, boarding-house-keeper.
 Walker, W. Drury-lane, looking-glass-manufacturer.
 Wallace, W. Workington, shipwright.
 Wilde, W. Oldham, cotton-spinner.
 Wilkinson, T. Audenshaw, gingham-manufacturer.
 Woodward, C. Manchester, innholder.
 Wainwright, M. and W. Wainwright, Leeds, woollen-cloth manufacturers.
 Ward, W. Coventry, ribbon-manufacturer.
 Wood, J. E. Shrewsbury, tanner.
 Wainwright, M. and W. and J. Johnson, Cateaton-street, woollen-warehousemen.
 Wilkinson, R. Epworth, woollen-draper.
 Willett, C. Brandon, linen-draper.
 Whittaker, M. Esholt, York, worsted-stuff-manufacturer.
 Winch, J. Kingsland-road, victualler.
 Wilkins, T. Warrington, tailor.
 Whitby, J. Weasenham, St Peter, grocer.
 Wood, F. C. Leeds, shoemaker.
 Wiley, F. Sheffield, mercer.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF SCOTCH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 1st February and 31st April, 1830, extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

Aitchison, Robert, merchant, Edinburgh.
 Bathgate, William, grocer and spirit-dealer, James' Square, Edinburgh.
 Budge, David, innkeeper, Dundee.
 Cochran, John, junior, grain merchant, Glasgow.
 Cockburn and Hardie, tinsmiths in Edinburgh, and Cockburn, Robert, hatter and tinsmith, and Hardie Roddam, tinsmith there, as individuals.

Campbell, Robert, saddler, merchant, and feuar, Lochgilphead.
 Ewart, George, saddler and ironmonger, Dunse.
 Fitchie, Henry Sangster, late merchant, Dundee.
 Guild, James, and Co., merchants, maltsters, and granary-keepers, Port Dundas, Glasgow; and Guild, James, merchant, maltster, and granary-keeper there, only partner, as an individual.

Gall, James, haberdasher, Dundee.
 Jenkins, Peter, bookseller and stationer, Glasgow.
 Jeffray, William, tea-merchant and accountant in Glasgow.
 Lancaster, Duncan, and Co. and Duncan, Archibald, and Co. merchants, in Glasgow, and of Lancaster, Thomas, Duncan, Archibald, and Duncan, James, the partners of said firms, as individuals.
 MacDowall, David, and Co. merchants, Glasgow, and MacDowall, David, individual partner thereof, and as individual partner of the company carrying on business under the firm of Marshall, George, merchant and cotton-mill furnisher, Glasgow.
 Mackay, James Duff, grain-dealer, merchant, and ship-owner, and also some time fish-curer and dealer in herrings, in Banff.
 Mackenzie, Alexander, sheep and cattle-dealer at Mill-bank, near Dingwall.
 MacNaught, John, and Co. merchants in Glasgow.
 Miller, Robert, bookseller and stationer, Edinburgh.
 Perry, William, merchant in Glasgow.
 Russel, Robert, ironmonger and founder, Kirkaldy.
 Rankine, Charles, some time writer and mercantile agent in Glasgow, now mercantile agent in Glasgow.
 Scot, Alexander, grocer and merchant, Dundee.
 Scott, David, jun. grocer and merchant, Dundee.

Searth, Pillans, and Co. merchants, Leith, and Searth, James, Maitland, Joseph, and Pillans, Francis Scott, all merchants there, partners, as individuals.
 Seymour, Francis, merchant, Glasgow, and manager of the theatres of Ayr, Greenock, and Kilmarnock, and an individual partner of the firm of Francis Seymour and Co. theatrical proprietors and managers, Glasgow.
 Scott, William, merchant, or grocer, at Broughty Ferry.
 Sharpe, Thomas Peat, merchant, Glasgow.
 Smith, William, merchant, East Kilbride.
 The copartnership which carried on trade as cattle-dealers and graziers at Lochend, in the parish of South Knapdale, Argyshire, under the names of Campbell, John, and of Campbell, Archibald, and of Campbell, Archibald, aforesaid, surviving partner, as an individual.
 Thom, John, mason, builder, and road contractor, Oban.
 Thomson, James, banker, Sanquhar, now or lately residing there, and formerly in Glenin.
 Thomson, John, bookseller and stationer in Edinburgh.
 Turner, James, lately innkeeper in Hamilton.
 Waugh, John, miller and victual dealer, Redhall-mills, near Edinburgh.
 Weir, William, innkeeper, Broomielaw, Glasgow.
 White, James, merchant, Banff.
 Wilson, James, grain-merchant, Renfrew.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

June 30, 1829. At Burdwan, East Indies, the lady of David Scott, Esq. jun. of the Bengal Civil Service, of a daughter.
 Sept. 6. At Poonah, the lady of James Brydon, M.D. surgeon on the Bombay establishment, of a son.
 18. At Bombay, the lady of the Hon. Sir James Dewar, of a son.
 24. At Rome, the Marchioness of Northampton, of a daughter.
 27. At Madras, the lady of Thomas Prendergast, Esq. of Hon. East India Company's Civil Service, of a daughter.
 Oct. 8. At Calcutta, the lady of C. Fleming Hunter, Esq. of a son.
 14. At Calcutta, the lady of Capt. Allan Stewart, 5d Buifs, of a daughter.
 Nov. 8. At Palaveram, Madras establishment, the lady of Major John Scott, 29th regiment of native infantry, of a daughter.
 29. At Belize, Honduras, Mrs R. J. Andrew, of a son.
 Dec. 17. At Ithaca, the lady of Major Parsons, of a daughter.
 18. At Lisbon, Mrs Robert Munro, of a son.
 Jan. 23, 1830. At Havre-de-Grace, the lady of Farquhar Jamieson, Esq. of a daughter.
 30. At Forres, the lady of John Johnston, Esq. of a son.
 Feb. 1. At Finlayston, Mrs Bontine of Ardoch, of a daughter.
 — At Papple, Mrs Robert Walker, of a son.
 2. At No. 11, Duke Street, Mrs Hardy, of a son.
 3. At No. 17, Northumberland Street, Mrs Finlay, of a son.
 5. At No. 5, East Claremont Street, Mrs Robert Strachan, of a daughter.
 6. At Hermitage Place, Leith, Mrs Harper, of a son.
 — At Ainslie Place, Mrs Snodgrass Buchanan of Cuninghamehead, of a daughter.
 7. At Ravenscroft, near Irvine, Mrs Sillar, of a son.
 — At Netherdale, the lady of James Rose Innes, Esq. younger of Netherdale, of a daughter.
 8. At Hartest Rectory, the wife of the Rev. James White, of a daughter.
 9. At Early Bank Cottage, Mrs Colonel Farquhar, of a daughter.
 — At No. 33, Howe Street, Mrs Robertson, of a son.
 — The lady of Lieut. George Fraser, R.N. of his Majesty's ship Victory, of a son.

9. The lady of Dr Sutherland, of Parliament Street, London, of a son.
 10. At No. 67, Great King Street, Mrs Lennox Blackie, of a daughter.
 12. At No. 85, George Street, Mrs Espinasse, of a daughter.
 — At No. 6, Broughton Place, Mrs Young, of a son.
 13. At No. 40, Great King Street, Mrs R. A. Souter, of a son.
 14. At Cockairny House, the lady of Lieut.-Colonel Sir Robert Mowbray, of a daughter.
 — At the Manse of Aberdour, Mrs Bryce, of a son.
 15. At Glasgow, Mrs Honeyman, of a daughter.
 16. At Boulogne-sur-Mer, the lady of Sir Alexander Ramsay of Balmain, Bart. of a daughter.
 — At No. 51, Melville Street, Mrs Alexander Blair, of a daughter.
 17. At No. 11, Archibald Place, Mrs Thomson, of a son.
 18. At Kelso, Mrs W. B. Mason, of a son.
 21. At London, the lady of Colonel MacInnes, of a son.
 — At No. 70, Great King Street, Mrs John Gardiner Kinnear, of a son.
 22. Mrs Cook, Drummond Place, of a son.
 — At No. 10, Fettes Row, Mrs Howden, of a son.
 24. At Bishops Weymouth, the lady of the Rev. Charles Grant, of a daughter.
 — At Moray Place, Mrs George Wauchope, of a son.
 25. At No. 39, London Street, Mrs Scott, of a son.
 26. At No. 4, Scotland Street, Mrs MacAllan, of a daughter.
 27. At Isauld, the lady of Captain Macdonald, R. N. of a daughter.
 — At Sir John Hay's, Bart. Atholl Crescent, Mrs Fraser, Castle Fraser, of a daughter.
 30. At Kingscote, Gloucestershire, the Right Hon. Lady Isabella Kingscote, of a son.
 March 1. At Jedburgh, Mrs Robertson, of a daughter.
 3. the lady of Robert Warden, of Parkhill, Esq. of a daughter.
 4. At No. 1, Hillside Crescent, Mrs Steuart, of a daughter.
 — At Stewartfield, Mrs Veitch, of a daughter.
 — At Cambo House, the lady of Sir David Erskine of Cambo, Bart. of a daughter.

5. At No. 48, Northumberland Street, Mrs Dalziel, of a daughter.

— At No. 28, South Castle Street, Mrs Thomson of Bonside, Linlithgowshire, of a son.

— At Melville Street, the lady of James E. Leslie, Esq. of a son.

6. At No. 4, Fyffe Place, Leith Walk, Mrs Greig, of a son.

8. At No. 50, Northumberland Street, the lady of Dr Fife, of a son.

10. At No. 4, Charlotte Street, Mrs Gillon of Wallhouse, of a daughter.

— At Auchter House, Forfarshire, the Right Hon. Lady Helen Wedderburn, of a daughter.

11. At 14, Brighton Place, Portobello, the lady of Major Hugh McGregor, of a son.

— At Almond Hill, Mrs J. Dudgeon, of a son.

12. At Greenlaw Manse, Berwickshire, Mrs Home, of a daughter.

— At Clapham Common, the lady of Mark Sprott, Esq. of Riddell, Roxburgh, of a son.

15. At Littlewood Park, the Hon. Mrs Forbes of Brux, of a son.

— At Possil, Mrs Colin Campbell, of a son.

16. At White House, the Lady Lucy Grant, of a daughter.

17. At 26, Abercromby Place, the lady of Alexander Duncan, Esq. of Canandaigua, state of New York, of a son.

18. At Durrissdeer Manse, Mrs Wallace, of a son.

— At Caen, France, Mrs Somerville MacAlester, junior, of a son.

— In Atholl Crescent, the Hon. Mrs Ramsay of Barton, of a still-born child.

19. At 50, Great King Street, Mrs Heriot of Ramornie, of a daughter.

— At 58, Albany Street, Mrs W. Ferrier, of a daughter.

— At Glasgow, Mrs Steuart of Steuathall, of a son.

20. At 25, Heriot Row, the lady of Erskine Douglas Sandford, Esq. of a daughter.

— At Kirkeudbright, the lady of Bryce Johnstone, Esq. of a son.

23. At 23, Walker Street, Mrs Davidson, of a daughter, still born.

24. At Rosemount, Leith, Mrs John Wood, of a daughter.

— At Jessfield, North Leith, Mrs Dall, of a son.

26. At Kentish Town, the lady of Captain Bryan Broughton, of a daughter.

— Mrs Eddington, West Maitland Street, of a daughter.

28. At Edinburgh, Mrs Burn Murdoch of Gartincaber, of a son.

30. At Thankerton, the lady of Captain Colin Campbell of Ardpatrik, R. N. of a daughter.

31. At 18, Hart Street, Mrs Alexander McNeill, of a daughter.

April 1. At Woolwich Common, the lady of Michael Tweedie, Esq. Royal Artillery, of a daughter.

— At 131, Prince's Street, Mrs Lee, of a son.

— At 17, Walker's Street, the lady of William Clark, Esq. of Langhaugh, Lieut. R. N. of a son.

— At Geneva, the Marchioness of Tweeddale, of a daughter.

— At 65, Laurieston Place, Mrs James Ritchie, of a son.

2. At 25, York Place, Mrs J. F. Macfarlan, of a daughter.

3. At 23, Union Place, Mrs Alexander Douglas, of a daughter.

4. At Eskhill, Roslin, Mrs Merricks, of a son, still-born.

— At Baberton House, the lady of Archibald Christie, Esq. of Baberton, of a son.

— At 3, Lynedoch Place, the lady of Dr H. G. Strachan, of a daughter.

5. At Vellore, Mrs Pearson of Myrecairnie, of a daughter.

7. At Edinburgh, the lady of William Ogilvie, Esq. younger of Chesters, of a daughter.

— At 124, George Street, Mrs Begbie, of a son.

— At Edinburgh, the lady of William Marshall, Esq. proprietor of the Panorama, of twin sons.

8. At Stoneridge, Mrs Hood, of a daughter.

— At Milfield Hill, the lady of John Grey, Esq. of a daughter.

9. At Charleton, the lady of George Fullerton Carnegie, Esq. of Pittarrow, of a daughter.

10. At Edinburgh, the Hon. Mrs Ferrier Hamilton, of a son.

10. At Shawfield, the lady of Major Middleton, 42d, or Royal Highlanders, of a son.

11. At Regent's Terrace, Mrs Francis Grant, of a son.

12. At 4, St Vincent Street, the lady of Frederick L. Roy, Esq. W.S. of a daughter.

13. At 12, Coates Crescent, the lady of Thomas Murray Allan, Esq. of Hav'ring, of a daughter.

14. At 22, Fludyer Street, Westminster, the lady of Henry Hyndman, Esq. of a son.

16. Mrs Mercer of Gorthy, of a daughter.

— At 9, Newington Place, Mrs H. Pillans, of a daughter.

— At 2, Forres Street, the lady of Alexander E. Menteath, Esq. advocate, of a daughter.

— At 51, Frederick Street, Mrs Keith, of a son.

17. At 28, Queen Street, Mrs Borthwick, of a daughter.

— At Balgarvie, the lady of Lieutenant-Colonel Webster, of a son.

18. At Oxford, Lady Carmichael Anstruther, of a daughter.

19. At Douglas, Isle of Man, Mrs Henchy, of a son.

20. At Minto Street, Mrs M'Candlish, of a daughter.

21. At 2, Glenfinlas Street, Mrs Bruce of Langlee, of a son.

— At Vuefield, near Selkirk, Mrs Robert Henderson, of a son.

22. The lady of R. Duke, Esq. of a son.

23. At 21, Fludyer Street, Mrs Richardson, of a son.

25. At James' Square, Mrs Renton, of a daughter.

— The lady of Captain Archibald Trotter, Esq. younger of Dreghorn, of a daughter.

26. At 3, Glenfinlas Street, the lady of Charles Fergusson, Esq. younger of Kilkerran, advocate, of a daughter.

27. At Frederick Street, Mrs Rymer, of a daughter.

— At 36, Gilmour Place, Mrs William Reid, of a son.

— At Dalswinton, the lady of James Macalpine Leny, Esq. of Dalswinton, of a daughter.

28. At Heathbank, Cheshire, Mrs Aytoun, of a son.

May 3. At 3, Roxburgh Terrace, Mrs Whyte, of a daughter.

— At 77, Rose Street, Mrs Menzies Bayne, of a daughter, being her one-and-twentieth child.

Lately, At Charlottenburgh, county of Glengarry, Upper Canada, the wife of William Stewart, Esq. surgeon, of a daughter.

— At Dalchonsie, the lady of Lieut.-Colonel M'Donald, 92d Highlanders, of a son and heir.

— At London, the Marchioness of Londonderry, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

Sept. 25, 1829. At Keitah, Lieut. John Halkett Craigie, 20th native infantry, Bengal, to Caroline, fourth daughter of Colonel Maxwell, C. B. commanding in Bundelkund.

Nov. 5. At Grenada, West Indies, Thomas Spence, Esq. surgeon, to Harriet, daughter of the late Robert Nicholson, Esq.

12. At Aisthorpe, D. C. Rait, Esq. Glasgow, to Fanny, youngest daughter of John Milnes, Esq. of Aisthorpe, Lincolnshire.

18. At Bombay, Archibald Spens, Esq. of the Honourable East India Company's civil service, eldest son of Colonel Spens, Inveresk, to Henrietta Ochterlonny Valiant, eldest daughter of Colonel Valiant, 40th regiment of foot.

Dec. 9. At Pictou, Nova Scotia, Mr James Primrose, merchant, fifth son of the Rev. John Primrose, Grange, N. B. to Ann, daughter of Mr John Gordon, merchant, Pictou.

25. At Devon, the Hon. Frederick John Shore, second son of Lord Teignmouth, to Charlotte Mary, second daughter of the late George Cornish, Esq. of Salcombe Hill, Devon.

— At Gimmers Mills, Mr William Monro, Heriot Bank, to Mary, eldest surviving daughter of the late Alexander Maitland, Esq. of Gimmers Mills.

Feb. 2, 1830. At London, Russell Elliot, Esq. commander, R. N. son of the late Sir Wm. Elliot of Stobs Castle, Roxburghshire, Bart. to Bethia,

eldest daughter of Dr William Russell, Portman Square.

3. At Elgin, the Rev. Charles Fyvie, M. A. Inverness, to Miss Duff Macfarlane, youngest daughter of the late Right Rev. Bishop Macfarlane.

— At Glasgow, James Brand, Esq. merchant, London, to Jane, youngest daughter of the late Adam Wilson, Esq. of Glasgow, Aberdeenshire.

5. At East Loch, Mr George Watson, Edinburgh, to Elizabeth, third daughter of the late Mr John Purdie, farmer, East Loch.

— At Greenfoot, Mr John Steven, Edinburgh, to Susan, youngest daughter of Mr John Graham, farmer, Greenfoot.

11. At St John's Church, Newcastle, G. L. Sinclair, Esq. second son of the late James Sinclair, Esq. of Forss, to Francis Ann, second daughter of the late John Boazman, Esq. of Acornbank, Westmoreland.

— At No. 7, Ainslie Place, William Pitt Dundas, Esq. advocate, to Mary Ann, eldest daughter of James Strange, Esq.

— At Strathmartin, William Rowley Wynyard, Esq. lieutenant, R. N. to William Elizabeth, only daughter of the late William Butler Laird, Esq. of Strathmartin.

15. At Kilmarnock, the Rev. James Fleming, Troon, to Janet, youngest daughter of the Rev. Andrew Hamilton, minister of the High Church, Glasgow.

19. At the Manse of Trinity Gask, Patrick Smeaton, Esq. younger of Coul, to Janet, daughter of the late Ralph Taylor, minister of Monzie.

— At Jedburgh, Mr Walter Gray, merchant, to Miss Christian Turnbull, youngest daughter of the late Mr Thomas Turnbull, writer there.

22. At 104, George Street, Mr Thomas Ireland, junior, bookseller, Edinburgh, to Mary, daughter of the late Wm. Wotherspoon, Esq. Edinburgh.

— At Edinburgh, John George Macdavis, Esq. of the Honourable Hudson's Bay Company, to Miss Catherine Aitken Turner, daughter of the late Keith Turner of Turnehall, Esq.

25. At Old Aberdeen, John Leslie of Powis, Esq. to Mary, eldest daughter of George MacInnes, Esq.

— At London, Captain the Hon. Frederick Spencer, C. B. third son of Earl Spencer, to Miss Poyntz, second daughter of W. S. Poyntz, Esq. of Cowdray Park, Sussex.

— At Dunoon, Mr D. Jackson, surgeon, to Margaret, youngest daughter of the late Donald Fletcher, Esq. of Bernice.

25. At Kirkwall, William Traill, Esq. of Frotoft, to Robina, daughter of Patrick Fotheringham, Esq. Kirkwall.

— At Wyseby House, William Graham, Esq. junior, of Mossknow, Major, 12th Royal Lancers, to Ann, only daughter of the late Hugh Mair, Esq. of Redhall and Wiseby, Dumfriesshire.

26. At Newburgh, Andrew Russell, Esq. of Grange, to Agnes, third daughter of the late Rev. David Hepburn, Newburgh.

March 1. At Twickenham, George Edward Pocock, Esq. eldest son of Sir George Pocock, Bart. to Augusta Elinor, eldest daughter of the late Hon. Thomas William Coventry, of North Cray Place, Kent.

— At Charlotte Square, James Whitshed Hawkins, Esq. of Dunnichen, county of Forfar, to Charlotte, third daughter of W. S. Dempster, Esq. of Skibo, county of Sutherland.

1. Mr David Whitelaw, baker, Musselburgh, to Janet, second daughter of the late Mr Andrew Alison, shipowner, Leith.

— At London, Edward Binns, Esq. M.D. of the Island of Jamaica, to Charlotte, youngest daughter of Michael Smith, Esq. of Gloucester Place, New Road, London.

5. At Edinburgh, James Petrie, Esq. writer, to Jane Margaret, daughter of the late William Armstrong, Esq. of the royal artillery, Woolwich.

8. At Tadcaster, John Davy, Esq. M.D. physician to the forces, to Margaret, third daughter of the late Archibald Fletcher, Esq. advocate.

9. At George's Place, Leith Walk, John Shirley, M.D. Lanark, to Agnes, second daughter of the late Mr William Thomson, dyer in Edinburgh.

11. At 18, Atholl Crescent, Richard Dennistoun, Esq. W.S. to Hannah, only daughter of the late John Meiklam, Esq. of Carnbroe, Lanarkshire.

15. At Glasgow, the Rev. David Fleming, of Carriden, to Jane, only daughter of the late William Carlile, Esq. Paisley.

16. At Edinburgh, William Forbes Mackenzie, Esq. younger of Portmore, to Helen Anne, eldest daughter of Sir James Montgomery of Stanhope, Bart. M.P.

— At Edinburgh, Mr John Mill, to Mary, second daughter of the late Mr Fraiter of Newstead.

— At 25, Castle Street, Capt. James Aitchison, of the Hon. East India Company's 28th regiment, to Miss Mary Turner.

— At Edinburgh, William Bowie Campbell, Esq. W.S. to Sarah Priscilla, only daughter of the late J. Feranside, Esq. London.

— At Edinburgh, William Prittie Bayly, Esq. Capt. 92d Highlanders, son of the late Rev. Henry Bayly, Rector of Nenah, to Amelia Elizabeth, only daughter of Tho. Dallas, Esq. Royal Terrace.

18. At Leith, Thomas Oliver, Esq. Lochend, to Susan, daughter of Adam White, Esq.

19. At Smalholm, Roxburghshire, Mr George Richardson, Galashiels, to Elizabeth, only daughter of Mr James Cranston.

23. At Springfield, William Forrest, Esq. of Trusbanks, to Jessy Craig Clark, only daughter of the late John Clark, Esq. of Auchinwrath.

— At Edinburgh, James Miller, Esq. advocate, to Isabella, daughter of Richard Prentice, Esq. Princes Street.

— At Edinburgh, Mr Alexander Gowan, accountant, to Elizabeth, daughter of the late Mr Robert Neil, of the Stamp Office, Edinburgh.

25. At St Paul's Chapel, Jas. Gillespie Graham, Esq. of Orchill, to Elizabeth Marjory, eldest daughter of the late Major John Campbell, of the 76th regiment of Foot.

— At Fairlight Church, near Hastings, Sussex, Thomas Johnston Barton, Esq. of Battel Abbey, Sussex, to Frances, second daughter of the late Edward Morris, Esq. one of the Masters in the High Court of Chancery, and grand-daughter of the late Lord Erskine.

— At Edinburgh, Mr James Gray, of the *North British Advertiser*, to Susanna Sophia, fourth daughter of George Mordaunt, Esq. Lawn, South Lambeth, Surrey; and on the same day, in London, the Rev. George Robert Kensit, Rode, Somersetshire, to Georgiana Mary, third daughter of George Mordaunt, Esq. of the same place.

— At Aberdeen, Mr William Littlejohn, Town and County Bank, Aberdeen, to Janet, eldest daughter of Professor James Bentley, of King's College.

— At Amport, Sidney Henry Widdrington, Esq. of Hauxby Hall, Northumberland, Captain in the 55d regiment, eldest son of Lieut.-General Widdrington, to Fanny Caroline, daughter of the late Thomas Strickland, Esq. of Kendal.

30. At 104, George Street, James Gray, Esq. Cupar-Fife, to Anne Christian, daughter of the late William Wodderspoon, Esq. Edinburgh.

51. At Musselburgh, Mr James Lawrie, merchant, Edinburgh, to Elizabeth, only daughter of Mr Hugh Peacock, merchant, Musselburgh.

— At Paisley, Mr Charles Lorimer Sawers, merchant, Dunbar, to Fanny Brown, second daughter of Mr Francis Orr, manufacturer there.

April 2. At London, Peter F. Aiken, Esq. advocate, to Constance Elizabeth, only daughter of the late Captain John Chetwood, of the 73d foot.

— At Edinburgh, Langford Lovell Hodge, Esq. of the Island of Antigua, to Anne Elizabeth Hart, only daughter of Wm. Hart, Esq. Madras.

— Mr Hamilton Watson, earthenware-manufacturer, Prestonpans, to Mary, daughter of John Wilson, Esq. merchant, Dalkeith.

3. At London, Horace Twiss, Esq. M.P. and one of his Majesty's Under-Secretaries of State, to Mrs Greenwood, widow of Mr Greenwood, an eminent Russian merchant.

6. At London, Henry Rutherford, Esq. merchant, of Rotterdam, to Marian, eldest daughter of the late John Wilson, Esq. of Transy, Fifeshire.

10. The Hon. Major Taylor, nephew of the Earl of Chatham, to the Lady Sarah O'Brien, daughter of the most noble the Marquis of Thomond.

12. At Leith, Mr Daniel Robertson, accountant, of the Commercial Bank, Kirkcaldy, to Ellen, second daughter of Mr Thomas M'Lachlan, Kirkcaldy.

— At Lobersleben, in Saxe Prussia, James

Rochaid, Esq. of Inverleith, to the Baroness Marianne Danckelman, only daughter of the deceased Baron Adolph Danckelman.

12. At Cassillis, Ayrshire, the Rev. Robert Wallace, minister of Dalrymple, to Elizabeth M'Carty, daughter of the late Mr M'Carty, London.

— At Edinburgh, Allan Elliott Lockhart, Esq. younger of Borthwick Brae and Cleghorn, to Miss Charlotte Dundas, daughter of Sir Robert Dundas of Beechwood, Bart.

13. At 19, Gayfield Square, Captain Monilaus, R. N. to Miss Nivison, only daughter of the late Rev. Mr Nivison, of Middlebie.

— At Edinburgh, Andrew Dick, Esq. accountant, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the late Mr Alexander Paterson, manufacturer, Bannockburn.

15. At Edinburgh, Captain G. D. Roebuck, Honourable East India Company's Bengal service, to Henriette, second daughter of the late T. Andrew, Esq.

— At Perth, Francis Henry Ramsbotham, of New Broad Street, London, to Mary, eldest daughter of Henry Lindsay, Esq.

19. At Charlotte Square, Charles M. Christie, Esq. of Durie, to Elizabeth Pringle, daughter of the late Alexander Pringle, Esq. of Whybank.

— At London, Lord Henry Thynne, second son of the Marquis of Bath, to Harriet, daughter of Alexander Baring, Esq. M. P. of the Grange, in the county of Hants.

— At Glasgow, the Rev. Robert Ferguson, pastor of the Independent congregation, Haddington, to Jane, youngest daughter of Mr James Imray.

21. At Westbarns, Mr William Bertram, Cran-shaws, to Anne, youngest daughter of Andrew Taylor, Esq.

23. Stephen Slight, Esq. Captain Bombay engineers, to Charlotte Knox, youngest daughter of Young Trotter, Esq. of Cruickshields, Berwick-shire.

27. At Mrs Colonel Murray's, Minto Street, Newington, Ewen Alexander Cameron, eldest son of Allan Cameron, Esq. Morinish Castle, Island of Mull, to Sybella, only daughter of the late Colonel M. Murray, of the Honourable East India Company's service, and of Haregills, in the county of Dumfries.

— At Edinburgh, Mr Hood, surgeon, Ayton, to Janet, daughter of John Chernside, Esq. West Newington Place.

28. At Jamaica Street, North Leith, James Somervail, merchant, Glasgow, to Jane, eldest daughter of the late Mr Thomas Thomson, of the Edinburgh and Leith glassworks.

29. At 6, Hope Park, Mr Thomas Crawford, merchant in Edinburgh, to Jane, youngest daughter of the Rev. James Smith.

Lately, At the Manse of Auchterderran, Fifeshire, William Lang, Esq. W. S. to Isabella, eldest daughter of the Rev. Dr Murray.

— At Paris, Viscount Stuart, eldest son of the Earl of Castle Stuart, to Emmeline, sole surviving child of the late Benjamin Bathurst, Esq. and grand-daughter of the Bishop of Norwich.

DEATHS.

July 3, 1829. At Sea, on board the Hon. East India Company's ship Lady Melville, on her passage from Calcutta to Penang, aged 21, Mr Robert Gladstone, of Calcutta, third son of Mr Thomas Gladstone, of Liverpool.

Aug. 29. At Cannanore, Captain T. R. Manners, 25th regiment, assistant commissary-general, Madras army, aged 30.

Sept. 14. At Calcutta, in the 25th year of his age, Mr Robert Shirra Thomson, eldest son of Provost Thomson, Stirling.

26. On the passage from Madras, Lieut.-Col. Andrew Macqueen, of 36th regiment native infantry, son of the late Rev. Daniel Macqueen, Prestonkirk.

Oct. 11. At Meerut, aged 22, Lieut. Thomas Carstairs, 29th regiment Bengal native infantry, eldest son of the Rev. A. G. Carstairs of Kingsbarns, minister of Wester Anstruther.

Nov. 9. At St Vincent's, Mr Peter Hill, junior, son of Mr Peter Hill, collector of Cess, Edinburgh.

11. At China, Mr David Mitchell Wishart, second officer of the ship Cambria, son of Captain John Wishart, Dundee.

21. In Spanish Town, Jamaica, at the extraordinary age of 151 years, Mrs Judith Crawford,

She had the power of her bodily strength, as we as her faculties, until within a few years. She remembered the dreadful earthquake of 1692.

28. At Kingston, Jamaica, aged 88, Anthony Gutzmer, Esq.

Dec. 18. At St Lucia, after an illness of ten days, Major-general Stewart of Garth. In the month of June last he had a severe attack of fever; and, deaf to the advice of doctors, he took such powerful doses of medicine as overcame the fever in twenty-seven hours. He removed to the salubrious spot "Pigeon Island," recovered rapidly, and was admitted by every one to look as well as he ever did; but as this was a short distance from the seat of Government, he got tired of it, and returned in November to Government House. Dissensions between some authorities in the island and the inhabitants, in which he had been urged much to interfere, it is feared affected his too sensitive mind, and brought on another attack of fever, which proved fatal.

20. In Jamaica, Lieut.-Colonel Durnford, commanding the Artillery there.

24. At Bombay, the Hon. Sir William Seymour, one of the Judges of the Supreme Court.

27. At New York, the Rev. John M. Mason, D.D. of New York.

Jan. 1850. At Demerara, Alexander Briggs, merchant, Bridgetown, Barbados, eldest son of Alexander Briggs, late of Dalkeith.

1. At Edinburgh, Mrs Copeland, No. 1, Lothian Road.

12. At Naples, aged 92, General Acton, brother to the late Sir John Acton.

— At St Domingo, Captain Daniel Monro, of the Mary of Leith.

15. Near Montego Bay, Jamaica, John, seventh son of the late Andrew Gray, Esq. of Craigs, Dumfries-shire.

19. At Lochgair House, Colin Campbell, Esq. writer, Inveraray, and Provost of that burgh.

21. At Versailles, General Moncrieff.

— At Dublin, the Rev. John Jones, rector of Temple Hay, aged 80.

24. At Aberdeen, John Forbes, Esq. Comptroller of the Customs, aged 96.

— At Freeman Cottage, Edinburgh, Agnes, daughter of Mr James Carmichael, Tax Office.

25. At Pittormie, Mrs Jean Swan, widow of Robert Meldrum, Esq. of Pittormie, in her 87th year.

— At Boulogne, the Right Honourable Lord Sempill.

26. At Jessfield, Mrs Mackenzie of Forret.

— At Greenhill Lodge, Burrowmuirhead, aged 6, John Swinton Simpson, Esq. King's Assay-Master for Scotland.

29. At Springkell, Lieut.-General Sir John Heron Maxwell, Bart. aged 57 years.

— At Willowbank, Perth, Elizabeth Campbell wife of John Conning, Esq.

— At Alloa, in her 84th year, Mrs Mary Thomson, relict of the late Mr William McGowan.

— At Worthing, the Hon. Arthur Dudley Law, only child of Lord Ellenborough.

— At Greenlaw, Mr Alexander Lyal, student of divinity, in connexion with the United Secession Church.

50. At Ladyrig, Mr Andrew Robertson, tenant there, in his 72d year.

— At Lochnac Castle, Elizabeth, third daughter of Sir Andrew Agnew, Bart. aged one year and eight months.

51. At No. 59, Frederick Street, Mrs Dr Steinhouse.

— At Edinburgh, aged 48, Mr John Donaldson, last-maker and wood-merchant.

— At Limerick, Captain John Campbell, late of the 12th foot.

Feb. 2. At Bath, the Hon. Vesey Knox, brother to Viscount Northland.

— At Combe, near Bath, Mr Charles Brown.

— At No. 47, Hanover Street, Mr Wallace, late dentist.

— At Leith, Mr David Duncan, of the Leith Bank.

3. At Queensferry, John Low, Esq. surgeon there.

4. At Claremont Street, John Shanks, formerly of South Baltilly, Fifeshire, aged 85.

— At Newbyth, aged five years, Mary, daughter of Sir David and Lady Anne Baird.

4. At Guernsey, Mrs Marion Macdonald of Roisdale.
 - At 56, Northumberland Street, Henry Johnson Wylie, Esq.
 - At Gayfield Square, Miss Jean Wood, daughter of the late Mr Hugh Wood, merchant, Leith.
 - At Iron Mill, Mrs Helen Shirreff, relict of the late Mr David Hutcheson.
5. At Portobello, in her 82d year, Lady MacGregor Murray, relict of Sir John MacGregor Murray of MacGregor, Bart. and sister to Sir William M'Leod Bannatyne of Bannatyne.
 - At Edinburgh, aged 73, Mrs Janet Lothian, wife of H. Anderson, Bristo Street.
 - At Strawfrank, in the parish of Carstairs, in his 23d year, Mr George Sommervill, student in divinity, son of Mr Thomas Sommervill, farmer there.
 - At Newington, West, Elphinston Balfour, Esq. in his 76th year.
 - At Norris Castle, near Cowes, Isle of Wight, in his 84th year, the Right Hon. Lord Henry Seymour. He was second brother to the late, and uncle to the present, Marquis of Hertford.
7. At No. 7, James's Court, Mr James Pillans, printer, in his 86th year.
 - On board the Honourable Company's ship Minerva, Charles Oswald, only son of Captain Sanderson, 9th regiment Bengal light cavalry.
8. At No. 4, Rankeillor Street, John Leishman, baker, aged 47.
 - At Thomson's Place, Leith, Mr Thomas Hutchinson, timber-merchant there.
 - At Longformacus Manse, the Rev. George Bell, minister of that parish.
9. At Hereford, John Guise Rogers, Esq. formerly a commander in the Hon. East India Company's Service.
 - At Bourdeaux, in France, Alexander Walker, Esq. formerly barrackmaster at Gibraltar.
10. At 15, George Street, Mr Duncan MacGregor.
 - At Dysart, Mrs Margaret Thomson, wife of Mr James Bain, factor to the Earl of Rosslyn.
 - At Carnwath, Mr William Walker, merchant.
 - At Edinburgh, Miss Jane Taylor, second daughter of the late John Taylor, Esq. of Kirktonhill.
 - At West Linton, Mr Joseph Macnaul, merchant there.
11. At Leith Walk, Mrs Francis Lyon, wife of Robert Somerville, Esq.
 - At Aberdeen, Major Alexander Dunbar, aged 59.
 - At Inverarity Manse, the Rev. William Rankine, minister of that parish, in the 67th year of his age, and 22d of his ministry.
 - At his house, Archibald Place, in the 31st year of his age, Mr David Hume, merchant.
 - At George Square, Miss Scott of Thirlstaine.
 - At Oban, David Campbell, Esq. younger of Comby.
 - At No. 66, Grassmarket, Mrs Isabella Davidson, relict of Mr William Thomson, corn-merchant there.
12. At No. 30, Rose Street, Mr John Bookless, late builder in Edinburgh.
 - Drowned, off the coast of Jamaica, John Macintyre, M. D. assistant surgeon on board his Majesty's ship Magnificent.
13. At Union Place, Portobello, Mrs Katherine Ogilvie, relict of George Clarke Ogilvie, Esq. Montrose.
14. At Gilmour Place, Mrs Jane Trotter, widow of James Trotter, Esq. merchant in Edinburgh.
15. At Huntly, John Ramsay, Esq. lately staff-surgeon, aged 77.
 - At East Cowes, Isle of Wight, Lieutenant-General John Burton, late of the royal artillery, aged 73.
 - At Leopold Place, Alexander Dick, Esq. late Collector of Excise at Leith.
16. At No. 8, Adam Street, aged 57 years, Mrs Catherine Renton, wife of Mr William Christie.
 - At Montrose, aged 76 years, Mr John Greig, writer in Montrose.
 - At Aberdeen, the Rev. William Robb, late Episcopal clergyman in St Andrews.
 - At No. 1, Rankeillor Street, Mr Alexander Kyle, youngest son of the late Mr David Kyle, brewer, &c. Melrose.
17. John, second son of Andrew Colville, Esq. of Ochiltree, aged 19.
 - At Ormiston, David Wight, Esq.
 - Anna Elizabeth, only daughter of John Jenkynes, Esq. of Red Lion Square, London.
 - At No. 15, North-west Circus Place, Mr John B. Laidlaw, writer.
 - At Comely Bank, Mary, wife of Lieutenant Joseph Fowler.
 - At Portobello, Mrs Fell, wife of the Rev. Richmond Fell, Rector of Aikton.
18. At the Manse of Kinloss, Jemima, third daughter of the Rev. William Robertson, minister of Kinloss.
19. At No. 22, Nicolson Street, aged 100 years, Mrs Henrietta Farquharson, daughter of the deceased Alexander Farquharson, W. S. relict of Walter Gilchrist, late merchant in Edinburgh, and mother of John Borthwick Gilchrist, L.L.D. a lineal descendant of the Borthwick family.
 - At his brother's house, Inverkeithing, Mr George Peddie, Aberdour.
20. John Mackenzie, Esq. of Tovil, Kent, paymaster to the 3d royal veteran battalion.
 - At the Manse of Leslie, the Rev. David Dunbar, minister of Leslie.
 - At Edinburgh, Robert Anderson, M.D., well known to the public as the editor and biographer of the British Poets.
 - At Bowden Downs, Cheshire, Mrs Margaret Whigham, widow of Henry Hardie, Esq. M. D. Manchester.
21. At Edinburgh, Mrs Agnes Bennet, wife of Mr James Fraser, Red Lion Tavern, Shakspeare Square.
22. At No. 11, Scotland Street, Mrs Jean Gifford, wife of Mr Fergus Ferguson.
 - At Perth, Mr Andrew Cornfute.
 - At Marine Villa, Portobello, Mrs Lockhart, senior of Castlehill.
 - At Stutchell House, Lady Pringle.
 - At No. 10, Blenheim Place, Mr Thomas Jameson, merchant, Leith.
23. In the Mall, Clifton, on a visit to his son, in his 83d year, William St Clair, Esq. of Skedaway, Fifeshire, and of Edinburgh, late Lieutenant-Colonel of the 23rd regiment, or Royal Borderers, in which regiment he served for 55 years.
24. At No. 7, Rankeillor Street, Mrs Archibald Bathgate.
26. At Mackie Place, Simson Ogilvie, Esq. advocate, youngest son of the late Rev. John Ogilvie, D.D. of Midmar.
 - Mr Wm. Hill, merchant, Frederick Street.
 - At Rolls Park, Essex, in his 72d year, Admiral Sir Eliab Harvey, G. C. B. member of parliament for the county of Essex.
27. At Aberdeen, Patrick Blackie, M. D. surgeon in the royal navy, and physician to the Lunatic Asylum.
 - At No. 7, St John's Place, Leith Links, Mrs Cecilia Martin, wife of John Dudgeon, Esq.
- March 1. At No. 22, Charlotte Square, Mrs Anne Smith Cunningham of Caprington, daughter of the late Sir William Dick, Bart. of Prestonfield, and wife of John Cunningham Smith, Esq. W. S.
 - At London, after a few days' illness, Cornelia, wife of the Honourable Archibald Stuart, and youngest daughter of the late Edmund Morton Pleydell, of Milbourn St Andrew, Dorset, Esq.
 - At Buckholmside, Galashiels, Mrs Mary Paterson, wife of Mr Richard Lees, manufacturer.
 - At No. 58, North Castle Street, Robert Maxwell, second son of William Mercer, Esq. W. S.
2. At Linnithgow, at an advanced age, Mr Robert Fife, late teacher there.
 - At Edinburgh, Mr John Dumbreck, coach-maker, aged 62 years.
3. At 47, Cumberland Street, Catren Maxwell, only daughter of Robert Maxwell, builder.
 - At Dumbyrdon, in the parish of Collington, Eliza Haliburton, wife of Mr James Tait.
 - At 7, Armiston Place, Newington, Mrs Rhind.
 - At 58, George Square, in the 85th year of his age, Mr Thomas Chalmers, late smith in Edinburgh.
 - At 19, Charlotte Street, Leith, John, seventh son of George Gibson, Esq.
 - At 15, Hermitage Place, Walter Cowan, Esq. merchant, Leith.
4. At Stratford Green, Essex, Mrs Henry Cheape,

4. At 15, Keir Street, Lieut. John Smith, half-pay of the 45th regiment.

— At Archibald Place, James Wardrop, Esq. late of Torbanehill.

5. David, third son of the late Mr George Stuart, Old Bridge End, Musselburgh.

— At Lerwick, Zetland, Mr A. C. Irvine, merchant, deeply lamented by his friends.

— At Naples, the Hon. Reginald Ashburnham.

— At St Andrews, Fifeshire, Mr Thomas Millar, half-pay, R.N.

— At London, Lady Augusta de Ameland.— Her ladyship, it will be recollected, was married in 1795, at Rome, and again at St George's, Hanover Square, in the December following, to his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, by whom she has left issue, Augustus, a son, and a daughter named Augusta. To dissolve this second marriage, a suit was instituted in the Prerogative Court, by which the marriage was declared null and void in August, 1794. The family name of her ladyship was Murray, she being the fourth daughter of John Murray, fourth Earl of Dunmore, which she exchanged for that of De Ameland, in October, 1806, by royal license, out of respect to her descent from that ancient family.

— *London Paper.*

6. At 3, Charlotte Square, Mrs Watson, wife of Walter Watson, Esq. of Southfield.

— At London, Elizabeth, third daughter of William Irving, Esq.

— At 50, Queen Street, James Scott, Esq. accountant.

7. At Pathhead, Fifeshire, Mr Henry Rait, reed-manufacturer.

— At 22, Broughton Place, John Balfour, Esq. in his 74th year.

8. At Dysart, Mrs Watson.

— At Edinburgh, the Rev. James Watson, minister of the Associate Burgher Congregation, and clerk to the Associate Synod, having just completed the 48th year of his age and 25th of his ministry.

— At Oxwellmains, near Dunbar, William Renzie, Esq.

9. At Gibraltar, in his 38th year, Capt. John Macdonald of Arisaig, Inverness-shire, paymaster in his Majesty's regiment of Royal Welsh Fusiliers.

9. (O. S.) At St Petersburg, Mr John Glen, senior, aged 68.

11. On board his Majesty's ship *Blonde*, port of Constantinople, Mathew Caponi, Esq. surgeon of that ship.

— At London, William Hay, Esq. in his 88th year.

— At 58, Northumberland Street, David Pearson, Esq.

12. At his house in Pall-Mall East, London, the Hon. Douglas Kinnaird. Mr Kinnaird was brother of the late, and uncle of the present, Lord Kinnaird, was a gentleman of considerable taste and attainments, and had the peculiar quality of blending with the lighter and more agreeable pursuits of society, an indefatigable zeal and attention to his professional avocations. He was in his 43d year, and had been, for a considerable time, confined by severe indisposition. He was a partner in the long-established banking firm of Ramsay and Co.

— At Fountainbridge Street, John Stewart, Esq. formerly merchant in the island of Jamaica.

— At 53, Albany Street, John Veitch, Esq. W.S. third son of Henry Veitch, Esq. of Ellicock.

— At 12, Raeburn Place, Lillias, second daughter of Mr James Grahame, writer.

13. At Rose Villa, near Hamilton, of inflammation, arising from a wound received at the battle of Waterloo, Capt. Donald Macintosh, late of the 42d regiment, or Royal Highlanders.

— At Mount-Annan, Francis, fifth son of Lieutenant-General Dirom of Mount-Annan, in his 18th year.

— At 79, Potterrow, aged 80 years, Mr Cotton, senior, formerly tobacco-manufacturer, Edinburgh.

— At Dawlish, Heriot Isabella Octavia, daughter of Archibald Speirs, Esq. of Elderslie.

14. At 59, North Frederick Street, Mr Joseph Grandeau, late of Lyons, aged 69.

— At Haddington, Mrs Margaret Blake, wife of Mr Robert Roughhead, Haddington.

14. At Raeleugh, near Moffat, in the 91st year of his age, Mr William Tod, late farmer of Chapel, much respected.

— At East Mousley, aged 73, Admiral Sir Edmund Nagle, K.C.B. one of the Grooms of his Majesty's Bedchamber.

— At London, Colonel William Duncan, late of the Bengal military service.

15. At Edinburgh, Margaret, youngest daughter of Mr Alexander Abernethy, printer.

16. At London, Sir Robert Townsend Farquhar, Bart. M.P. many years Governor of the Mauritius and its dependencies.

— At London, Thomas Beckwith, Esq.

— At 14, St Andrew Street, Mrs Cockburn, aged 75 years, relict of the late William Cockburn, Esq.

17. At Rothesay, Isle of Bute, Christian, second daughter of Major Shairp, younger of Houston, in her 19th year.

19. At Haddington, aged 62 years, Mrs Margaret Kay, relict of the late Mr Adam Scouler.

— At Belhaven, near Dunbar, Mrs Stiell of Belhaven.

20. At 31, Clerk Street, Andrew Mutter, third son of the late Mr Andrew Mutter, farmer, Ardniston Mains.

— At Dall, in Perthshire, in the 86th year of his age, Alexander Robertson, Esq. of Strowan.

21. At Allan Park, Stirling, Archibald Sawers, Esq. of Shigartoun.

— At Berne, M. I. R. Wyss, Professor of Philosophy.

22. At 7, India Street, Mrs Margaret Wood, wife of Mr John Luke, merchant, Edinburgh.

— At Balboughty, John Clark, only son of Mr John Clark, factor to the Earl of Mansfield, Scone.

24. At Brighton, the Lady Mary Anne Sotheby, wife of Admiral Sotheby.

— At Edinburgh, Mr Andrew Craig, spirit-merchant, 198, Canongate.

— At Rose Bank, Broughton Road, Mr Robert Alexander, late watch and compass maker, Leith, aged 84 years.

25. At Rose Park, Barbara A. Hamilton, wife of Professor Dunbar.

— At Rosehill, near Aberdeen, Alexander Duthie, Esq. of Ruthrieston.

26. At Edinburgh, William Soper Dempster, Esq. of Skibo.

27. At London, aged 20, Augusta Maria Selina, daughter of the late Charles Head Greaves, Esq.

— At Jersey, Robert Fraser, Esq. of Struy, in the 35th year of his age.

— At East Wemyss, Mr George Edington, fourth son of the deceased Mr Edington.

— At Dunfermline, Andrew Peebles, Esq. merchant.

28. At London, Mr James Small, late grocer and spirit-merchant, East Richmond Street, Edinburgh.

— At Marine Terrace, Isle of Man, in the 51st year of his age, Dugald Campbell, Esq. late of the 91st regiment, and member of the House of Keys in that Island.

— At 29, Northumberland Street, Marion, daughter of Mr John Hannay.

29. At London, Major Rennel, in the 88th year of his age, after severe suffering for twelve weeks, in consequence of a distressing accident that befell him by the fracture of the neck of the thigh-bone.

— At 7, Saxe Cobourg Place, George Muir, son of William Campbell, Esq.

— At 46, Melville Street, Susanna Moncreiff, youngest daughter of William Paul, Esq.

— At South Lodge, near Stirling, James McGibbon, Esq. of Easter Greenyards.

30. At Carlsruhe, at the age of 67, the Grand Duke of Baden.

— At Edinburgh, Mr James Fraser, late of the Bank of Scotland.

— At Edinburgh, Richard L. Massiah, Esq. late of Barbadoes.

31. At Greenwich Hospital, Lieutenant Robert Aitchison, R. N. in the 80th year of his age.

— At Kirkwall, William Sinclair, Esq. of Breck, sheriff-clerk of Orkney.

— At Drimdrissaig, Argyllshire, Hector MacNeill of Drimdrissaig, Esq.

31. At 11, Montague Street, Mrs Anne Burlin, wife of Mr William Braidwood, merchant, Edinburgh.

— At Corbican, Betsy Douglas, and on the 2d inst. Archibald Haddow Douglas, son and daughter of James Douglas, farmer, Lanarkshire.

April 1. At Langholm Manse, William Elliot Lockhart, youngest son of the Rev. William B. Shaw, aged nearly four years.

2. At Rome, the Most Noble the Marchioness of Northampton.

— At Inverary, Miss Elizabeth Campbell, daughter of the late Mrs Campbell.

— At Musselburgh, Thomas Farquharson, Esq.

3. At Dublin, the Right Hon. Anne, Countess of Ormonde, relict of John, late Earl of Ormonde.

4. At Southfod, John Stenhouse, Esq. of Southfod, in his 81st year.

— At 14, Henderson Row, Mr Adam Steele.

— At Portobello, Mrs Catherine M'Lean, relict of the late Mr Alexander Shaw, Union Street, Edinburgh.

— At Edinburgh, John Macdonald, Esq. of Glenaladale, in his 78th year.

5. Marianne, the infant daughter of Lord Moncrieff.

— At Glasgow College, aged 28, Duncan Macfarlan, jun. Esq. advocate, eldest son of the Rev. Principal Macfarlan.

7. At London, George, Earl of Pomfret, aged 65.

— At 8, Hart Street, Miss Agnes Veitch, daughter of Mr John Veitch, surgeon.

8. At Edinburgh, Matilda Stabilini, daughter of the late Mr Stabilini, professor of music, and wife of William Lamond, writer.

— At Stenhouse, Jane, only daughter of the late Thomas Peacock, Esq. of Stenhouse.

— At the Manse of Kinnaird, the Rev. David Spence, minister of that parish, in the 80th year of his age, and 46th of his ministry.

— At Paisley, Andrew, youngest son of the Rev. Professor Symington.

— At Culross, Christian Geddes, Esq. in his 85d year.

9. At Balgreggan, Eglantine Amabe', third daughter of Sir William Maxwell of Monreith, Bart.

— At Brussels, the Right Hon. Alexander Murray, Lord Elibank. He is succeeded in his titles and estates by his son Alexander, at present on military service in the East Indies.

10. At Leith Fort, Lieutenant Francis Dawson, royal artillery, aged 57 years.

— At London, Mr John Rose, late of Shakespeare Square, Edinburgh, in his 69th year.

11. At Johnston's Place, Stockbridge, Alexander Legget, Esq. deacon of the incorporation of skinners, in his 41st year.

13. At his house, Salisbury Road, Patrick Sanderson, Esq. banker.

— At Hastings, Helen Maria, only daughter of the late Alexander Fraser Tytler, Esq. of the Honourable East India Company's civil service.

— At Northumberland Street, William Bett, aged three years, third son of E. D. Alison, Esq.

14. Anne Loch Irvine, daughter of Patrick Irvine, Esq. of Inveramsay, W.S.

15. At 32, Royal Circus, Mrs Dunlop.

16. At Perth, George Condie, Esq. writer.

— At the Royal Terrace, Neil Ryrie, Esq.

— At George's Place, Leith Walk, Mrs Margaret L. Hardy, wife of Mr Robert Wight, Swedish and Norwegian Consul at Leith.

17. At Edinburgh, Miss Williamina Fleming, daughter of the deceased William Fleming, Esq. of Barrochan.

— At Alva House, James Raymond Johnstone, Esq. of Alva.

18. At Cousland, George Dickson Wilson, youngest son of Mr Alexander Wilson, merchant, Dalkeith.

— At Grangemouth, Mr James Dow, many years of the customs, and collector of light duties at that port, aged 74.

— At Glasgow, Susan, daughter of the Rev. Archibald Lawson, late minister of Kirkmahoe.

19. At Edinburgh, George Rose, Esq. surgeon, some time of the Honourable East India Company's service.

— At London, Mrs Stirling, wife of William Stirling of Content, Esq.

— At Eskside, Musselburgh, James Thomsont, Esq.

22. At George Square, Mrs Gracie, senior.

— At St Andrews, Charles Kinloch, youngest son of Thomas Mylne, Esq. of Mylnefield.

— At 139, George Street, Elizabeth, daughter of the late Rev. James Brown, minister of Newbattle.

23. At Duke Street, Leith, Mary, eldest daughter of the late Mr Anthony Laird, cooper and fish-curer there.

— At London, Lord Gray, only son of the Earl and Countess of Wilton.

24. At 71, Clerk Street, Mr John Wilson, surgeon and druggist.

25. At Wellfield, in his 20th year, Alexander, son of the late John Rait, Esq. of Anniston.

28. At St John's Hill, the Rev. William Marshall of Mannor, Peebles-shire, 42 years minister of that parish.

May 1. At Edinburgh, Miss Mary Young, daughter of the late Rev. John Young, Kincardine.

Lately, At Gibraltar, Alexander Farquhar, Esq. the oldest resident British merchant there.

— At Runfurley House, Rosstreevor, Ireland, in his 80th year, James, Lord Viscount Lifford.

— At Cincinnati, Father Hill, of the Catholic Church, brother to Lord Hill.

— At London, General Sir Hew Whiteford Dalrymple, Bart.

— At Paris, Richard Chenevix, Esq. Mr Chenevix was a fellow of the Royal Society, and a member of most of the scientific and literary institutions of Europe.

— At Calverton, General Sir John Cope Sherbrooke, G.C.B.

— At 55, Regent Terrace, Colonel Udny Yule, C.B. Hon. East India Company's service.

— At Creteil, near Paris, aged 77, John William Ker, Esq. brother of the late James Ker, Esq. of Blackshiells.

— At Aberystwith, in his sixth year, James Herbert Wemyss, second son of Lieut.-Colonel Wemyss, late of the 58th regiment.

— At the North Muir of Forfar, Peter Smith, aged 103 years.

THE LATE JOHN BORTHWICK, ESQ. OF CROOKSTON.—We deeply regret to announce the death of this gentleman, which took place at his residence at Lauriston on Saturday, 24th April, in his 78th year. Any tribute to the memory of this excellent and respected individual, may, in adhering to truth, appear to adopt the language of panegyric. But those only who had the benefit of being intimately acquainted with Mr Borthwick, could duly appreciate his unimpeachable integrity, his warmth of affection, his unwearied labour to serve his friends whenever they required his assistance, his modest yet sincere piety, his admiration of what was good in others, his peculiar aversion to censure, or even to speak of their foibles and faults, whilst he abhorred (but preferred rather to despise than to resent) whatever was mean and dishonourable. Though fond of retirement, and unassuming in his manners, his personal appearance and demeanour always indicated the high-bred gentleman, and never failed to command respect. Men of far inferior mental endowments, who, either from taste or accident, have been led to become partisans in the noisy, but often frivolous occurrences of the world, may, in their fleeting day, have been more seen or spoken of by their contemporaries; but as one who, without the smallest display or pretension, understood and promoted the welfare of his country—as a husband, a father, a relation, a friend, a landlord, a master, there is no person whose loss will be more deeply felt and lamented, or whose memory will be longer remembered and revered, than that of the late Mr Borthwick of Crookston.

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